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Robin Tanner 1929

CHRISTMAS
By Robin Tanner

Courtesy of the Kleemann-Thorman Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

A BURIED TREASURE

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART I

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

WHEN the sunlight came straight through the doorway and made a square block of light on the kitchen floor Philadelphia Blair knew that the noon of day was approaching. Now the sun was printing its noon mark within the door and her woodbox was empty, Andy Blair being away on some remote part of the farm patching a fence. She slammed the kitchen door after her and went out in anger, stepping quickly through the hot sunlight. She looked back once at the small brown house which was withered by the sun and swollen by the rain, and she saw that it drooped slightly toward the earth, the roof bowed delicately to meet the curve of the planet. The shut door was blank against the summer sunlight, and the hens about the door followed Philadelphia in a concern for corn, but she brushed them from her path with a windy apron and thought again in anger of the dinner that stood uncooked.

At the end of the garden she climbed

a low fence and went up through a bare pasture to the brow of the hill where Andy worked. His bent back seemed very tall behind his patched coat as she mounted the hill, and his regard for the fence seemed to spread over the whole front of the hill, as if a fence were more than food for the mouth and more than fire for cooking. He made a slow elaborate care of the fence, delaying each act and making each important, and she stood by watching but saying nothing. When he had patched at the wires for five minutes she said:

"I reckon you're not a hungry man. Dinnertime right here at us and the summer cabbage on the stove in cold water, waiten to boil. A man-person is a contrarious sort, the best you'd find, but you are a poor make-out-like man as ever I did see. You can go hungry till you get home some firewood."

He slowed his acts to meet these accusations, making a great matter of the fence, deliberating on the set of a

wire and the space of the staples. When he had established the importance of the fence with the last blow of his hammer, he took his axe from the ground and climbed over the fence, going a little way into his cornfield. He began to dig at an old stump to break it apart, making firewood. Philadelphia went over the fence and presently she began to gather the pieces of wood into her apron.

As she stooped to take up the wood she saw the world from under her looped-up apron and saw it lying out reversed in her bent vision, strange, up-side-down, and remote in its spaces. She remembered a story of an old war and remembered that a battle had been fought in that place, stories of people fleeing from their homes, of parts of missiles turned up by the plow. The old soil about the stump gave back a withered, empty odor and the rotting flakes of wood fell softly from her hands.

"What's taken the dog?" Andy asked. "I never see the dog in such a swivet before."

The dog had come to the stump while Philadelphia gathered her apron full of the wood. The hound was clawing at the base of the stump and making quick, nervous motions about the roots, drawing back and leaping forward. Andy dug into the roots with his axe, scarcely able to brush the dog aside, and his tool struck some hard metal surface. Philadelphia turned away, ready now to go with her burden, to prove her indifference to anything he might find in the field, but she saw the dog leaping and barking about the ruined stump as she went evenly toward the fence and made ready to climb. Andy cried out with a great word of oath or imprecation and he dug into the stump with hurried blows, trying to push the dog aside.

"It's a pot of gold," he said, his voice hoarse with confused pleasure and distress. Without ceasing to hack at the root-wood he called toward Philadelphia, "A pot! It must be money! What else?"

Philadelphia came back then, carrying

her burden, and she stood deridingly by, ready to laugh when the object came to hand, storing her laughter. "An old plow iron," she said. "Somebody's old broken plow."

The axe broke away the rotting roots and parted the earth, letting the iron out. It was indeed a vessel. Andy freed a rusty handle and broke the vessel from the hard earth that packed it. He tore the stump completely and made an entire wreck of it. He called on Philadelphia for help, and she dropped her firing and tugged with him at the vessel. It came free at last and they raised it to the ground and broke away the clods. Under their hands stood a small iron pot, a cooking vessel of average size. It was covered over with an iron lid that was cemented into place by the clay, but Andy pried it away with his axe. Inside were gold and silver coins, tarnished with disuse, but clear to see in the bright light. As Philadelphia looked at them they swam in a dim fog of unbelief, stared out of view and scarcely accepted, but Andy made broken speeches of prayer and good feeling, swearing that he had never seen the like of this and naming God with praise, naming his own good luck with admiration.

"Philly," he said, "we are a rich man and woman now. We're rich beyond anything we ever dreamed. I got no idea how rich we might be."

Philadelphia could not believe. "It might get away," she said. She could scarcely make her voice carry the unwilling words to her mouth, and her throat set a hard barrier across the way, but she let the words out, "It'll get away afore you know."

"Take a hold," he said. They carried it to the fence and lifted it over. A hot wind seemed to blow through the bright sunlight, and the journey to the fence seemed long and full of peril. Beyond the fence Andy flung Philadelphia's apron over the pot and left her to guard it while he went back to the stump where he took away the broken wood and

looked into the hole for more tokens, but he found none and, having dug the earth about the stump until it fell into clods, he closed the hole he had made. He went back then to the treasure and they stopped again to talk of the wonder they had found and to ask each other what they had best do with it and how it came to them and whose it might have been in the beginning. Andy had inherited the land from his father, who had inherited it in turn; but he could not remember that there had ever been any story of lost money in his family.

"My pap was a well-doen man," he said, standing over the pot, "in nobody's debt as ever I heard. But he wasn't a man to put by money in a kettle. He'd set store by a bank if he had money to save. Bless God, did you ever hear tell of a man had so much luck?"

The two of them were required to carry the kettle. At the house they spread the money on the floor and counted the coins. These were gold and silver pieces of American coinage, all bearing dates earlier than 1860. When the pieces were counted the sum was found to be something above nineteen hundred dollars. Andy laid the coins in rows, kind beside kind, and he arranged them in graduated array or he rallied them in even files, counting them again, and his breath became short and quick with passion as he made the sum mount. Philadelphia saw new manners spread over him, and she heard new joys surge up in his voice. He talked of what he would do with the treasure, or he fitted it back into the pot and knew again the joy of finding it, a cat recapturing its mouse. Will o' the wisp money lay on their floor to be counted over, to be realized again and again. Elusive gold had come to them out of an old stump. Andy became the person she had held in mind as the man to whom she had been wedded for thirty years, the person who arose within to answer her despairing question, "Did I marry a lout, a poor miser of a skinflint

named Andy?" He became the reply; he became Mr. Blair.

"Somebody buried this enduren the war," Andy said, half whispering, "Civil War times, and somebody buried the pot when that tree was a sprout and I dug it outen a hickory stump."

"Your pappy never once judged there was a kettle of money buried on his old worn-out field, did he? You don't reckon it ever belonged to your old granddaddy, do you?"

Andy shook his head and turned back to finger the money. "These-here coins all got inside this pot before war times. Many is the time my pap, he plowed that field and set his feet down in two feet of this-here money. Pap as poor as Job's own turkey all his enduren life. The man that owned the pot as likely as not was killed in the war. I am undoubtedly a master hand to have good luck. Did ever you see such luck, Philly?"

"What'll you buy with the money?" Philly asked. "What could we buy to show the world we found a pot of gold and silver?"

"I always was a master hand to find things," Andy said. "Good luck seems to come my way. I'm the best off man in these parts, as apt as not, right now."

"A new roof to the house, maybe," Philly said. "A new roof on the hen-house. The old one leaks as bad as any roof I ever did see. The hens, they see a right hard time in a wet season."

"And now I'm a well-doen man, as well-doen as e'er other man on Elk Run, take all as they come."

"I'll tell you what I'd like to get, outen the pot of money, Andy," Philly said, in her mind speaking to Mr. Blair, "a little something for Imogene. My own cousin's girl-baby she was, and look what a life she leads with her pap and those boys, her brothers, as close a set as ever you did see. Too stingy to let Imogene marry Giles Wilson."

She began to think of a wedding for Imogene, a bountiful supper and people at hand. She had come into a strange

world, and all her fiber seemed to be touching strangeness. The seat on which she rested seemed to bear her up in a strange way, and she remembered the summer cabbage still standing uncooked on the stove. The morning had crawled strangely past noon, no dinner being set on the table. She decided swiftly that she would give Imogene a wedding.

"We'll give Imogene a wedden," she said. "A big wedden with fried oysters, maybe, from town. I always think it's nice to have a wedden if a couple marry. Weddens are so pleasant. I just love weddens."

"A master hand to have luck, I always was," Andy followed his own. "The only man on Elk Creek that's not in debt, bad crop years no matter, but borrow money I would not. I says 'I'll starve first.'"

"And about near starve we did," Philly said out of the strangeness of the day, looking backward. "I recall days we had ne'er a thing but mush bread to eat."

"And now I'm the best off man in these parts. Did ever you hear of another had my luck, up and down this here creek?"

"It's a fine thing to find in a stump," she said. "It'll buy us . . . what'll it buy us, Andy Blair?"

"It's a fine thing for a man to find on his land. What other man did you ever know found a kettle of gold and silver in his cornfield? I always was a lucky man. I'll keep the money inside the pot for a spell. I recollect I heard Lester Rudd say once, 'Andy Blair has always got all the luck.' You recollect times you've heard that said? I always was favored a heap. I don't know what 'tis about me draws all the luck my way."

"I never see so much luck you had afore this," Philadelphia said. She sat down toward the doorway and began to look scornfully at his past, searching it for good fortune. She held it up in jointed, terse sentences and broke it into fragments, casting each aside as it

was frayed, leaving little of which a man might boast. "Recollect the time you spilled the corn in the creek?" she said. "Spilled a whole wagon load in swollen flood water." A poor shred of a man was left, clothed only in scorn. "Recollect the time a traveler greened you plumb out of your work nag?" Good luck stood far apart from Andy then, and she drove it farther recounting his ill favor. "What'll you buy with the money?" she asked.

"I'll keep it inside the pot for a spell," he answered. "It's a fair sight to see in the pot and a surprise to your eye every time you cast it that way. We'll keep it in the pot until we tell all the neighbors what we found and let all have a look."

"We'll have a surprise party and invite in Callie and Ed Sims and Effie and show them what a fortune we found against a stump in the cornfield. Callie will be plumb beside herself to know what the surprise is." She thought then to hurry the money out of the pot, to have all their neighbors in to view it at one time. Andy took pleasure in the thought of a public announcement, and pleasure restored him, strengthening his pride again.

"And old Hez Turner," he said. "Won't he be in a fidget to know what's to tell? Sing and pray over it, if you don't watch."

"Old Hez, he'll turn the surprise party into a chance to pray and preach. Maybe we better not invite old Hez. We won't. Church is the place to preach and pray in, but the churches won't let old Hez come in to preach."

"We'll leave old Hez out," Andy said. "Let him find out the good news from some that came. He'd be sure to preach and pray right over the kettle iffen he's let."

"We won't say what the surprise party is about. We'll just say there is a surprise and won't they like to come and see for themselves."

"That's what. We won't name the surprise. We'll just say come and see. It'll be a surprise then for a fact."

"I don't reckon a kettle full of money would ever enter in e'er head to be named, of all the lot we'd invite here. Do you reckon e'er a one would ever think to name a pot of money?"

"I wouldn't trust Callie to handle the money too freely. Callie has right light fingers sometimes. I wouldn't trust Callie too far. I never heard it said Callie stole anything, but I always took notice her fingers are light."

"Callie can make black appear white, with her smooth tongue. I wouldn't trust Callie too far with a kettle of gold that was mine."

"I'll let it be known I already counted the pieces," Andy said, taking caution, "and let it be reported I know how many are in the pot. Iffen any is gone we can search all the women before they go out."

"We better not say where we found it," Philadelphia said, becoming cautious too. "We'll say we dug it up but we won't show the place."

"I'm more uneasy," Andy said, "they might take the money outen the pot whilst we're not by to see. We can't stand by all day and watch the kettle. What would we do endure the time we want to go out doors?"

"We'll give a prize to the one that can name what the surprise is. We'll give one piece of silver to whoever can guess the surprise before we bring it out to show. Then we won't bring it out before everybody is about ready to start for home."

"But don't you give a hint, Philly, of what it is. Callie is so before-handed she'd guess what 'tis, and you'd help her out, like you always do when there's something to guess."

"And then we'll afterwards give Imogene a wedden. I'd like a heap to see Imogene marry with a big supper."

"After the surprise is over," Andy said. "One at a time is all I can hold in head. Afterward, why maybe we might favor Imogene a little, for a fact we might."

They considered places in which to hide the kettle, trying several before they were satisfied with a place. Down inside the organ it seemed safe, shut away into the dusty cabinet among the reeds and bellows pipes, but Andy distrusted the organ, fearing that it might give forth some revealing whine or sigh of cramped distress, for the money pot crowded into the inner part of the instrument. Taken from the organ, it was placed in the chimney, hung well above the line of vision, the hearth being without fire now that the weather was warm, and it stayed there one night, but uneasiness followed it there and it was placed in the little cubbyhole in the room upstairs. They rubbed the coins until they shone, scouring them with wood ashes, a long process that required the whole of a day.

On the second day Imogene came tapping on the door and calling from without. She was a large strong girl of twenty-four, strengthened and gentled by much hard work.

"I walked over to the store to take the cream," she said. "I just stopped by. I got to get back in time to milk three cows against Pap and the boys quit work." She was a pleasant girl, laughing a great deal. She laughed at the cows and the work and the boys, and she laughed again when she told about the hens and about the cream. Her moist face shone in the dim light of Philly's room, and she rocked brightly to and fro, having a holiday out of the old rocking chair, out of her short free afternoon.

"See Giles Wilson to-day?" Philly asked.

"Go on, Cousin Philly," Imogene said, laughing again.

"I bet you see Giles afore you go much further. Whyn't you marry Giles. Run off from your pap and do what you're a mind to. Let your old pap, old man Cundy, marry again and bring a woman there. Iffen you run off he'll find somebody right off, you'll see.

He's too easy-goen to stir out and find himself a wife. There's a plenty would jump at the chance, good hard-worken women too."

Imogene laughed at this idea, but when she stopped her laughter Philly saw that there were tears in her eyes. She laughed again to make a channel for the waters of her eyes, and then she said that her father wouldn't let Giles Wilson come on the place and that she would never see Giles any more, she supposed.

"He owns a farm. What's to hinder?" Philly talked fast and repeated her admonitions. "You do like I say. As well work in Giles Wilson's kitchen as in old Sam Cundy's and better. Giles, he's close, but he's thrifty and a man is bound to be close in these hard times. You run off and marry Giles Wilson and I'll give you a wedden with oysters from town, and invite everybody you're a mind to. Candy and oranges. I'm your mother's own cousin. What's to hinder?"

There was an argument, both speaking at one time. Imogene laughed a good deal, her plump white face and moist hands deeply agitated. "Oh, Cousin Philly," she said. She could not see how Philly could afford a wedding for her. Philly needed a dress, she said. Where would all the money come from? It would cost twenty dollars or perhaps more. She laughed faintly at the thought of twenty dollars spent on foolishness and gave up the wedding as impossible.

"You run off with your clothes some day next week and you just leave the rest to me," Philly said. "There's plenty in the way of money. I always favored you above all my cousins and I'm a mind to see you settled in life. One day the last of next week."

"Ifen the cream happens to turn that day I couldn't come," Imogene said. "I never can tell what day the cream will turn."

"Let the cream turn again," Philly made the plans swiftly. "Let it turn."

She promised a wedding with oysters and cake, a lavish promise.

"Giles Wilson, when he stops by our house, we don't talk about to marry. It's little he ever says nohow," Imogene said.

"He means marry, no matter what he talks. I know by the look on a man. What does he talk about?"

"Oh, he sits in his chair a spell and by and by he'll say three bad crop years hand-runnen, it's as much as a man can stand, and then he'll say the corn looks pretty this week and wasn't that a fine rain we had yesterday? Then he'll say he's two thousand dollars in debt on the place, but, come a good crop year and he'll be able to pay off five hundred dollars. Says then he'll be only fifteen hundred in debt."

"When a man talks like that he means what he says." Philadelphia nodded her head to convince Imogene of what she saw in the report. "When a man talks about how much he owes it's a good sign. Nowadays a man has got to go in debt to own land and get on in the world. It's a sign. You run off with your clothes like I said, one day last part of next week, and come here. Oysters from town. Oranges."

"I don't know what you mean. A plenty of money? I never yet knew you, Cousin Philly, to tell what wasn't gospel." Imogene was puzzled out of all laughter but she rocked swiftly in the few minutes left of her holiday.

"I can't tell you how it'll be, but it'll happen." Philly wanted to make all secure before Imogene left. "You trust all to me. A dress iffen you haven't got what you need. Maybe I sold my little bull calf to Mabley and Grimes for a big price. Maybe my hens are in a fine way, fifty eggs a day."

Imogene went away laughing, confused and distrustful of what she heard. Philly watched her from the door and waved to her when she turned back once before she entered a field, for she took a short cut across the farms to her father's place. In the center of the field she was

met by Giles Wilson and they went outward together.

Philadelphia visited three houses, inviting people to come to the surprise party, and on the highroad she asked several that she met. "I have invited enough," she said as she passed homeward after a visit to the hamlet, having visited the store and invited all that she met there. "I'll not invite e'er other person," she said, and she remembered a woman's voice saying, "Mr. Blair invited me." She thought happily of Mr. Blair, giving him respect in her mind, giving him obedience. She had spoken of him with praise at the store when a woman said, "I expect Mr. Blair will be right put-out when he knows a party will be at his house. A man-person hasn't hardly got time for parties, seems, and all the expense and wear on your things." The speech had erected Mr. Blair into a fine myth and thence into a fine reality. "Mr. Blair is different from most," Philly had said. "He never was a hand to blame me iffen I take it in head to have a party, or anything else I might have a fancy for."

The kettle of bright money in the loft arose before her as a bright blossom coming to flower anew each instant. Her heart leaped in its beat for joy, and a joy at foretelling the envy of the people when they knew of the good fortune quickened her steps. She was avid for more joy, for more envy. Mr. Blair sat in the house during her absence, his eyes on the chest that guarded their money hoard. She had invited Callie Jones and Robbie May Willett and had told them to bring all their relatives. She had invited Bonnie White. She had heard Andy inviting Giles Wilson and she herself had sent a message to Imogene. Coming through the gate from the lane, she encountered Andy at the house door speaking to someone who had come on an errand, "And iffen you see Hez Turner tell him to come."

"I thought you didn't favor to invite

Hez," Philly said as she came through the door.

"Let all come," Andy said with a great pride. "Show favors to none. Iffen Hez Turner wants to see my surprise I am not the man to mistreat a neighbor."

"Preach and pray over the pot, and maybe convert somebody to his way," Philly said, "but no matter."

A day passed over them, the hours winding slowly around the clock. Andy was unable to hold his hands on the plow with any steadiness. Philly saw him wandering up and down the farm without employment, and at noon he broke his food into bits which he left uneaten while he expressed distrust and displeasure at one thing and another. The people of the neighborhood were a gossipy set, he said, and not a truth-telling set either. He told a story which put a sinister character on Rudd, his neighbor. He had seen a man hiding in the woods, he said, and he had seen strange footmarks in the soft loam of the cow pen. After the noon meal he went above to the upper room and he found a more secret hiding place for the money. He went back and forth on the stairs through the afternoon, his mind a tumult of bolts and keys.

The shadows of the trees began to lengthen and the summer evening gathered, the evening of the party having come. Andy milked the cow early, scarcely waiting for the sunlight to pass from the house wall. Philly threw the hens a hasty supper of corn. Fear had replaced Andy's delight in his treasure, and as he milked the cow his head was lifted now and then to watch the lane that came toward the house. He scarcely drew his share of the milk, yielding to the calf in his distress. He passed Philly in his hurry to regain the house and he said to her:

"I saw fresh footprints behind the barn. It's my belief, Philly, this house, it's watched. That's my belief."

"Watched how?" Philly asked.

"It comes to my mind we'd better not show the kettle of money to-night. We can name what the surprise is but we better not bring it out to show. I wouldn't trust all that gang that's to be here. I saw Lester Rudd outside awhile back and he says the whole Elk Creek Country is a-comen here to-night."

"Is the cow dry you can't get more'n a pint outen her? What manner of way is that to treat a cow? I wouldn't trust that-there gang neither."

"It comes to my mind we'd best not show the kettle. We best hide it deeper and not let e'er one see."

"Well, you better hide quick if you expect, Andy, to find a safe place before they come. Callie always was a before-hand person and she'll be here soon now."

"Oh, what made us invite all that riffraff here?" Andy cried out. "No place inside the house will be safe once it's known there's a kettle of money. Roam all over the house they will and find anything you might have put by."

He listened, turning his ear toward the lane, as if he might hear the tramp of people coming. He looked to Philly for assistance and cursed at his bad luck, blaming Philly for the ill-advised party which was at hand. "I'm a mind to take the kettle and run off and hide myself, but it's a heavy load to carry."

"We could bury it," Philly said. "We could bury it somewhere until morning."

"Yes, we could bury it, but where? I wouldn't trust the spot it was buried in to be out of my sight, not with the whole of that gang on the place. Talk quick and tell me where we could bury it."

"Oh, we could bury it under the floor. Under the house then. Oh, we could bury it under the hearthstone."

Andy went quickly to get his axe and his spade. He worked quickly, biting at his cheeks in his misery of mind, stopping to listen to the tramp of feet he could hear coming over the hills, over the distant roadways. He pried up a

large gray stone of the hearth, using his pick, and he laid the stone aside on the floor, finding it heavy to move. Then he dug into the hard-pounded clay that lay beneath, earth that had never before been disturbed, and Philly brought a basket to take away the clay which was lifted from the place. When he had made a hole of the size he had well in mind he went above stairs and brought the treasure vessel and set it securely into the hole, covering it over with a napkin. When he had replaced the stone he made it fit to the place as if it had never been lifted, but it was not so tight as formerly, being cradled now in new-laid soil. He carried the basket of unused clay to the garden and emptied it there, and as he returned he called to Philly to hurry, saying that he heard steps now surely.

"Harken to me," he said, half in threat, his finger lifted in Philly's face. "Ne'er a word is to be said that the surprise is a kettle of money. You hear? Say not a word about the pot. Ne'er a word."

"What will we name for the surprise?" Philly asked, fearfully. "We have got to have a surprise, now we've promised one. What surprise will we name?"

"Ne'er a word about money," he said. "You hear what I say."

Philly was hushed into complete obedience, feeling the force of a determined man, Mr. Blair, whose finger beat at the air just beyond her face. "Mr. Blair ever was a strong-minded man," she whispered, and she thrust the comb through her hair to make ready for the company. Through the dim window she saw a young man waiting in the field just beyond the fence, keeping apart among the bushes. She had never seen this strange person, but she remembered what Andy had said of strange footmarks about the barn. A curious man was walking about under the trees outside and a pot of money was hidden under the hearthstone. She could scarcely add these facts together to make them yield a sum. She put on her best dress

A BURIED TREASURE

quickly, whispering to herself. The whole countryside was coming to view their surprise, and they had none to reveal. She longed momentarily for her old-time unconsciousness and ease, for the day when a hidden pot of money had never yet come into her thought.

"I hear steps, Mr. Blair," she called out. She was fastening her dress at the throat. There were many voices at the door.

II

Turning back to a day a week earlier, the terrifying footsteps that had knocked upon Philly's ears and distressed Andy's peace of mind by making footprints about the barn, were then plodding happily down a field of grass. This was a genesis. Ben Shepherd, a boy of sixteen, lonely and full of contemplation, came through the tangled herbs and followed the droop of the land until it sank to the gorge about Elk Creek. He looked at the creek in the channel below him, the green bank and the high field beyond. He eased himself of his roll, having walked far. From some distant place he heard the slow lilt of a farm bell and then another in a remote and unrelated key. The country seemed dis-severed, the parts unrelated, the high thin note of the last bell having no quality with the flat metallic gonging of the first, none with the deeply rutted creek, none with the women he had seen back at the low hamlet beyond two hills trading farm stuff. He decided to stay in this region, to lodge himself under an overhanging rock.

During the night a rain fell and at morning the water of the creek ran tawny. Seeing ripe berries floating on the brink, Ben went up the stream to find the berry bushes.

He walked through an old pasture among the uplands. Hidden in a tangled thicket, he looked out on a farm where a tall man worked over a fence, the sound of the hammer, as it pounded the staples, coming amplified across a small hollow. The man was a wonder of

patches, of sewed-up kinds of cloth fitted neatly together, his bulging rheumatic knees being sewed, as it were, into fitted pockets of cloth. A woman moved about near the man, and a dog lay on the ground not far away. Ben viewed this scene through a small field glass he carried, himself well hidden among the bushes. As he worked, the man praised himself continually as a skilled mender of fences, making pleased comments upon the work of his hammer, but he sent a curse after his tool if any part of the fencing went wrong.

"I reckon you're not a hungry man," the woman spoke out, her words beating sharply out of the hill.

The woman was small and quick, impatient of the patched man, but he worked at the fence until he had worn her to apathetic submission. Then he went over the fence he had mended into a cornfield beyond, and he began to hack at an old stump, making firewood in his cornfield. The dog, a great brown hound, went back and forth from the man to the woman, and when she began to gather the wood into her apron the dog lay a moment on the ground, but it leaped then suddenly to the stump and barked, clawing at the disturbed earth. The woman called the man Andy and, knowing by what name the patched and profane man would be called, Ben settled the name upon him and listened carefully to hear some name by which to know the woman.

"What's taken the dog?" Andy asked. "I never see the dog in such a swivet before."

The woman turned away, her apron full of the cut wood. The dog was beautiful, leaping about the stump, making quick arcs through the air, crouching and springing over the torn earth of the cornfield, trampling the corn. He barked a wild, quick, short laughter, imploring the man, imploring the axe. Ben climbed an oak, merged with the dark gray and brown of the trunk, his clothes being brown. He clung to the trunk, catching at snarled boughs, com-

ing finally to a higher place where he settled himself to a crotch, keeping behind foliage and limbs. He could see now the wreckage of the stump and with his glass he could see the parted earth. The man seemed disconnected with the earth before which he moved, his axe sharply divided from the horizon against which it leaped, himself out of partnership with the brown soil or the green corn. He lashed great strokes into the broken stump. By the time Ben had made himself fast to the limb of the oak, Andy had torn the stump well apart, half fighting now with the dog. His disturbed cries mingled with his oaths and with the bark of the dog and were the one point at which he touched the earth. Then his words came clear, sharply cut before the hill, and he paused an instant.

"It's a pot of gold." These crisp words lay in a said phrase, and the axe leaped into its business again. Without ceasing to dig he called out again and again now, "Philly, a pot of money. Gold! A pot, I say!"

The woman came back, holding the wood in her apron, her words, "Plow iron . . . broken plow . . ." coming in a flat stratum of sound across from the hill. Andy cuffed the dog and pushed it aside, and the two actors in the scene, Andy and the woman he had called Philly, leaned together over the dug place, both pulling at some object that lay under the ground, their bodies bent and their strength set against the earth. Ben thought of bent figures in well-known prints, gleaners; and here they were gleaning gold. The earth yielded under their force, and some object came out of the ground, pulled forward

by their gleaning hands. They were hovering over the matter as ants over a sweet sop, and they talked together, making quick signs with their hands, breaking away the clinging clay. Ben saw the object over which they were bent, all of it amplified by his glass. Their hands were large over the vessel they had unearthed and their fingers bent over a lid that soon broke away from the pot. Their astonishment and fear mingled a moment and stood to the fore, annihilating their pleasure. Philly wept and beat her hands together, and the man talked in low, hoarse words that were lost in passing across the hollow. The woman's apron blew aside, and there was money in the vessel. The man was crying, beating his hands, and the woman looked fearfully about as if she suspected some watcher of the scene. The man then took up the axe and dug madly into the hole, searching for more treasure, but nothing more came to view. The dog was indifferent now, having wandered away.

Andy and Philly went, taking their pot of gold or whatever coin it was. They carried it to the fence and lifted it over into the pasture and Andy flung the apron over it while he went back once again to search the cavity.

They were gone, the two of them carrying the pot between them, staggering under the heavy load. They would set it down now and then and face each other, talking, making gestures, laughing together. At last they sank into the low-lying droop of the pasture and went beyond the vision of the oak. A house, stained brown by the weather, arose out of the curve of a hill down the way they had gone.

(To Be Continued)



OFFICIALISM AND LAWLESSNESS

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

ONE of our ablest lawyers, Mr. James Coolidge Carter, some years ago raised the question, What is Law? and called attention to its immense difficulty. Mr. Brand Whitlock, then mayor of Toledo, brought it up again about twenty years ago in a little monograph that never got half the attention it deserved, called, *The Administration of Law in Cities*. Both these eminent men gave the question up as unanswerable, and their discussion of the problems involved in it is one of our neglected classics. Perhaps the most useful thing that a publisher could do to-day, when the subject of law and lawlessness is so much in the public mind, would be to reprint Mr. Carter's lecture and Mr. Whitlock's essay together in a small volume and circulate it.

For when Mr. Hoover, Mr. Taft, Senator Capper, and others of our representative men undertake to reprove us for lawbreaking, their complaints logically run back to this question. The average man's instinct knows that when Mr. Hoover talks about lawbreaking he really means statute-breaking. Anyone can tell offhand what a statute is. It is anything that certain elected persons have written down on a piece of paper, and another elected person has signed. But is a statute *per se* a law? I remember a statute passed in one of our Middle States, I believe, to the effect that two trains approaching an intersection must both come to a full stop, and neither may start again until the other has passed! Is that a law? The instinct of the average man promptly says it is not,

and the judgment of instinct is borne out in the fact that no such statute is obeyed, can be obeyed, or has any power to get itself obeyed. But the moment this is acknowledged, the moment it is admitted that private judgment has any play whatever in the premises, that moment there is introduced the whole vast question, *What is law?*

Golden Rule Jones, Mr. Whitlock's predecessor as mayor of Toledo, probably did as well as anyone could with the baffling problem of defining law when he said that "law in the United States is anything that the people will back up." Emerson also observed to the same effect that "The law is only a memorandum." The Constitution is officially, as Mr. Justice Harlan was given so often to declaring it, "the fundamental law of the land." But are the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments actually law? Obviously they are not, and no one would be as much embarrassed by a serious appeal to them as those whose sworn duty it is to enforce them. From the Constitution down to the municipal ordinances of one-horse towns, we have a mass of enactments, many of them practicable enough and some of them rather sensible, that somehow fail of being actual laws; they are not obeyed or enforced or even ever heard of, and they apparently have no power to rescue themselves from this extreme desuetude. Whichever way one looks at it, there seems a most important essential difference between a law and a statute; between a law and an ordinance; even between a law and a Constitutional provision.

II

Average human instinct, however, without being able to define this difference, is fully aware that it exists; and that is the reason why Mr. Hoover's recent admonitions fell so largely on deaf ears. Mr. Hoover implied that anything good, bad or indifferent, practicable or impracticable that a legislature enacts and that an executive signs is a law; whereas we all know that it may be, and very often is, nothing of the kind. Thomas Jefferson spoke straight from the average man's instinct when he said that the legislative enactments known as the Alien and Sedition Acts had no more effective force of law, and should have no more, "than if Congress had commanded us all to fall down and worship a golden image." We all know furthermore that this instinct, though we may not be able to make a satisfactory intellectual interpretation of it, is logically sound. Once admit Mr. Hoover's theory and, as Jefferson's comparison shows, one is led straight to the acme of absurdity. One need not veer off into any abstract questions concerning the rights of man and the corresponding limitations which those rights put upon lawmaking bodies. It is enough to observe with Jefferson that carrying Mr. Hoover's idea of the nature of law by a short step towards its logical extreme shows it to be utterly preposterous.

Mr. Hoover's pronouncement also, I regret to say, causes him to raise other implications which, while not more culpable than the foregoing, are more directly offensive to large numbers of our citizenry. Those who assume with Mr. Hoover that a statute and a law are one and the same are prone, in their public utterances, to lump all "law-breakers" together under a general and indiscriminate reprehension, and to regard them as beings who not only ought to be, but who in their hearts really are, ashamed of themselves. Nothing is farther from the truth; and this mis-

apprehension shows how directly intellectual error may lead to a moral error of the first magnitude. If those who thus lecture us for our disregard of law would look into the question of what law is and what it is not, and would study the operation of fundamental human instinct on that question, they would save themselves from doing their fellow-citizens considerable injustice. In the exercise of private judgment against Mr. Hoover's theory of law, average human instinct is conscious not only of its own intellectual integrity but of its moral integrity as well; and no amount of expostulation or abuse—I can call it by no fairer word—will alter its consciousness.

The testimony of instinct comes out negatively, in the degree of respect paid to public servants according as their duties lie mainly with enactments that the common conscience of mankind does not support. Thus the police of London, who are very little occupied with the mere *malum prohibitum*, are more highly respected than those of our cities. Before prohibition everyone thought well of our Coast Guard, but respect for that useful body has decreased notably in the last ten years. The feeling towards agents of the prohibition service amounts to repugnance. One is struck by the way most people take the news that a prohibition agent has been killed in action. They behave at best with indifference; often as if they thought he were well out of the way. Yet when a policeman dies trying to vindicate the law against homicide or burglary the same people admire his heroism.

Human nature can neither be preached nor bullied out of assent to this testimony of instinct, and self-respecting human nature resents the attempt to do either. I confess I cannot understand what has happened to the American people's sense of dignity, that they permit their public servants to address them in the tone that many of these latter have lately chosen to employ. It would seem to me most competent to

remind our officials in no uncertain terms that in raising implications against all statute-breakers they are committing an intolerable impertinence. We are all statute-breakers, every man, woman, and child in the land; and the discrimination that we instinctively exercise towards enactments which do not command the common conscience of mankind, or concerning which the common conscience is neutral, is not attended by the slightest consciousness of wrongdoing. On the contrary we know that fundamental human instincts are sound and trustworthy, as Thomas Jefferson declared them to be, and that no one has the right to arraign our allegiance to them as immoral.

Does anyone actually presume to intimate that anywhere in the United States a man who walks two miles for pleasure on Sunday, or plays tennis, or buys a newspaper, or kisses his wife is acting from a defective moral sense? If not, just where in the category of prohibited things does the moral sense begin to show defect? One may always use oneself for purposes of illustration in cases where such service might be disagreeable, so I may say I am a statute-breaker and have been one all my life. I have bought cigarettes in Kansas—very bad ones—and in other States where their sale was forbidden. But for the fact that I am no drinker, I dare say I should be evading the inconvenience of prohibition. My path through life is strewn with the wreckage of enactments contemplating not only trivial matters like these but also some that are more serious. But I cannot recall an instance of this kind where my moral sense puts in any testimony against me or where the offense is one that I should hesitate about repeating. In all this I believe I stand with every man-jack of my fellow-citizens. Their offenses may not be the same as mine, but they are of the same order; they are offenses that concern some form of the mere *malum prohibitum*, about which the normal moral sense is silent. Moreover, if all

the courts in the country, and all the executives from President to pound-master, should undertake to tell me that my moral sense is defective, their word would make no more impression on me than water on a duck's back; and in this, too, I believe I have every one of my fellow-citizens with me. It is conceivable that even a prohibitionist might be as sincerely impenitent about Sunday golf or ice cream, or failing to declare an extra box of cigars, or about crowding the tax regulations a little as I should be about buying a drink if I wanted one. Somewhere or other we all depart from the strict letter of the law, and so far are we from any sense of crime or sin that in some instances, perhaps, we secretly glory in our shame, and would glory in it openly but for certain practical inconveniences that might ensue.

Such is the force of man's private judgment, and whenever a statute has been set up in opposition to it, the statute has always gone by the board. This sort of thing has been tried for hundreds of years, and never yet has it succeeded. Those who think it should succeed now in the case of prohibition have simply no idea of what it is that they antagonize.

III

Have our official monitors ever asked themselves where we should all be if we were not what they are pleased to call lawbreakers? What would become of the individual who is trying to live peaceably and decently under a bureaucracy if he were not a lawbreaker? He simply could not get on at all. The average man's instinct prompts him to a just sense of proportion in this matter; the trouble with our monitors is that they speak from the point of view of the doctrinaire or the job holder instead of that of the man in the street who has something to do that is worth doing and wants to get it done. One might say that a bureaucracy exists chiefly for the purpose of impeding a citizen in his

legitimate pursuits; and more often than not, the only way of resisting or evading its ignorant and routine-bound exactions is through "lawlessness." The citizen, therefore, takes that way whenever he can, and has the justification of a sound instinct in so doing.

Let me give an illustration or two to make this clear. This morning I undertook to mail the corrected proofs of a book to my publishers in New York, from the head post-office in a French border town. I proposed to send it by registered book-post at third-class rates, as I had every right to do. The clerk demurred, and called in the *controleur*, a sort of first mate of a French post-office, who glanced at the proofs, saw corrections made in handwriting, and said I should have to pay first-class rates, the difference being about a dollar and a quarter. He was an austere and fidgety person who would not listen to any appeal—no doubt he had never seen or heard of a proof-sheet in all his life; so I went back to my hotel, borrowed a copy of the postal regulations, returned to the post-office, looked up the head mogul, and fought the battle out with him to a successful issue. By this time the morning had gone.

Now, the point is that I needed that morning for something more important than a collision with the impenetrable stupidity of a bureaucracy. I needed it for urgent work that could not be delayed. Hence, if there had not been so many people around, I should have dealt with that *controleur* American fashion by quietly slipping him a few francs, and then gone away to resume my work in peace; nor would my conscience have been disturbed by that easy way of settling the matter. Yet I suppose that bribery is as serious a matter in French law as in ours. I could of course have yielded to the extortion and paid first-class postage, but that did not suit me. With me it was a case of millions for baksheesh, but not one sou for bureaucracy. Besides, the whole question of resistance or sub-

mission to the incursions of any bureaucracy comes in here. If one does not oppose them somehow, they increase and multiply beyond endurance. If one opposes them personally, it is a ruinous waste of time and energy. It is, therefore, a sound instinct which tells the average man that to exist at all comfortably under a bureaucracy and get anything done, he must on occasions walk after the counsels of the ungodly and stand in the way of sinners.

I remember a story, which may be apocryphal, told of Godkin, the redoubtable editor of the *New York Evening Post* thirty years ago. On his way home one evening he was met at his door by a policeman with some sort of official notice that something was wrong with his frontage; either the snow was not cleared according to rule, or the ash-barrels were out of place—some small matter like that. Instead of fooling away a couple of days over red tape, or perhaps appearing in court to answer for violating an ordinance, Godkin cleared up the matter on the spot by making two crimes out of one; he gave the policeman ten dollars, promised it should not happen again, and told him to forget it. Godkin was then engaged in a great newspaper campaign against municipal corruption, so when the story got around, as it somehow did, there was a great laugh over it. Yet according to the average man's instinct, that was the only sensible way to settle the matter. Godkin saved himself a deal of time and trouble, and so was satisfied. The policeman was satisfied. The court was one trivial case short on its crowded docket. The public, in whose interest the ordinance was framed, was satisfied because Godkin straightened up his ash-barrels. The only thing left unsatisfied was the interesting abstraction known as the majesty of the law. There seems no doubt that between Godkin and the policeman, the majesty of the law came off badly. But the average man usually cannot quite settle with himself just what the majesty of the

law amounts to. And yet the average man, confirmed and inveterate statute-buster though he be, is law-abiding; he is well-meaning and decent, though from the tone adopted by our moral monitors one might not suspect it. Show him a law that is really a law, something that measurably reflects the common conscience of mankind, and he is quite likely to obey it.

But a bureaucracy will not meet the public half way. Officialism, as Herbert Spencer pointed out years ago, is interested chiefly in strengthening itself, digging itself farther and farther in, and multiplying its encroachments on the rights, liberties, and consciences of the individual citizen. Anything like taking the public into its confidence is obviously inconsistent with this, and cannot be done. Therefore, in their comment on our lawlessness our official servants do not define, do not explain, do not reason: they merely tell us.

The instinct which warns us against this tendency of officialism is wholly sound. It testifies that this tendency should be resisted. A bureaucracy should be put in its place and kept there. The individual, acting alone, cannot do this. All he can do is to ward off from himself the evil incidence of officialism as best and as often as he may; and the only way he can do this is through an occasional discriminating exercise of "lawlessness."

IV

So much for the individual. Now, how can society collectively best withstand progressive incursions of officialism and keep a bureaucracy in its place. We are told, rightly enough, that the first thing, the indispensable thing, is strict attention. Without this nothing can be done. When Thomas Jefferson was representing our Government in Paris, he wrote Edward Carrington that "if once the people become inattentive to the public affairs, you and I and Congress and Assemblies, judges and governors, shall all become wolves. It

seems to be the law of our general nature, in spite of individual exceptions." We have a saying which has degenerated into a kind of cliché, but is none the less true, that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. The mass of our public is supposed to fail in this vigilance and to have become extremely "inattentive to the public affairs," except around election time when the general interest bears something of a sporting character, hardly to be called very serious. This count against our people is probably true, but I do not make a point of it. I mention this commonplace only to bring in a question to which it gives rise.

Mere vigilance is worth very little unless the way is open for immediate and appropriate action upon the delinquency that vigilance discovers. What, then, is the use of vigilance against the encroachments of officialism under a political system which by its fundamental organization makes such action impossible? Here again the average man's instinct which prompts him to abstain from any political interest, unless for purposes of profit, seems to me a sound one. The utmost that our federal system permits is to sack a handful of job holders at the end of four years or seven years; under the system in other countries they can be turned out at any time and without notice. Some of our worst habitual offenders against the liberty and sovereignty of the people, indeed, are to all intents and purposes irremovable. They may be impeached, but as far back as Jefferson's time, impeachment, as he said, was "not even a scarecrow"; and we all know it is no more than that now. But turning a few job holders out at the end of a fixed term does nothing against bureaucracy and officialism or against their tendencies; these go on under the next regime of job holders just as they did under the last. Meanwhile, too, there is no competent mode of reprehension that society can collectively apply to a job holder for any insult to the people's dignity or any injury to their sovereignty. That is to

say, there is none unless society, like the individual, has recourse to lawlessness.

Collective lawlessness interested Mr. Jefferson and gained his calm and rather naïve approval. "I like a little rebellion now and then," he wrote one correspondent, and on the occasion of Shays's Rebellion he expressed his hope that the country would never go twenty years without one like it. Shays and his malcontents were not altogether wrong, he thought, but even if they were, the rebellion was probably a good thing on general principles. It showed that the people were alive to public concerns, and it also kept the ear of the job holder open to his master's voice. It is no disparagement to the Founding Fathers to say that being human, they were not omniscient in their foresight. Whatever their intentions may have been, they did actually construct a political system that puts officialism beyond the reach of any remedial or punitive collective action except violence; and Jefferson was thoroughly aware of it.

While I am entirely of Jefferson's mind in this matter, I am not now counselling a rebellion on any particular issue, or even counselling rebellion at all. When the official hue and cry about "lawlessness" started, it led me to contemplate the cancer of officialism in our body politic, and to wonder what could be done about it, first by the individual, and second, by society collectively; and I cannot see but that in both cases "lawlessness" is the only thing that will check its inroads.

I do not intend to speak particularly about the general issues arising out of prohibition, but one special issue serves very well just here for purposes of illustration. I remember my indignation and sense of outrage twenty years ago, in the time of State option, when some officers of a prohibition State boarded a train and cut open the suit-case of an innocent through-passenger, to search it for liquor. It seemed to me then that officialism had reached its limit of affront to the integrity and dignity of the public.

Federal agents now, however, seem embarked on the policy—under instructions, mind you, set forth by officialism—of first shooting the suspect out of hand and searching his property afterwards. In a newspaper to-day I see an estimate that these murders run to an average of one every three days.

Now, under these circumstances, what recourse has the community? These assassinations are an immediate concern of the community, and are acutely felt to be such, since no innocent person can know when and under what circumstances he or she will be a victim. The community is as much concerned as it would be with any other mode of brigandage. But, in the premises, just what can it do?

The immediate agents can be indicted and tried; but, in the first place, this hardly suits the average sense of justice. These men are acting under orders and are responsible to their superiors. In the second place, officialism is all on their side, and the trial results in a formal vindication of officialism and not in actual justice. As for implicating their superiors in the issue, the thing is clearly impossible; the attempt would result only in a more spectacular vindication of officialism.

What then? Well, it is possible that the community thus outraged might spread the contagion of its dissent largely through the country. In that case it is again possible that at the end of a term of years we might retire a president to private life, and bounce out a camorra of senators, congressmen, and such. But this measure seems almost ludicrously inadequate and superficial when compared with the amount of effort and expense involved in bringing it about. When it is done, what has the country got? What has it ever got from this procedure? Besides, four years or seven years is a long time to wait for the popular will to become operative. Whether regarded as a measure of retributive justice or as a rebuke to officialism, this procedure seems alike incompe-

tent, and I believe that the natural instinct of the people regards it with extreme dissatisfaction. Yet I know of no other that can be either conceived or applied within the limits of a strict legality.

V

Although an American citizen, I live much abroad among a people who have their own faults and shortcomings, like the rest of us, and some considerable virtues. One of their virtues is an amazingly quick, passionate, almost vindictive resentment and resistance against the incursions of officialism. Individually and collectively they know their rights and are most jealous of them; otherwise in all their private relations, they are the most tolerant people that I ever had the good fortune to be among. Both these traits seem largely to have been born in them, and the course of their national history has accidentally been such as to foster both of them very powerfully. For years I have watched the continuous come-out of these traits with a fascinated interest.

Officialism, in a word, is restricted to a degree inconceivable by an American; and it is restricted by the one thing I know of that can restrict it, which is fear. Not fear of losing a job, but fear of losing continuity of the spinal column. Every official from the highest to the lowest, carries on under just that wholesome apprehension. He knows what he may do and may not do; bureaucracy knows how far it may go, and what will happen if it goes farther; and any motion, even the slightest, towards overstepping the line brings out a prompt reminder. A friend of mine who had had large experience in municipal government in America, once told the mayor of the European city I live in that he ought to turn a certain crowded thoroughfare into a one-way street. The mayor threw up his hands and said, "If I did that there would be a revolution!" He was right. That street is a one-way street now, but making it so

was a matter of twelve years. The progress of a general traffic-control has been very slow and circumspect, almost block by block, with the people watching every move to decide whether it meant something really for their convenience or was a mere bureaucratic gesture. Whatever failings a critic might observe in this people's type of civilization, it has certainly realized all the advantages that come from never being "inattentive to the public affairs."

Consequently the outrages committed by officialism in America against the dignity and liberties of the public could no more take place here than they could take place in heaven. Supposing the impossible, let us suppose that a woman was shot here under circumstances like those of the prohibitionist raid on a private domicile in Illinois a few months ago. What would happen is that the political equivalents of Mr. Mellon and Mr. Lowman would be immediately eliminated. The people would waste no time on the actual raiders; their sound political instinct would lead them straight to the persons responsible. But nothing like this is ever necessary, because the people watch their job holders like cats and are always ready with some practical application of the principle *obsta principiis* in small matters as well as great. Nothing seems too small and trivial for them to resent, and on occasion the concern of the individual instantly becomes the concern of the community.

Some months ago, for instance, the Communists had been annoying the Socialists by organizing a series of petty strikes; and the mayor of the city that I live in put out a proclamation one morning prohibiting all public meetings and street-processions. The Socialists are politically very strong here, and the Mayor evidently had counted on this to enable him to "get by" with this proclamation so manifestly aimed at the weak Communist faction. But the prohibition lasted just four days. On the morning of the fifth day there was

another proclamation posted on the dead-walls, saying it was all off. Meanwhile there seemed to be as many parades and assemblages as usual, with the police maintaining a benevolent neutrality. Undoubtedly what happened was that about the second day, people of every political stripe began to drop into the Mayor's office to tell him that while he was all right as far as he went, they were noticing that the boys seemed to be getting sort of restless, and they were afraid the future looked a little dark for him unless he brisked up and did something.

Some time ago I watched a street fête in the poorest quarter of town until long after midnight, when two men started at fisticuffs in the middle of a side street. A couple of policemen happened along, and for some reason one of them tried to interfere. The men stopped fighting just long enough to set on the policeman, sent him spinning on his head ten feet away, and then at once resumed business. They were quite within their rights, and they knew it. They were not blocking traffic, for there was none; not disturbing anyone, for they were not noisy; not discommoding or injuring anyone, for what few people were around were on the sidewalk. These men were very poor and shabby; in America they would have had no chance at all. They would have been clubbed half to death and then probably "run in" on a charge of resisting an officer; and the bystanders would have let it go at that. Here, however, the incident ended when the policeman got up, brushed himself off, and rejoined his companion, who meanwhile had not stirred. If he had made an issue of it, he would have had to take on the whole population of the district, because, as I say, by every rule of reason and sense, he was "in wrong." If on the other hand he had been in any way justified by reason and sense, the populace would have been just as strongly on his side, as I have often seen it happen.

So it is not only in municipal or local

affairs, but in national affairs; this spirit predominates everywhere. About two years ago there was a great demonstration in a northeastern province of the country; thousands of people marched all day, with brass bands, and speech-making of a most inflammatory type. The manifestation was headed by two canons of the cathedral and six university professors. They marched under a foreign flag, advocating the annexation of the province by a neighboring country. Well, by modern American standards, this was sedition of the most flagrant type, but nothing happened. The military were not called out, the ringleaders were not railroaded to Atlanta or maimed on the spot by the police; nothing at all was done about it. After all, if those people felt that way, they had every right to speak up about it. If they could get enough people in the province to feel the same way, and the neighboring country was content they had every right to obtain annexation. The right of secession is inalienable. "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary, etc."—how many times we have heard those noble words! But over here they really believe it and are ready to back up their belief, not only with their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor, but with the leg of a chair or whatever first comes handy. In this instance the demonstrators could not make enough people feel their way to carry the issue; but they had absolute and unlimited freedom to try, and so they were satisfied.

VI

The general doctrine that I am describing may be disparaged as terrorism; indeed, it may be very fairly called terrorism, provided one very important condition be kept in mind. It is as true, I believe, as ever Thomas Jefferson thought it was, that the only way the incursions of officialism can be withstood is by keeping the officials in a state of constant fear—not fear for their jobs,

but for their skins. I say, *constant* fear, not intermittent or occasional fear. If this be done, as it is in the country where I live, there are never any terroristic consequences, for things simply never get that far. The people among whom I live keep themselves continually framed up to hang somebody, no matter whom, from the head of the general government to the policeman on the beat. Officialism is constantly aware of this, and consequently no one is ever hanged. I never witnessed or heard of a single incident where a few well-chosen words did not immediately and satisfactorily produce results. The officials know the disposition of the people, know it is not to be trifled with, and never trifle with it. Only where the disposition of a people is either complaisant or "inattentive," or both, can officialism make any headway against their liberties.

After all, the thing stands to reason as well as to such experience as is furnished by the country where I live. Suppose Mr. Whalen knew to an absolute certainty that within twenty-four hours after his police had confiscated private medical records the citizenry would descend upon his office, would that peculiarly odious and outrageous raid on Mrs. Sanger's clinic have taken place? Never. Would a single prohibitionist assassination ever take place if Mr. Mellon and Mr. Lowman knew to a certainty that the day when it happened

would be their official last? Never. Matters would never come within a thousand miles of such a thing. I am not contemplating occasional and sporadic outbursts of mob-rage caused by some exceptionally flagrant *démarche* of a bureaucracy. Officialism has no fear of those, for it can deal with them. I am speaking of a steady, considered and highly sensitive spirit of repression, which by coming out with promptness and force against the feeblest beginnings of officialism's attempts against the public's welfare and dignity, never needs be called on to resist any of its more daring and flagitious enterprises.

I see no conclusion but that Jeffersonian "lawlessness" affords communal rights and dignity, as well as the rights and dignity of the individual, their only recourse against officialism. Jefferson seems to have thought so, and I see no way whereby one can think otherwise. Moreover, for the community as well as the individual, the determination and delimitation of "lawlessness" runs straight back to the fundamental question, *What is law?*

Americans, searching for available recourse in what seems to me a most trying and humiliating situation, might well broach this fundamental question and demand a plain and thorough discussion of it; and demand especially that it be discussed by those who now so lightly undertake to reprehend them for their lawlessness.



SUSAN AND THE DOCTOR

A STORY

BY RUTH SUCKOW

SUSAN started going with the boys early. Too early. Her mother had died, and there was no one to look after her. Her father had affairs of his own on his hands.

Susan's escapades, from the time she was thirteen, had been a source of talk in the town where she lived. But they seemed all to have happened in a past that was now incredible. People had almost forgotten that she had once gone with Buddie Merton and Carl Flannigan and Chuck Myers and Pat Dougherty—her affair had been going on for so many years with the Doctor.

And it had obscured not only her relations to other men, but almost everything else about Susan. People did not think about the long and steady efficiency of her position in the Farmers Bank, where she had risen from clerk to assistant cashier, and where she was actually a stand-by. When they went into the bank, and up to Susan's little barred window, they did not see her—slim, shining-haired, immaculate—as the cashier who dealt out nickels and dimes and bills with swift, experienced, white fingers. They did not recall how her present security was due to herself alone. She had never depended upon her father for a living. She had never depended upon anyone. She had borrowed money and taken a business course and then asked old Henry Houghton for a place in the bank; and it was upon that first meager and grudging admission that she had lived and put money aside and paid for the always

fashionable perfection of her tailored clothes and the smartness of her hats. They looked through the little window at her white hands and smooth hair, and thought:

"I wonder how her affair is coming on with the Doctor!"

Oh, yes! Susan was handy, and she was bright. She made some of those pretty clothes herself—knitted scarves when scarves were in fashion, and embroidered collar and cuff sets when they were the thing. She kept her two rooms and kitchenette at Mrs. Calverton's in exquisite order. Women did admit that. And there were men in town who said that no one in that bank knew as much about its business as Susan. But all that seemed irrelevant to the consistent interest of her love affair.

It obscured the rest of her life to Susan herself. There was never a moment when she was not aware of it. At the bank, when she was making up accounts with swift and practiced accuracy, it was there in her breast, something unsatisfied, an ache and a craving; it was there behind the businesslike rhythm of the adding machine; and when she sat at the big table in the back room where the sunshine lay slantwise in the morning its sweetness enveloped her in dreamy pain. She could never give herself up to the warmth of the sunshine. Her white fingers had to keep at work to ease the craving and subdue the thoughts that drew to their tight, inevitable center in her mind.

"Always at it!" old Tommy Munson,

wealthy farmer and nominal vice president, said to her jovially when he came into the bank.

He was the only person in town who thought of Susan as cashier and seemed never to have heard of her affair with the Doctor.

It was with her when she went out on the street at noon. She frowned at the outdoor brightness. Suppose the Doctor should come past! The possibility of it blinded her for a moment, with tense persistence of desire; and she would have liked—if she could have liked!—to stay in the shelter of the bank, where it was shaded and apart. She might be with Nita Allen, the stenographer; but her eyes could not be restrained from their restless, watching alertness. She must notice every car on the street. She must look down the narrowing vista to the building where the Doctor had his office on the fifth floor, and must strain for a brief and unsatisfying glimpse of the small and distant figure of a man who might be the Doctor himself coming out of the building. In Wessel's drugstore, where she had her tuna-fish sandwich and glass of malted milk at the shining new counter, she had to talk gaily and brightly, in the usual ironic repartee, with the crowded line of stenographers and young business men, above her restless preoccupation and the constant small wear of pain.

"Hello, Susan! How are you?"

"Fine."

"Where do you keep yourself these days?"

In the busy street of the growing town she felt almost a stranger—she, Susan, who had lived here all her life and knew every window display in every store! But her affair with the Doctor had set her apart from the rest of the town—from the old crowd, her own crowd: Elsie Adams, who was married and had two babies; Letha Grove, who lived with her parents and hadn't changed since high school days; Mary Wilson, who came back now and then from her work in Chicago. Susan seemed never

to have known another man than the Doctor; and at times, when she heard in the drugstore the animated chatter about dances, she would wonder if she could actually *be* Susan—the one whom the boys used to fall over one another to ask to dances, who chose this one or that with imperious freedom, who was the most popular girl of her day.

She was tense and defiant in her loyalty—and the thing had been going on, how many years?—but all the same, her eyes could not meet the curious or carefully incurious eyes of older women, her mother's friends, whom she might pass on this street and who would ask her, "Well, Susan, how are you getting along?" The consciousness of her affair with the Doctor hung between them, clouding the old neighborly relationship. Mrs. Andrews had tried to "speak to her" once about it. She had talked about Susan's mother while Susan stood with head up and lips haughtily closed. But it made Susan dread the street.

When she went into the bank again she would sometimes stand for a moment, humiliated and hurt through every nerve, because this one thing must claim her whole being. The spirit of independence, upright and narrow, that lived in her slim body rebelled. She thought of the time when she used to say airily to Carl Flannigan, "No, I can't go anywhere—I've got to do some work for the bank"; and of the later days when, after one of those excitingly perilous meetings with Pat Dougherty, who was just getting his divorce, she used to go back to the bank, and think with cool exultancy, "Well, here I'm by myself!" She, Susan, who had always been so sure, imperious, efficient, cool . . .

"I won't stand this. It's got to end."

But then the far more torturing fear that it *might* end shot through her in pain.

But when she went home after work—home? well, back to Mrs. Calverton's—at half past five, through smoky twi-

lights of fall or the veiled tenderness of spring, resentful wonder would come over her again. Had there actually been a time when she was her own self, Susan, free and wild and belonging to herself; when she could walk swiftly through such a twilight, breathing the acrid smoke, or linger and lift her face to the damp spring air, with love left over for the little leaves and the tulips, with nothing to come between her and the night?

She went up the same gray-painted steps of the large, neat porch. She put her hand on the same bronze knob of the door. Inside, the house odor, orderly and slightly aging and remote, never quite that of home, enveloped her in dreariness. She could not stand the board that creaked on the stairs and the hot-water faucet that ran a meager and maddening trickle.

How could she endure this place a day longer? She had certainly never meant to spend all her life in a rooming house. Independence was all right. She wasn't going to have to ask anybody for things. But Susan had always planned, being methodical and worldly shrewd, that when the time came, when she was ready, she would marry and have a home of her own, the kind she wanted. And here she was, well along in the twenties, with nearly all the other girls in the crowd settled, and she still living in two rented rooms at Mrs. Calverton's! Sometimes it seemed as if her whole scheme of life were going astray.

But when she entered her room, with its waiting orderliness of cushions and reading lamp and cigarette trays placed here and there, the dreariness vanished. Her impatience sternly curbed itself. Mrs. Calverton was used to the whole thing. The Doctor could come, and she let them alone. A move—one little thing like that—and the whole perilous, precious status of the thing might be lost.

Besides, the Doctor would be here in a little while.

Susan went into the kitchenette. The shelves were filled with things of his own special choice—Mocha coffee, fig preserves, salted almonds. Susan saw these things, and they brought back the beloved and secret intimacy of a hundred little dinners. She used to love to put on her best clothes and go out to dinner with men, to the dining room of the Melrose, the most expensive place in town, where she would see people and be seen by them. But there was a painful kind of delight in giving up these old pleasures of hers—her own special pleasures. She wanted them again at times; but there was the same delight in sacrificing them to his demand for secrecy and seclusion.

Anyway, he would be here in a little while. She would be with him.

He came up the stairs, into the living room, into the doorway of the kitchenette. Susan felt the vital largeness of his presence, warming the whole place into life; although—with her old manner of cool concentration—she did not turn from her work at the small gas stove. His arms were around her, and she was drawn backward.

"Susan! Aren't you going to tell me you're glad to see me?"

Through his arms she felt the straining domination of his need.

The dinner was exciting and happy and cozy—one of their own little dinners, at the card table with the linen cloth that Susan had embroidered in her leisure time, with the favorite dishes she had kept from her own home, and with the orange candles and the green-glass candlesticks that he had brought her. The shades were down. Their voices were low, so that even Mrs. Calverton could not hear. He told her his professional troubles and leaned upon the cool practicality of her advice, even while he was demanding from her the sympathy that her pride would not seem to yield him. The old atmosphere of troubled splendor was about him, blinding her clear-sightedness, and forcing devotion, that was half maternal,

out of the independence she could not admit that she had lost.

And then, when dinner was over, he wouldn't permit her to wash the dishes, upset the precision of her routine to her anger and delight, and drew her to him.

But after he had left, Susan lay in her narrow bed aching and alone. Her tingling body was tense with resentment. No matter how they parted, her body was left tense and aching—for he went away, he left her alone, she could not stay warm and at ease in his arms and wake up beside him in the morning. She hated him.

Then she turned and tossed. Her sleep seemed always to be shallow and tense. She craved wildly to break away from him. Why must her own need be sacrificed to his? Her life was passing . . . But it was as if he had sown within her the seed of his trouble. She could not wrench it out of her. In the night, in the darkness, she could let her coolness be diffused with aching tenderness. This was the only way that it could be for him—so he thought; and she, Susan, was the only woman in town with courage to take him as he must be taken. She thrilled with pride of his largeness, handsomeness, and splendor; and she would rather have him secretly, equivocally hers than to have all of the common, tame little men whom the other girls had married. The straight and narrow loyalty that made her a stand-by in the bank held her to him in tense, undeviating devotion.

The affair had begun in quite a different way.

Susan, for the time being, was free of all her men. In disgust she had broken the last frayed end of her brief but hotly melodramatic "case" with Pat Dougherty. And she didn't want to go with anyone for a while. It seemed to her that she had tried nearly all the eligible men in this town, and that there was no interest in any of them. There wasn't a one whose silly devotion could make up for the loss of her position in the bank

or who could give her anything that could surpass it.

"I'm hard-hearted," Susan said coolly and with a slightly malicious enjoyment of power, to the wistfully sentimental Letha Grove. "If I ever get married, I'll marry for money. I'll marry a man who can get more for me than I can get for myself. At present—I'll stay as I am."

In idleness and in revulsion from the extremely hot persistence of Pat Dougherty, Susan had looked up some of the old high-school crowd again. She took pleasure in going with Letha Grove and "the girls" to concerts and basket-ball games. There was in it a defiance of the men who admired her, and a challenge to them. Never had she enjoyed her work at the bank so much. She exulted in the rapid, ceaseless click of her adding machine. Whenever she thought of Pat Dougherty, it was with a wild, glad sense of escape. At this time Susan used to wake up and look out at the dew-wet grass of Mrs. Calverton's lawn, with a feeling as cool and free and fresh as the morning.

However, such a state of affairs could not last for anyone used to as much excitement as Susan. She began to get restless and to make excuses when the girls wanted her to go somewhere with them. She wanted—what did she want?—she didn't know. But something.

"I'll tell you what's the matter with you," Mrs. Calverton said. Susan used to go downstairs sometimes and talk to Mrs. Calverton in the evening. "You've never been in love. That's what's the trouble."

"I!" Susan exclaimed. "This is about the first time I've been out of it."

"You think so," Mrs. Calverton said.

She rocked. She was mending curtains, while Susan embroidered a stamped pink nightgown that she had bought in the "art goods department" of Stephen's store. She ducked her mouth and bit off a thread.

Susan laughed. It was funny to hear

Mrs. Calverton talking to her!—Mrs. Calverton, shapeless and faded, whose husband (everyone knew) had been good-for-nothing, never kept a job, went out with other women, and had left Mrs. Calverton to take in roomers and keep this old family home of hers going.

"That's so," Mrs. Calverton insisted. "I know what I'm talking about." She added, with that portentous mysteriousness in talking about men and marriage that older women affected, and that Susan had always laughed at, "You'll see some day!"

Susan laughed gleefully again. But when she went back upstairs to her room, that she had taken such delight in arranging and keeping just as she wanted it, she felt restless and lonely. She resented Mrs. Calverton. Old married women always pretended to know so much. Besides kindness, and a sad dwelling upon past mysterious events, it seemed to her that there had been resentment in Mrs. Calverton's tone, and a gloomy looking forward to seeing Susan leveled down at last with other women. But, superior as she felt, what Mrs. Calverton had said—her tone and her look of quiet, mysterious knowledge recurred sometimes to Susan; and again she felt that restlessness.

She began to look at men with a different eye, although she was scarcely aware of it. Town seemed all dull and too familiar to her, and she thought of going away somewhere. She was jealous of her present freedom, and tired of it. At any rate, she couldn't stand "the girls" any longer!—their twitterings, their secrets, their eager veiled interest in every man who appeared. They all seemed silly to her; and there was even more interest in the saddened, subdued, mysteriously completed presence of Mrs. Calverton.

Not that Susan thought much of Mrs. Calverton's great wisdom!

One day she happened to pass the Doctor on the street. She had never really thought, before, of how handsome

he was—and interesting, too, and mysterious! Living in that big old brick house, in the great lawn that was dark with trees, and with the dimly romantic legend of the "not quite right" aunt and invalid mother. She hadn't really thought of his good looks or noticed them because she hadn't considered the Doctor within the realms of possibility. He had never gone with a woman in this town. He never appeared at dances. Susan began to amuse herself by wondering about him and speculating half idly about him. When she hurt her arm, in a fall from the rocks at a picnic, she wouldn't let Ross Crabtree take her to Doctor Bradley's office when they got to town; but the next day, in a spirit of mischief and daring, and she didn't know what else, Susan went to the Doctor's office.

She hadn't exactly meant anything at first—or nothing that could be put into words. She hadn't thought when she began it that it would be essentially different from her other wild and yet carefully controlled affairs that never went too far. . . . Or had she meant something more? Had she been restless, wearied, impatient, tired of her cold and narrow hardness, wishing to be forced somehow into change? . . . At any rate, she had meant nothing like this. She hadn't dreamed, seeing that handsome face upon the street one day and wondering what the Doctor would be like if she knew him, how the sullen humors, the regal gloom, and lordly gaiety, the insistent warmth of his intimate presence could break into her shining hardness; and how at last her cool strength, at the appeal of his sudden childishness, could diffuse into a passion of tenderness. She had no idea when she started deftly, and with a subtly cool speculation, to draw him to her, that the thing could ever be real—that he would want more of her, and that she would give it, with the future—always so clear to Susan—lost in haze.

Dissatisfaction, certainly, hadn't come in at the start! There had been first—

looking back, when she happened to be alone, over the long, half-buried, only half comprehended course of the whole affair—first that subtle and slightly malicious pleasure, then amazement, fear, defiance, shame, and glory. She had grown closer and closer to him; and her first imperious overriding of difficulties had changed imperceptibly into defense, support, and compensation for his bonds.

It was a long while before dissatisfaction had actually begun—a tiny, gnawing restlessness at first, and then a never-ended craving, and now a mingled long resentment and sick tenderness. In the beginning she had found a dramatic pleasure in taking him and yielding to him in spite of difficulties. The impossibility had added to the intensity in a way that shook her with a wild, rapturous surprise, while at the same time that small, subtle, calculating part of her mind had kept thinking that the same impossibility left her ultimately free. Free! Well, she had learned something since then. Mrs. Calverton, had Susan admitted it to her, might well have been satisfied. Slowly, quite beyond reason, seemingly beyond her own desire, it began to enrage Susan that he did not simply burst the bonds, cast off those two old women, and be hers entirely. Always now, until his arms went round her, drowning her in rapture and tenderness, she was angry that he held her so, in this long suspension of living, that he would not finally take her or finally let her go.

But to her amazement, her shaken and furious incredulity, whenever she finally determined to bring the affair to some conclusion, she was stopped, in breathless terror, by the still more unbearable thought that she might lose him entirely. Beyond that she could not go.

Other girls in town, girls living at home and managing only a "date" now and then with an unattached man, envied Susan and the Doctor. They saw the two driving off in the Doctor's car, not to a dance—they never went to dances—but all by themselves for a long,

mysterious ride. People had seen them sitting, or wandering slowly, under the trees in Dawsons Grove. The intimate apartness of the ambiguous couple, with the wonder and speculation that surrounded them, seemed to these girls so much more romantic than the open and inevitable companionship of the married couples in town. Letha Grove, if Susan had known it, looked at her with that furtive dubiousness not because she disapproved of her, but because she admired her, and because Letha felt herself humble and colorless beside Susan. The audacity and mystery of the unexplained relationship gave Susan a kind of glitter in the eyes of the town.

But Susan herself could scarcely realize how the situation and the relationship between them had slowly changed through the years.

She remembered, with brooding nostalgia now—a wonder if she could have made things end differently—what he used to tell her at first.

"You're the only thing I've got in this town. The only thing I've got in this damned, futile existence." And then his voice broke, and his big handsome body was twisted and crumpled in pain and longing before her awed, incredulous eyes. "Oh, God, Susan—give me some happiness! You're free. You can do as you please with yourself. And I'm held in this damned—oh no, God, I can't call it that!—but I can't live in it any longer, they never let me out of it."

Yes, that was true. It was she who had been the free one, the incalculable one, at first. He used to tell her that she lived in the open daylight and he always in shadow. She was the only ray of daylight that he had. Was it through a long, underground persistence of craving, then, to right the balance and assert his final necessity of domination, that he had slowly bound her to him and taken her freedom with her love? By the giving of a free gift she had bound herself. But that she, Susan, should be conquered and held at

last by tenderness!—what an amazing overturning of nature and fate.

Gradually, what he said to her came to be:

“But how can I? You knew how things were in the beginning. Well, it’s just the same. They’re still alive. And you wouldn’t live with them.”

Even that was true. The old imperious Susan could not even have contemplated being shut up for a night with those terrible women in that gloomy house.

But it was his contentment, she thought now, that made her resentment burn. (But wasn’t it she who had made him so?) Nevertheless, it was his contentment, under the long habit of sacrifice to those women, with the unfailing, romantic comfort of Susan’s love—no matter how he might burst out into terrible despair at times, and at times cry brokenly in her arms. She wondered if he had grown to enjoy the gloom of misanthropy, his dark and dramatic aspect in it, fostered by the shuttered gloom of the big brick house. Sometimes it seemed to Susan, bitterly, that that was all her love had done for him. He was content to live in the aging splendor of the old home and then to come for happiness to the bright, small orderliness of Susan’s rooms, to eat their perfect little dinners, to force out of her slim hardness a poignant comfort for all his wrongs, to remain with her—it might be—an hour in fierce and secret rapture, and then to break away and take the wholeness of himself back into the familiar gloom, leaving her broken. . . .

“My God, Susan, I can’t change things! I wish you’d keep still.”

She was not too loyal to wonder sometimes, now, if the hold of the two old women was still so inevitable. She had made him a different person from the solitary man she had passed upon the street. The compensation and sustenance had done their work. That terrible hold did not sap all his strength or turn his energy into hopeless brood-

ing. He had a secret pride. And although he still shunned dances and social meetings—and made Susan shun them—in his old misanthropic way, he was no longer afraid to meet other men. His training and study, after all these years, was at last beginning to show; and people in physical extremity did not care about the equivocal reputation of their surgeon. He was making money now. Susan knew how much that meant; and fear had slowly grown into her that he could make a place for her if he would. But she dared not quiet the fear by an assurance that would force the last of her pride to break away from him.

And was there joy in her love for him any more? Yes, she had actually come to question that. Joy, which had made her look out at the familiar world through Mrs. Calverton’s window one March morning upon thawing patches of snow which shone with a blinding brilliance, and feel that the song of the first spring robin had bubbled in sheer happiness out of her own body and heart? Tenderness which had melted the clear hard edges of her well-known little world and watered the dry exactness of her vision with a living freshness and wondering depth of comprehension? . . . Or had she yielded so much to him that she simply had nothing left for herself?

Then, perhaps, she would get a new dress or discover in a magazine a new kind of cushion she could make for her room. She would shampoo her hair and put in with her skilful fingers just the perfect suggestion of a finger wave. She would be feeling well. The whole affair would change its aspect for her. She would pity those two old women, who clung to the presence of their son, while Susan herself had all the best of him. She could look forward to the time when he would be hers altogether—when she could go to sleep beside him in a warm sweet luxury of ease, and wake up still beside him in the morning.

And she thought that she was glad—

yes, ultimately glad. His need, his domination, and his terrible dependence upon her, had forced out of her the sweetness of a compassion she had never known that she possessed. It held her to him with a tightness nothing more equal could have done. Mrs. Calverton was right—Mrs. Calverton knew after all. His dominance, more imperious because more needful than her own, had crushed out of pain a strangled fragrance that without him she would never have known.

His mother died. Susan heard it at noon in the drugstore. Fred Jefferson told her.

"I hear the Doctor's mother died last night."

Things irrelevant to that statement were the first that came into Susan's mind: Fred Jefferson's eyes, curious and cold, betraying the tone he had taken, and the calculated shock of his statement (Fred was an old beau of hers, he had always taken a sneering tone about her affair with the Doctor); and then a painful thrust of anger because she must hear from other people this news affecting the man who was hers. The news seemed to have no other significance, although a kind of sickness made her food tasteless to her.

It was not until she went out of the drugstore, into the open light of the street, that she stopped still—for the barest second—while the meaning of the event opened up dizziness before her.

"The Doctor's mother died last night."

A wildness of impatience thrilled through her. It was agony to go on with her work at the bank. She walked home through a changed, incredible world—it was June, lawns were fresh, roses were out. Susan hadn't noticed that until now. The low sunlight of half-past-five lay across Mrs. Calverton's lawn. The green thick stalks of the peony bush bent over and laid flushed thick blossoms against the cool earth. For the first time in years,

Susan thought of the woods . . . in the deep green filter of sunlight, the flush of wild geraniums. . . . Cars sped down the wide bright street. She heard voices of children playing. All the town, all the world, was coming out of the tightness and uncertainty of spring into the open and sunlit freedom of summer.

There was a summery light in Susan's room. A pleasant light lay over the mirror. She stood and looked. Eagerness made the brown eyes sparkle out from the fine lines that were beginning to surround them. It flushed the cheeks and ripened the lips. Her whole white body in its pink summer dress was flushed and open and warm, like the roses, and the peonies, and the wild geraniums. She had not yet lost the youth of her girlhood, but womanhood curved the slight lines of her form. She was at her best this warm sweet hour of late afternoon . . . let him come, let him take her now, claim her, keep her. . . .

He telephoned the bare news to her—a guarded voice, withdrawn and strange. He could not see her just now. He would manage it to-morrow. But after all these years, on this perfect night, it was terrible to be thrown back again into the old tense suspension of living. She ate a solitary dinner, stood at the window awhile, and went to bed.

The news made its small uproar in the town. Not because of the Doctor's mother herself—she had been, in her own person, almost forgotten—but because of the way her death would affect the Doctor and Susan.

"What's been the matter with her?"

There were very few who could actually say. "She used to be quite a beautiful woman. The old Doctor did everything for her." It was rumored, but never quite substantiated, that the old Doctor had taken his own life. But they only knew that for years she had absorbed the care and money of her son; and all reminiscence of her ended:

"I suppose now the Doctor will marry Susan."

And Susan, accepted for some time in a role seemingly static, became a heroine of a sort in the eyes of the town again. Her old challenging interest came back to her. She seemed no longer set apart from the town's life. Again she was appreciated in her shining and immaculate slimness; although now the memory of the affair, the never-ending curiosity and speculation as to exactly how far it had gone—its culmination indignantly denied by the innocent and insisted upon with secret delight and outward cynical derision by the knowing ones—shed a deeper and more significant aura of romance about her.

But the summer went on and the thing still hung fire. The Doctor stayed on in the brick house. Susan went daily to her work at the bank and back to her rooms at Mrs. Calverton's. The roses were gone, the peonies shed their petals on the grass; there were only bitter-smelling yarrow and boneset in the woods. People wondered, laughed cynically, or were indifferent; women who had loved Susan's mother talked angrily about the selfishness of men; and the rest of the force in the bank, getting their heads together, declared:

"Susan ought to give him a jacking up!"

There were so many things to think of, the Doctor said. There was the old home. There was Aunt Agnes. She trusted him. After all these years, he could not put her in an institution. And when Susan, hard and resentful in her balked desire, would not agree, he called her cruel and cold. Susan, with the heat and confidence of her fresh bloom upon her, fought with him, almost in the old arrogant way.

"It can't stay as it is. Don't you see? That's all I'm saying."

Almost—but without the old straight and clear direction of her free imperiousness—because beyond that statement she dared not go. She was sobbing and angry, her hands still clutching with

weakened passion at the edges of the couch, but a feeling of brokenness lay within her. The Doctor sat in the big chair that he claimed as his. His voice was husky. He was almost too tired to speak.

"Susan, I'm tired. I've got to have some time to myself. I've had this strain for years. I can't think of anything. I can't do anything now."

Then go, then go, Susan wanted to say. But it was only telling herself to go. She was bound up in him. The old habit of passionate consolation remained; and she could not keep her strength or her anger at the tired appeal of his hands loosely clasping the arms of the chair, and the bright remoteness of pain in his eyes. She went over and put nerveless arms about him and laid her wet cheek against his hair.

After he had left she lay on the couch; and then tired, more tired than he could be, more tired than anything in the world, she struggled up through a daze of weakness to take off her clothes, fold them neatly, wash her face, brush her hair—as her stern sense of orderliness still commanded—and lie down, on her single cot—lie down to the old dissatisfaction turned now into apathy.

The next morning the lawn outside the windows was not so bright. The green, still thick and deep along the edges, beside the sunken coolness of the old cement walk, was fading into dry brown at the center. The leaves had a look of dustiness.

The Doctor came to see Susan as always. But a sense of estrangement, an actual thing, not the old resentment that had made her turn more passionately to him, had crept between them. Or was he a little more cautious and infrequent, now that the eyes of the town were curiously upon him, and that something else might be expected of him?

Susan was no longer a glittering figure to the town. How had it happened? . . . She was good-looking still. The clear features, the slim, straight figure, the smart perfection still were

left. Her red-gold hair was smooth. But the fresh attraction of her bloom had faded out of her. How and when had it gone? A little while ago, and Susan was "looking better than ever." But now when she stared into her mirror it was with a sense of dry and hopeless helplessness. The brown eyes stared back, with the sparkle worn out of them, from a face not altered from its familiar contour but from which the living texture had faded. Her swift white hands had settled into a mechanical rhythm at their work in the bank. The warmth of sympathetic interest that people had felt for a few weeks was gone. They were thinking, while they looked at her curiously, "I wonder if he will marry her!"

For imperceptibly the light which shone upon that image of two had shifted and brought out the figure of the Doctor into relief. The lifting of the strain was beginning to tell. He looked fresher, freer, more vigorous. The gloom had lifted so that his handsomeness was no longer mysteriously perceptible through his aloofness. Anyone could see it now. He met people with an awakened interest. Nothing held him back from them—nothing but the still secret, unacknowledged pull of his affair with Susan. And they felt a new respect for him, for it was plain that he was his own man at last.

"Well, the poor fellow," men often said, when women accused him of dealing selfishly with Susan, "he's been tied down ever since he was a kid. Let him stretch himself awhile before he gets tied down again."

Women, on the other hand, to men who still admired and stood up for Susan, often said with a hard, small clarity of perception:

"I think he could do better than Susan now."

So that no one was really surprised when he started going with another girl.

Susan knew it long before she consciously knew it as a definite actuality,

long before her tortured imagination began to settle and dig its talons into the actual image of now this girl and now that. She could only turn at night in a restless fever of conjecture and rejection of the fact itself. She wanted to know, and at the same time skirted all possibility of discovery, until finally her torture of uncertainty grew more unbearable than knowledge itself, and forced her to say to him—a laughing hint that couldn't possibly be true, "I believe you must be going with some other girl!"

He answered her impatiently and without sympathy, "Well, good heavens, Susan, you played around long enough! We can't shut out the whole world forever."

He to say that! But when he had been bound and moody, it was just what she must do!—until now, forced into the way that he had made for her, she wanted no one but him. Another of her accusations against him. They were piling up into a weight of pain that lay upon her and ruined her happiness with him. Still, they did not suffice to permit her to be the one who broke the tie. Susan had been as calculable as quicksilver with the other men whom she had known. But her rectitude and loyalty, once demanded, once actually forced and given, held her with a grip beyond resentment.

That answer, little as it told and incredible as it seemed, was an admission. And now the torture of her imagination was worse than anything she had gone through before. She did not know who it was. People were thoughtful enough to avoid all mention of the name, and even of the Doctor's name; but she could see their knowledge in the curious, conjecturing glances of their eyes. Her natural swift directness made her crave to go straight to the point and learn the fact. But that long suspension of action seemed to have bound her into itself so that she was unable to move hand or foot out of the new agony of suspense.

Susan was too clear-sighted to deceive herself with false reasons for the longer and ever more irregular intervals between his visits. In these intervals she wondered bitterly why she wanted him to come at all. She had allowed—they had allowed—that brief brightness of recovered June to die out of the summer, and since then it had never been the same. She felt as if their love were going as irresistibly and irrevocably as the summer itself. She tried fiercely to wrench what sweetness she could out of every meeting, giving up in the end to her failure with the same dry hopelessness that came upon her when she looked at her fading image in the glass. She was out of step—could not catch the new rhythm—had responded for so long to his need that she had no response for his new desire for light-heartedness.

But she could have responded! Why, she used to be known as the gayest girl in town! All the boys had said of her, "You can have the most fun with Susan." And after all the years of passionate submission to his unhappiness, that old brightness had been alive in her only a little while ago. It was perhaps her worst accusation against him that he had, at that time—*her* time—forced out of her tenderness and consolation again instead of fulfillment.

Now, what had she left? But she could not let him go.

Fear had crept into the place of dissatisfaction in the tense center of her mind. It gnawed at her all the time, no matter what she was doing. Sometimes she would stop work for a moment in the bank, caught in an inexplicable breathlessness of fear. She dreaded having him come and dreaded just as much that he might not come. Every meeting might be their last. Then why not make it the last? . . . She understood Mrs. Calverton now.

Still, outwardly, the affair seemed to go on pretty much as it always had. They had their little dinners together. The warm weather lasted on into the

fall; and on Sunday they were to drive as usual to the Four Corners.

Susan dragged herself out of her tired inertia and got up in good time on Sunday morning so that she could bathe, wash and wave her hair, and press her white-silk sleeveless dress. Now, in the bright daylight, she wondered why she should dread this meeting. She thought of their long time together. One meeting like this could not really end it—not with the leaves still on the trees, dahlias still scarlet out in the garden, only one red branch on the big soft-maple tree. She tried to wrest confidence out of the immaculate slimness of the figure in the glass—when she turned just that certain way, the long lines of the form seemed perfect, and the brown eyes were dark and bright in the white skin under the faint shadow of the white hat. But she knew that she dared not risk turning and letting the light fall this way and that. The same inexplicable fear kept gnawing under her expectation.

She looked out of the window and saw the Doctor coming up the walk. His roadster stood out in front. He looked handsome, large, well-dressed. Susan felt even more than the old thrilling leap of pride. She wanted to tell everyone that this man was hers. The time had long passed when it was enough to know this sweetly in secret. The familiarity of going down the walk together and getting into the car made her fear look small and foolish, like a night terror dragged into daylight.

"Have a good time!" Mrs. Calverton called. She stood and looked after the couple.

All the same, Susan had the feeling that the large, well-kept surgeon's hands upon the wheel were not hers to touch. The profile was strange. She chattered recklessly to keep him from speaking.

The Doctor seemed, after a little while—and that might have been only because the motor wasn't acting well—to be responding to her. It was just like all of their drives, so that, when

they came to the top of the One-Mile Hill, turned aside from the main road, and stopped in the midst of the tangle of fall flowers, the silence brought back fear to her with a shock of surprise which blinded her. She sat in incredulous stillness; but her heart was pounding. She tried to say that she would get out and pick some goldenrod.

"Susan, look here."

Even her breathing was suspended. The world was stopping.

"We've had the best out of this. Don't you think so, too?"

Silence.

He turned toward her, and something like the old pleading broke through the strained huskiness of his voice. It was almost like an accusation.

"You must have known this was coming as well as I did." Silence . . .

"My God, I wish you'd say something!"

Through her dry throat, Susan forced a muttered, "What?"

"Well, just a response. You make me do it all."

"What is there to say?"

That was all there was to it. Susan felt it, in a terrible tiredness, as she sat with her slim hands loose in her silken lap. The great autumn landscape of brown fields and tufted trees spread out beyond the hill. She saw it. But she could not even feel pain for the difference between this chance final view and all the other happy ones.

The Doctor felt it. He did not even try to explain. There was so much to be said that there was nothing to be said. And yet there was little after all. The thing had come to an end. He sat hunched loosely over the steering wheel and stared at the autumn landscape, too.

There was a sort of ease between them as they drove back to town, the ease of mutual understanding again, and of apathy. But for the Doctor, the apathy was only for the moment. It was the temporary conclusion of one thing. There lay beyond it the fresh and eager beginning of another. Brightness lay just beneath the tired glaze of his eyes.

Susan could not go beyond her sense of final completeness—to her, it was relief, if it was anything at all. When they reached town, she saw the Sunday streets, empty and stony, of the familiar business section, and thought that now she was entering them for the first time in years with love and pain gone from her. There was no emotion in the thought.

It was the Doctor whose face, Susan noticed with wonder, when they stopped in front of Mrs. Calverton's again, was broken up with pain; and he begged her before he could let her out of the car to tell him that she felt as he did about it and understood. They had both had the best out of this, hadn't they? What was the use in dragging it on? And he had never, in his whole life, felt a moment of freedom to be himself. . . .

"I want you to tell me that, Susan."

"Tell you what?"

"Well . . . that you feel this as much as I do."

"Yes . . . I guess I do."

She smiled at him quickly. But she got out of the car bitter with her final resentment. He could not even leave her without her reassurance; and she could not help giving it.

She took off her white hat at the mirror and stared at herself in bleak bitterness. He was right. Why should he care for her now? She hated him because he had forced out of her a tenderness that was beyond her nature. And then, still staring with dry, dark eyes at her faded face, she hated herself as much. It was what she had wanted—what she had asked for—the change, the something beyond herself—the something that would break into her and make her over again. It seemed to her that she had not really understood what Mrs. Calverton had meant until now.

The affair was broken. The small anticlimax of the ending had proved final.

Susan kept on with her work at the bank. She still dressed smartly and im-

maculately, kept scent of the new styles in hats and scarves and beads and, after a little while, had an occasional date with a traveling man or even with one of her old beaux. But they asked her without much ardent interest—because she was a good dancer and because Susan had always been a man's woman and because she was at hand.

The hard truth was that Susan was *passée*. Young girls no longer adored the sheer perfection of her clothes. Men coming into the bank no longer had the pleasantly disturbing sense of an exceedingly attractive girl. They did not try to linger at the window when they took the money from her white fingers. Letha Grove spoke to Susan now as an equal, perhaps even an inferior—because Letha herself was full of new interests, planning for a trip abroad that was going to change her whole life. . . . Why? Susan was not old, still good-looking, not much changed. It was only, perhaps, that a suggestion of sparseness had hardened the slimness of her form, a set dryness the clear features of her face, and about her clothes and her hair there was some finality of precision from which the interest was gone.

"Yes," Mrs. Calverton thought, "that's the way it goes."

She looked for a moment at her own face in the darkened mirror of the old-fashioned parlor. She saw it faded, sad, old, wise with a wisdom she could not be without, and yet that she might wish she had never had to learn.

The whole town, of course, knew that the affair—whatever it had been—was over. They blamed the Doctor and felt sorry for Susan, but without much conviction, at that. Not nearly as much as one might have expected. "She ought to have brought him to time sooner," the men at the bank agreed. They had always, for the sake of Susan's usefulness and the bank's respectability, taken the line that it was merely a case of "going together" and "not yet able to get married." The Doctor was beginning to show an interest in Marjorie Pratt. She

was only three or four years younger than Susan, but gay, wealthy, fresh. The Doctor was having a good time for the first moment in his life. Who could blame him? His affair with Susan was bound up with the old days. She wouldn't make the best wife for him now. She had worked too long at that one job in the bank. There were plenty of men who were indignant; but there were others who said, "Well, we don't know the inside of these things."

The older women who had known Susan's mother, and always taken a particular interest in her because of that, were unhappy to see that the long affair, which they had regarded so fearfully and about which they had tried to give their warnings, had come to nothing. They wondered about Susan. They should think it would break her heart, they said. For reluctant as the innocent and kind-hearted among these ladies were to credit "anything bad" about Susan—a girl whose family they had known intimately—they all agreed that "men were selfish" and that there was little hope of happiness in these long engagements.

Nevertheless, Susan did not die when the affair was over. In fact, she was aware of other powers in her that had never been brought to fullness. In spite of the bleak dreariness in which she moved, she resented the finality of her aspect in the eyes of the town.

She was alive. She had to think of what to do with her life. At times she considered marrying. There was even a touch of grateful warmth in the thought of a home. Pride—the obviousness of the reason for the change—was all that kept her from moving away from Mrs. Calverton's. She had domestic and managing instincts that had never been given free play. And if the freshness and ease of her attraction were gone, there was enough of her old sure confidence left to tell her that she could marry if she would. A home . . . she would put everything into that, not into the man; forget the Doctor.

For a while, she looked at the men

who came into the bank with a faintly reawakened interest. She would have to work now to get one of them; but that would be all the more reason for doing it. There was old Tommy Rumsey. His wife was dead. He had always liked Susan, if he was not quite so apt, now, to pat her cheek and squeeze her hand. To him, however, she was young. He was a rich old codger. The town would have to yield her, involuntarily, a place among the matrons if she married him; and sometimes it amused one side of her mind—an earlier side, belonging to the old Susan, having nothing to do with the Doctor—to conjecture what she could make him do. Could she force him out of that big old house in the country and into a new one in town? Susan thought she might. Now, when she was walking home at night, she made long, interminable plans about what she would do if she married Tommy Rumsey—only to lose them abstractedly, if her eye caught sight of a new car or a strange person or just anything.

And her intention of attracting him—sometimes seriously decided upon—always failed when he came into the bank in his bluff, sentimental, aged person. What was the matter with her? Had she found that love left her with much? But she could not make marrying Tommy Rumsey for a home seem worth while.

And the other men—the bank examiner, whom she knew to be a bachelor; a certain pleasant traveling man; Sid Bartley who had started out as a mechanic, but now, with a garage of his own, was a new possibility—they were not worth while, either.

In fact, Susan felt with an amazement about which she could do nothing that she didn't want to marry anyone. She

resented the patronage in the tone of her old beaux—she wasn't done yet!—and the pitying tone of the older women, the way in which the town took it for granted that she was still thinking of the Doctor. In the bleak clarity of her vision, she had admitted the truth when he had said that it was ended. Sometimes she wondered . . . if she had told him this or that at such and such a time . . . but she had waited too long until expectation had frayed out into nothing. His need and demand had crushed out of her more tenderness and passion than perhaps she had possessed. Why should just she, Susan, the most unlikely one, have been sacrificed to that need? But she understood Mrs. Calverton in that, too. She could not really wish it had never been. She might be happier, but she would not be what she was now, not this Susan.

Her love for him had gone too long barked, half fed, unsatisfied. It had sucked her dry. All that it had really left was her practical capability. She took refuge in the shelter of that, away from feeling. It grew restlessly. She was no longer contented in her work in the bank. She began to talk about going West and finding something else to do. Nothing seemed interesting now, but she could foresee—at the end of a long dim vista of change—how an interest might open up. She was not finished.

But it was finished—her affair with the Doctor . . . her heart; yes, her life after all. . . . The Doctor was marrying Marjorie Pratt. He was building a new house and sending off the old aunt to an institution. His practice was enlarging. People took him as he was. But as long as she lived in this town, they would never look at Susan without thinking of the Doctor.



THIS QUESTION OF BIRTH CONTROL

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

IDEAS of social virtue vary with every age. The primitive woman who refused to allow her newly born child to be put to death in accordance with the unwritten law of her tribe would have been shunned as unvirtuous by her kinsfolk, as would the Spartan mother who connived to save her weakling offspring from the rigors of death by exposure. Virtue consisted in doing that which was for the good of society, and it was not for the good of island-dwelling or nomadic tribes to multiply rapidly, just as it was not for the good of warlike Sparta to rear children of an inferior physical type.

With the advance of civilization in ancient Greece and Rome infanticide gave way to various abortive practices which in their turn were countenanced by society. Later, however, the Christian doctrine that every soul is capable of salvation made a crime of abortion as well as of infanticide; while the Biblical exhortation "increase and multiply" pointed the way to virtue for all but the celibate priests. To-day Christian society still formally adheres to these principles, and yet abortion has long been common in both Europe and America, while its modern alternative, birth control, is resorted to by an increasing number of persons.

In our own country this change in social behavior has for the past fifty years been in indirect contravention of the law, inasmuch as Section 211 of the Federal Penal Code makes it a criminal offense, punishable by five years in jail or a fine of \$5,000 or both, to send through the mails or other common carrier "any

article, drug or medicine, or any obscene, lewd or lascivious publication, intended for preventing conception or producing abortion." This law was passed by Congress in 1873 at the instigation of Anthony Comstock, presumably to put a stop to the traffic through the mails of obscene post cards and literature. Why the ban was extended to such contraceptive knowledge as was even then known to respectable people is not a matter of record. In any event, similar obscenity laws were soon afterwards enacted by the various states, many of them containing a specific prohibition against the dissemination of contraceptive information or devices. These laws are no more obeyed than is the Volstead Act. Yet they have been successful in withholding contraceptive knowledge from the masses and in limiting the privileged classes to bootlegged products. Whether this is a desirable state of affairs is a very large question indeed.

II

The problem of birth control, linked as it is with the population problem, is one of the most interesting of the modern age. Academically, at least, it has been a moot point ever since an obscure English clergyman, the Reverend T. R. Malthus, published his essay on "The Principles of Population" in the year 1798. It was his theory that "the chief cause of human strife and misery lies in the constant tendency of mankind to increase beyond the means of subsistence." And after a systematic sur-

vey of the various races of the world, he endeavored to show that this natural excess of population was invariably checked either by some such restraint on procreation as infanticide and abortion or by such destructive forces as disease, war, famine, and poverty. He offered no remedy for this dilemma short of celibacy or late marriage, and it was left for the Utilitarians, with their doctrine of "the greatest good for the greatest number," to urge birth control as the logical solution. The Reverend Mr. Malthus' theory of the ratio of human increase as compared with the ratio of the increase of the means of subsistence was destined to be upset by the industrial developments of the nineteenth century. But his general conclusions as to the dangers inherent in excess population have not yet been broken down.

It is a fact that Nature has provided in man, as in animals, for the maintenance of the species by a capacity for reproduction far in excess of its needs. It is also a fact that civilized man is not less fertile, but if anything a little more fertile than was primitive man. Darwin was convinced that the fecundity of the human race as a whole had increased during past times, inasmuch as civilized man is better able to adapt himself to such changing conditions of environment as tend to depress the fertility of savage races. As a corollary to this idea, Havelock Ellis suggests that the sex impulse has gained in strength during the ages, since civilized man is less preoccupied with the physical struggle for survival than was primitive man; and he points to a corresponding difference in the sex habits of wild and domestic animals of the same species. In any event it is true that with the emergence of the great historical races and a more settled type of life, large families came to be the rule, whereas primitive families had averaged three and not more than four children. At the same time, with the rise of towns and cities, plagues and epidemics, together with wars and famines, exerted a constant check on the in-

crease of peoples, so that up until the nineteenth century the population of the entire world is supposed not to have exceeded 850 millions. During the course of that century the industrial revolution and the opening up of vast continents greatly enhanced the earth's resources, while the development of medicine and the new humanitarianism saved and prolonged thousands of human lives. As a result the population of the world was approximately doubled in one short century, amazing as the fact may seem.

It can hardly be denied that this rapid multiplication of human beings in the nineteenth century set the stage for the World War. In 1901 a German writer, Herr Arthur Dix, declared that "because the German people nowadays increase at the rate of 800,000 inhabitants a year, they need both room and nourishment for the surplus." A decade later Bernhardt baldly announced, "Strong, healthy, and flourishing nations require new territory for the accommodation of their surplus population. Since almost every part of the globe is inhabited, new territory must, as a rule, be obtained at the cost of its possessors, that is to say, by conquest, which thus becomes a law of necessity. . . ." A phrase with a similar intent—"necessity knows no law"—was to be used by Bethmann Hollweg when he felt called upon to justify Germany's invasion of Belgium.

To-day Italy has an excess of 500,000 births over deaths annually, and furthermore, according to a recent speech of Mussolini's, has as many as 400,000 men unemployed. Yet the dictator has recently secured the passage of laws taxing bachelors and forbidding the dissemination of birth-control information. If these laws are actually obeyed, Mussolini may before long be driven by Bernhardt's principle of necessity to seek to conquer new territory.

In the Far East Japan is growing at the rate of half a million lives annually, with little hope of relief, since both

Australia and the United States have closed their doors to the yellow race. From China and India, too, we hear complaints that the Western nations, by introducing hygiene among them and condemning infanticide, have made their starvation problem worse than it was before.

The possession of colonies would not seem to be the ultimate answer. Great Britain, as the world knows, is faced to-day with the necessity of providing for a million unemployed men who refuse to emigrate—and who would not be enthusiastically welcomed by the Dominions if they did emigrate.

France alone, among the leading nations of Europe, has no excess-population problem. This is partially due to the fact that during the nineteenth century, when the peoples of other countries were multiplying rapidly, France was practicing birth control quite extensively, and her birth rate was falling accordingly. Yet to-day, contrary to popular assumption, her rate, which was 18.8 per thousand in 1926, runs higher than that of England, which was 17.8, and only a little lower than Germany's, which was 19.5 for the same year. Her death rate, however, is very high, so that her margin of natural increase for 1926 was only 1.3 per thousand, as compared with 6.1 in England and Wales, and 7.8 in Germany. For this reason France has recently taken alarm and passed a law forbidding the sale of birth-control appliances, a law which is said to have thus far resulted only in an increased number of operations. Obviously it would have been far less wasteful for France to go about reducing her abnormally high death rate by improving public-health conditions.

That a country may practice birth control and still increase in population is proved by the case of Holland, where contraceptive information has been freely disseminated for the past fifty years not only by doctors but by midwives and mere housewives shown by the Neo-Malthusian Band how to safeguard

others. Yet the women there are apparently still willing to bear children—more willing than the women either of this country or of the countries just mentioned—for Holland's birth rate runs several points higher. More important still, her death rate is favorably low, so that she has a larger margin of natural increase (14.25 in 1926) than the rest of us have. Undoubtedly her excellent general hygiene keeps down the death rate, but it is also fair to assume that the widespread practice of birth control, with its attendant saving of maternal lives, has reduced the number of yearly deaths.

What the future holds for Europe—whether populations will continue to grow to the point where teeming nations must burst their bounds, or whether the female contingent will eventually become so emancipated as to cease to reproduce itself, as Dr. Robert R. Kuczynski has recently predicted in his study of "The Balance of Births and Deaths in Western and Northern Europe"—is a matter for wide speculation. It is certain, however, that at the present time most of Europe, as well as large parts of Asia, are overcrowded and underfed, and that birth control is the only practical solution thus far offered.

III

On the surface, our own population problem presents somewhat different aspects, since we still have a surplus of land, and since the entire question has been greatly complicated by the factor of immigration. During the latter part of the nineteenth century and the first quarter of this century the gradual drop in our birth rate was more than compensated for by the decline in the death rate due to the conquest of science over disease, and by the increment from immigration. In fact from 1900 to 1925 our population jumped from 75 million to 115 million, a 50% increase. At that time Prof. Raymond Pearl of Johns Hopkins University predicted that

we should have close to two hundred million people in this country by the year 2040. Since 1925, however, the birth rate has been decreasing a little faster than formerly, dropping from 21.4, to 19.7 in 1928, while the death rate has shown very little decline, so that for the period 1925-28 we averaged only 8.6 as a margin of natural increase. At the same time it must be remembered that the influenza epidemic in 1926 and 1928 took a toll in births as well as in deaths.

Whether the margin between our birth and our death rates will continue to grow narrower in the years to come is a matter for blind prophecy, because no one knows how much farther science may go in conquering disease and postponing death. In any event a population must be appraised, in the opinion of Professor Henry P. Fairchild of New York University, "not according to its size, but according to whether it is too large or too small to promote the maximum human happiness."

We talk largely of American prosperity and yet we forget that thousands of families have not yet felt its golden influence. Child labor is a case in point. This barbaric practice goes on, not because parents are inherently cruel, but because they are driven to it by harsh economic necessity. An investigation of tenement home work carried on in New York in 1922 revealed that in the small families of four or less the children were allowed their freedom after school, but that in the large families, averaging seven children, the latter were obliged to come home and sew on coats or make artificial flowers. Summing up the child labor situation, Owen B. Lovejoy, formerly General Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, has estimated that with family limitation in the poorer classes, perhaps one-third of all the working children in this country could be saved from a life of exploitation.

A recent plea for funds from the New York Child Welfare Committee stated that in some families "as many as

thirteen, fourteen, and even seventeen human beings sleep in three or four rooms." These are the children that often become delinquents, we are told by Miriam Van Waters, who has seen thousands of them pass through the Juvenile Courts in California and a number of other states. Agreeing with her, the eminent criminologist, Dr. George W. Kirchwey, believes that "the practice of birth control would go far towards a solution of the crime problem to-day."

Millions of dollars are spent annually by the several States of the Union for the care of the insane, mental defectives, and epileptics. To meet this problem twenty-three States have active eugenic laws providing for the sterilization of individuals so degenerate mentally or physically that their progeny would become a burden to the community. In the remaining States, however, defectives continue to spawn, and their offspring frequently become a menace to the community. Only the other day I read in the newspaper of the brutal murder in Connecticut of a three-year-old child perpetrated by two boys of seven and eight, the sons of a man who had formerly been an inmate of an insane asylum. Obviously this man should have been sterilized before he was released, but in these cases the asylum doctor cannot take such a step unless the state law instructs him to do so.

Almost as great a menace to society are the thousands of men and women afflicted with syphilis who go on reproducing their kind. More often than not women have no choice in the matter, like the one who wrote Mrs. Margaret Sanger begging for advice.

"I am to-day the mother of six living children, and have had two miscarriages. My oldest son is now twelve years old and he has been helpless from his birth. The rest of my children are very pale, and I have to take them to the doctor quite often. One of my daughters has her left eye blind. I have tried to keep myself away from my husband since my last baby was born,

but it causes quarrels, and once he left me saying I wasn't doing my duty as a wife." This is only one of the many heartbreaking pleas for help that Mrs. Sanger has collected in her recent book, *Motherhood in Bondage*.

Even the children of large families that have no taint in their blood still stand a poorer chance of survival than do the children of small families, according to the Census figures on Infant Mortality for 1926, which show that less than half of the childbearing mothers of that year who had borne as many as seven children had them all living, while 70 per cent of those with four children, 80 per cent of those with three, and 89 per cent of those with two, had lost none by death. No less revealing are the results of a study made by Dr. Alice Hamilton, now Professor of Industrial Medicine at Harvard University, among 1,600 foreign-born families in Chicago. Comparing the families of eight children and over with the families of four children and under of the same nationality, she found that the former averaged 267 deaths to every thousand births, as against 118 in the smaller families.

Among large families it is the later-born children who stand the poorest chance of survival in the opinion of Dr. S. Adolphus Knopf of New York, a specialist in tuberculosis. He thinks this is because "the mother, worn out from previous pregnancies, gives to the later child a heritage of physiological poverty which makes it less resistant to infectious disease, and particularly to tuberculosis." Also, with the increase of the family, the father's earnings rarely increase proportionately, so that the youngest children grow up in overcrowded quarters and are given less good food and less warm clothing in severe seasons.

President Hoover himself, when Secretary of Commerce, drew up "A Child's Bill of Rights," in which he held that "There should be no child in America that has not the complete birthright of a sound mind in a sound body, and that

has not been born under proper conditions." If such a millennium is to be attained, birth control would appear to be the only means of attaining it, since our philanthropic organizations, with all of their vast expenditures of money and energy, have proved themselves quite unable to give every child this birthright. As a witness to this inevitable failure, the Reverend A. Ray Petty says he became convinced after ten years as a minister in the tenements of New York that "many of the efforts of society and of the Church to reorganize life in these squalid tenements are like trying to sweep the ocean back with a broom." In his opinion, "large families among the poor are not God's will but society's folly." It would seem inevitable that the distinguished personnel of President Hoover's recently appointed National Conference for Child Welfare should arrive at the same conclusions. In case they do, it will be interesting to see whether they go so far as to recommend birth control as the first essential in putting the Child's Bill of Rights into effect.

IV

But it is argued that if birth-control knowledge should become a common thing, the very classes who should not have it—the well-to-do and the educated—would make the most intelligent use of it. This view is held by Dr. Louis Dublin who gloomily predicts that the more desirable elements of the population before long will be swamped "by an increased proportion of defective and dependent stock."

There is no doubt but that the educated classes in America are rearing smaller and smaller families. Professors Ray Irwin Baber and Edward Alsworth Ross of the University of Wisconsin found in an investigation in the Middle West, a shrinkage in the size of middle-class families from 5.4 children to 3.3 in the course of one generation. Figures from Harvard show that the classes from 1850 to 1890 averaged

2.51 children per married graduate, or only 1.71 per graduate; while Yale men averaged 2.57 and 1.99 respectively. Statistics from women's colleges, already quoted in a previous article, show that the married graduates who have been out of college at least fifteen years have on the average less than two children.

For these very reasons, Doctor Dublin argues, birth-control knowledge is dangerous. For the same reasons, his opponents argue, it must be put into the hands of all classes. Among the latter Prof. Raymond Pearl declares unequivocally, "Entirely free and widespread dissemination of information about methods of contraception is the only way at once humane and intelligent of attempting to meet the menace of the differential birth rate." He goes on to observe with a good deal of human penetration that "the efforts of the eugenists to correct the present situation, by endeavoring to induce the socially, economically, and in some part biologically superior classes to reproduce more freely—as a sort of transcendental social duty—have not met with any statistically discernible success."

In other words, men and women who will to have children do so for their own pleasure and satisfaction, not from any sublime feeling of duty to the state. If we are too lazy as citizens to take an active part in the government to the extent of voting intelligently and regularly, is it likely that we shall assume the responsibility of rearing children for the good of society?

That there is no great danger that the lower levels of society will outbreed the upper when birth control information is made available to all, has recently been proved by Dr. Julius Wolf, the eminent German political economist, in his recent work, *Die Neue Sexualmoral und das Geburtenproblem*. There he shows that the birth rate among the working population of Berlin, Dresden, Hamburg, Stockholm, Oslo, and a number of other cities is very little higher than that of the richer sections, while in

London the poorest districts exhibited in 1926 a birth rate approximating that of the well-to-do levels six years previously.

In America we are not at present faced with the problem of excess population. But there is no reason to think that our country will be any the better off for the two hundred million inhabitants which have been predicted for it by the year 2040. Professor Henry P. Fairchild, for one, considers it an interesting speculation as to "whether we have reached the level of optimum population or whether we have already passed over to the shady side of it." Certainly if our cities are to grow much larger we or our descendants will pay a terrible price for living in them.

V

In the final analysis the welfare of society derives from the welfare of its individual members. Birth control, therefore, must stand or fall according to its effect on the well-being of women. For it can fairly be said that a nation is no stronger than its so-called weaker sex.

In former times, before the Machine Age had laid bare our nerves and lowered our resistance, women may have been able to give birth to a steady succession of children without doing violence to their own health—although we have no means of knowing to what extent our grandmothers suffered from lowered vitality. At any rate the leading gynecologists are now agreed that every woman, no matter how strong in physique, requires a lapse of from two to three years between pregnancies if her health is not to suffer. Typical of the thousands of women who have no such respite, one woman writes, "I am only twenty-two years old and the mother of five children and I have brought one child into this world each year since I have been married. I am never rested and each day my health seems to fail me more."

It is an anomalous fact that the New York State Department of Health warns

women, in a circular which it distributes, that frequent and close pregnancies predispose mothers to tuberculosis; yet that same Department of Health is debarred by law from giving information which would enable a woman to avoid too many pregnancies *until after she has developed the disease*.

When birth-control knowledge is lacking, abortions follow as the night the day. No statistics on the subject are available, but doctors generally estimate that one-fourth of all pregnancies end in this way, while the report of a Special Committee on Criminal Abortions, quoted in Peterson and Haines' *Textbook of Legal Medicine and Toxicology*, stated that one-third of all pregnancies are interrupted. In 1903 they estimated the number of such cases at not less than one hundred thousand, six thousand of these ending in death. With the increase in population since then, the probable number of such operations assumes even more appalling proportions.

In every state a doctor may legally perform an abortion when it is necessary "to save the life of a woman suffering from disease or from a condition whose fatal progress would be hastened through pregnancy." But this is tantamount to locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen. Let us assume for a moment that a woman in convulsions resulting from toxemia enters a maternity hospital in one of the ten States where a doctor may not legally give contraceptive advice for any reason whatsoever. An abortion is performed, and the mother's life barely saved. When the patient is discharged she is warned by the doctor not to conceive again until she has fully recovered from her kidney trouble. But she is not told how to protect herself. True, if she becomes pregnant again she may return, and a second operation will be performed if it is necessary to save her life or her eyesight. Indeed, she can be aborted every four or six months if her kidneys go on strike each time. She

may die in a convulsion, but the law will have been obeyed.

Many other women, driven crazy by poverty if not by ill health, themselves interrupt pregnancy by the crudest and most dangerous of methods. Still others in their desperation put their lives into the hands of quacks and doctors of dubious reputation, who often neglect the necessary surgical precautions. In fact it is one of the tragedies of modern medicine that "the trade is most common among those who are least competent to practice it."

VI

From the facts of the case it would appear that any sound program of preventive medicine would have to include birth control. Yet we are told by more than a few social reformers that self-control, not birth control, is the solution of all of these evils.

Birth control in itself is held to be dangerous in that it causes physical injury and subsequent sterility. Yet we have the word of one of the country's foremost gynecologists, Dr. Robert Latou Dickinson of New York, who has devoted the past six years to research in this particular field, that there is no scientific evidence of physical injuries having resulted from contraceptive methods that are clinically approved. He has, it is true, traced a number of cases of infection to a metal device which has never been recommended by any of the Birth Control Clinics, although a few private practitioners have mistakenly advocated its use. He also found that an abandoned German practice had caused some trouble. But these are isolated cases and only illustrate the necessity for sound birth-control instruction among doctors as well as among the laity.

There is likewise no proof that contraceptive measures subsequently cause sterility. Doctor Dickinson says that he has not yet heard of a case of a young couple examined at marriage and found presumably fertile who, after

using contraceptive methods for several years, were examined and found to be sterile—except in instances where the device just mentioned had been used. “Of impressions and beliefs there are any number,” he says, “but good evidence—not yet.”

It is apparent that “self-control” is hardly a solution for the many women who have no choice but to yield to their husbands if they want to maintain harmony in the family, nor for women who love their husbands too much to deprive them of what they seem to need. It must be remembered, too, that in a number of States refusal of conjugal rights constitutes grounds for divorce.

Even when the husband is willing to co-operate, it is doubtful if “self-control” or continence offers the best solution of the problem. For it must be borne in mind that in this connection continence means total abstinence if procreation is to be avoided, since so far as medical science has discovered, there is no period, popular prejudice to the contrary, when a woman does not run some risk of conceiving, unless she is already pregnant. In view of these facts, a German writer on the subject, Helen Stoecker, asks very pertinently, “Can anyone think that the majority of married people would, could, and should live together for years and years—and only every second year be able to be completely happy together?”

The best medical opinion believes that they should not. Dr. William Allen Pusey, formerly President of the American Medical Association, has stated the matter very conclusively:

“I am willing to say bluntly that sexual life is the elemental fact upon which satisfactory family life, as a rule, depends, and that without satisfactory sexual life, marital life as a rule is irreparably damaged. . . . The higher men rise in the intelligence scale, the more effort they make to limit their progeny to those they can provide for. It is in this effort at birth control in married life that such havoc is played with the

happiness of marriage. Sexual enjoyment is largely psychical; the constant intrusion of the necessity for these restraints, crude and unsatisfactory as most of them are, and the consequent anxiety tend to destroy that enjoyment.”

Not all physicians are courageous enough to put their views into print, but I have yet to find one of high standing who considers complete continence desirable for the normal married couple.

Among the conscientious objectors to birth control there are those who admit that it might improve the condition of the married, but who stand out against it on the ground that it would cause a wave of immorality in the land. As a matter of fact, as Doctor Pusey has remarked, illicit sex relations never have been checked either by the fear of conception or of venereal disease. He himself is of the firm conviction that the present state of affairs actually fosters immorality; that is to say, lack of adequate birth-control knowledge causes marital maladjustments, which in their turn cause men to look elsewhere for sexual gratification. The youth of the land present still another problem. It is feared that if knowledge of contraceptive methods became widespread, increased promiscuity might very likely result. Misgivings on this score account for the unwillingness of many high-minded people to support the birth-control movement; this is perhaps the opposition’s most potent argument. Yet has it not been proved time and again that prohibitions alone will not protect the morals of present-day American youth? They must be taught a better reason for continence than fear.

It is significant that many of the leaders of the clergy, far from frowning upon birth control as a destructive social force, are coming to see that it is essential to the welfare of society. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, one of the movement’s staunchest defenders, has recently declared in print, “The day will come when the old haphazard spawning of many children, with popular lauda-

tion as a reward and perhaps a letter of appreciation from the White House, will be looked upon as utter barbarism. . . . You cannot trust God to bring everything out all right if you let the earth's population double every sixty years."

Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, another courageous advocate of the cause, considers that "the sacramental attitude toward life does not dictate that there shall be an illimitable and unchecked generation of life, but that humans shall will to bear children only when they are fitted to give them such a background as will make life worth living." Following the example of Rabbi Wise, the Central Conference of American Rabbis, meeting in Detroit, recently listened to a report strongly recommending birth control as a "method of coping with social problems."

One of the liberal leaders of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Reverend Dr. Karl Reiland of New York, has said flatly, "The Church's attitude on birth control must change. It must support this method of raising the level of existence. Objections on religious grounds are all irrelevant." In the Church of England both Dean Inge and Bishop Barnes have raised their voices in defense of birth control and of "the right of the poor to such information as the other classes now have."

In this country the Roman Catholic Church alone has set its face firmly against birth control and has organized a vigorous opposition to all attempts to repeal the present laws.

VII

In view of the evident need for birth control, our medical profession has been curiously apathetic in its attitude toward the problem. Doctors have not feared the hand of the law so much as they have feared that if they took the initiative in advising their patients as to contraceptive methods they would be labelled as "sex-minded" and classified professionally with the abortionist.

That the terms birth control and abortion should still be confused by the laity seems incredible; yet not so incredible when we remember that the State and Federal laws link the two together. It was not many years ago that a Mayor of Boston made a speech denouncing abortion and birth control as one and the same thing. The average doctor is not only afraid of losing his standing, but he knows next to nothing about the science of contraception, for the subject is still ignored in all medical textbooks and in the curricula of all but a few of the medical schools.

It is hard to believe that doctors can be coolly indifferent to their patients' welfare; yet there are doubtless many like the one of whom a woman patient wrote, "I have asked my doctor, oh! so many times, to tell me something to do to prevent conception, but he won't tell. It is easy enough for him to say, 'Now you take your life in your hands if you have any more children!'"

It was the unwillingness of the medical profession to meet the problem which first stirred Mrs. Margaret Sanger to action fifteen years ago when she was working as a public health nurse in New York City. Appalled by the suffering of women from excessive childbearing, she applied herself to the study of contraceptive methods and to a campaign for their use. It was in those early years that she hit upon the very effective slogan, birth control, which is now used all over the world. Subsequently she organized the American Birth Control League and in 1917 she opened in New York the first Birth Control Clinic in this country. This step resulted in her arrest and imprisonment and the closing of the Clinic. But the court ruled in its decision that the work of the Clinic would not have been held illegal if it had been conducted by a licensed physician for the cure and prevention of disease, in accordance with Section 1145 of the New York State law which had been passed in 1881 as a postscript to the Comstock law of 1873, but had remained buried ever since.

Mrs. Sanger, therefore, opened in 1923 the New York Clinical Research Bureau, with accredited physicians in charge. Working under great handicaps, without the advantages of an official hospital connection, this Clinic has done important pioneer work. During the past six years it has given contraceptive advice to a total of 11,000 patients, while it has been obliged to refuse treatment to many more who had "no health reason." Women of all classes flock to this Clinic, regardless of their religious affiliations. Many of them are desperately afraid of pregnancy—as indicated by the shocking number of abortions in their histories. Yet these women can hardly be called shirkers, for the majority of them have already had from three to four children, while they report an average family income of less than fifty dollars a week. Incidentally, practically all of them have been successful in learning to use the contraceptive method recommended—once again disproving the theory that "the poor would be too ignorant to use birth-control methods if they did know about them."

Similar clinics, supported by lay funds with doctors in charge, have been established in six other cities, largely at Mrs. Sanger's and the League's instigation. Each of them is crowded with applicants.

When the New York Clinical Research Bureau was raided by the police in April of this year, the two doctors and three nurses in attendance were arrested, and the records seized. The case was dismissed, however, when it was proved in court that the Bureau had been operating within the State law. Among the doctors who appeared for the defense, the distinguished neurologist, Dr. Foster Kennedy, testified that "birth control is a factor in the preservation of the stability of the nervous system," while Dr. Frederick C. Holden, head of the Gynecological Division of Bellevue Hospital, testified that "recuperation on the mother's part depends on the proper spacing of her children."

The police who made the raid—it was led, ironically enough, by a policewoman—committed a tactical blunder in seizing 150 of the Bureau's confidential records. This violation of the immemorial rights of the profession aroused the New York Academy of Medicine and the New York County Medical Society to vigorous protest and ranged a number of New York's most influential doctors on the side of a birth control clinic.

Of recent years a gradual change has become discernible in the attitude of the medical profession. One doctor out of every eight is said to have written the American Birth Control League for contraceptive information, while nearly two hundred county medical societies have listened to lectures on the subject in packed meetings. A growing list of influential doctors are indorsing the theory of contraception for health reasons at least; Dr. J. Whitridge Williams of Johns Hopkins, for example, has given his support to the recently established Bureau for Contraceptive Advice in Baltimore. The Section on Obstetrics and Gynecology of the American Medical Association has twice recommended changes in the law wherever necessary, to allow control of conception by the physician; but the Association so far has tabled those resolutions to continue with less dangerous business.

Most encouraging of all is the constructive work being done by the Committee on Maternal Health, a self-constituted group which came together in 1923 for the express purpose of studying human fertility in its medical aspects. With such men as Dr. Samuel Lambert acting as Chairman, Dr. Robert L. Dickinson as Secretary, and Dr. Frederick C. Holden, Dr. Haven Emerson, Dr. Barton Cooke Hirst, and Dr. George W. Kosmak among its members, the Committee gained immediate prestige. In the beginning it approached the vexed subject of contraception in a purely scientific manner and instituted laboratory studies and the recording of case histories which will eventually place

this subject on a par with the other branches of medicine. Up to the present time no infallible contraceptive method has yet been evolved, although the one most in favor with the Committee on Maternal Health and with the Clinical Research Bureau shows a record of 95 per cent success in 800 checked cases. This is a method which enables the woman to protect herself. A more extensive study of 10,000 cases is now under way, but has not yet been completed.

The Committee has made definite progress in its efforts to educate the profession through articles and lectures on contraception. It has also been instrumental in establishing birth-control clinics in nine of the large New York hospitals and in five other hospitals throughout the country. So far these clinics have served fewer women than those run by the lay groups since they cannot advertise their services, and the routine process of admission acts as a deterrent. Furthermore the hospital staffs are not yet thoroughly in sympathy with the purpose of these clinics. It seems inconceivable that a doctor would allow a woman suffering from tuberculosis, kidney trouble, or serious heart disease to reach the point where abortion becomes necessary, when he might have referred her to a contraceptive clinic in his own hospital. Yet Doctor Dickinson declares that this has occurred more than a few times.

VIII

As matters stand to-day, twenty-one States have obscenity laws which specifically forbid the dissemination of contraceptive information. A number of these States make it a crime to possess, to impart such information, or to tell another where it may be obtained; so that if a friend or a relative in the ordinary course of conversation offered such advice, he or she would be technically guilty of breaking the law. Several States go so far as to assume the right to search private property for "contraband

instructions." Connecticut heads the list for intolerance, with a statute that actually forbids its citizens to practice contraception! Nine states—Pennsylvania, Missouri, Nebraska, Kansas, Mississippi, Montana, Arizona, Idaho, Washington, and the District of Columbia—make no exceptions for physicians. To be sure, medical colleges and books are exempt in the first three of these; but if a doctor wishes to be strictly law-abiding he must keep to himself whatever he has learned through these media.

In Ohio, Indiana, Colorado, and Wyoming an exception is made for physicians and druggists acting to prevent disease, and for medical books and colleges; and in New York and Nevada, for physicians alone in order to prevent disease. In Colorado no "knowledge" of contraception may be brought *into* the State, and yet a birth control clinic is allowed to operate in the Colorado General Hospital.

Five other States—Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and California—have general laws against the advertisement, sale, or possession of contraceptive information or material which do not specifically exempt physicians. The New Jersey law, however, leaves the loophole that information may be given for "just cause"; and a clinic has recently been established in that State with a notable group of physicians on its medical board. In California, too, there are several clinics, two of them under county auspices, and no legal objections have been raised. The California clinics, and the one in Colorado, are the only ones under government auspices.

Of the remaining twenty-nine States all but two, North Carolina and New Mexico, have obscenity laws modeled very closely upon the Federal law, but not referring specifically to contraception. Birth-control clinics are operating in six of these States, and those that are under lay support give advice for economic reasons when the law allows them to do so.

Physicians in private practice appear to have little to fear from either the Federal or State obscenity laws. Numbers of conscientious doctors have given their patients the benefit of whatever contraceptive knowledge they had, and thus far there is no case on record of a doctor's having been prosecuted for such an act in his private practice. Neither have the Federal Post Office authorities interfered with the mailing of scientific books and articles on the subject to doctors. The Customs authorities, however, recently declined to allow the importation of supplies from abroad by the Baltimore Clinic, although interstate traffic by express has thus far been permitted.

Twenty-eight birth-control clinics concentrated in ten States cannot begin to take care of the demand. Where there are no such clinics the poor people suffer the greatest deprivation, for they do not enjoy the confidence of well-informed doctors. Even among the middle and upper classes the facts—and the fiction—of birth control are passed from individual to individual, and there is little scientific knowledge on the subject. It is unfortunate, for instance, that the sole method by which a woman can effectively protect herself should remain practically unknown in a number of States.

Compare the situation in this country with that in other countries. In England there has never been a law forbidding the circulation of birth-control information, and the proposal to give advice to the poor in the State Welfare Centers has recently been sanctioned by the House of Lords. In Holland there is only a law against advertisement and in the Scandinavian countries there are no restrictions whatsoever. In Germany contraceptive information is given in the public marriage-advice stations to women who stand in medical or economic need of it; while the insurance companies

are allowed to sterilize those who are diseased or overburdened with children. In Russia the Soviet government has inaugurated an official inquiry into contraceptive technic and issues annually a scientific monograph to physicians.

Amendments to our laws which would exempt physicians have been urged for a number of years. But the bills have so far never got out of committee, either in Congress or in the State legislatures. The Roman Catholic Church, with its organized opposition, is frequently held responsible for this legislative stalemate. But it seems to me that we have to blame entrenched conservatism and individual apathy, rather than the obstructive tactics of any one group. Certainly if all of the men and women who practice birth control were to give these bills their active backing they would be passed in no time. It is surprising, for instance, that none of the national women's organizations—neither the National Women's Party, nor the National League of Women Voters, nor the National Federation of Women's Clubs—has as yet lent the movement their support. In New York the State League of Women Voters, as well as the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, indorsed and worked for the bill which was defeated in committee at Albany last winter. But educated women as a whole have been blind to the suffering of thousands of women less fortunate than themselves. They have not cared to look beyond their personal concern in the matter. For as Arnold Bennett has said, "It is the notorious false shame of the Anglo-Saxon race: we do not like to talk seriously about the use of contraceptives." But we shall have to talk seriously about their use if we are to maintain our reputation as a humane nation, and if we are to raise the level of humanity, not merely propagate the race.



THE LADY IN THE LOOKING-GLASS

A REFLECTION

BY VIRGINIA WOOLF

PEOPLE should not leave looking-glasses hanging in their rooms any more than they should leave open check books or letters confessing some hideous crime. One could not help looking, that summer afternoon, in the long glass that hung outside in the hall. Chance had so arranged it. From the depths of the sofa in the drawing-room one could see reflected in the Italian glass not only the marble-topped table opposite, but a stretch of the garden beyond. One could see a long grass path leading between banks of tall flowers until, slicing off an angle, the gold rim cut it off.

The house was empty, and one felt, since one was the only person in the drawing-room, like one of those naturalists who, covered with grass and leaves, lie watching the shyest animals—badgers, otters, kingfishers—moving about freely, themselves unseen. The room that afternoon was full of such shy creatures, lights and shadows, curtains blowing, petals falling—things that never happen, so it seems, if someone is looking. The quiet old country room with its rugs and stone chimney pieces, its sunken book-cases and red and gold lacquer cabinets, was full of such nocturnal creatures. They came pirouetting across the floor, stepping delicately with high-lifted feet and spread tails and pecking allusive beaks as if they had been cranes or flocks of elegant flamingoes whose pink was faded, or peacocks whose trains were veiled with silver. And there were obscure flushes and

darkenings too, as if a cuttlefish had suddenly suffused the air with purple; and the room had its passions and rages and envies and sorrows coming over it and clouding it, like a human being. Nothing stayed the same for two seconds together.

But, outside, the looking-glass reflected the hall table, the sunflowers, the garden path so accurately and so fixedly that they seemed held there in their reality unescapably. It was a strange contrast—all changing here, all stillness there. One could not help looking from one to the other. Meanwhile, since all the doors and windows were open in the heat, there was a perpetual sighing and ceasing sound, the voice of the transient and the perishing, it seemed, coming and going like human breath, while in the looking-glass things had ceased to breathe and lay still in the trance of immortality.

Half an hour ago the mistress of the house, Isabella Tyson, had gone down the grass path in her thin summer dress, carrying a basket, and had vanished, sliced off by the gilt rim of the looking-glass. She had gone presumably into the lower garden to pick flowers; or as it seemed more natural to suppose, to pick something light and fantastic and leafy and trailing, travelers' joy, or one of those elegant sprays of convolvulus that twine round ugly walls and burst here and there into white and violet blossoms. She suggested the fantastic and the tremulous convolvulus rather than the upright aster, the starched

zinnia, or her own burning roses alight like lamps on the straight posts of their rose trees. The comparison showed how very little, after all these years, one knew about her; for it is impossible that any woman of flesh and blood of fifty-five or sixty should be really a wreath or a tendril. Such comparisons are worse than idle and superficial—they are cruel even, for they come like the convolvulus itself trembling between one's eyes and the truth. There must be truth; there must be a wall. Yet it was strange that after knowing her all these years one could not say what the truth about Isabella was; one still made up phrases like this about convolvulus and travelers' joy. As for facts, it was a fact that she was a spinster; that she was rich; that she had bought this house and collected with her own hands—often in the most obscure corners of the world and at great risk from poisonous stings and Oriental diseases—the rugs, the chairs, the cabinets which now lived their nocturnal life before one's eyes. Sometimes it seemed as if they knew more about her than we, who sat on them, wrote at them, and trod on them so carefully were allowed to know. In each of these cabinets were many little drawers, and each almost certainly held letters, tied with bows of ribbon, sprinkled with sticks of lavender or rose leaves. For it was another fact—if facts were what one wanted—that Isabella had known many people, had had many friends; and thus if one had the audacity to open a drawer and read her letters, one would find the traces of many agitations, of appointments to meet, of upbraidings for not having met, long letters of intimacy and affection, violent letters of jealousy and reproach, terrible final words of parting—for all those interviews and assignations had led to nothing—that is, she had never married, and yet, judging from the mask-like indifference of her face, she had gone through twenty times more of passion and experience than those whose loves are trumpeted forth for all

the world to hear. Under the stress of thinking about Isabella, her room became more shadowy and symbolic; the corners seemed darker, the legs of chairs and tables more spindly and hieroglyphic.

Suddenly these reflections were ended violently and yet without a sound. A large black form loomed into the looking-glass; blotted out everything, strewn the table with a packet of marble tablets veined with pink and gray, and was gone. But the picture was entirely altered. For the moment it was unrecognizable and irrational and entirely out of focus. One could not relate these tablets to any human purpose. And then by degrees some logical process set to work on them and began ordering and arranging them and bringing them into the fold of common experience. One realized at last that they were merely letters. The man had brought the post.

There they lay on the marble-topped table, all dripping with light and color at first and crude and unabsorbed. And then it was strange to see how they were drawn in and arranged and composed and made part of the picture and granted that stillness and immortality which the looking-glass conferred. They lay there invested with a new reality and significance and with a greater heaviness too, as if it would have needed a chisel to dislodge them from the table. And, whether it was fancy or not, they seemed to have become not merely a handful of casual letters but to be tablets graven with eternal truth—if one could read them, one would know everything there was to be known about Isabella, yes, and about life too. The pages inside those marble-looking envelopes must be cut deep and scored thick with meaning. Isabella would come in, and take them, one by one, very slowly, and open them, and read them carefully word by word, and then with a profound sigh of comprehension, as if she had seen to the bottom of everything, she would tear the envelopes to little bits and tie the letters together and lock the

cabinet drawer in her determination to conceal what she did not wish to be known.

The thought served as a challenge. Isabella did not wish to be known—but she should no longer escape. It was absurd, it was monstrous. If she concealed so much and knew so much one must prize her open with the first tool that came to hand—the imagination. One must fix one's mind upon her at that very moment. One must fasten her down there. One must refuse to be put off any longer with sayings and doings such as the moment brought forth—with dinners and visits and polite conversations. One must put oneself in her shoes. If one took the phrase literally, it was easy to see the shoes in which she stood, down in the lower garden, at this moment. They were very narrow and long and fashionable—they were made of the softest and most flexible leather. Like everything she wore, they were exquisite. And she would be standing under the high hedge in the lower part of the garden, raising the scissors that were tied to her waist to cut some dead flower, some overgrown branch. The sun would beat down on her face, into her eyes; but no, at the critical moment a veil of cloud covered the sun, making the expression of her eyes doubtful—was it mocking or tender, brilliant or dull? One could only see the indeterminate outline of her rather faded, fine face looking at the sky. She was thinking, perhaps, that she must order a new net for the strawberries; that she must send flowers to Johnson's widow; that it was time she drove over to see the Hippleseys in their new house. Those were the things she talked about at dinner certainly. But one was tired of the things that she talked about at dinner. It was her profounder state of being that one wanted to catch and turn to words, the state that is to the mind what breathing is to the body, what one calls happiness or unhappiness. At the mention of those words it became obvious, surely,

that she must be happy. She was rich; she was distinguished; she had many friends; she traveled—she bought rugs in Turkey and blue pots in Persia. Avenues of pleasure radiated this way and that from where she stood with her scissors raised to cut the trembling branches while the lacy clouds veiled her face.

Here with a quick movement of her scissors she snipped the spray of travelers' joy and it fell to the ground. As it fell, surely some light came in too, surely one could penetrate a little farther into her being. Her mind then was filled with tenderness and regret. . . . To cut an overgrown branch saddened her because it had once lived, and life was dear to her. Yes, and at the same time the fall of the branch would suggest to her how she must die herself and all the futility and evanescence of things. And then again quickly catching this thought up, with her instant good sense, she thought life had treated her well; even if fall she must, it was to lie on the earth and molder sweetly into the roots of violets. So she stood thinking. Without making any thought precise—for she was one of those reticent people whose minds hold their thoughts enmeshed in clouds of silence—she was filled with thoughts. Her mind was like her room, in which lights advanced and retreated, came pirouetting and stepping delicately, spread their tails, pecked their way; and then her whole being was suffused, like the room again, with a cloud of some profound knowledge, some unspoken regret, and then she was full of locked drawers, stuffed with letters, like her cabinets. To talk of "prizing her open" as if she were an oyster, to use any but the finest and subtlest and most pliable tools upon her was impious and absurd. One must imagine—here was she in the looking-glass. It made one start.

She was so far off at first that one could not see her clearly. She came lingering and pausing, here straightening a rose, there lifting a pink to smell it, but she never stopped; and all the time

SONNET

she became larger and larger in the looking-glass, more and more completely the person into whose mind one had been trying to penetrate. One verified her by degrees—fitted the qualities one had discovered into this visible body. There were her gray-green dress, and her long shoes, her basket, and something sparkling at her throat. She came so gradually that she did not seem to derange the pattern in the glass, but only to bring in some new element which gently moved and altered the other objects as if asking them, courteously, to make room for her. And the letters and the table and the grass walk and the sunflowers which had been waiting in the looking-glass separated and opened out so that she might be received among them. At last there she was, in the hall. She stopped dead. She stood by the table. She stood

perfectly still. At once the looking-glass began to pour over her a light that seemed to fix her; that seemed like some acid to bite off the unessential and superficial and to leave only the truth. It was an enthralling spectacle. Everything dropped from her—clouds, dress, basket, diamond—all that one had called the creeper and convolvulus. Here was the hard wall beneath. Here was the woman herself. She stood naked in that pitiless light. And there was nothing. Isabella was perfectly empty. She had no thoughts. She had no friends. She cared for nobody. As for her letters, they were all bills. Look, as she stood there, old and angular, veined and lined, with her high nose and her wrinkled neck, she did not even trouble to open them.

People should not leave looking-glasses hanging in their rooms.

SONNET

BY SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

YOUR other lovers? What are they to me?
When has a star been ravished from the skies
By all the rapt millenniums of eyes?
What keel has stolen a splendor from the sea?
Not only I upon a windy hill
Have stood bareheaded, calling April fair
When she flings blossoms slanting down the air.
Who shall forbid the brimming cup to spill?

Indeed these fools can never do me wrong
Who, thinking that they know you, never guess
The swift, elusive, reticent loveliness
You show me in the silence under the song;
And though they pluck your rose they have my scorn,
For only on my brow you press the thorn.



RELIGION WITHOUT GOD?

THE LIMITATIONS OF HUMANISM

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

IN INTELLECTUAL importance the most considerable religious movement recently set afoot is humanism. Self-conscious adherents may not as yet be numerous, but many of our "best minds" are plainly humanistic, the major positions of the movement accord with current thinking, and already various groups of avowed humanists are bidding for popular recognition and support.

In so far as humanism has become deliberate, it may be described as the endeavor to keep the best spiritual values of religion while surrendering any theological interpretation of the universe. To be sure, humanism is a fluid term and in some of its meanings represents ideas to which any Christian could give hearty assent, but specifically the word is claimed by those who, like a recent exponent, say, "The belief in God and the belief in immortality are gone."

Such humanists—and it is with such that this essay deals—are sure of goodness, truth, and beauty; are confident that in the experience and creation of these spiritual values human life finds its distinctive meaning, and that in any sort of universe, theistic or materialistic, with God or without him, the center and circumference of human worth must lie in the personal exploration of these values and the creation of a society which incarnates them.

Evangelical preachers commonly draw forbidding pictures of life's Saharan waste when faith in God departs, but the humanists will have none of that.

They not only give up God; the more jubilant of them are glad to be rid of him. At least they are sure that faith in God has had its dangerous disadvantages. Men have trusted God instead of scientifically mastering nature's law-abiding forces and achieving their ends by their own knowledge and skill. Men have made of God a place of soft retreat, imagining themselves in "the everlasting arms" when they should have been grappling with life's realities. Men have laid on God the responsibility of having made the world in the first place and of carrying it on to a successful issue, whereas, so humanists think, nobody made the world and nobody will make a success of it if we do not. From all reliance on superhuman aid the humanist turns away. He essays a definite and final break, not from an old to a new theology, but from any theology to none at all. He draws a circle around man's spiritual life, personal and social, on this planet and proposes that religion shall stay at home within that compass and mind its business.

No one, however deep his instinctive prejudice against humanism, or his reasoned objection to it, should under-rate its appeal. Its appearance now is no accident. It focuses a large amount of modern thought. It seems to its adherents—as ideas congenial with the *Zeitgeist* always seem—the inevitable corollary of intelligence. From Roman Catholicism to Protestantism to liberalism to humanism appears to them the predestined path of religious progress.

The humanist counts his advantages with gusto and gratitude and becomes missionary in his desire to share them with his fellows. The conflict between science and religion is over for him. He can even outdo the scientists in accepting a thoroughgoing mechanistic world-view. Ascribing the theism of physicists like Eddington, Millikan, and Michael Pupin to departmentalized and unco-ordinated minds, he can take it for granted that the universe is a vast, physical machine of one kind or another and that, anyway, religion is not concerned with the nature of it.

The psychological attack on religion passes him by. According to that, religion is an array of comforting wish-fulfillments by which we cushion this intolerably ruthless universe. If folk cannot endure life as it really is they can imaginatively shape it nearer to their hearts' desire by supposing that God is good, that he cares for them, and that heaven lies ahead. This alluring dream-world the humanist throws away. He has girded himself courageously to face reality and he thinks he knows it for what it is—ruthless, careless of personality, making and unmaking us with equal apathy, and at its best neutral in the struggle for spiritual values. At which point, instead of being crushed, he feels liberated and challenged to play the man and, if there be no other life, "Pitch this one high!"

The humanist, therefore, is often tonic and stimulating. He can write high-minded books like Mr. Walter Lippmann's *A Preface to Morals* with strong popular appeal, in which those who, like the author, have been disillusioned about the nature of the universe are, nevertheless, encouraged to find spiritual values here and causes worth disinterested service.

In particular, humanism has the allurements currently associated with anything which is not too optimistic. Whatever to-day is cheering and hopeful is in so far suspect. In novel, drama, or essay on philosophy, only when one is

unpleasantly realistic and grim, when one faces the seamy side, considers ugly facts, and in general appears afraid of no unpalatable conclusion does one have the accent of truth. Put side by side a typical sentence of Browning, "God! Thou art love! I build my faith on that," and a sentence from Bertrand Russell, "Omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way," and even if no time had been given to serious thought about the relative merits of the conflicting philosophies, the second would sound to many modern ears more solid. At least, Bertrand Russell cannot be accused of fooling himself with desirable optimisms, and Browning can.

This advantage of saying forthrightly that the universe cares no more for us than the climate does for the pine trees humanism possesses. It is manifestly the credo of folks who are not spoofing.

II

Nevertheless, many who are as anxious to avoid spoofing as the sternest humanist are persuaded that humanism in the end will prove a tentative make-shift. No matter how glamorously the immediate spiritual values in man's experience are played up, and how rousing we, biological accidents in a purposeless universe, are challenged to pitch this life high, the plain fact is that the universe is not negligible, that humanists have their theory, however disguised, about its nature and meaning, and that the logical implications of that theory are bound to become explicit.

The world-view on which the sort of humanism now under discussion is based is not, in the old sense, materialistic. The humanists of course are far too intelligent not to know that whatever matter may turn out to be it is much less simple than the pebbly atoms of which the cosmos once was supposed to be constructed. But they do start with a universe basically non-psychical, non-personal, non-spiritual. In its creative elements, however physics may ulti-

mately describe them, the universe in their eyes is neither intelligent, purposive, nor friendly. All such attributes, excepting their presence in the animals, are exclusively human; they exist only within ourselves who happen to be alive upon the earth, and they reveal nothing about the nature of the cosmos outside of us. If we suppose they do, the humanist says, we are only clothing the naked physics of the world with our fantasies.

If one argue that the universe does apparently care for personality in the sense at least that it has produced personality, maintains it, and provides the sustenance and circumstance for its progressive achievement, the answer of the humanist is ready. The universe is to us as the sea is to the fish that live in it. The sea has indeed furnished conditions favorable to their emergence but it does not care for them. Purposively speaking, they are an accident. So far as the sea's interest is concerned, their death and birth are equally fortuitous, and the ocean is as apathetic to the extinction of a whole species as to its emergence.

In a cosmos thus negligent of human values personality has evolved and will ultimately perish—such is the basic philosophy on which non-theistic humanism proposes to erect a “high religion.”

III

That misgivings are in order about such a creedal basis for religion seems clear. For humanism does not avoid a creed—its basic theory of the universe is non-theistic—and at this point of doctrine, humanism, like many another religion, faces peril. If it could remain a movement of protest merely, attacking the ignorance of orthodoxy, the compromises of liberalism, and the weak and silly uses to which great ideas like “God” have familiarly been put, it might continue to sweep the intelligent into its stream. But the logic of events is too much for it; it is compelled in-

creasingly to reveal its own philosophy, to become in its turn not an assailer of others' doctrines but a defender of its own; and the creed which humanists so easily assume is not by any means so easily defensible.

To begin at the most obvious point, the attitude of nonchalance toward the universe, as though so long as we have our spiritual values here the nature of the cosmos does not matter, is a pose which cannot permanently be maintained, much less be made the basis of a high religion. To be sure, the endeavor of the humanists to sustain an eager idealism despite the senseless and purposeless nature of their universe is admirable. One's faith in humankind is strengthened whenever men, facing an undesirable estate, tighten their belts to make the best of it; and this the humanists do. Unable to accept theism, in any of its forms, failing to discover in the cosmic process intelligence, purpose, or goodwill, they propose to take what they find standing up, not lying down. Man may be only “the disease of the agglutinated dust,” but, the humanist would say, Accept the odds, be indifferent to the uneven chances of the human microcosm in the ruthless macrocosm and play the game while it lasts. All of which is high-spirited and chivalrous, but the logic of the situation will prove too much, even for such a gallant pose.

The universe is not negligible. It is insistently present, obviously immense; whatever reality is at the heart of it is the determiner of destiny. Gestures of nonchalance in the face of it are not appropriate. Repeated often enough, they begin to lose their glamour of gallantry and to become funny.

The humanist is frequently amused at the Christian. Living in a cosmos so vast that light from extra-galactic nebulae has been traveling 186,000 miles a second for over 140,000,000 years to reach us, the Christian, nevertheless, believes with Haldane of Cambridge, that “personality is the great central fact of the universe.” This seems

to the humanist amusing. The emergence of personality, he thinks, is a fortuitous incident on a midget planet lost in the immensities of stellar space, and Christian faith in the primacy of personality involves an utter and even humorous lack of perspective.

The Christian, on the other hand, may well discover the humor of the situation in the humanist rather than in himself. For a tiny microcosm to face this vast macrocosm with a gesture of nonchalance is, after all, sheer posing. It is striking an attitude which becomes the more incongruous the longer one watches it. If ever a religious movement whistled to keep its courage up—and many of them have—humanism does it when it proposes as a basic credo that the universe is neither intelligent, purposive, nor friendly, that it made us by accident and will annihilate us by necessity, but that, after all, this does not matter, that we should be disinterested about it and indifferent to it, and should proceed with eager devotion to construct a high religion.

Already the nemesis of such an attitude comes on apace. Even while Mr. Lippmann was writing his *A Preface to Morals* Mr. Joseph Krutch was writing *The Modern Temper*. It is, I think, the most thoroughgoing statement of the implications of atheism that we have. It is written by a man who is done with gestures of indifference toward the cosmos and is determined to carry his philosophy through to its logical conclusions.

What Mr. Krutch sees, the humanist movement as a whole will ultimately have to see. Whenever anybody takes the mechanistic naturalism of modern science as a complete account of all reality, he has a universe basically physical and, therefore, quantitative. He may call the creative elements electrons, mass-points, energy-units, or what-not, but they are quantitative: they can be measured in terms of force and motion. The real world, however, in which we experientially live, is also qualitative. The loveliness of landscapes, the

freshness of morning in the mountains, color, taste, harmony, and affections of friendship, the lure of ideals, the thrill of discovered truth, faith in the spiritual significance of life—such qualitative experiences give human existence its worth. But if the universe is basically physical and quantitative all such experiences are subjective fantasies; they exist only in and for ourselves; all of them are clothing which we have cut and fitted according to our own desires to dress this naked world; the cosmos itself has no quality, knows nothing of it in any form, cares nothing for it; as Mr. Krutch says, "Living is merely a physiological process with only a physiological meaning."

In the world, therefore, which non-theistic humanism presupposes, it is not simply religion that logically must go; all idealism, as well, of whatever kind, is our subjective fantasy. Mr. Krutch states, I think unanswerably, the clean sweep which thoroughgoing thought must make of any logical warrant for our qualitative life in such a world. Man, he writes, has "no reason to suppose that his own life has any more meaning than the life of the humblest insect that crawls from one annihilation to another." In such a world the more men and nations rise in the moral scale, the worse off they are because the more alien they become to the utterly quantitative cosmos in which they live, so that all spiritual excellence is ultimately suicidal. In such a world the romantic glamour that we have thrown around love and friendship is as much a compensatory mirage as is our faith in God; and our conceptions of chivalric honor and sacrificial devotion are as illogical as our hopes of heaven. In such a world even science can suggest nothing better to Mr. Krutch than a chapter on "The Disillusion with the Laboratory." In a word, the assumption that the cosmos is basically quantitative means that all the qualitative aspects of our lives are subjective fantasy, and the upshot of that situation thoroughly faced is, I suspect, what Mr. Krutch says it is,

"moral nihilism which is fatal to society or that spiritual despair which falls upon the individual victim of an all-embracing materialistic philosophy."

I do not mean that multiplying disciples of Mr. Krutch would be healthy for society. Far better to have men flock to the humanists! For the humanists are fortunately illogical. They assail certain religious aspects of men's qualitative life, failing to see that they have embraced a theory which takes the warrant from man's qualitative life throughout and makes it all a pathetic wish-fulfilment of alien organisms stranded in a merely quantitative world. One turns from them to salute the logic of one of our foremost scientists who, holding the basic position on which humanism rests, said to a friend of mine, "The most tragic event in the history of the universe is that man should ever have become conscious of himself."

After all, the genesis of humanism is not difficult to see. In a generation when the older forms of theism have gone to pieces, men of high spirit and devoted enthusiasms cannot because of that stop living well. Therefore, they have dared an attitude, ventured a pose as the only immediate recourse at hand in their emergency. They have said, Let theism go; God or no God, the good life may still be ours. As a temporary stance in a theologically slippery generation, one may not only understand that but respect it. At least, it is far better to stand there than to fall down utterly. But it is no permanent stopping place. The illogicality of the position is already clear, even to the vanguard of those who hold its theory. If we are ultimately to save the qualitative life of man, the way through is not a tentative humanism but a reconstructed and improved theism.

IV

The difficulty of maintaining the humanistic pose with any self-content becomes even more clear when one considers the intellectual cul-de-sacs into

which its basic credo leads. The mental process by which the humanistic philosophy is reached is clear. First, one splits the cosmos in two with "us" on one side and the "not us" on the other. Second, one assumes that by the subtle organization of its substance, the "not us" produced "us," so that we are the result of structuralized physical elements. Third, one assumes that the physical and biological sciences, by their analysis of the "not us," are getting back to the creative factors, molecules, atoms, electrons, protons, or what-not, whose various combinations make everything from stellar systems to the cortex of the human brain. Fourth, one assumes that the "not us" has done all this blindly, without anything that can be called intelligence or purpose, blundering up from star dust to man. Finally, one discovers oneself in a world where our human spirits with their conscious experience of intelligence, love, hope, faith, and aspiration, are surrounded by a vast, unconscious universe of which our spiritual values reveal nothing and to which they mean nothing. In such a situation, where, as one man put it, "we must make the best of a bad mess," humanism rises to assure us that all is not lost and that it is still possible to be nonchalant about the cosmos and high-minded in the midst of it.

To say that such a mental process fairly bristles with difficulties is to put the case mildly.

For example, behind the glowing calls of the humanists to spiritual quality and social service there is one prevailing picture of the universe: in the beginning force—non-moral, non-purposive, unintelligent force—from the blind combinations of whose energy-units the physical cosmos, its biological organisms, and its human personalities have emerged. Theoretically there are other alternatives to theism, but practically the overwhelming proportion of non-theistic minds to-day become not pantheists, panpsychists, nor monists, but mechanistic naturalists. Often they do not

call themselves that. Often they do not know what they are. But when one penetrates the fog of current humanism's philosophical uncertainties one generally finds, explicit or assumed, the world-view of the mechanistic naturalists. They reduce the world of spiritual values to the functioning of human personality; they reduce personality to its organism; they reduce the organism to its component physical elements; they posit behind these physical elements a world of energy-units working in mechanistic patterns—and then, slyly ascribing to these energy-units the attributes necessary to produce everything from solar systems to Christ, they accept the result as a causal explanation of the cosmos. As a matter of fact, by that process they have explained nothing; they merely have analyzed something.

The real problem of the cosmos is the whole cosmos, including man, his spiritual experience, scientific achievements, and social progress, his enriching ideals and faiths; and to abstract from this cosmic total, first, all spiritual life, then all biological organism, then all visible elements, until, left with hypothetical energy-units, we endow them with the causal capacity fortuitously to get together into the cosmic total we started with, may for certain purposes be useful analysis but it assuredly is a naïve philosophy.

When applied, for example, to an individual like William Shakespeare, this method of explanation by abstraction reveals its over-simple nature. For, first, we must abstract from the total fact of Shakespeare the rich intellectual and spiritual world in which he thought he lived, and must call that the functioning and, in part, the fantasy of his personality. Then we must abstract further the conscious, creative mental life of Shakespeare, reducing it all, after the manner of the extreme behaviorists, to the activity of his physical organism. Then we must abstract his organism also, reducing that to its component cells, some seventy kilograms of material,

getting rid of which in turn by another abstraction, we shall have left hypothetical energy-units whose fortunate though fortuitous combination was responsible for "Hamlet."

Obviously, this is not a process of explanation at all, but a process of abstraction; it is a clever way of pretending to deal with a problem by getting rid of it. Yet this same mental procedure is involved in the popular world-view which to-day obsesses the imagination of many, even among the intelligentsia.

One does not mean that the humanists are to be blamed for not having solved the problem of causation. Nobody has solved it. The theist least of all would claim to have answered adequately such ultimate philosophical questions. But the humanist is to be blamed for assuming a solution, taking it for granted as a matter of course, constructing a religion on the basis of it, and calling the result, as one of the humanists does, "the only possible kind of religion for all modern men." If such dogmatism may be matched on the other side, I should venture to be sure that no theory which represents the universe as merely *pushed up* from below by its own component energy-units without *pull* akin to intelligent purpose to supply pattern or structure can ever permanently hold the philosophic field.

Humanism is easily understandable on practical grounds. It is precisely what the humanists charge Christianity with being—an escape-mechanism. It is a refuge from a difficult situation, a demand born out of passionate human need that life shall be worthful no matter what the cosmic truth may be. As such, one sympathizes with it. One even rejoices that men and women who are unable to believe in God can yet believe in the good life and courageously undertake to live it. In Dean Sperry's figure, they are like folk who, finding that the great theistic systems have suffered shipwreck, have taken to the lifeboats; and while one recognizes that a lifeboat is a temporary recourse and

not a permanent establishment, one is glad to see that for the time being they are still afloat.

Indeed, humanism in its practical import deserves much more positive appreciation. Religion in America does desperately need to be humanized. The most appalling thing about some of our churches is that they are not interested in spiritual life. They are concerned with theological opinions, liturgical observances, sectarian partitions; but spiritual life is largely outside their regime. For spiritual life in our communities includes fine music, play-spaces for the children, good drama, adequate schools, beautiful homes. It counts nothing that is human alien to it. Whatever elevates life, beautifies it with significance, makes its appreciation of nature keener, its happiness in art richer, its moral practices more wholesome, its social relationships more humane is spiritual. Whatever gives men creative joy in their work, redeems life from drudgery and baptizes it with purposeful meaning is spiritual. Wherever men find in life not simply things that serve them but values which they serve, so that they are ennobled by devotion, purified by a real and inward worship of the Divine made concrete in an experience of goodness, truth, or beauty, they are winning spiritual life. From individuals enslaved under carnal and sordid tastes to our secular civilization now being woven by the all-powerful machine, humanity above all else needs thus to be lifted into spiritual life. This, says the humanist, is the function of religion.

If this were humanism's primary meaning, what intelligent man would not support it? If this were humanism's exclusive meaning, who would not proudly bear its name?

When, therefore, one of the wiser humanists says of his movement that it "is not necessarily antitheistic" we eagerly agree. We assert further that it would better not be antitheistic. The antitheism of current humanism

is its least defensible point. For humanists traveling that road come face to face with all the difficulties which materialism, however sublimated, has always faced, and in the end they will find themselves not primarily engaged in spiritualizing life but in defending an extraordinarily credulous creed.

Of course, what all humanists desire to escape is supernaturalism, but in this they have the cordial agreement of a great body of theists. Supernaturalism is an obsolete word and it stands for an obsolete idea. Its history displays its irrelevancy to modern thought. Starting with a whimsical world, where everything that occurred was the direct volition of a human or an extrahuman agent, mankind has laboriously discovered a natural world, observed its regularities, plotted its laws, and as one area after another has thus been naturalized, the supernatural inevitably has shrunk. It has become the limbo of the as yet inexplicable, a concept with which we cover our ignorance. The partition of our world into a natural order overlaid by a supernatural order which keeps breaking through is to a well-instructed mind impossible.

When, however, the humanist and the theist together have thus got rid of the false distinction—natural versus supernatural—they still have on their hands the real distinction—physical versus spiritual. Both physical things and spiritual values are actually here. They are indisputable facts. Something must be done with them. Can it be that physical things alone are basically real and creative, and that spiritual values are epiphenomenal—casual, inexplicable, subjective accidents, revelatory of nothing beyond themselves? That is the creed to which antitheistic humanism is consenting. It would better not consent. There are rough seas ahead of that philosophy.

V

The most serious difficulty with humanism is that it undercuts the very

thing it tries to do. It seriously desires to save the good life in a godless world and it wishes to pitch that life in a high key. When the humanist talks ethics, the modern Christian finds himself listening to a familiar tune in which he easily can join. Like the religious liberal, the humanist maintains old virtues, which in every generation have enriched personality, and pleads for fresh ventures of the moral sense in situations where "new occasions teach new duties."

Indeed, deprived of God, with nothing left from the race's heritage of idealistic philosophy and religious faith except the good life, humanists do sometimes so specialize in that and give creative thought to it that they render distinguished service in the very field where on *a priori* grounds the theist expects to see them fail. For this reason one of our professorial agnostics wishes that we could declare a moratorium on God for forty years and see if without theology we might not be morally improved. One who is himself a theist would better take to heart such current distrust of theism's ethical consequence. The influence of much of our popular belief in God is not moral but immoral. It means a lazy shouldering off on a kindly deity of tasks we must perform ourselves. It means stereotyped concepts of right and wrong, defined by infallible revelation and unadjustable to new demands. It, therefore, anesthetizes its devotees and checks instead of encourages creative thought on personal and social morals. The humanists are right in much of their attack on current theism and the theist would better be the first to acknowledge it.

Nevertheless, the matter is not so simple that it can be disposed of by the humanist's moratorium on God. Ultimately an ethic of high ideals supported with enthusiastic and unflagging devotion does not depend on the supernatural dictation of a code or on a system of divine rewards and punishments, or on a picture of God as king, lawgiver,

and judge, or on infallible authority in church or Bible, or on anything else against which the humanist launches his favorite attack, but it does depend on reverence for personality. There is the crux of the whole matter. Right and wrong are basically a scale of values; ideas concerning them depend on what the individual and the society he lives in regard as valuable; and ultimately morals, considering how persons should live in an intermeshing network of personal relationships, depend on personality's worth.

Nor is it possible to boom the worth of personality by willing it, to insist that it shall be worthful though the heavens fall. No fiat-value can be created in personality by any humanist's edict. Here he must take the consequences of his cosmic creed; here in spite of himself the background of his thought crowds up into the foreground. Personality a fortuitous by-product of a careless universe, its mental and spiritual life revealing nothing beyond itself, its finest faiths comforting fantasies by which it escapes from the world of fact to the world of desire, its source self-motivating energy-units, its history an interlude between two annihilations, its ultimate future without hope—so in his basic philosophy the non-theistic humanist rates personality. To suppose that such an estimate has no ethical repercussions is incredible. They may be postponed in the individual humanist but they will ultimately emerge out of his movement as a whole.

Indeed they already are emerging. The same generation which sees humanism positing a godless world and trying to preserve the good life in it sees increasing numbers of people in the same godless world drawing logical conclusions as to its meaning. Our modern novelists say forthrightly what they think. One of them almost is persuaded that he is "only a bundle of cellular matter upon its way to become manure." Writes another, "We don't matter. **Man** matters only to himself.

He is fighting a lone fight against a vast indifference." Our modern essayists are not reticent about the corollaries of a godless world. Writes Mr. Krutch, "Ours is a lost cause and there is no place for us in the natural universe." Even Mr. Lippmann, when in a burst of confidence he canvasses the possibilities of personal meaning in the cosmos as he sees it, says that life may be a "comedy, or high tragedy, or plain farce."

It should be noted that all such judgments do not primarily concern God; they concern human personality. They move in the same realm where ethics move. They interpenetrate a man's estimate of himself and of the whole world of persons. They drag the creed of humanism out of the realm of cosmic theory into the realm of the good life, which humanists wish to maintain. Here lies the impossibility of a successful humanism: it sucks the egg of personality's value and then tries to hatch a high religion out of it.

One device by which this consequence is warded off is the attempt to hold a milder and more tolerable opinion of the physical universe's relationship to man. Instead of emphasizing Bertrand Russell's thoroughgoing view of the situation, "Brief and powerless is Man's life; on him and all his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark," some humanists prefer to call the cosmos neutral. It assumes in their imagination an almost benign aspect as though, providing the setting for the human game, furnishing the material with which the game may be played, and laying down the rules, it stood aside to let individuals in particular and the race in general win if they can. In such a view as this, however, the human fantasy is obviously at work elaborating its wish-fulfillments. For whatever words may legitimately be used to describe the relationship of the cosmos with man, neutrality is not among them. If human personality is a trivial incident in the history of the colossal macrocosm, the macrocosm will not in the end be neutral in dealing

with man's cherished interests and values. Against the background of stellar time, the rise and dissolution of solar systems is like the freezing and melting of seasonal ice on earthly rivers; and so far from being able to trust the cosmos for benignant neutrality, the thoroughgoing non-theistic mind must foresee the ultimate disintegration of everything that man has hoped or planned. "Nothing will remain," says one frank scientist, "not even the ruins." In such a world our personal values are our subjective writing on the cosmic slate, and in the end the universe will wipe them off and then smash the slate.

The humanist's non-theistic picture of the cosmos, therefore, necessarily involves a value-judgment about man. Say as one will that what man is he is, whatever may be his cosmic origin, and that the worth of personality is an empirical fact to be discovered by experiment, it still is true that if one starts with the judgment that basically "personality is the great central fact of the universe," one moves out to a corresponding level of expectation, but that if one starts with the judgment that basically "living is merely a physiological process with only a physiological meaning," one naturally moves out to another level altogether.

This, as I understand it, is what belief in God is all about. We are not anxious concerning God because, for its own sake, we hunger and thirst after a cosmic theory. Multitudes do not so hunger in the least, and few of us do much of the time. What does matter to us, however, day in and day out, is the value of personality. How much we ourselves are ultimately worth, what possibilities we may reasonably believe resident in human personality at large, whether the progress already observable from the Neanderthal man up is a trifling cosmic incident or is prophetic of resident potentialities in man's spiritual life with divine resources behind them—this is an intimate, penetrating matter which affects daily living. To

say that personality is the child of the Eternal Spirit, in very truth the great central fact of the universe, is one thing; to say that personality is a chance spark struck off from physical collisions is another. Let no humanist content himself with pretense in this matter: that difference involves prodigious ethical results.

Nor may this difficulty be avoided by the substitution of agnosticism for atheism. Maybe God is, some humanists would say, maybe not; concerning that be disinterested; in the meantime we have the good life. Such agnosticism, however, does not escape the question of personality's value. No one can be altogether agnostic about that. "What a man believes," writes George Bernard Shaw, "may be ascertained not from his creed, but from the assumptions on which he habitually acts." Now, no assumptions on which we habitually act are more unavoidable than the estimates of human value that interpenetrate our conduct. From our treatment of our children to our belief about the possibility of ending war, attitudes toward personality, estimates of it, and convictions concerning it consciously or unconsciously enter into our behavior. On one side are those who think that when human history is finished it will prove to have been "a brief and transitory episode in the life of one of the meanest of the planets." On the other side are those who think that man is a child of God, with the possibilities and destinies which that involves. In between are the humanists, trying to keep foothold on both positions, endeavoring to combine a high estimate of life's spiritual worth and eventual significance with the positive belief or the strong suspicion that personality is a casual phenomenon like phosphorescence in the sea. It is not an easy position to maintain. God is not so readily got rid of without being missed.

One thing the humanist tries to forget but must in the end remember: theism is a value-judgment as to the worth and meaning of personality.

To be sure, current popular theism cannot be maintained. The old theistic systems are indeed going to pieces. Many of the hymns, sermons, admonitions, rituals, and liturgies which sprang out of them are already in the eyes and ears of the intelligent obsolete, save as, like the stories of the Greek pantheon, they are given poetic interpretation. The final answer which the theist must make to the humanist is not complaint against the tentative unsatisfactoriness of his position, but the positive presentation of a credible idea of God. In the meantime, amid the mass of undigested factual material which modern religion faces, the thoughtful theist knows that he often appears vague in his idea of deity. He frankly despairs of tossing off on demand a statement of theism philosophically adequate to this new amazing universe. He sees in that task work for many minds demanding more than one generation, but he is still convinced that atheism is no solution of the problem and that behind our partial and inadequate ideas of God is God.

Were I personally to lose that confidence, undoubtedly I should try to be a humanist. Finding the cosmos in that case so basically irrational, I should face with equanimity being irrational myself. I should do my best to say that even when all spiritual meaning is banished from ultimate reality, and the things that we love best—friendship, poetry, science, societies that grow in humaneness and goodwill—are seen as trivial incidents in the colossal onrush of the cosmos, it still is better to love those values and find one's life in their service. I should honestly endeavor to be a courageous humanist, counting it craven to let even an antagonistic universe dissuade me from decency, justice, and goodwill. But in hours of lucid insight when I grasped the full-orbed meaning of the idea that the determiner of destiny is altogether physical, no more aware of our human values than are the stars of the Big Dipper that they look to us like a human instrument, I should

be a far-from-enthusiastic humanist. Not that I expect any God there is to nurse me here or furnish me a diadem hereafter! On any sane philosophy this universe is engaged in a business too vast to be solicitous about merely individual desires. But in a world basically quantitative, not individual desires alone, supra-individual personal values—goodness, truth, beauty—are denied any cosmic rootage and are left to find what nourishment they can without it, assured that in the end they all will perish in the planet's decease. In such a world I know that the level of my ideals for human life inevitably would sink. I

should attempt less and expect less. Recognizing all our qualitative experience as transient foliage with which we clothe the bare rock of a quantitative world, it would be impossible to keep the grim, craggy fact from showing through. I should know beyond a peradventure that the spiritual heroes whose faith and sacrifice have lifted and illumined our humanity never could have built their lives on that hypothesis. And there would be hours when I, a humanist, would pray to the God I no longer believed in to help theists so credibly to rebuild theism that humanists might disappear.

INCIDENT

BY JAMES B. GITLITZ

WE TALKED of trivial things, and all the while
*I tried to utter what I had to say;
 But I could only force an empty smile
 To deck some inane comment on the day;
 You lay upon the grass, all unaware
 That such a thing as grief could ever be,
 The spray of lilacs in your hands a dare
 For me to shatter their tranquillity.*

*And that was long ago—so long ago
 That now the lilacs are in bloom again
 And there is not a place where I may go
 But they confront me with their calm disdain;
 For now—I never see a lilac spray
 But I recall how still and white you lay.*



IN TANGIER

A STORY

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

FOR nearly twenty years I have thought about this story, trying to find its solution—trying to crowd the story of Magdalena, of Paul Hollinger, and Fadma the Turkish girl into a recognizable pattern. There is no pattern into which they fit. There are only some facts leading to a final interrogation point. After these years I have found no clue which might lead to an answer. There is nothing to be done but to record what I know against the sights and sounds of Morocco of twenty years ago.

I learned their history from the Consul in Tangier. I even took a shadowy part in their inexplicable romance when I visited Fadma, Hollinger's widow, and again when I put a price on Magdalena's clothes in the Consulate.

Yet though the story has no pattern, though I have never seen Magdalena Gomez, I know what she looked like. I know her character as intimately as though she had made me some deep confidence. I know, too, the outstanding facts of her amazing story, then the door closes, leaving only unanswered questions.

It was by accident that I crossed from Gibraltar to Tangier, and the events of the first day still return to me shockingly. One does not lightly turn back two thousand years. I stepped from the calm of the long pier to the brawling street where a river of people was churning down a bed of stones.

The sudden confusion and noise dazed me, but as I made my difficult way

through the crowd I was overwhelmed by the sense of being among people of another age whose feet were moving to the rhythm of past generations, to whom our motives and thoughts were as mysterious as theirs to us. Though I moved among them and jostled them, for me there was a quality of illusion in those first hours in Morocco, as if through some trick I had stepped into a Biblical picture.

The torrent of people started at the *suk*, the marketplace, and continued in volume to the harbor, widening a little at the *socco chico* where Europeans sat drinking in cafés. Comic-opera Europeans—remittance men, bad men, people who wished to avoid people, people whose families wished to get rid of them. An incredible assembly.

All day this stream of creatures rushed down the hill, beasts and humans, donkeys and mules, men on horses, men afoot, men dressed in short white *djellabas* and brown *djellabas*, men in dignified flowing robes and pale-lemon slippers. Women's figures, silent, enormous, white, scudding along on crimson feet.

The strangeness of the country, the very smells of the street, the reek of the *suk*, the penetrating unmistakable odor of the East overwhelmed me. Everything was changed: the look on people's faces, the motivation of life. The very colors, the soft yellows and reds and greens of the East, bemused one's eyes.

Later, I stood on the flat roof of the hotel piazza which ran in a platform

without balustrade around the *fondak* beneath, full of donkeys and dark, turbaned men, feeling the tide of this land rising higher and higher above me and swamping me, blotting out my reality, and leaving in me the feeling of having wandered off into legend, my personality gone.

It was at that moment I ran into the Consul, a slender young man in a pith helmet and the most immaculate of riding clothes. A good-looking young man with gray eyes set far apart. A hero of romance. Certainly a young man strayed into the realm where Haroun-el-raschid walked incognito, and where Djinn answered to a rub on an old lamp.

He'd come to Morocco for three weeks. How long had he been there? Two years, three years? I don't know. It seems that he had first been vice consul. Then gradually, the other diplomatic officers had been taken away by disaster or chance from this extraterritorial district, until this young man from Davenport, Iowa, was America's sole representative.

He was ruler for the time being, the highest diplomatic official of a great country with judiciary power over all American citizens. And this for a young man dropping, so to speak, from the lap of the Middle West. Talk about Aladdin! For the moment this young man *was* Aladdin, only an Aladdin who told his tales not in the language of Scheherazade, but rather in that of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. As if he were mothered by the *Arabian Nights* and fathered by the *Plain Tales from the Hills*.

The acting Consul General is a man of power. Anything can happen to him. Offers of bribes come to him in all forms from finding a fat sheep slaughtered on the Consulate doorsill, a purse of gold left on the desk, or subtle suggestions as to a present of a Sudanese slave girl of fourteen summers. Anything can happen . . . literally anything. The affairs of all the Americans are his.

We had exchanged the usual politenesses, when after a pause, he said:

"I wonder if you'd care for a walk to the Consulate with me. I've got to free a slave!" He brought it out casually, but I could see a bright, triumphant look in his eyes as I echoed as if to order, "Free a slave?"

"I'm always having to free slaves," he lamented in a bored tone. "Slaves of American citizens, Sudanese slave girls," he explained. "Of course it's against the law for an American citizen to own slaves; so whenever I find out about one I have to call them to account for it and free the slaves—read them the Emancipation Proclamation." He pronounced it with subdued relish.

"And then what happens?"

"Oh, they go back to their owners. What else is there for them to do? They always go back. They don't even know they're free! Freeing slaves is a darned nuisance." He explained, incidentally, that this especial slave had belonged to a man named Hollinger. Paul Hollinger, who had recently died in Tangier.

"They say he died of typhoid," the Consul said. "What he really died of was a broken heart. He couldn't get over Magdalena's, his wife's, death. The old woman is *her* slave. Hollinger certainly made a mess of it." He paused for me to ask my inevitable question:

"What was the mess?"

"Well, it's about all his wives. When his Mexican wife died in Constantinople, coming back from the pilgrimage to Mecca, he married a young Turkish girl, Fadma; and now his American heirs want his money. But his last one, this Turkish girl, was legally married to him too. She is going to have a baby. I wish," he added impulsively, "you'd go to see her. I'd like her to feel that there was a white woman around who'd look after her. She's so totally alone."

We walked through the maze of silent streets leading to the Consulate. Winding streets, blank blue-painted walls, doors of darker blue; narrow streets where one moved in a blue shadow as

though in some mysterious medium that was neither air nor water, but which partook of both. Always a stealthy white figure moving silently around a corner. Glimpses here and there of courtyards, but for the most part silence, secrecy, blank walls, with a mysterious life going on behind them.

We halted before a wide archway above which was a shield with the American arms. A Moroccan soldier lolled before the entrance, teasing a toothless old man, who, I learned later, was a eunuch who ran errands for the Consul. The soldier came to some sort of attention. We passed the courtyard and went through wide rooms which had an aspect of important officialdom.

A little black woman in voluminous white was huddled in her chair. Her face was lined with wrinkles, and she slid her eyes around until the whites showed as the Emancipation Proclamation was read her. The solemn Syrian interpreter was called.

"Ask her if she understands that she's free," said the Consul. An expression of extraordinary craft crossed her face which was wrinkled like a monkey's. With infinite cautionings and hushings, with promises to respect her secrecy, she told the Consul that Hollinger's Moorish servant had been robbing the Turkish girl, Fadma, taking jewelry and clothes, and he'd kill her if he knew she told. "He steal my mistress' things that belong to the white bird."

"Now," said the Consul in mock annoyance as though the whole thing were not the very stuff of his life, "now I suppose I shall have to put that rascal Mohammed on the carpet. I never have trusted him!"

The freed slave arose. She kissed the hem of the Consul's coat and slipped away, her red slippers making no sound. A shaft of afternoon sun slid in through the large windows. There was quiet about us, but from far off came the noise of a tom-tom played in a disquieting double syncopation. The Consul watched her go.

"I've never understood that story," he said. "I've never understood about Hollinger and Magdalena Gomez. See if you can unravel it." From his point of view, the most difficult part was to reconcile Paul Hollinger's romance with his background, which was what he called "Old Knickerbocker."

Hollinger had inherited his clubs and fraternities as he had inherited his town and country houses and his business connections. He seemed to be one of those enviable young men who, from the time they are born, have everything to make life pleasant. The Consul enumerated a New York house, various country estates, the fact that he was a well-known yachtsman, and that his horses took prizes at the horse shows.

The Consul described him as "a tall, good-looking, swanky chap." So far the course of Hollinger's life runs with extreme regularity.

"In the course of time he married, just the kind of girl you'd expect him to. When the break in his life came, he must have been thirty or over. He had a little boy of six or seven," the Consul said reflectively.

"With that kind of background and that kind of bringing up the whole thing looks different, you know. You can't explain it. What do you think was in his mind when he went down to Mexico? Do you suppose he was sick of his marriage and ready to chuck it? Or do you think it was, as it seems to me, the kind of Paolo and Francesca thing?" he asked.

Anyway, this is what happened. Paul Hollinger, the pattern of the well-born, properly educated young American of his generation, went down to Mexico. There he met Magdalena Gomez. Of course, the stories were that she was beautiful. The little picture that the Consul had of her showed her to be of a dazzling innocence. She was just out of the convent. You could well believe it. Her eyes seemed to have looked on nothing harsher than flowers, to have observed nothing more disturbing than

nuns, two by two, filing in to prayer. Eyes that looked on dreams. Long, quiet hours in convent gardens. Quiet, reflective hours to dream in. She could not have dreamed anything more fantastic than she had lived. The *Arabian Nights* was not included in her school-girl reading, most likely.

Hollinger and Magdalena fell in love at first sight and ran away. They took an English vessel bound for France. In Paris Magdalena got her trousseau, going from one great *couturière* to another. Of course, Mrs. Hollinger got a divorce, and the headlines in the papers might have been expected. There was a long story about Magdalena, though there was nothing in the world to tell about her except that she had just come out of a convent. The Consul had his own romantic explanation.

"They had come from the ends of the world and different civilizations and different cultures, they looked at each other and, as happens once in a century, they leaped over all the barriers. As far as one can know, these two people belonged to each other."

But, as he pointed out, there was nothing to lead up to the climax, neither the elopement nor the Parisian honeymoon. It was the incredible sequel that has remained forever a question mark. At this point in the story Paul Hollinger and Magdalena Gomez, the Roman Catholic Mexican girl, embraced the Mohammedan religion and went to live in Fez for the rest of their lives. What motive lay behind it? Was Hollinger perhaps so jealous that he couldn't bear that anyone else should look upon Magdalena? Was her sense of sin so heavy that she had to leave the world she knew? Was it merely a romantic gesture? Anyway, whatever the reason, there they lived cut off from the world for ten years.

The Moors didn't respect them much. Self-converted Christians do not interest them. Apparently the Moors considered them as crazy as Hollinger's relatives must have thought him. But

whatever the reason was, there they lived, playing out their extravagant romance, in this extraordinary seclusion.

What happened behind the blank wall of their house in Fez and out in their orange garden no one knows, no one can tell. The only witness was the monkey-faced slave woman. Did they not have their days when the world was flat and brackish and the bitter tide of monotony and disillusion rose higher than their hearts? Did they have their days in their tiled courtyard when they hated each other and when they desired passionately to be back in their other world? Their other world—it was as much another world to them as though they had actually died and looked back at it across the Styx.

Well, they lived there for ten years, the Consul told me, and then they decided to go on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

"And now," the Consul lamented, "Magdalena is dead, and so is Hollinger, while the first Mrs. Hollinger and the third are having a lawsuit."

I was to visit Hollinger's Turkish widow the next day. I stood waiting for the Consul, looking over the *suk*, a shifting pattern in cream and brown, splashed here and there with a brilliant note, orange, green, yellow. Far off I heard a beat of drums and a shrill whine of fifes. The roaring *suk* became still for a moment, and I waited as one might wait for disaster. Then the procession of the Assuaui—the company of Jesus—passed diagonally through the *suk*, cleaving the crowd whose recoil left a lane. Above the procession flew dark and menacing flags, and they were preceded by their terrible music—music that seemed to come from a country whose heart was bathed in darkness, and which left one in eternal distrust of human motives.

The pious company, lashing themselves with blood-dripping thongs, scourging themselves with chains, throwing iron balls in the air only to crack upon pates, dragged, fainting away, by friends—this procession, blood-flecked,

eyes glazed with religious fury, passed by. It was as if they announced the ultimate strangeness of this country, as though this bleeding, tortured, ecstatic procession were cleaving the surface of things down which one could look into the dark heart of mankind with horror.

Suddenly my mind went back to Magdalena and Hollinger with such vividness that it was as though they were beside me on the verandah gazing at the procession of their fellow-Mohammedans. The procession went streaming through the city gates. It fixed the unbridged distance between their culture and ours. The Crescent meant death to the Cross. Their way of thinking and feeling, their way of living meant death to our way of thinking and feeling. We meant death to each other literally. No wonder Moors thought that the Europeans had only one purpose in the "Far Western Land."

In their hearts they believe we have come to supplant their religion with ours. Morocco has stood still under an enchantment since the Moors left Spain. They sing songs of homesickness and longing for their homes in Granada. They believe that the Crusades are still surging to the Holy Sepulchre. In their minds the old wars are still being fought. As the Consul and I left the hotel, I could yet hear the solemn, awful beat of the drums.

"Curious kind of town to-day," he said, "after one of these religious festivals. A strange temper—hard to explain."

We walked through the milling *suk*, a servant ahead of us crying, "*Balak!*" and snubbing from our way donkeys, mules, tribesmen from the hills. We walked past the gardens of the German Embassy which faced the *suk*, through the city gate, and turned up toward the Kasba.

The Consul paused before a house, and his knock echoed down the silent street. The door opened a crack, and we walked into the courtyard, past a

man who recognized the Consul and escorted us in. Children appeared. The oldest cried out a melancholy "Oo-lu-lu" and immediately on all the flat, low housetops round about white-veiled women appeared.

"The Romans have come!" the child shrilled. "The Nazarenes are here!"

She sat, Fadma, the third Mrs. Hollinger, while the old negro woman squatted before her, cooing to her as though she were a baby. A pale little girl of fifteen or sixteen, looking far too young to have a baby. She looked like a lost child herself. She had married so strange and alien a thing as a passing American who was still mourning his dead wife. He had not been interested in her. What had she meant to him? Anything? Or had she always been as frightened as she was now, sitting silent, staring at who knows what, while the old woman crooned, "My little bird, my little white bird. Do not be frightened, my child, my flower."

Fear—that was it. She was frightened. She sat as if under an enchantment of fear. Of what? Birth or death or life? Maybe all three. Afraid of loneliness most of all, for it seemed that her painted mouth whispered all day the words, "I want to go home." She could not understand why she could not go back at once to Constantinople.

But she could not travel now. She could not travel until her child was born. So by an ironic fate she was now in Tangier contending with a woman she had never seen for a dead man's money—the American heirs putting out a hand across the Atlantic for it for his son's sake. Fadma, the third Mrs. Hollinger, understood nothing about it. The romantic young Consul was fighting to keep a little money for her.

These things were all I knew about this girl around whom this drama was being played. I knew her name and that she was the sister of a Turkish soldier who somehow or other had learned about the grief of the American whose wife had died on a pilgrimage to

Mecca. The old Moorish woman told me that it was Hollinger's Moorish "boy" who had cooked up the marriage for him. The old slave woman and the Moorish "boy" had both become frightened about Hollinger in Constantinople. He sat, it seemed, all night and day staring at the boxes that contained his wife's clothing. Sometimes he'd have the old woman take dresses out and he'd stare at them. They thought he was going crazy.

And here comes another inexplicable part of the story. In painted wooden Moorish boxes, Magdalena took with her to Mecca the trousseau she had had made by the famous Paris dressmakers ten years before. Apparently these clothes bought in the first days of their romance meant so much to both of them that Hollinger would not be parted from them nor would she. They were carried up by caravan from Fez to Tangier and then taken by devious ways of water and rail to Mecca. It is hard to fathom what lay behind their devotion to these clothes.

It takes a long time to make a pilgrimage from Tangier to Mecca. Usually thousands of people die on the way. It was on the way back that Magdalena died. That was in Constantinople.

"He couldn't live without her, you see," the Consul explained. "They were fused together. They were one creature. He wasn't the kind of man to commit suicide—but he might as well have done it. He was brooding himself to death when they persuaded him to marry the little Turkish girl. He scarcely seemed to be aware that she was alive. He frightened her. It must have been like being married to a shadow. Then he got homesick and wanted to come back to Morocco."

Hollinger was actually going back to Fez and taking with him all of Magdalena's trousseau done up in the wooden boxes in which they traveled all the way to Mecca and back. The contents of these boxes were causing the Consul trouble. They were part, of course, of

Fadma's inheritance, these phantasmal clothes. He asked me if I would not come to the Consulate next day and appraise them.

"Of course," he explained, "there isn't any value to clothes of this kind, but just put some price on them. It has to go down on the inventory."

Laid out on the wide tables of the Consulate were the dresses of Magdalena. All her earthly possessions which had been rolled and packed tightly in wooden boxes and had journeyed with her on the fatal pilgrimage to Mecca. One could not wonder that Hollinger would not part with them. Even to us who were strangers these clothes were living witness concerning Magdalena. Her tastes, her habits, her character, her very looks were conjured up before me.

She was slender and small and dark, a very exquisite woman. And this one could tell because these dresses were all on one scale of color, from pale rose to deep wine. Cloth, satin, silk, that ran up and down one scale of color only. There was no note of anything else except white. The dresses were in the mode of some ten years before. To-day they would be museum pieces, these dresses of thirty years ago.

How elaborately made! What trains, what stiffenings in the skirts! How boned and lined and cut the basques! What sleeves! Worth, Poiret, Redfern. There were evening clothes, reception dresses, tailored suits, tea gowns—a sackful for every possible occasion for a lady of fashion—a lady of fashion who bought these dresses to prepare for ten years of life in Fez as a devout Mohammedan woman.

What obscure want of her nature did they fill? Did she wear these clothes? one wondered. Did she put on her dinner dress and sit opposite Paul Hollinger? And when would she wear the deep wine-colored velvet opera wrap? Did she call the old slave woman of an evening to dress her up in her beautiful clothes? And whom did she receive in those elaborate reception dresses?

For what strange people did she pour tea? Or did she pour tea only for memories? And what bland and innocent memories they must have been. For her clothes proclaimed that this slender, dark little girl was innocent as dawn. This was attested by the naïveté of her personal linen.

She stooped to no frivolity. She'd bought not one of those fanciful things that froth in Paris windows. All her undergarments were of a convent pattern. Perhaps she'd made them herself in the convent. And there were quantities of them. Heavy linen unadorned, the linen of a good woman who covers herself thoroughly and to whom the use of frivolous underwear would be an impossibility. Was it longing or homesickness that had made her keep them so precious, or was it the memory of romance? For they were perfect, all of them. She had taken excellent care of the precious trousseau, so that even now the dresses were almost as fresh as when they had been purchased on that strange honeymoon ten years before.

Of all her life in Mexico, there remained nothing except the convent-made underwear and two fans. No adornment, no shawl, no hint or breath of the other existence before she met Hollinger. There were no Moorish clothes, no *caftan*, no slippers, no sign of Moorish costume of any kind, as though Magdalena had listened to the call to prayer dressed perfectly in the fashions of a decade ago. Perhaps in Fez time stood still.

I left the Consulate feeling that everything but the key of Magdalena's existence had been given me. It seemed incredible that I should have such intimacy with this woman, and yet know nothing else. As I looked at Magdalena's things the old slave woman sat squatting on the floor, and she seemed to sleep, but I was conscious that there was a gleam between her half-closed eyelids, and that she watched me.

Many weeks later I came back from a trip in Spain and sat at night on

the roof of Enrique's Hotel. The sky stretched immense and blue above us. The *suk* below stirred and muttered. The air was full of the distant, muffled beating of drums coming from who knows where. A donkey brayed in the *fondak* below, and other donkeys answered, one after another. I settled back, knowing that the enormous ancient East had closed in on me again. The Consul spoke in the darkness:

"You remember the little girl Fadma, Hollinger's widow? Well, his American heirs compromised. She has a nice sum of money. She's gone home. The baby died." I could imagine her, young, bewildered and afraid, at last going home not knowing why she had stayed in Tangier, or where her money had come from. She had been sucked into the heavy whirlpool of Hollinger's life and casually spewed out again.

"Now the old slave woman has no mistress," said the Consul in that tone of mild irritation in which he communicated the inexplicable details of life which pleased him most. "The strange part of it is that she comes here every day and squats outside the door for hours. She comes in the morning and goes away at noon. Later she comes back. The *Señorita Juila* often gives her food."

"Why do you think she does it?" I asked as I knew he wished me to.

"She is waiting," he said triumphantly. "She is sitting there waiting for someone who she knows will come back some day!"

I saw her sitting outside the hotel door, the patient resignation of the East in every fold of her garment, as though she was ready to wait for days, for weeks, for months, for a lifetime. She watched me go by. Her face, with which she could tell any story, was as impassive as a black image. Only she slid her eyes at me as though each one of the people who went into the hotel was a bead she told off and slipped on some endless string. There was no gleam of recognition on her face. Later, there

was a noise on my door. A bare whisper of fingers over wood. The old slave woman came into the room.

She put her finger to her lips and made one of her strange, comic faces which imposed caution and silence. I motioned to her to sit down. She sat looking at me fixedly as though mutely asking me something. Suddenly I knew that it was for myself that she had been waiting, and that she had been ready to wait for an unmeasured time, believing that I must come back.

At last, looking about her as though she expected some unforeseen person to appear, fearfully and with immense precaution she drew from the folds of her dress a crucifix and a rosary.

"They were my *Señorita's*," she said very low and in her guttural Spanish. She sat quite quietly while she waited for me to grasp what this implied, to comprehend the immense complication that this crucifix and rosary put in the life of Magdalena, whose lover and husband had shut her off in a Mohammedan world.

The silence grew around us and enveloped us, the old woman watching me profoundly, as though to sense if I had grasped the deep significance of what she had come to tell me. Then as though satisfied with the way I had received her confidence, she slipped down on the floor to her knees. She knelt upright in the attitude of nuns at prayer. I could hear her mutter, the beads slipping between her monkey fingers:

"*Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum.*" She said her Hail Marys at length, looking, in her long Moorish clothes, as though she belonged to some strange African Order.

"You are Christian?" I asked her. She slid her eyes around again, looking for possible eavesdroppers, before her mouth framed the words:

"*Sí, Señora.* Through my mistress I became Christian. It was a great comfort to her." She resumed her seat again, and slowly tears welled to her eyes. It was as though she were looking

back over long years of secret devotions. At last she spoke again:

"She died in the Faith. It was managed by God's mercy," here she crossed herself, "that my mistress received the Blessed Sacrament."

"Did her husband know this?" I asked. Again her look of intense and frightened secrecy. She shook her head.

"She kept it from him, always, always. She wanted to. It would have made him unhappy. She told me before she died that some day I should find a Christian woman to trust. She thought in case my master died that I should be happier with Spanish nuns where I could say prayers and masses for her soul." Then she framed the words so that I could barely hear them. "I have gold, very much. For masses for her soul!" Then she branched off into a story of impossible intricacy as to how Hollinger had been kept away while the priest had come.

"If the master had found out!" she said, and she rolled her eyes around. Suddenly I saw her life as it had been, dramatic, colorful, full of surprises and alarms, with each prayer a conspiracy. There was a ray of light over the clothes in the Consulate. I glimpsed the awful conflict between religion and love which had been Magdalena's daily bread.

These things the old woman had shed some light upon, but the center of the story, Hollinger, she left in impenetrable darkness. I asked again:

"He, your master, knew nothing, then?" The old woman shook her head vehemently.

"He was a good Mohammedan," she said. "If he had found out—" she rolled her eyes around, and I was left with my eternal question mark of Hollinger. I couldn't leave it at that. I had to get some ray of light projected into the mist which surrounded him. The Consul was the only person who might give such illumination. Again he and I sat late upon the upper roof. The *suk* was spread beneath us, and from it came an eternal murmur as

though of bees. Spurts of light flamed from the small campfires. Distinct, yet ghostly, the square white tower of a mosque looked serenely at heaven.

I knew that the *suk* would sleep and that the drums would finally be stilled. Then deep and sweet, a disembodied voice would cry from that tower, "*Allah il Allah!*" and the call to prayer would float over the sleeping *suk* and instantly awaken it to life and prayer. We were silent a long time after I had finished my story of Magdalena. The Consul spoke at last, diffidently, and looking out into the night's magnificence.

"You know," he said, "my answer for Hollinger is that somehow he became a part of this," and he made a comprehensive gesture. It included the minaret, the *suk*, the ceaseless vibration of the drums and the quiet, white town piled on the hillside beyond the walls.

"That can happen," he argued. "Once in a generation a man enters another culture. He goes then through a transformation. He changes his spiritual race. It is a frightful and difficult thing to do, but it has been done. In a generation there are a few isolated people who go through this species of death—of translation. All of us who stay here are forever looking over the wall of race—trying and trying to learn the secret of the East. We never penetrate it.

It eludes us—always. Take me. I've lived here for three years. I've immersed myself in this life and in speculation about it. I'm always trying to find the answer to even a word of its eternal riddle. I know the beauty, pride, and completeness of the East. I know its infinite subtleties and ambiguities. I have seen its cruelties. And always I have the sense of witnessing something which happened a long time ago. Always I feel that I am only catching glimpses of it through a half-open door.

"Did Hollinger walk through the door and find out what was going on on the other side? Did he find out the riddle at which I am always guessing? If he found it out he must have become one of them to do it. When he came here with Magdalena he did not wait more than a year before he joined the faith—joined it actually. How else could anyone become possessed of the answer to the riddle—what other possible explanation is there for Hollinger?" he asked me. "It must be the explanation. Now I know about Magdalena's religion I am sure it is."

But the anxiety of uncertainty was in his voice. Again we were silent, Hollinger a shadowy question mark between us—a riddle deep as the East concerning which we might forever speculate but forever speculate in vain.





THE AMERICAN TOURIST MAKES HISTORY

BY HIRAM MOTHERWELL

IT was, unquestionably, Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad* which inaugurated the historic phenomenon known as the "American tourist traffic." That book revealed to thousands of Americans the opportunity which Europe offered them to pose as superior to the effete Old World. How many small-town lawyers and commission men longed to gaze superciliously at a mummy and inquire of the guide, "Is—ah—is he—dead?" Tradition has it that the entire guild of ciceroni, especially in Italy, was prepared for years after the publication of that book to meet the dreaded question with a dagger thrust.

In the early 'seventies, when *Innocents Abroad* was at the full peak of its efficiency as a stimulus to foreign travel, American tourists to Europe, according to the computations of Messrs. Williams, Bullock, and Tucker, were annually spending some thirty million dollars. This sum must have accounted for 30,000 tourists, or fewer, for in those days the Grand Tour was really grand, and a thousand dollars was but a moderate expenditure for the vacation of a lifetime. But nearly sixty years later, in 1928, it was not 30,000, but 437,111 persons who (according to the records of the United States Department of Commerce) left these shores by ship for foreign parts. In addition there were 14,861 who went to Canada and Mexico by rail, besides the unnumbered occupants of 3,645,455 motor cars who entered Canada for a day or more. In all, these tourists (so the Government statisticians aver) spent \$818,606,000 abroad in the year 1928, of which sum

\$650,000,000 was spent outside the North American hemisphere.

This is really an astonishing state of affairs—the more so because the American tourist traffic has steadily increased in respect to numbers and expenditures since the War and shows to-day not the slightest sign of abating. The American tourist has become a dominant factor in the modern world. In detail he may be, as he is usually depicted, a comic figure, rich game for such a satirist as Miss Ruth Draper. He may (in detail) boast of having seen the entire Louvre in two hours and view the Colosseum with the remark, "Hell, we've got a bigger stadium than that in Chicago." But taken in the mass, these tourists do not make comedy; they make history. Judged merely by the annual sums of money transferred abroad, they are more important than all the famous American foreign investments taken together and four times as important as the war debts. And as a factor in international relations, both economic and cultural, they constitute nothing less than a major element in the growth of modern civilization.

II

There was a time, not many years ago, when many persons (prompted by the American railway and hotel associations, and stimulated by the "See America First" propaganda) honestly believed that foreign travel constituted a total loss to America. Foreign tourists, they argued, were taking out of the country millions of dollars of American money which might be spent here. But the

United States Department of Commerce, the most alert of watchdogs for American prosperity, did not take that view of the matter at all. In its calculations the American tourist traffic was not a "loss," but a positive salvation to the country.

For it solved the problem which chiefly worried the Department of Commerce: How shall the United States continue to receive the interest on her foreign investments without receiving goods to compete with American products? It was obvious that Americans wanted to be paid the interest on the money they had lent (some fifteen billion dollars); yet it was equally obvious that America did not want to lower its tariff to admit foreign goods. Well, then, how did America want to be paid?

It was the American tourist who gave the answer. America wanted, not Europe's motor cars, or perfumery, or cotton shirts, but Europe's scenery, vintage wines, and old masters. To secure such payment, Americans would go to Europe to fetch it. An American who had invested \$1,000 in the *Allgemeine Elektrizitäts Gesellschaft* could not, because of the tariff, receive payment in the form of a radio set manufactured by the said *Gesellschaft*, but he could go to Germany and take out his claim in the form of many bottles of good Moselle wine which the *Gesellschaft*, by the mysterious operations of finance, would pay for. He would "import" the money through his eyes and his mouth, and carry it back to America with him transmuted into pleasant memories of strange lands.

In the telling, this function of the American tourist may sound like romantic metaphor. But in the practice it is of crucial importance to the American balance of international payments.* In

* It should be pointed out that the proper interpretation of the American balance of international payments is a controversial subject. For the sake of simplicity in this essay I have been obliged to be somewhat arbitrary in my presentation of the data, particularly in balancing off one set of items against another and in quoting gross sums without regard to modifications and offsets. But while there are various ways of presenting these figures, they all come to the same thing in the end—that if it were not for the item of tourist expenditures America's economic relations with the outside world would be profoundly disturbed.

1928 the United States received satisfaction of interest payments from money loaned abroad to the amount of seven hundred and thirty-three million dollars. Did she receive this sum in the form of goods? Certainly not. On the contrary, she shipped abroad goods to the amount of eight hundred million dollars which were not paid for in current trade. Far from diminishing the debit of the outside world toward America, this export surplus increased it. For how did Americans receive payment for this eight hundred million dollars of excess exports? They didn't. They simply gave these goods to foreign countries on credit, increasing by so much their foreign investments. The credits derived from America's export surplus are, in the final reckoning, simply reinvested abroad, increasing by so much the debt of the outside world toward us and, by a relative amount, the annual interest due us. Far from liquidating the foreign obligations, the merchandise operations only increase them. And this is simply another way of saying that America's "favorable balance of trade" is financed by American foreign loans. America's excess of exports over imports is specifically made possible by the credits annually extended.

It is, to repeat, not through merchandise transactions that America receives interest payments on its foreign loans, both governmental and private, but through the tourist traffic. If there were no American tourists going abroad each year, the American nation would be obliged to receive interest payments in the form of foreign goods, shipped here to compete with American products. If, by some presidential fiat, all Americans were to-morrow forbidden to sail from American ports, the American tariff would have to be lowered within six months.

On the other hand, so long as the tourist traffic continues to expand, the American government is free to adhere to its policy of maintaining a high tariff and forcing the maximum of export

trade indefinitely. This policy, so precious to a nation whose national machinery is geared to super-production, has repeatedly been declared by economists to be inherently illogical and impossible to maintain over a period of years. For, they say, payments to the United States from abroad can be made, in the long run, only by means of goods shipped here in excess of goods which she exports—in other words, by means of an “unfavorable” trade balance based on a low tariff. The logic of the economists is unexceptionable except for the fact that they forget one item—the great American tourist. It is he, and he alone, who has enabled the Department of Commerce to say, “It is impossible to predict with any assurance that the United States will ever have an unfavorable balance of trade.”

For however great the foreign debt to America may become in the decades ahead of us (and it is increasing by more than half a billion dollars each year), however huge the annual sums of interest due, it is always possible for the American tourist to settle accounts. Other items in the American international balance are rather rigidly controlled—imports by the tariff, the export surplus by foreign loans. But the tourist traffic is free to soar as high as it likes. After all, why should American tourists number only half a million? Why not a million? Why not two million? Why should not trips to Europe become as common, and as widely distributed among social classes, as the ownership of motor cars? It is possible to take a very pleasant “Ford” trip to Europe for as little as four or five hundred dollars. European travel is no longer, as it was in Mark Twain’s day, a luxury requiring the outlay of thousands. Like other products of our machine civilization, it has found its way down to the middle strata, and not only the white-collar clerk, but also the skilled mechanic can see the Uffizi if he wants to. Foreign travel, as it becomes increasingly popular, is be-

coming increasingly democratized. It is surprising to learn from government reports that American tourists departing by steamship divide themselves almost equally among the four classes. Surprising, that is, not that the first-class passengers equal those of tourist third (for in the old days it was a disgrace to sail in other than first class), but that those of tourist third equal those of first. Since the War the stigma has been entirely removed from second, third, and steerage. The “tourist industry,” like the motor car and motion picture industries, has become a billion-dollar affair because it has begun to place its wares within reach of the masses. And it has been able to reach the masses because, as I have suggested, it responds to a genuine national need. It is, indeed, rather closely correlated to this need. One of the safest of predictions in that nebulous science which is called economics is that the American tourist traffic must steadily increase in order to take care of the ever-mounting interest charges due to the United States.

Of course the tourist is all unconscious that he is fulfilling any such lofty economic function. In his mind the only compulsion to travel is his desire for edification or recreation, plus a reassuring knowledge that he has some spare money in the bank. Yet he is, all unwittingly, following the line of economic least resistance. He is responding to a pull exerted by the advertisements of steamship companies, by the propaganda of foreign tourist bureaus, by the legend of European “personal liberty.” If, on the contrary, his desire were to stay at home and buy imported Paris perfumery or English woolen suits, he would be discouraged by the high tariff; there is a substantial economic obstacle to his receiving here satisfaction of the sum Europe owes him. But there is no economic obstacle placed in the way of foreign travel. In consequence he is free to spend money in Europe to just about the amount which Europe annually makes available to him

in interest charges—in other words, to just about the amount needed to fill America's economic vacuum. He is a helpless but happy puppet of the great forces of international trade and finance.

Yet the American "tourist traffic," in its broader sense, is not confined to the "tripper" who takes a month's vacation on the Riviera or devotes six weeks to studying the old masters. There are, according to Government figures, no fewer than 392,668 Americans permanently residing abroad. True, 235,000 of them are in neighboring Canada. But the figure of 70,000 in Europe is impressive enough. Picture 25,000 in France alone, half of them in Paris and thousands invading the tiny hilltop villages of the Maritime Alps. The Paris colony, if we include those persons settling down for a protracted visit, constitutes a "little America" comprising 25,000 souls (if Americans have souls, which many Frenchmen doubt).

Not less important is the returned immigrant—the peasant who helped build a subway or who set up a fruit shop and, by dint of saving, has become in the eyes of his neighbors back home a millionaire. His return is a historic event in the village. The certificate of deposit which represents his savings is a document resplendent above all in the local archives. He has become *Signore* or *Herrschaft* by virtue of his contact with that magical land, America. Where two or three of him are gathered together, there is the local aristocracy. And he too has wrought mightily to right the balance of American trade.

III

What, then, is the ulterior significance of this gigantic American invasion of the world, this experiment in the mass consumption of culture? Is it anything beyond half a million pleasant vacations and a rectification of the American trade balance?

It is common enough to laugh at the

"culture" which the American tourist acquires. Tourist stories can be depended on to entertain at dinner parties of the American colony. Parisian girl shows, a call on Mussolini, or a smattering of names of painters—such, it would seem, are the finest fruits of European travel in the tourist's eyes.

True enough. I myself have for eight years watched tourists come and go through the capitals of Europe, and have been duly appalled by their terrific tempo, their superficial relish of strange sights, their placid assumption that foreigners are to be classed somewhere among the lower animals. But these are usually tourists who have come for the first time, or at least for the first time since the War. The "repeater" (and the majority of American tourists become repeaters) gets an entirely different set of impressions. A man cannot be exposed repeatedly to an alien atmosphere without experiencing a subtle alteration in his mental chemistry.

The repeater tourist may return home with the same old conviction that America is the greatest country in the world (to which I, too, would subscribe), but at least he will know better the reasons why. In a brief motor trip he may have crossed half a dozen customs boundaries; he will recall that he could motor for two weeks in America without ever thinking of customs. He may be arrested in Italy (as a result of a quarrel with a guide) for "having spoken disrespectfully of the Duce"; he will discover that once arrested he has lost all civil rights, including the rights of counsel and of facing his accusers, and the presumption of innocence. He will then begin to appreciate the difference between Roman law and English law and the significance of habeas corpus. In short he will begin to *understand* his own country, instead of taking it for granted.

But he will also, though as through a glass darkly, begin to understand other peoples. He will learn with a shock that Italians regard Americans as children.

He will begin to analyze the indictment (the same which he himself had brought against the Italians) and question the eternal rightness of the American prejudices. He will discover that the spontaneous amiability of many European servants is only traditional politeness inherited down the centuries, and will speculate on the part which manners play in civilization. He will take violent sides with France against Germany, or with Germany against France, and will come upon the surprising fact, as yet generally unrevealed to Americans, that there are two sides to every quarrel. He will find that Europeans are unconcerned as to the identity and civil condition of the person with whom one establishes domicile, and will begin to inquire of himself what is the true basis of morals.

He will not, necessarily, adopt the European point of view—that is characteristic of the puppy stage of the tourist's growth—but he begins to divine that the world is complex and that the truth must be wrestled with. To learn that a certain tip to a European servant may be not a charity but a traditional right; or that a *mafista* murderer may be, according to his own ancient code of honor, not a criminal at all, is to learn that values exist in the world which are not dreamt of in the American philosophy. The moment Americans become inquiring rather than assertive America will be able to prepare itself for its destiny as a world power. The consciousness of ignorance is the beginning of wisdom.

IV

That such experiences will produce any immediate change in American civilization, I do not suppose. The ideas which one acquires in childhood and adolescence are precious and are rarely renounced. But history is long, and a new generation is growing up which is even too ready to cleave to the ideas which are the exact contrary of those cherished by its parents. The heaven of European travel is bound to work. America has changed

much in one generation and is bound to change more. The important fact about the change now imperceptibly taking place as a result of wholesale foreign travel is that it is in the direction of international understanding.

For the accepted ideas which Americans hold as to foreign countries do, in the long run, influence American foreign policy. It is true that "public opinion" has little control over the day-to-day operations of diplomacy. The foreign office is traditionally the aristocrat of the government services; its wisdom is superior to the prejudices of the common man, and it does its work "realistically" in conformity with the professional technic which it cherishes. Yet even the American State Department is limited and bound in its action by the prejudices of the public. The American government, under pressure from banking and big industrial interests, might possibly have been willing to cancel all the war debts and leave a clean slate for American foreign trade. But the widespread conviction that Europe was merely seeking to escape its just obligations like a dishonest debtor fixed definite limits to the Department's freedom of action in this respect. Again, the American government might be only too glad to adopt a liberal interpretation of Anglo-American naval parity, giving due consideration to the fact that American interests are for the most part geographically concentrated, whereas those of Great Britain are scattered over the entire globe. But the popular assumption that naval equality is purely mathematical obliges the American government to insist on a "yardstick" which means nothing in terms of real warfare, while it distracts attention from the real need of Anglo-American agreement concerning the manner in which the major affairs of the world should be administered.

Now if half a million, or a million, or two million Americans are annually exposed to Europe and European ideas, I believe that these negative prejudices

will be slowly dissolved and American policy freed to deal flexibly and acutely with each foreign problem as it arises. Indeed, some such change must come over public opinion if the United States is ever to be at liberty to play its new part in the new world. Already this nation has begun to exercise an imperial (although veiled) dominion over large portions of the earth, while Americans generally are still, in their mode of thinking, isolationists and small traders. It is no longer true that America can go its own way without regard to Europe and Asia. And it is no longer true that Americans can be unaware of Europe and Asia when they think about politics. There can, to my mind, be no doubt that the observation of foreign countries by millions of Americans is gradually creating here the international (or what the British might call the imperial) mentality.

The part which may be played in this work by American students abroad is difficult to estimate. For although thousands are "taking courses" in the *belles lettres* at the Sorbonne, the serious post-graduate workers, especially in the German universities, have fallen off in numbers since the War. This is the greatest of pities. I have always believed that the ability which enabled J. P. Morgan the elder to become America's foremost international banker was in large measure nurtured by the familiarity with Continental ideas and methods which he gained at Göttingen. And I know well what a German training did for one distinguished American, and through him for the entire world. It was Alanson B. Houghton's understanding of Germany and Germans, acquired during his post-graduate study there, that enabled him, as American ambassador to Berlin, to grasp the realities of the Reich's situation at a time when his analysis was regarded, officially and popularly, as heresy. But he finally prevailed. His recommendations to the State Department were largely instrumental in making possible the Dawes

Plan, which completely reversed the established method of dealing with Germany and literally rescued Europe from chaos. How many young Morgans and Houghtons may at this moment be studying in Europe no one can divine. But if there are any of unusual ability, some of them will surely find themselves one day in positions where their knowledge of other lands and other minds, gained in the formative years of their development, will enable them to exercise a crucial influence on world affairs.

V

The Romans who went to Greece two centuries before the birth of Christ to fight for the rights of small nations against the militaristic autocracy of Macedon brought home with them no acts of annexation and no indemnities. But they brought souvenirs—statues, paintings, manuscripts—which astonished all Rome. Soon it became fashionable among well-to-do Roman families to send their sons to make the Grand Tour of Greece. Roman generals and pro-consuls dispatched ever larger shiploads of Greek works of art to adorn the interior of Alban villas, and—still more important—thousands of teacher-slaves and artist-slaves to instruct the barbarians of the west in the ways of civilization. And what did Rome produce as a result of this magnificent schooling? Pathetically little. Accomplished writers not a few, but most of them skilled imitators or adapters of Greek classics; and only one, Virgil, who deeply influenced succeeding generations. In sculpture and painting nothing save in the field of realistic portraiture. In architecture, outside the utilitarian categories and an occasional resplendent dome, nothing save a debased standardization of Greek forms. And in the nurture of personality, that finest flower of civilization, what good did Greek culture do Rome? None. A few aristocrats were distinguished for their attainments. But the general level of political and

social culture rapidly sank. The Roman magistrate and civil servant, so highly praised by Polybius, grew corrupt; the responsible administrator became a jobber and grafter, and the man of leisure became a *débauché* and weakling. Rome sought on a gigantic scale to import culture, and succeeded in importing nothing but interior decoration.

It is impossible to resist the temptation to draw a parallel between imperial Rome and imperial America. America, efficient, practical, unimaginative like republican Rome, is gutting Europe of its artists, its objects of beauty, its very villas and palaces. With its armies of tourists it is seeking to acquire the entire culture of the older parent civilizations to the east. Will Americans, like the Romans, buy everything and learn nothing? Will they grasp at the flower of civilization only to see it wither in their hands?

The answer can be given only by the American tourist. If he learns from his visits to Europe that all men are different, that human individuality is

precious, that life is an art, he will, because he is multiplied a million-fold every year, slowly transform America into the most civilized nation the world has ever seen. He has his opportunity to contribute his answer to the question which is plaguing millions of Americans: how shall we use our money and our leisure?

It is absurd to suppose that any law of analogy has predestined America to go the way of Rome. An analogy may indicate a danger; it cannot dictate a future. The destiny of America is not in the hands of "historic law"; it is in the hands of Americans.

And the Roman analogy is itself tenuous. The differences between the two civilizations are far more striking than their similarities. And the decisive difference, I believe, is this: the Roman tourist went abroad with the mentality of a slave-master; the American tourist, with all his pathetic self-assertiveness, takes with him on the Grand Tour an instinctive reverence for the dignity of productive labor.





MANNERS

AMERICAN AND ENGLISH

BY MARY BORDEN

WHAT are good manners? Do they make the man or do they, as some who admire rough diamonds think, only make him less of a man? Sometimes one is half persuaded by the old people who remember wearing furbelows, feather boas, and bustles that manners have sadly deteriorated since their day; but I fancy that they have merely changed, and that the pattern of good manners is a simpler thing than it used to be, just as our frocks are simpler, and for the same reason.

There is a close connection between manners and clothes. You can't curtsy in a tight skirt. But the connection is not only with frocks. Manners must adapt themselves to the paraphernalia and tempo of life. There is no time nowadays for elaborate bows and the sweeping flourishes of top hats. If an admiring male tried on Fifth Avenue or Piccadilly the sort of greeting suitable to ladies in sedan chairs or in open carriages, he'd be run over or run in for holding up the traffic. The most he can do is wave a hand toward the hand that is waved to him. Hurry and noise fix the style of our behavior. Good style, good form, good manners, these are not good unless they fit their surroundings. And so the elaborate decorative standards of the leisured nineteenth century have been replaced by a simplicity, a severity, and a brevity befitting a hurried world of dust and crowds and snorting machines. Motors and aeroplanes, undergrounds, elevators, and telephones have designed our clothes for us and our

manners. And whether we like the new style or the old is of no consequence. We are helpless. We are not consulted. The great machine rushes on, whirling us up and down, sucking us in and blowing us out of the funnel of life, like some enormous vacuum cleaner; and the problem of decent, becoming, agreeable behavior becomes a problem more serious than that of the curve of a bow or the pattern of a greeting. Indeed, the question presents itself, will good manners survive at all in this frenzied modern world? Is it possible to remain serene in the hustle and lend to life by one's gestures, words, and expression of countenance something of the charm that depends upon gentleness?

Again, another question, and the young world of to-day seems to be asking it: do manners really matter any more? Is courtesy important? Elegance of demeanor, charm of gesture, grace of phrase, aren't these worn out hypocrisies, unsuitable and worthless relics of an elaborate insincerity that we are glad to be rid of? And the answer of youth seems to be, "No more nonsense of that sort. No more humbug." And the young women say, "We don't want chivalry; we want equality." And the young men say, "We've no time and no use for fine clothes, fine manners, fine phrases. If you want to be treated as men, so much the better. It'll save us time." And as most of what they say to one another is said on the telephone or to the accompaniment of a jazz band, what they do say and the way they

say it do not really seem to matter at all.

They understand one another, and that, presumably, is the main thing. They've evolved a sort of shorthand conversation, a telegraphic social style; a technic that, compared with the soft subtleties of the French salon and the French boudoir, resembles the rattling of typewriters and the syncopated beat of drums and cymbals. Young America laughs with derision at the foppish elegance of nineteenth-century France. Young America condemns affectation. It is in search of reality. It exalts sincerity, truth, naturalness. It is enamored of life, real life, life in the raw, life lived at the highest pitch of excitement. It is vigorous, greedy, gallant, ruthless, and militant. And in its pursuit of these things, inevitably, good manners are not considered as of very much value. The tendency is not to bother about them. And this is true of English youth too, to a certain extent. The young people of to-day are all social Bolsheviks of various shades of red. It is not a bad thing. I am one of the middle-aged who suspect that the young people of to-day are more interesting than we were at their age.

But all this deals merely with a superficial aspect of our topic, with what one may call the mannerisms of our period. The question of what constitutes good manners in the truest sense goes deeper. In the last analysis, the good or bad manners of a nation depend upon character, and are an evidence of the most secret hidden springs in that character.

I take it that the essence of good manners is the gift of putting people at their ease, not the chosen few people whom one likes, but all people. Yes, ease is the word that describes good manners. The great lady is at her ease with the gardener, the housemaid, the ragamuffin, the outcast, and she makes them all feel comfortable in her presence. And bad manners is the faculty of making everyone uncomfortable, whether by being abruptly rude, or overwhelmingly gushing, too cordial or

too lacking in cordiality, too contemptuous or too flattering. Too much of anything is bad manners. It destroys ease and makes people fidget. A manner that makes other people nervous is a bad manner, whether it be frankly unpleasant or too pleasant by far.

It is very dangerous to generalize, and in comparing the manners of English and Americans, I know that I am heading straight for trouble. Nevertheless, I believe that a certain kind of comparison is possible and is interesting. Quickly then, at once, to throw off without allowing oneself time to hesitate, a few of these dangerous generalizations. Americans have on the whole too much manner when they have good manners, and the English have too little. The courtesy of an American is apt to be excessive. He overdoes it when he wants to be nice. The Englishman very often so underdoes it that one doesn't know he is trying to be nice at all. It took me ten years to find this out, and I am only now beginning to appreciate the good intentions of some of my taciturn, awkward, glowering English acquaintances. But now that I've grown accustomed to their sort of understatement and am used to the mild mutterings of such friendliness, I find myself bewildered by the voluble cordiality of my own compatriots. They sometimes, I confess, make me feel quite jumpy, and sometimes I quite unfairly suspect their honesty.

In America it is the young ones that are rude, and the old people who are polite. In England it is the other way round. Young people and children are still severely sat on in England. They are brought up to show a decent indiscriminating respect for their elders. A man doesn't really begin to indulge his taste for being disagreeable until after he is thirty. Or, if one divides a nation in a different way, in France it is the common people and the middle classes who have the best manners; it is the great aristocrats who are insolent. In England the middle class has no special title to good manners because it lacks polish and

imagination and is essentially less artistic than the French bourgeoisie. Indeed, I think the French middle class the most cultivated, the best read, the most critical of almost any class of people in the world. America has not yet evolved fixed types or classes. Perhaps it never will, so that such a division has no point. Nor would it be to the point to talk of the American farmer as one of nature's gentlemen. When I say that the common people of France have the best manners, I don't mean in the least that they are nature's gentlemen; I mean that they have the exquisite polished manners of men of the world, and a way of expressing themselves that would put many an English squire or Wall Street magnate to shame.

In England people care less about good manners than good form. The two are not at all synonymous. Good form may, and often does, allow one to be very rude. Good form is a question of style, of the way one does the ordinary things of life, like dressing, eating, and walking. It involves taste and a rigid standard of taste. It is the stupid man's refuge, a kind of class egotism. Its temple is the smart club whose shining lights may be the most disagreeable, crotchety old bores on the face of the earth. The English people are in general too insensitive and too lacking in curiosity to have really good manners; for the lack of curiosity means lack of sympathy and a wide indifference to what others feel or think. Being very modest people or, what is the same thing, excessively proud but not vain, and with an intense positive dislike for showing off, their manners on the whole are better than one might expect; for, though they don't care a rap about pleasing, they don't care either about showing their displeasure, and so probably they show little or no sign of any kind. Indifference is their prime social quality; that it does not make for the gaiety of nations goes without saying. But everyone knows that the English are dull dogs among strangers. What

all of us don't realize is that their dullness is not blank stupidity, but is probably a decent veil drawn over an insufferable boredom or an intense contempt. Among themselves, the members of an English set are of course charming. Once they are your friends, no friends wear so well; but we are talking of manners, and I take it that the supreme test of good manners is your way of behavior in the presence of people whom you do not know well and do not love dearly. And—well—let us be frank, on such a test, the Englishman can be the rudest man in the world.

Why is he rude? What does his rudeness spring from? Shyness? Sometimes. But not always by any means. Very often it is the opposite of shyness, an intolerable sense of superiority. Sometimes a sudden instinct for cruelty does it. He wants savagely to see the other fellow wince. Often it is sheer callous indifference. I repeat again, the Englishman doesn't care what strangers think of him. He assumes that he is better than they are, and in any case he knows that he is self-sufficing. His blank classic stare means that he wouldn't care a rap if the whole of Europe and the Americas sank under the sea, so long as the British Isles and, incidentally, the British Dominions, survived the cataclysm.

England is a land that has produced amazing contrasts and types of extraordinary interest. The manner of the great English lady, if she is gifted with human kindness, is the perfection of gentleness and ease, of measured friendliness and suitability. She has been trained in a very thorough school. She knows how to handle crowds and individuals, how to receive royalty and beggars. She is equally at home in Buckingham Palace or a collier's cottage, and everywhere, being totally unself-conscious, she acts rightly, without effort, and makes everyone comfortable. There is no fuss where she is and no flurry. She is quiet, she makes few gestures, she doesn't talk much. She is

neither languid nor aggressive. She appears to be quite unaffected. Why, one wonders, is she so natural and so easy? How is it that she is able to adapt herself to so many people without apparent effort? The secret lies, I believe, very deep. Beneath her admirable training is a motive and a motive force that carry her unruffled and serene through a mass of social duties which would crush any other woman in the world. The truth is that she is behaving well from no desire to please, but from a sense of responsibility. She doesn't expect to get anything out of it all, and she doesn't expect appreciation. She is discharging a duty and doing her job, just as the cook, the head gardener, and the cowman are doing theirs, and she preserves through it all an admirable detachment. I mean by her sense of responsibility something very definite. The well-bred Englishwoman feels under a perfectly definite obligation to her village, with its villagers, her tenants, her servants and, if her position is a great one, to half the county with its hospitals and its schools, its political organizations, its girl guides, its boy scouts, its farmers, colliers, tradesmen, milkmen, parsons, bishops, publicans, and village idiots. All these are her intimates, and have in her eyes a claim on her; and in moving among them on easy terms of a very special intimate friendliness she knows that she is merely doing her duty, and so she doesn't lay herself out to charm, dazzle, or impose on anyone. She remains perfectly natural and, quite naturally, has the right sure touch with them all.

But take her out of her county and out of her set, put her down in a railway carriage, or a hotel, or a house in Palm Beach, behold her among people who have no claim on her, should they presume to lay any claim, presto! she may quite suddenly become, our great lady, a very rude woman indeed. For, remember, she doesn't care about people who are not in her own world, and her vanity, if she has vanity, is not of the kind that can be flattered by the attentions of

strangers. The main difference between her and her American sister is that she has no worlds to conquer. Her world is her own, and she is satisfied to rule it; and her instinct with a newcomer is always to draw back where an American will lean forward.

The American woman wants to please. She is naturally sociable. She craves stimulus, amusement, admiration, and distraction. She would find the life of our great English lady very dull, with its lonely winter evenings in the country. It would surprise her to learn how many evenings the Englishwoman spends alone, and how many days in the society of her tenants and villagers. She doesn't understand the contentment of such a woman, or suspect the truth that what the Englishwoman enjoys most is a solitary walk through the beechwoods with her dogs. The American woman, city bred, member of a society that is constantly in a state of flux, is restless, insecure and, if she is alone, ill at ease. It seems so very unnatural to be alone in such crowds. If she is left alone for an evening she feels something is wrong. And so she surrounds herself with people. Her life is an affair of gathering in and sifting out people. Popularity, that is her fetish. But to be popular, one must lay oneself out to please—and sometimes the effort shows.

It is this sense of effort, of a straining for effect, of exaggerated cordiality that strikes the Englishwoman as so strange in the American. Very probably the Englishwoman discounts unfairly the genuine good will and friendliness underneath. She doesn't understand anyone who really feels like making friends with everybody. She can't believe that the American woman is rushing about like this because she enjoys it. She merely thinks that she is an incomprehensible idiot so to waste her time. It doesn't occur to her when she goes from London to New York that all these hospitable people are genuinely worried about her having a good or bad time. Sympathy? Pity for a lonely stranger? A

charitable impulse to be kind to the passer-by? None of these things occurs to our Englishwoman or her husband when they visit America. They are amazed by the hospitality. And not understanding it, they don't of course appreciate it. The English can't understand American manners because they are themselves neither generous, extravagant, warm-hearted, nor impulsive. They are cool, cautious, reluctant people, shy and reserved, intolerant and incurious; and so American generosity and kindliness strike them very often as very odd indeed.

It is their loss. If any harm is done by such ebullitions of Yankee spirits, the harm is not to the slapdash, innocent, generous, kind-hearted souls who spend themselves being unnecessarily agreeable to the stranger within their gates.

I suppose the truth is that Americans are really more kindly and more sensitive and more vulnerable than English people, with the result that their manners are more unreliable. Social life in America is not smooth. It is jerky, turbulent, changeable. The social climate is an April climate. Clouds rush up, storms break, the skies clear again, all in the course of an evening party. As I have said elsewhere, one is reminded of children. Observe a children's party. The youngsters to begin with are on their best behavior, but presently they grow excited, boisterous, rows begin, tears are shed, and so on. Self-control, an iron self-discipline, an invincible quiet under provocation are not striking characteristics of the American. If he is annoyed he loses his temper. If he is amused he shouts with laughter. If she is jealous she shows it. Indeed, Americans almost always show their feelings too much for perfect manners. Good manners demand that one should ignore one's personal feelings and, if they are disagreeable, that one should hide them.

But this involves us in just what the American despises, hypocrisy. And so we find ourselves back again where we started. America does not, I believe,

set very much store by good manners. It suspects its own society leaders. It loathes snobbery and affectation. It becomes impatient, dressed up in its best clothes. It rebels against the multiple conventions of social life. Especially masculine America. Masculine America protests against the elaborate social technic of its women. It digs its toes in and talks through clenched teeth. It goes out of its way to be outspoken. Quite recently it has started a crusade against the foreigner and foreign ways. Nevertheless, were I a waif, a castaway, a stranger, I would rather knock on the door of a hundred per cent American than on any other door in the world, for I know that having no claim on him would be my greatest claim; having no letter of introduction my surest introduction; having no gift to give, my most certain assurance of a kind reception.

What it all comes to is that the American is a kinder and more sociably disposed being than an Englishman, and that he would seldom tread on anyone's toes deliberately. If you care more for genuine friendliness than you do for easy and accomplished technic, plump for the American, but if you prefer the artistry of social intercourse, don't; for the Englishman is a more finished artist in social matters; and the Frenchman, in spite of what our young Americans may say, is the most perfect artist of all. Like the Englishman he has been trained in a very careful school, but he adds to his knowledge as to how things should be done, a real delight in doing them. The Englishman or Englishwoman knows very well how to be agreeable, and for the most part doesn't bother to be so. The American wants to be, but very often doesn't quite know how it is done. The Frenchman both knows how to do it and delights in doing the graceful, pleasant thing. Perfect manners in the last analysis require a sociable heart, a quick, intuitive flair, and a knowledge of the ways of the world. The Englishman has the last, the American the first two, and the Frenchman all three.



THE FUTURE OF THE GREAT CITY

BY STUART CHASE

A DISTINGUISHED savant has perfected a mechanical contrivance which measures the intensity of noise. To my knowledge nobody has yet invented a device to register quantitatively likes and dislikes. During most of one's conscious hours spent in a great city—or anywhere else for that matter—one is so intent upon his job, his food, his sweetheart, or his transit connections that no reactions, in the sense of liking or disliking the impending environment, are registered at all. Here it is, world without end; nothing can be done about it; why bother to appraise it?

Suppose, however, we begin this inquiry into the future of the great city by halting for a moment the remorseless pursuit of the next sixty minutes, and deliberately allowing both the pleasurable and painful sensations of city living to filter through to consciousness.

Fifteen years ago I enjoyed residing in Boston—pleasure slightly outweighed pain. Ten years ago I enjoyed living in Washington, with a higher pleasure margin. In the interim I took up residence in Chicago and suffered a large debit balance. This was not due to human intercourse but only to the physical impact of the town. The people of Chicago are the pleasantest I have ever met. For the past decade I have lived in New York, with an adverse reaction only less than that experienced in the headquarters of the racketeers.

Coming into Manhattan, I begin to feel a strange uneasiness like a slight attack of seasickness; leaving it, I suddenly grow more cheerful. Why? I am

no confirmed bucolic; no city-hater in cheese-cloth and sandals. The thoughts which men generate in cities are as important to me as bread. For the past few weeks I have been noting specific impressions in an attempt to come to closer terms with this mysterious total feeling. The record is voluminous, running to hundreds of cases. Here is space for only a few of the more typical, together with certain generalizations into which many of the cases fall. You realize, of course, that we are here dealing more with the testimony of the five senses than with economics, or philosophy, or divination. You realize, too, that lacking a machine like that of Dr. Free, the intensity of the reaction cannot be given, only the bare fact.

Positive Reactions—pleasurable

The city from the East River at sunset

Brooklyn Bridge

Cube masses against blue sky

Corrugated ridges of step-backs—say at 34th Street

Fifth Avenue below 14th Street—where fine old houses and a ghost of dignity remain

The interior of the Graybar Building—many of the newer building interiors

Inside block gardens—say Mark Van Doren's

The view of the city from a high roof garden, particularly at night; towers indirectly illuminated

Bars of sunlight under the elevated railroad

The interior of the Grand Central Station

The Bronx River Parkway

Girls on Fifth Avenue above 42nd Street (one out of six is lovely)

Building excavations with a nuzzling steam shovel

The inside of power houses

Morningside Heights and Riverside Drive,
 looking across to the Palisades
 The American Wing in the Metropolitan
 Museum
 The new Hudson River Bridge
 Here and there a shop window with ex-
 traordinary modern decorations
 The oaths of taxicab drivers
 A Stadium concert on a summer night

Negative Reactions—painful

Jammed traffic
 Fire-engine sirens, motor-car horns, the
 cacophony of riveting, loud speakers,
 steamboat whistles (at night), most
 people's voices, the rasp of elevator
 doors, the roar of traffic in general, and
 that of the elevated in particular
 All trucks (probably because I saw a
 woman killed by one on Seventh
 Avenue)
 The insignificance of the sun and moon
 A feeling akin to being at the bottom of a
 well
 Central Park (it reminds me of a warmed-
 over meal)
 The lower East Side with its dreadful old-
 law tenements
 Park Avenue and its apartment houses like
 so many packing cases
 The expression on the faces of most people
 The smell of incompletely burned gasoline,
 of barber-shops, of Grand Street, of the
 garbage mountain with the locomotives
 on the top of it in Queens, of Chinatown,
 of the subway, of soda fountains
 Movie palaces—with one or two exceptions
 Delicatessen stores
 Signboards and car signs
 All travel by subway, tunnel or street car
 The noon-hour crowd in front of establish-
 ments manufacturing garments
 Suburbs—with a few exceptions
 The outside of power houses
 The gentlemen with no immediate purpose
 in life around Times Square
 The ripping open of streets—like a public
 operation
 Filling stations
 Trees—probably because I love trees
 Dust, dirt, and cinders
 Most restaurants, particularly cafeterias
 (In Paris the reaction is mainly pleasur-
 able. Why the difference?)
 The huddle of skyscrapers around the
 Grand Central—the big bullies
 City refuse on Long Beach—even on Fire
 Island, forty miles away

These lists give, I fear, a shattering insight into the shortcomings of the compiler's character, but they are at least honest. There is not a "wise-crack" in either category. These are the sorts of things which alternately elevate and depress that unique system of electrons which comprises my earthly temple. You, gentle reader, will disagree in detail, but will you disagree in general? Our electronic systems may diverge but all follow a basic pattern known as *homo sapiens*. What the lists say, in essence, is this:

There are more painful than pleasurable sensations in one's contact with a huge American city of the present day.

Pleasure is found in sudden glimpses, in certain lights on architectural masses, in occasional arresting and amusing adventures, in the arts which the great city has to display.

Pain is found in noise, dust, smell, crowding, the pressure of the clock, in negotiating traffic, in great stretches of bleak and dour ugliness, in looking always up instead of out, in a continually battering sense of human inferiority.

These mile-high walls are everything, man is nothing. In Boston and Washington the walls were negotiable; one could respect oneself. That was years ago. Now the traffic roars on Boylston Street and Pennsylvania Avenue as it does at Herald Square. Internal-combustion engines are not so dwarfing as mile-high walls but in such boiling steel masses they overawe the pedestrian, force him below the plane of human dignity. Why should we scamper like rats rather than walk like men?

II

Megalopolis is not a pleasant home for many of its citizens, awake or asleep. Even for those—and they may be the majority—whose pleasure quotient exceeds the pain, the gross volume of the latter, however unconscious, does much to retard a gracious and civilized life. Look at the faces in the street. The

machine has gathered us up and dumped us by the millions into these roaring canyons. Year by year more millions are harvested, the canyon shadows deepen, the roar grows louder. No man, no group of men, knows where this conglomeration of steel and glass and stone, with the most highly complicated nervous system ever heard of—a giant with a weak digestion—is headed. So, with an open field, I make bold to present three main alternatives:

First—Megalopolis can continue its present course of becoming increasingly congested, hectic, and biologically alien to an ordered human life; its vast transportation systems pumping us back and forth from "places where we would rather not live to places where we would rather not work"—until a saturation point is reached. This may take the form either of a sudden and disastrous technical breakdown or a less dramatic surfeit of citizens with their environment, resulting in steady emigration and an ultimate collapse of land values. In the case of New York, with its twenty billions on the assessors' rolls, such a collapse would rock the financial structure of the nation. A mechanical breakdown is not as probable for horizontal cities, such as Washington; but Clarence Stein, the distinguished architect, regards it as very probable for vertical cities such as New York.

Second—By virtue of an aroused public opinion or of a benevolent dictatorship—of which there are few signs to date—it is conceivable that in the case of those cities which had not entangled and enmeshed themselves beyond all human aid, drastic measures of co-ordination and preplanning might be introduced, fundamental enough really to adapt Megalopolis to civilized existence. We have the technical knowledge to do it, machines are always ready to help as well as to hinder; we have the engineering ability, and even for some areas the specific blueprints. But nobody has yet found a practical way to reckon with the land speculator and his

colossal pyramid of values, duly capitalized on congestion. As Mr. Lewis Mumford acutely points out, the trouble with American cities is not that they have not been planned, but that the plan—in the configuration of a gridiron—has had no other purpose than to provide the most advantageous method for selling and reselling real estate. Cities have been laid out for profitable speculation, not for human use, and in the defense of that plan the most powerful forces in the Republic have fought, now fight, and will fight so long as they can stand and see. It is for this cogent reason that no fundamentally constructive program can be anything more than "impractical." In such a city as Washington, laid out a century ago with an eye to living rather than to rent collecting, the chances of introducing the necessary adjustments are, of course, somewhat brighter than in Chicago or Philadelphia or New York.

Third—Whether we save our cities by functional planning or continue somehow to exist in their ever grimmer canyons, there is always the possibility that on some fine morning a swarm of bombing planes will appear above the skyscraper tops, laugh heartily at the impotent clamor of anti-aircraft guns and, by means of a few judicious tons of radium atomite, poison gases, and, shall we say, typhus-fever cultures, dropped at strategic points, put an end to our hopes or to our miseries, as the case may be, and that quite finally. In the next war it is the great city which is to come in for the most intensive extermination. Upon this point all military experts of any intelligence seem singularly unanimous.

I shall not examine this last alternative in any detail. It deserves mention and is now mentioned. Perhaps there will be no more wars. Perhaps by virtue of the League of Nations and Mr. Kellogg and Messrs. Hoover and MacDonald arm in arm, the institution of war now stands officially liquidated. Your smile answers mine. And as you smile

you accept unreservedly the probability of another major conflict. There is always the chance, of course, that it will not be your city which the enemy selects for scientific experimentation. But it will be some hefty member of *genus megalopolis*, and probably more than one.

Turning now to the more immediate enemy within. What are the chances of technical breakdown? Is a saturation point approaching? What is the evidence, beyond the likes and dislikes of one insignificant citizen, that Megalopolis provides physically and spiritually an alien home? First let us sketch briefly its nervous system.

Below its streets you will normally find:

1. Water mains—from six inches to six feet in diameter. If the latter burst, they "cause more havoc than dynamite"
2. Gas mains—spreading wholesale death if punctured
3. Steam mains—carrying heat from central plants to office buildings, and also temperamental
4. Sewers—some of them big enough to drive a truck through, and not particular where they end
5. Subways—140 miles of them in New York. In some places there are four tubes one below the other. They carry the equivalent of the total population of the United States every two weeks. The whole system is now being doubled at the cost of \$700,000,000. It will only make congestion worse. Blasting must be carried on close to four-foot water mains, while many men die from silica dust. ("Fifty-seven per cent of all rock drillers, blasters, and excavators examined were suffering from a probably fatal pulmonary disease resulting from the inhalation of rock dust")
6. Electric light and power cables
7. Telephone cables—up to 2400 wires on a single cable
8. Telegraph cables
9. Pneumatic mail tubes
10. Sidewalk vaults—always good hosts to sewer gas, as we shall see

Here are ten subterranean nerves—that is, theoretically subterranean. As

a matter of fact, it is a dull day on any block when gentlemen in goggles and dun-colored overalls, armed with prodigious flares and ripping mechanisms, are not hauling one or another of the arteries towards the surface, to pound and batter them unmercifully. In a hundred yards of street, I counted eleven separate assaults in a week. Four of them cost me a good many hours' sleep. But Dante would have enjoyed the midnight spectacle.

On and above the surface is another great series of nerves, equally important if less mysterious. It comprises:

1. Bridges and causeways which admit traffic, particularly foodstuffs, to the city
2. Trolley lines
3. Elevated railways
4. Railroad terminals and switch yards
5. Milk and ice supply, the truck delivery service generally
6. Traffic control
7. Fire-fighting apparatus
8. Ambulance, hospital, and burial services
9. Garbage and waste collection—an obstreperous nerve
10. Street cleaning and snow disposal
11. Building and safety inspection
12. Elevator service—without which hardly more than ten per cent of normal business could be carried on
13. Radio wave-length control. And soon
14. The maintenance of landing fields, and the control of transportation by air

There is hardly an item in either the subterranean or the surface systems which is not cardinal to the continued functioning of Megalopolis. If one prime nerve is cut for any length of time, the urban environment starts rapidly to disintegrate, leaving the wayfaring man—who has not the faintest notion of the technic which provisions him—as helpless as an airplane in a tail spin. For him the water supply runs no farther back than the faucet; the food supply than the delicatessen store. Furthermore, so interlocked is the whole structure that the failing of one nerve is almost sure to result in the rupture of others.

That these arteries are not functioning altogether smoothly some recent occurrences demonstrate. Last December a mile of London streets was suddenly ripped open by gas explosions—"thrown into the air like confetti." Many citizens were hurt, while the surrounding population was frightened as it had not been since the Zeppelin raids. The property damage was immense. The Surveyors Institution proceeded to investigate this and other mysterious gas explosions and has recently handed down its report. It finds that automobiles and trucks are now putting a strain on road surfaces and the terrain thereunder which they were never designed to meet. Pipes, conduits, and mains continually increase their diameters; the load from above grows heavier, and the vitally essential cushion of earth between the two grows scantier. Steel, like flesh and blood, is subject to fatigue. Iron and steel mains suffer an accelerating deterioration due to vibration and the sudden temperature changes which the scantier earth promotes. Proper inspection is utterly impossible under modern traffic conditions. Meanwhile the steady removal of trees and the open spaces of loose earth about them takes away the natural outlets through which gases may harmlessly escape. Increasingly, gases are compressed beneath a solid roof of stone, brick, and asphalt. "The closing of these outlets," says the Institution, "results in either the accumulation of gaseous mixtures in abandoned sewers and subsoil cavities, or gas may penetrate laterally into adjoining vaults and basements. Actual ignition may occur through the use of a naked light or from a spark produced by the short circuiting of an electric fitting." As the vault and its inhabitants take their skyward way, it is often difficult to determine which method of ignition furnished the inciting cause.

A great surgeon has given his life to mitigating human suffering. He established a clinic in the city of Cleveland. Suddenly he found himself working

desperately to save the lives not only of his patients but of his colleagues and hospital staff. For forty-eight uninterrupted hours he labored, but at the end more than a hundred persons were dead. An unknown gas had exploded in the X-ray film room, to kill every human being whose lungs it touched. Thus a place of healing had turned into a shambles—no man quite knowing why.

A few weeks later a coroner's jury of pathologists and chemists in Chicago were trying to determine how methyl chloride was liberated in artificial ice machines and why it had just killed fifteen people.

Among those who testified at the inquest was Dr. Robert Jacobson. He told the jury that he had attended the family of Mr. and Mrs. Irving Markowski of 4856 Milwaukee Avenue, when three young children became ill and died mysteriously. The physician said the same slight odor that was present in the Clark apartment was also in the Markowski home and that he had become convinced that all had died of methyl chloride. . . . Several representatives of the ice machine company also testified, and said that 1500 of their refrigerators were in use in Chicago.

Not long ago the Muggerberg Company of Hamburg, Germany, allowed phosgene gas to escape through its stacks at night. It formed a blanket over the city and, before it could be dissipated, eleven persons had been suffocated to death.

On one page of one newspaper we read the headlines:

Sixteen Killed and Seven Injured in Factory Blast.

One Burned to Death, Twenty-five Overcome in Gas Explosion.

Man Rescues Four in Ammonia Blast.

In New York, the ninth car of a subway express jumped the track at Times Square, crashed through a concrete wall and was cut in two. All safety devices were working, but the switchman's normal reflexes were momentarily in abeyance. This "man failure" cost 17

killed and 101 wounded. The situation in the tunnel at the rush hour was indescribable. Can we expect ever to eliminate man failure in the gigantic pressure of the rush hour? Cars with seats for 44, straps for 56, a total of 100, now carry 252 persons at the morning and evening peaks. The close-up as the last sardines are kicked and battered into their cans, strong-armed guards assisting, is likewise indescribable. Indeed, subways have been shrewdly designated by Mr. E. K. Lindley as "feedpipes for skyscrapers," constituting the perfect vicious circle. The higher the skyscrapers, the more subways are dug to fill them. The greater the subway capacity, the more skyscrapers are reared to absorb it. Thus the new Eighth Avenue line in New York produces automatically a new one hundred and ten story building on Eighth Avenue.

A short circuit in a power house at Fiftieth Street started a tiny fire, but a smoky one. Almost instantly all power left the Grand Central Station. Throughout the night no train could move in or out. In the tunnels powerful electric engines came helplessly to rest, and the frightened passengers climbed ladders through manholes to the street. The great haughty continental expresses stopped at the city limits. Suburbanites milled and jostled in the terminal, ultimately to decide that it was a long walk home, and to begin searching for a bed.

Two thousand truck drivers recently threatened to strike in one great city. Immediately the entire perishable food supply was imperiled. If they could have held their ranks, a mortgage on the City Hall would not have been too great a price to buy them off. Nor would two thousand have been necessary. An engineer once explained to me how one hundred key technicians in power houses, flood-gate stations, and signal towers could bring the entire life of Megalopolis to an abrupt conclusion. A tiny piece of carelessness in a Springfield generating station shut off all light and power from the city for many hours. Business was

brought to a standstill, traffic ceased, one factory alone lost 3,500 man hours.

An epidemic may secure a start in an hour's time from an unnoticed flow of polluted water into the municipal supply. It is physically impossible for chemists to analyze water continuously in order to determine how much chlorine is needed to purify it. And here at last is a ray of sunshine. A Swiss has invented an "automatic chemist," which keeps the chlorinating process on duty twenty-four hours in the day. It was exhibited recently but has yet to be adopted and installed by any American city. It induces speculation as to how many other vital services are in need of similar automatic controls.

III

So much for the factor of technological tenuousness. The nerves of Megalopolis are jumpy, and under the going custom of hit-and-miss nobody makes it his business to find out how jumpy, or to plan any rational system for lessening the pressure. The drift is toward an even worse confusion, and so, inevitably, toward the possibility of an ever more serious technical collapse.

Let us turn now to human nerves. The wayfaring man remains sublimely unaware of a chlorine deficiency in his water until an epidemic overwhelms him, but motor cars and their collateral smells and noises pursue him every moment of the day and night. In the first eight months of 1929, 821 persons were killed by automobiles in the streets of New York, against 666 during a similar period in 1928. Deaths in all American cities from this cause have increased nine per cent in the current year. In less than two years motor cars have killed as many people in the United States as there were American soldiers killed in the War and wounded seven times as many as there were soldiers wounded. One in three of the fatalities is a child under fifteen. City-driving speeds have doubled in twenty years.

As I go about American cities, and particularly as I drive about them in taxicabs, I notice how the margin of safety continually declines. Where I allow, let us say, a five-foot tolerance when driving myself, the taxicab chauffeur will cut it to two feet, one foot, aye, to nothing at all. Indeed, I have been forced to give up back-seat driving altogether. I cannot bear to forecast the probabilities of such narrow margins. At the present time motor traffic is operating on inches where it used to operate on yards. Probably the only thing which saves us from ten times the death toll is that when we are not cutting corners on one wheel, we are hopelessly stalled in a frozen traffic jam. Recently, on foot in New York, I started with a bus at Washington Square, and proceeded north along Fifth Avenue. At Fifty-ninth Street I halted and, taking out my watch, counted out fifteen minutes before that particular bus appeared. The trouble is that the nervous strain of waiting makes for an embittered recklessness when the lanes are opened up—and no better evidence of that strain can be found than in the insane tooting of every horn in the whole congealed mass. The Queensboro Bridge has been christened by a New York editor, *The Bridge of Nervous Breakdowns*. "Given a reasonable expectancy of life, steady nerves, infinite patience, and a Christian resignation to fate, a man will no doubt get from one end of it to the other. But how many of us can boast these qualities at 6 P.M.?" He calls for double-decking—which, when the news is abroad, would, one fears, simply mean doubling the nervous breakdowns.

The evening of Labor Day, 1929, was unbearably hot and sultry. It was—according to the sublime processes of the New York holiday custom—the evening selected by some three million people to return to town. Two million had spent the day at Coney Island (and there is one of Megalopolis' most incredible sights: lucky the man who can fight his

way into the water on such a day) or at Long Beach or Rockaway Beach or Atlantic City; the other million comprised the returning vacationists. Twenty-two persons were killed on the streets. Eighteen sections of extra trains arrived simultaneously at the Grand Central Station. The subways were choked beyond all endurance; trains ran ninety minutes late; buses, five hours late; the jam of the Holland Tunnel under the Hudson River was so prodigious that incoming motorists left their cars in every New Jersey gutter and fought for standing room on the ferries or in the tubes. Bumper to bumper, the steel files ran thirty, forty miles into the country over the Albany Post Road, the Boston Post Road, the Merrick Road, the Jericho Turnpike; with bed long after sun-up for those at the remoter ends of the file. Thus Megalopolis enjoys its holiday.

Citizen A: "Are you going to the country for the week-end?"

Citizen B: "How could I get back?"

It would be a great mistake to suppose that such conditions are found only in New York. Manhattan is a sublime exhibit, but one to which every other American city aspires with the utmost enthusiasm. Look at the skyscrapers shooting out of the Texas plain—congestion deliberately created amid unending square miles of open space. I sometimes wonder if the erection of lofty buildings does not often transcend the economic basis altogether. How many are built for the sheer satisfaction of registering the highest altitude yet reached; how many to expand the ego of the promoter?

British scientists predict the coming of the deaf age owing to metropolitan noises and, justly enough, select New Yorkers as the first who are to lose their hearing. Herald Square, according to Doctor Free's instrument, is fifty-five sensation units above quiet. To talk to a person in front of Macy's one must shout as loudly as to a person more than half deaf. Ordinary street noises pro-

duce a result comparable to that of one-third deafness, with certain locations doubling this rate. A badly serviced truck will make five times as much clamor as one of the same make in good repair. But where is space for the repair shops? Typists require nineteen per cent more energy to work in a noisy room than in a quiet one. Twenty per cent of all office workers' energy is wasted combating sound. The Wright Whirlwind motor and the New York subway both register seventy-five units on Doctor Free's machine, five units higher than a riveting machine in full cry.

The Health Commissioner of New York tells us that people are taking to drugs and sedatives to make them sleep. In the laboratories of Colgate University white rats, continuously exposed to normal city sounds, grow less, eat less, are less active and playful than their brothers exposed only to quiet. School children, it has been found, are very seriously handicapped in their work by street noises. To make matters worse, it has been determined that short skirts increase the racket. Legs bounce the sounds back, where millions of yards of textiles on city streets used to absorb a measurable fraction! Professor Spooner of Oxford, overwhelmed by such facts, calls despairingly upon the League of Nations to attack the problem. "Never," he says, "has civilization been confronted with such a malignant plague."

Not to be outdone by Doctor Free, Mr. Howard C. Murphy, a heating and ventilating engineer, has invented a machine for measuring dust, and so deluged us with another shower of gloomy statistics. The dirtiest city in America is St. Louis, fighting its way through 17,600 dust particles per cubic foot—with Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and Detroit, in that order, following close behind. New York for once loses its crown, having only 9,700 particles per cubic foot; but this is about four times as much as in country air. Winter death rates in cities have now passed summer death rates "due to one

outstanding factor—smoke, dust and contaminated air." Meanwhile, though the sun may occasionally shine, all health-giving ultra-violet rays are completely excluded by the dome of dust and smoke which forever hangs above the skyscraper tops.

In brief, Megalopolis, for all its gaudy show, its towering architecture, its many refinements and cloistered comforts, is not physically fit for ordinary people to live in. And as the noise, dust, accident, explosion, and traffic congestion figures show, it grows continually worse. The technological limits of the machine have been repeatedly outraged until now the tangle of vital nerves is so complicated and involved that it is safe to say no one understands them or realizes in the faintest measure the probability and extent of some major lesion.

This, the first of the three alternatives submitted earlier, is my favorite for the future of great cities. They will drift blindly into breakdown. The final collapse may be very sudden and very terrible, due, let us say, to unendurable pressures of underground gases. Or, and more probably, Megalopolis will become so alien to normal living that even Jews, with two thousand years of urban adaptation in their inheritance, will leave it. Nor will the irate citizen return until guaranteed space in which to breathe, move, and function adequately. This will demolish the whole structure of land values, and in the end demand the complete rearrangement of metropolitan anatomy.

IV

Can we reverse the process, and rearrange before the breakdown? Logically we can, psychologically we probably shall not. No one in his senses would advocate that Megalopolis should abandon its mechanical arteries, and go back to the London of Doctor Johnson. But it is difficult to see why anyone in his senses should not demand that tech-

nological tenuousness be adequately appraised and squarely met. If we are to live in mechanical cities—and that is the path we have chosen—we ought to respect the mechanism. If the structure of real estate values—the subway-skyscraper complex, for instance—insists on choking the mechanism, then we ought either to abolish the structure and run the city on sound engineering principles or abolish the city as a complicated mechanical phenomenon altogether. Nor can the choice be indefinitely delayed.

If we want a city to use and enjoy we must give up great sections of the real estate racket. It must be planned for function, its nervous channels protected with space, open areas, “balanced loads,” adequate and incessant supervision. Dynamite as a clearing agent must be freely employed, a whole new orientation of work areas, play areas, home areas, established. If the landlord refuses to budge, then dynamite the landlord—by vigorous condemnation proceedings if you prefer. Technically the thing is complicated, but certainly negotiable. One can nominate a dozen engineers and architects who, given a free hand, could make even New York genuinely habitable and reasonably safe within a decade—and at a cost not so much greater than that of the new subway program. Dynamite is relatively cheap.

But the job would have to be done with the same high-handedness and vigor which characterized the War Industries Board when, overriding a

thousand encrusted traditions and petty rights, it put the nation on a war footing. A perfectly ruthless civic will must operate. Tear down a square mile here, a square mile there. Obliterate this reeking slum. Double the width of this street; abandon and build on that one. Construct great causeways to by-pass through traffic. A year in Sing Sing for any loud speaker audible after ten o'clock. No private motor cars at certain hours below Fifty-ninth Street, New York, and only 15,000 taxicabs. Two years in Atlanta for an unserviced truck making five times the noise it should. Fifty thousand trees to be set out immediately. Sidewalk cafés to be widely encouraged. Half of all subways to be permanently sealed, with a two-day festival and free beer. Three years in the Andaman Islands for a reeking chimney. Garbage to be completely carbonized and by-producted. Four years on Nova Zembla for polluting river or harbor waters with oil refuse. Forty per cent of all industry to move outside the city limits to designated areas. (Suburbanites can thus commute *outward* as well as inward to their work.) The death penalty for all the officers and employees of companies caught broadcasting advertising matter from airplanes (as recently recommended by a hospital doctor in a letter to the *World*). And so on.

You are smiling again. But I am not. When I think of the city fit for the high gods to live in which modern engineering might build . . . when I think of what Megalopolis might be . . .



ESCAPE DE LUXE

A MEMORY OF 1918

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

EVERY man has his pleasant memories. At least, I hope he has, and enough of them to draw upon indefinitely when in a reminiscent mood. I count myself particularly fortunate in one of this sort; or rather, it is a series of related memories all having to do with the Great War. In the autumn of 1918, with three companions, I made what might, perhaps, be called an escape from a German prison camp—an escape de luxe. Then, upon reaching Paris—however, let me proceed more methodically.

In Germany, in the province of Bavaria, there is a town called Landshut, situated on the banks of the river Isar. It is an ancient town, dating back to feudal times, and I have heard it said that during the Thirty Years' War Gustavus Adolphus refrained from destroying it for the reason that he was unwilling to make a blot of desolation on so green and peaceful a landscape. I can well believe this. One might travel many a day's journey without finding a pastoral country more beautiful or a town better suited for the habitation of quiet, home-loving people.

Back of the town, on a hill that rises some hundreds of feet above it, is an old castle called the Schloss Trausnitz, belonging at one time to the dukes of Lower Bavaria. During the Great War a part of it was used as a prison camp for aviators, and here it was that I found myself one midsummer afternoon in the year 1918. I say "found myself" with reason, for, although I had then been

an unwilling guest in Germany for some time, I was still dazed as a result of the sudden change from the eventful life of aerial warfare to the dreamy monotonous existence in a prison camp. How I came to be there is a story in itself, but not pertinent to this one. It is enough to say that I had set out one fine May morning with two companions—each of us flying a small single-seater combat plane—from an aerodrome near Toul, for the purpose of pursuing some hostile aircraft. We closed with them in the vicinity of Pont-à-Mousson and, to make the story as brief as was the event itself, almost before I could have said the Lord's Prayer, I was pulled out of what had once been a pursuit plane, not far from the village of Pagny-sur-Moselle, in Germany as it then was. Time was needed to accustom myself to the abrupt change in fortunes, diet, and habits of life. For some weeks I lay in a ward of a German war hospital, gazing at the fly-specked ceiling. When I was again able to walk I did what I was told and went where I was told, in a kind of waking dream, more than half believing that I should presently return to full consciousness and find Antoni, our squadron orderly, shaking me by the shoulder to waken me for an early morning patrol.

By degrees this sense of unreality wore off, giving place at length to an almost painful awareness of present circumstances. Not that the circumstances in themselves were particularly unpleasant. On the contrary, we were

well housed, decently fed and, on the whole, treated more generously than we had reason to expect as prisoners of war. Being officers, we were not required to work and had nothing to do from day's end to day's end except to answer to our names at an occasional roll call. But the monotony of the existence was hard to endure, accustomed as we had been to daily adventures of the most stirring kind. There were seven peals of bells (or was it eight?) in the town of Lands-hut, and every quarter of an hour they rang from as many church towers, reminding us with ruthless persistency that once winged hours were now leaden-footed and pedestrian. The last of the bells to sound was that in St. Martin's Kirke, and after its final, deliberate, sonorous clang, the sound lingered indefinitely in the air as though it were audible time reluctant to be gone. Those days were longer than the longest days of childhood.

Nevertheless, time passed, and we occupied our abundant leisure as best we could. We talked of old combats that seemed to have happened centuries ago, in the course of a previous existence. Or we lay in our grass-grown recreation yard, looking up longingly at the blue sky, finding it hard to believe that we had ever wandered through those pathless meadows, to say nothing of having fought battles there. For, in those days, the conquest of the air was a dream only just realized, and the wonder and strangeness of it still dazzled men's minds and appealed to imaginations not yet accustomed to a fact so new in the world's history. Only ten years before, the Wright brothers had made in France their first sustained flights of a few moments' duration, and at the beginning of the Great War no one, unless it was H. G. Wells, dreamed that within three years' time the skies would be all but darkened by planes fighting aerial battles there.

Ours was a typical crowd of airmen prisoners: day bombers, night bombers, reconnaissance and artillery-réglage pi-

lots, combat pilots, or *pilotes de chasse* as the French called them—we represented all branches of the Air Service of various Allied nations and we bore on our persons and uniforms evidence of the mischances that had brought us tumbling out of the air and had swept us to that sleepy old town, far beyond the tumult and clamor of war. Some of the men were on crutches, some hobbled slowly about with canes, some had been horribly burned about the hands and face, others bore the livid scars of just healed bullet wounds. We had youth in common, memorable adventures in common and, despite our various nationalities, we spoke the common language of all soldiers who knew by experience the realities of modern warfare. Furthermore, we had met a common fate, or, more truthfully perhaps, an uncommon one, for we were still alive. Above all, we joined in being heartily bored with the tediousness of existence within a walled, carefully guarded enclosure.

As time went on the roll calls became more frequent, and they were even held at unexpected hours during the night; for various attempts at escape had been made, and in some of them small parties had succeeded in gaining their freedom, temporarily at least. At last those of us who remained—although we had not lost hope—were so rigorously watched that any further break seemed foredoomed to failure. Whereupon ennui became boredom, or boredom ennui, whichever term is the more expressive for this disease in its aggravated form.

One morning toward the end of the summer we were lounging in the recreation yard, "enjoying" our condition in gloomy silence, when the bell at the main gate jangled loudly. The sergeant of the guard answered the summons, and who should come in but Herr Pastor, who was always an acceptable visitor with us. He was the German inspector for all the prison camps in Bavaria, and it was his office to listen to complaints and to perform such services for us as lay within his power.

He greeted us in his affable, somewhat ironic manner, and sat down for a few moments' chat.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "you all look rather moody this morning. What is the matter? Have they cut down your bread ration? Or have they forgotten to put vegetables in the soup?"

"They take away our shoes now at evening roll call," a lieutenant replied, with the air of one stating a melancholy fact rather than a complaint. Herr Pastor threw out his hands in a "what would you?" gesture.

"You *will* insist on trying to leave us," he said, "and we don't want to lose you. Your commandant thinks you will be less eager to go if you know that you must walk to Switzerland in your stocking feet. And *I* think he is right."

The Swiss border was two hundred miles distant from Landshut. We had to admit that this was a legitimate as well as an excellent tactical move on the part of the commandant.

"What's the news at the front, Herr Pastor?"

"News? Gentlemen, I don't want to discourage you, so ask me not for news. I will admit this, however, if it is any comfort to you: Paris is not yet in our hands."

"How much longer do you think the War will last?"

"Not more than two years at the outside, and probably not later than the autumn of 1919."

"You don't mean that! Another year, or perhaps two, of this life? The last one of us will be dead on your hands, of boredom, before Christmas."

"Nonsense! Why not look on the bright side of things? You ought to be jolly glad that you're here rather than at the front. The air battles of the past two months have been on an unprecedented scale, enormous formations engaging one another, and planes falling like autumn leaves."

"Have we still the mastery of the air?"

"Still? My dear fellow, don't be

facetious. The Allies are doing what they can, of course, and I grant that your men have courage. But so have ours, and our new Fokkers are vastly superior to anything you have in the air. But I must be going. I'm taking the midday train for Munich. Any commissions for me there?"

"Yes," one man said; "could you by any chance get us some English books?"

Now a curious thing was that theretofore we had scarcely, if at all, thought of books. Some of us had been in hospitals recovering from wounds or burns or broken bones; others had been shifted from prison camp to prison camp, enjoying a sort of personally conducted Cook's tour of Germany; and with our wartime experiences and our plans for escape to think and talk about, we had not felt the need of other distraction. But now the monotony of prison life had begun to bite deeply, and we all seemed to become book-hungry at the same moment. We joined in urging Herr Pastor to save us from dying of boredom by providing us with something to read.

The result was that a few days later we received from Munich a packing-case filled with books, nearly two hundred, chiefly the paper-bound volumes in the Tauchnitz editions of British and American authors, published at Leipzig. The selection was a catholic one to say the least: Bernard Shaw, Marie Corelli, Carlyle, Mrs. Oliphant, H. G. Wells, F. Marion Crawford, Emerson's *Essays*, Hall Caine—one man's meat and another man's poison all jumbled higgledy-piggledy in one box. I remember how eagerly we pawed them over and then, in order that every man might have a fair chance at the books he most wanted, a librarian was appointed to loan them out singly and for a period of not longer than one week.

I chanced to be the librarian and set to work at once, sorting them over and arranging them in piles on a barrack-room table. Upon reaching the bottom of the packing-case I found a dozen or

more second-hand books in cloth or leather bindings. I picked up one of them, a beautifully made octavo edition of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* that looked as though it had been knocking about the world from reader to reader for a century or two.

To say that I was pleased is to state the case mildly. I knew that I had found a sovereign remedy for prison-camp ennui. In fact, it began to work its magic at once, and I was surprised when the door suddenly opened and a chorus of voices exclaimed at once:

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"Look at our librarian, you chaps!"

"Hey! This isn't what we appointed you for!"

"Where's the book catalogue you were supposed to be making out?"

"He's been sitting here reading all the morning!"

This last is an overstatement of the case, but it is true that an hour had passed and in a flash of time. I resumed my duties at once and, being an honest librarian, I placed *The Canterbury Tales* among the others on the table when the time came to draw books. One man picked up the volume and turned the leaves idly. "Good old Chaucer!" he said. That was an anxious moment, but to my relief he chose one of Arnold Bennett's novels instead. And I may as well say now that *The Canterbury Tales* fell to my lot every week. No one else cared to read it. Some men, I suppose, were repelled by the quaint English, not knowing how easy it is to get the hang of it, once a few pages have been read. One lieutenant to whom I tentatively suggested it said, "Hell, no! I had all the Chaucer I wanted at school." He must have had some Dry-As-Dust as an instructor in Old English, who placed all the emphasis on obsolete words and spelling and the unfamiliar grammatical inflections. I remember with gratitude the man—he is dead now—who introduced half a dozen youngsters, myself among them, to *The Canterbury Tales*. In an hour's time he

had taught us how to read them, and within three days he had made enthusiastic Chaucerians of every one of us. Thereafter he led us on a tour of the world of the fourteenth century where we read Chaucer by the way. We spent a delightful winter there.

But since those days, with the whole field of English literature to roam in, I had never reread the *Tales*, and I came back to them now with fresh delight. There are twenty-five of them in all and, in order to make the perusal last as long as possible, I resolved to read but one per week.

I will pass quickly over the events of the next two months. They were of no great interest: the customary roll calls, day and night, the arrival of mealtime, the somewhat boisterous business of hurling our shoes into the hallway before we were locked in at dusk, and the like. In addition, some further attempts to escape had been frustrated and the usual punishment inflicted upon those implicated—from two to four weeks' solitary confinement in the civil prison at Lands-hut. Meanwhile, the days were "drawing in," and the crisp autumn air was hazy with the smoke of burning leaves. In early October a new batch of airmen prisoners was brought in, and we learned from them that great events were happening at the front. We listened with amazement and delight to tales of aerial combats over towns and villages that, since the beginning of the War, had been many miles within the enemy lines. However, we were not too hopeful. The Germans had made retreats before, notably on the Somme, in order to shorten their lines of defense; and if worst came to the worst for them and they were forced back to the Rhine, they would undoubtedly make a stand there, we thought, in all but impregnable positions, and bring the Allied advance to a halt. The most optimistic of us believed that the War would go through the winter and the following summer.

It was, I believe, the last week in October that orders were received at our

camp for the removal of nearly all our number to the prison camp at Villingen, in the Black Forest country. The detachment left the same day, and when it had gone there were only four of us left at Landshut: Lieutenants Robert Browning, of Minneapolis, Charles Codman, of Boston, Henry Lewis, of Philadelphia, and myself—all pilots of the U. S. Air Service. We were lonely at first, but we soon became accustomed to the emptiness and silence of the prison yard; and for my own part, I found it very pleasant to sit basking in the wan autumn sunshine, reading *The Canterbury Tales*, looking up now and then at the moss-grown walls of the castle, whose stones had been put in place when Chaucer himself was walking the earth. Furthermore, it gave us a sense of importance to see all those guards pacing their high platforms with rifles over their shoulders, as though we were four unusually desperate men who required a deal of watching.

On the morning of the eighth of November—a raw, windy day—we had returned indoors after roll call. We were lodged in an ancient two-story stone building detached from the castle itself, which must have been the quarters for lackeys in feudal times. Lieutenant Browning was busy at the stove, cooking a savory stew of tinned beef, peas, and carrots, from food sent us through Switzerland by the Prisoners' Relief Committee of the American Red Cross. (How welcome those Red Cross supplies were to us, and how generously they were sent! In fact, we prisoners, once our weekly parcels from Berne began to arrive, lived as well, and better in some respects, than the Germans themselves, who lacked many things we were supplied with, such as soap, tobacco, tea and coffee, sugar, and the like. In view of this fact it was all the more surprising to me that so many of our parcels reached us intact. Nine out of ten of them—to make a conservative estimate—made the long journey from Switzerland, often by roundabout routes,

without having been tampered with on the way, which speaks well for German honesty.) But to continue, Browning, as I have said, was preparing breakfast for the four of us, and Codman was lying on his bunk, reading. Lewis was sewing a patch on the seat of his only pair of breeches, worn thin by long contact with prison-camp benches, and I was sitting by the window, still following Geoffrey Chaucer on the pilgrimage to Canterbury.

Looking out of the window for a moment, I saw the guard being relieved, and with a lack of ceremony that surprised me. Usually the old guard marched out with their rifles sloped at the same precise angle and their hob-nailed boots crunching the gravel as one pair; and the new guard marched to their places in the same brisk, disciplined fashion. But on this morning there was a slipshod helter-skelternness about the affair that drew my attention at once. I turned to Codman. "Come here a minute, will you, Codman?" I said. "See how they're changing the guard this morning." He came to the window, his book in hand, and as he did so we saw one soldier throw his infantryman's cap on the ground and stamp on it. Another followed his example. I could not have been more surprised if I had seen the prison gate standing open with no one to guard it.

Codman, who is nothing if not self-possessed, whatever the occasion, turned to me with a faint smile, blinking his eyes rapidly.

"I've just had a curious hallucination," he said. "I thought I saw those men throw their caps on the ground and kick them about."

By this time *Ober-Leutnant* Rheinstrom, the second-in-command at Landshut, had appeared, and stood with his back toward us, talking earnestly to the soldiers who had not yet taken their places along the walls. They listened with an air of reluctant, sullen attention. The Lieutenant's back was eloquent of persuasion, not command—a fact suffi-

ciently startling in itself. Meanwhile we had called Browning and Lewis to the window, and Browning, ruffling the waist-length beard he had sworn not to cut until he was again a free man, exclaimed, "By God, companions in misery! There's something rotten in Denmark!" There was, no doubt of it. We could not hear what was being said in the yard, but we saw Lieutenant Rheinstrom turn and look in our direction. He again addressed the men, or rather he seemed to be pleading with them, and a moment later they went with evident reluctance to their places.

I read no more in *The Canterbury Tales* that day or the next or the next. What had happened, as we later learned, was the revolution in Bavaria. The old regime in Germany was "tottering to its fall," as the journalists would say, and the air was charged with the electricity of the breaking storm. We felt it even in our confined and isolated position. Our commandant was grave and preoccupied, and Herr Capp, our usually jovial and carefree *Feldwebel*, looked as though he had seen a ghost in broad day. He had, in fact, seen a considerable number of dead men, for he had just returned from Munich where machine-gun fighting was taking place in the streets. We four prisoners, too restless and excited to sit still, walked round and round the path we had worn through the turf of the prison yard, wondering, conjecturing, keenly watching for new portents that would give us some inkling of the events we felt were impending.

Then we received another visit from Herr Pastor, and the moment I saw him I was conscious of a shock of disappointment, for he was not in the least excited and greeted us in his customary urbane, bantering manner.

"Well, gentlemen, I hope you are enjoying your solitude these fine autumn days?"

"Herr Pastor, what has happened?" Browning asked.

"Happened? What makes you think

that anything has happened? Do you mean here in the camp?"

"No, no! What is taking place outside—at the front?"

The inspector took his pipe from his pocket and stuffed it in leisurely fashion with *ersatz* tobacco. We offered him some real tobacco from our Red Cross supplies, but he refused, saying that he had become so accustomed to smoking hay that he now preferred it to the best of the old pre-war mixtures. He lighted the pipe and let the smoke curl lazily from his nostrils. At last he said, "Yes, Browning, you are right. Something has happened. I am sure you'll all be sorry to learn of it, but the fact is the War is over. An armistice was signed at eleven o'clock this morning."

"What!" we all shouted at once.

But, no; to be quite accurate, for a moment we merely gaped at him. Lieutenant Codman was the first to recover.

"And so you've come to bid us farewell, Herr Pastor," he said in a gentle, deprecatory voice. "You've been more than decent to us, and in some ways we have really enjoyed our stay here. Well, good-by. Shall we go out at the main gate or the little one on the other side?"

"Herr Pastor, you're not joking, are you?" Lewis asked.

"If there's any joke about it, it's on us, not you," he replied. "No, the War is finished."

"Then let's get ready at once!" Browning exclaimed. "Oh, sweet land of liberty! Think of it! In an hour's time we shall be on our way to Paris!"

The inspector smiled faintly.

"Now, Browning, don't be in too great a hurry. I said that an armistice had been signed, not that there is to be an immediate release of prisoners. It may be several months before you see Paris again."

Then, in truth, we did all speak at once. We argued, pleaded, begged, cajoled. What was the sense in confining longer four inoffensive airmen,

thus tying up the services of so many guards who might be used to better purpose elsewhere? Granted that no arrangements had been made for the release of prisoners, it could do no harm to let us go. All that we asked was that a gate should be left inadvertently open; we would evaporate through that gate and make the best of our own way to the Swiss border or across the old trench lines to France. We would be his everlasting debtors if, etc., etc.

Herr Pastor walked up and down the prison yard for a moment, puffing vigorously at his pipe, as though he meant to lay a smoke screen for us at once, so that we might escape unnoticed. But this, alas, was not his intention. He came back to where we were waiting and stopped. "No," he said, "it's out of the question. You must be patient and wait until you can be released in the regular manner." But we refused to take his no. We returned to the attack again and again and at last wormed out of him a promise that he would at least "think it over." He was to remain in Landshut that night, and when he left the camp he promised us further that he would let us know his decision the following day.

That night we talked until the small hours and then lay in our bunks, staring into the darkness, thinking of many things, and trying vainly to realize that the War was at last over. After a long silence we heard Codman say, "What rotten luck!"

"What's on your mind, Codman?" I asked.

"I was thinking of those poor devils who died of the flu," he replied.

The week before we had been sent, under escort, to attend the funeral of some French infantrymen who occupied another prison camp in the vicinity of Landshut. The influenza epidemic was then ravaging Germany as it was other countries, and it had taken a heavy toll in this infantry camp. Several of the dead men had been prisoners since the autumn of 1914, and to be snuffed out

just before the Armistice was indeed wretched luck.

"Lord!" said Lewis. "I hope that none of us come down with the flu at this last moment!"

"Now, Henry, no forebodings," said Codman. "Remember, to-morrow we shall be on our way to Paris."

II

And so we were. Toward noon the following morning Herr Pastor appeared. "You may go," he said, "I think it will be best for you to make for the Swiss border, by way of Munich, Lindau, and Lake Constance. Once you reach Switzerland, of course, you will have no further trouble. I have wired to a friend of mine, an artillery officer, at Lindau. He will meet you at the station there, so be on the lookout for a well-set-up man of thirty-five, with ruddy cheeks, blue eyes, and a small blond mustache. He wears a captain's uniform."

"And we can go *now*?" I asked hesitatingly.

"And do you mean that we are to go by *train*?" Browning added.

"You don't want to walk to Switzerland, do you?" said the inspector. "There is a train for Munich at twelve-thirty. You will have to stop the night there and leave for Lindau in the morning. If you succeed in getting through you will be at Romanshorn, in Switzerland, before dark to-morrow evening. Remember, this is an escape."

"Theoretically," I said.

"No, actually. I have no right to let you go and am doing so on my own authority. We have made no convention with the Allies as yet for the exchange or release of prisoners. Your commandant here is strongly opposed to what I am doing, so whatever happens, don't be so foolish as to be recaptured on the way. You might make it very awkward for me. Be circumspect and very self-effacing during this journey. With the revolution on in Bavaria you should

be able to get through if you have your wits about you. Everything is topsy-turvy just now."

We rushed off at once to get ready. We had little baggage, of course, and were in full marching order within three minutes. I paused briefly before our prison-camp library.

"How about taking some books along?" I suggested.

"Oh, to hell with books!" said Browning.

"Leave them for *Feldwebel* Capp; he's fond of English literature. I wish him joy of Mrs. Oliphant's novels," said Codman.

Nevertheless, I was not willing to part with *The Canterbury Tales*, so I slipped the volume into the pocket of my tunic.

Herr Pastor was waiting for us outside. We wrung his hand warmly. Then the ponderous iron-studded gate swung slowly open, and we marched down the hill.

The moment we were outside the castle walls the air felt purer and much more invigorating. We wanted to skip, goatlike, from rock to rock, down the steep hill, and restrained ourselves with difficulty. I remember little of the appearance of the streets through which we passed on the way to the station except that they were, fortunately, almost empty, it being the noon hour; and my only clear recollection of events by the way is of seeing a shaggy-haired youth in wooden-soled shoes, stooping to pick up a very short cigarette butt, still smoldering, that someone had dropped in the gutter. Although it seemed an hour, we had only ten minutes to wait for our train. We climbed into a second-class compartment that had two occupants, a nun in an enormous starched headdress, and a vigorous-looking old man with a snow-white beard. We took our places very quietly opposite them. Browning's beard quivered with excitement; Lewis bowed his head in a prayerful attitude; Codman glanced coolly through a time-table Herr Pastor had given us, as though he had

just seated himself in a train at the South Station, in Boston, for a tedious daylight journey to New York. We clattered through the suburbs and a moment later were in open country.

We were, of course, in our American army uniforms, with the pilots' insignia of the Air Service on our tunics. The old man opposite us put his chin on the top of a gold-headed cane and scrutinized us item by item with a severe air. I caught his eye several times and immediately looked at the ceiling, to admire the decorations. Once he cleared his throat and I thought he was about to speak. If so, fortunately he thought better of it and gazed out of the window as though he had put us out of mind. I wondered what he was thinking of. He was a man of nearly eighty, I should say. What changes he had seen in those years! And now, in the late evening of his life he was witnessing a last stupendous change in the life of his country and of the world at large whose outcome he could not hope to see. The nun read her breviary, her lips moving silently.

The station at Munich was crowded with people, both civilians and soldiers. Along one wall a company of infantry stood by their stacked arms. A military policeman passed us, but he was evidently going somewhere in a hurry and didn't see us. We had no papers of any sort, of course, and had we been questioned we should have been hard put to it to explain our presence there. Several people looked curiously at us; but as Herr Pastor had said, everything was topsy-turvy in Bavaria, and we pressed on, unnoticed for the most part, in the crowd making for one of the station exits.

Our plan was to get out of sight as quickly as possible. If we loitered about the streets the chances were that we should be taken up; for men in the uniform of any of the Allied nations were not then to be seen in Germany outside of the prison camps. Therefore, eager though we were to see what was happening in Munich, we decided to be discreet.

We spied a hotel not far from the station and, as we had to take a chance somewhere, we agreed to take one there. We walked boldly through the lobby and up to the desk. I think it was to Codman's knowledge of German that we trusted. He asked for a room large enough to accommodate the four of us. The man behind the desk looked at us in a bewildered manner and said, "*Bitte schön?*" Codman repeated the request and added that we should like lunch served in our room. This he did in the coolest possible manner, as though it were a customary thing for men in the American Army uniform to be wandering about in Germany. The desk man glanced around the lobby, as though seeking some hint from the other people seated there as to what his line of action should be; but they were all gazing at us in evident astonishment and gave him no clue. So, after a good deal of hesitation, he said, "*Ja wohl, Hauptmann, nur ein Augenblick,*" or something of the sort. We were then ushered up to our room, where presently we tucked into a hearty meal, with excellent Munich beer to wash it down.

We spent an uneasy afternoon and evening, expecting at any moment to hear a knock at the door and to find ourselves in the presence of the military police. But we might have spared ourselves the anxiety; nor did we have the slightest trouble, the following morning, in boarding the train for Lindau. The time was "with child," so to speak, with great events; and in the midst of them, small events and small fry could pass unnoticed so long as they did not attract undue attention to themselves.

What a delightful journey that was among the wooded hills of Swabia! We were alone in our compartment most of the way and too happy to talk much. I brought forth my *Canterbury Tales*—for I now considered the volume mine; but much as I love Chaucer, I found it impossible to give him my undivided attention then. So I merely turned through the pages, examining the

marked passages scattered throughout. It was an old copy, published in London nearly a century ago, and had evidently passed through many hands before coming into my own. There was a bookplate pasted in the cover, bearing a coat of arms and the name Roger Spurgeon printed at the bottom. There was also an inscription on the flyleaf: "To Phillip Sharpe, from his Uncle Richard. Bon Voyage: Portsmouth, June 10th, 1843," and on the same page, in a very neat hand, the name of yet another owner, "Lieutenant John Powell, 2nd battalion, K.O.S.B.," an abbreviation, doubtless, for the name of a famous British infantry regiment, the King's Own Scottish Borderers.

I wondered about these former owners of the volume—who they were, and under what circumstances they had read it. Lieutenant Powell, I imagined, must have been the last reader before myself. Perhaps he too had been taken prisoner or perhaps, more likely, he had been found dead back of the German lines in some great battle or hard-fought trench raid, whereupon the book had eventually found its way to a second-hand shop in Munich. It would have been interesting to know what its fortunes were from the day of its publication.

We reached Lindau late in the afternoon and waited on the platform while the other passengers were leaving the station. Then we were spied by an officer in captain's uniform. He approached us rapidly, made an abrupt halt, bowed slightly, and said, in English, "You wish to go to Switzerland, Messieurs? In that case, perhaps I can be of service to you. Will you follow me, please?"

All this seemed very odd. After our long imprisonment, and our many frustrated plots for escape, it was hard to realize that we were to be actually escorted out of Germany by an officer in the uniform of our erstwhile enemies. "If this is a dream, let me sleep on!" Browning said to me under his breath. "Look! Lake Constance! Oh, noble

sight!" We could see open water glimmering at the end of a street, and beyond, glowing softly in the light of the westerling sun, the snowclad summits of the Alps. The artillery captain stopped at some distance from the quay and waited for us to catch up with him.

"There is your steamer, gentlemen," he said, "but I can't promise that you will be allowed to cross in her. However, try it. Walk aboard, and if you are turned back, there is still another possibility. You can go by land around the end of the lake. That might be a risky proceeding, but if you have to attempt it I will do what I can to help you. Of course, if you are arrested here—well, in that case I'm afraid there is nothing more to be done. You will understand that I can hardly be your advocate."

We thanked him warmly, went on to the landing, past two customs officers who regarded us more than suspiciously. However, we were not stopped, and we made ourselves scarce at once, retiring to the most retired corner of the little saloon. A few moments later, with an exultant toot—at least it seemed exultant to me—the little boat backed away from the quay and turned toward Switzerland. Looking out of a port, I saw our friendly officer going back into the town. I hope that fortune has granted him whatever his dearest wishes may have been. We came on deck just as the steamer was passing between two stone lions of heroic size, on either side of the harbor entrance, and that is the last I have seen of Germany to this day.

III

Three days later we were in Paris, and I confess that my recollection of the events of the next twenty-four hours are hazy indeed. Somehow, Browning, Codman, and Lewis mysteriously disappeared, and while searching for them at Henry's, the Chatham, Maurice's, and other favorite rendez-vous for airmen in Paris, I met two old flying comrades who I thought were dead, and who could

hardly be convinced that I was not a ghost. Meetings of this sort were then taking place daily in Paris, and when old friends rise from the dead, so to speak, realizing at the same time that their prospects for living for some years to come are vastly brighter than they have been for many months—well, they may be pardoned perhaps for celebrating such happy occasions.

I remember, vaguely, sitting in a crowded, brilliantly lighted restaurant with my two friends and a British squadron commander with three rows of decorations on his tunic, who had appeared from nowhere. I also remember, much later that night, sitting with this same Englishman on a bench under a street lamp somewhere in Paris, but I am very hazy as to the precise locality. By that time my friends had vanished, and the Englishman and I were having a delightful chat about Chaucer and *The Canterbury Tales*. He loved them too, and now, with my book in his hand, he was reading aloud from "The Miller's Tale," strongly accentuating the rhythmic flow of the lines:

*This dronken miller spak ful sone ageyn,
And seyde, 'lev-e brother os-e-wold,
Who hath no wyf he is no cok-e-wold,
But I sey nat therfore that thou art oon.*

To hear an English aviator, soused, plastered, pie-eyed (so was I) reading Chaucer in Paris at two A.M. is an experience to be remembered. The shade of Chaucer himself, had it been present at that moment, would, I believe, have smiled indulgently. And indeed, those who speak so disparagingly of "the demon Alcohol," must be those who have unwisely spent most of their lives in his service, or men who have never learned from experience what a delightful demon he can be when treated as he would like to be treated, not as a bosom friend but only as an occasional companion. The next morning, before the milk was distributed in Paris, I bade him and the British flying captain a casual good-by; and although I have at

times met the former since that day, my fellow Chaucerian has, I fear, vanished forever. I don't even remember his name.

I had not yet reported to the headquarters of the U. S. Air Service, on the Avenue Montaigne, for reassignment to duty, and I resolved to have one more day of perfect freedom before doing so. I strolled idly about the streets, flooded with mellow November sunshine, looking at the German cannon ranked along the Champs Élysées and around the Place de la Concorde. Those monsters, fantastically camouflaged, were silent and harmless now. Children slid down their long barrels or perched on the muzzles, rolling pebbles down their cavernous throats, and their elders looked on with a happy wondering expression on their faces. One saw happy faces everywhere, for in that period between the signing of the Armistice and the coming of the statesmen—or should I say, politicians?—with their staffs of experts, economic, ethnographic, geographic, time itself seemed to be standing still as though to give mankind a dateless period for remembrance, reflection, and preparation for the new world to come. One would have said that word had been received and spread abroad that the three-headed dragon of injustice, hatred, revenge, which had preyed upon men and nations since the dawn of history, was to be driven into outer darkness forever, and that a new world based upon reason, justice, and tolerance was really at hand. Then came the gathering of the vultures at Versailles, and what happened there we know.

Meanwhile I was wondering how I could best bring my own career as a soldier and airman to a fitting and memorable close. I had learned that my old squadron had been moved into Germany with the Army of Occupation. I didn't want to rejoin it. There would be too many new faces among the pilots, and I had had enough of Germany for the present. Furthermore, it would be

anti-climactic, to say the least, to resume flying now that the War was over. Then, unaccountably, came a splendid idea. I am at a loss to account for the wisdom I displayed; perhaps my good angel plucked me by the sleeve and whispered to my inner consciousness that here was an opportunity not to be lost, for it would never come again. However that may be, the idea was this: I resolved, if possible, to have a last flight over the old front and then to say goodbye forever to the Air Service.

As luck would have it, when I reported at Aviation Headquarters I was assigned to duty there, in connection with the gathering of some historical data for the Service. This suited my plan precisely; and one day shortly afterward, mustering up all the persuasive arguments I could think of, I invaded the sanctuary of General Patrick at a moment when I knew that he was alone. He looked up quickly as I entered.

"Yes? What is it?" he said, brusquely but not unpleasantly.

"General Patrick," I began, "I have a rather unusual request to make." I then went on, eagerly and hastily, to tell him who I was, what my present duty, and to formulate my request. He heard me through, tapping the table with the rubber end of a pencil, and when I had finished he was silent for a moment. Then he said, "Why do you wish to make this flight?"

"Solely for my own pleasure, if it may be called pleasure," I replied. "It will satisfy a need I can scarcely define if I can fly over the old front once more, and for the last time."

"How long would you expect to be gone?"

"Four or five days. A week at the most unless I should be held up by bad weather."

He reached for a pad, wrote something on it, and pushed it toward me across the table. "Good luck," he said. "Don't get yourself killed now that the War is over."

The paper was an order on the Operations Officer at the American aviation depot at Orly to provide me with a plane for "a special mission."

General Patrick has since retired from active service. No doubt he forgot this incident the moment I had left his office, but I shall always remember with deep gratitude that I owe to his kindness one of the most memorable experiences of my life.

Christmas passed and I was still waiting for favorable weather, for I wanted to make this journey under the best possible conditions. At last I decided to go, no matter what the weather, for I was daily in fear of receiving orders to return to the United States. So, on a cold January morning, with a high cloud ceiling through which the sun shone wanly, I took the bus for Orly. I had become a familiar sight to the Operations Officer there, having gone to the depot on earlier occasions, only to be turned back because of the weather.

"Same old luck," he said when he saw me. "It will be snowing before the afternoon."

"It doesn't matter," I replied. "I'm going to chance it. I'll land somewhere on the way if it gets too thick."

I went with a lieutenant, a test pilot, to the Spad hangars. They were filled with hundreds of planes fresh from the factories.

"Take your pick," he said. "We've got 'em to burn now." But I let him do the choosing, for he had tried out most of them. He chose a 180 h.p. Spad that looked thoroughly dependable, and five minutes later the Orly aerodrome was far away behind and below me.

What a glorious sensation it was to be flying again, after six months in a prison camp! I am grateful for the fact that I never became used to flying in the sense of being wearied with it. Every time I left the earth I felt exhilarated, lifted up in spirit as well as in body; but it was rather as though I had left my body behind and all the slowness and heaviness of corporeal existence.

I followed the Marne past Meaux, Château Thierry, Épernay, and at Châlons turned northward until I came within the inconceivable desolation of the old front. During the autumn and winter of 1917 my former squadron, the Escadrille Lafayette, had been stationed at various aerodromes along the Champagne front, and our sector for patrol had been from Rheims to the Argonne Forest. As I passed over the forlorn little village of Souain—how many times I had seen it from the air!—I was conscious of a quickening of the pulses, and instinctively I began to search the air, overhead, behind, beneath, for the presence of hostile planes, and I listened for the first rending roar of enemy anti-aircraft shells, a sound that had greeted us in former days as soon as we had crossed the lines. It was all but impossible to realize that one could now fly anywhere, in perfect safety.

I knew in advance that this would be a lonely experience; I had wanted it to be so, but I had no conception of how unutterably lonely it would be. The Allied armies were being rapidly demobilized, and those left in France had been moved either on into Germany or well back from the war-devastated areas to places where the men might have decent billets. There was no one, or almost no one, left in the old front-line areas. As for the air, it was as though men had never flown before. The sound of no motor save my own broke the profound stillness of that gray winter day.

I flew along just under the cloud ceiling, my mind filled with melancholy thoughts, and after passing over what had once been the village of Sommepey, I turned westward to make a circle over Rheims. Then I turned eastward again, following the old trench lines toward the Argonne. In the winter of 1917 an exceptionally fine German anti-aircraft battery had been stationed not far from Rheims, in the vicinity of St. Hilaire-le-Petit. Even on a clear day, when we were flying at five thousand

meters, this battery would bracket us so closely that our planes would be rocked crazily by the concussions, and often we came home at the end of a patrol with the fabric of wings or fuselage torn by pieces of shell casing. On a day of high clouds, when our Spads were clearly outlined beneath them, this battery gave us more than enough to think about, no matter how we might change direction from moment to moment. No other on the sector could be compared with it for marksmanship. My former feeling of uneasiness returned as I flew over that area.

At Dontrier, midway along the sector, I crossed the precise spot—if one may speak of a spot in space—where I had once seen a French three-seater reconnaissance plane burst into flame. After spinning this way and that for a thousand feet, its wings had crumpled and it had fallen vertically to earth. I had been close by at the time and had seen one gunner still firing his guns as the plane was falling; then he dropped them and, with his flying combination all afire, climbed out of his cockpit and leaped off. It seemed strange that the air over those battlefields should not have been scarred as they were, giving evidence of the events that had taken place there.

Presently I found a small patch of blue sky and climbed through into clear sunlight beyond view of the earth. For a time I gave myself up to the pure joy

of flying, watching the tiny shadow of my Spad leaping from summit to summit of the cloudbank below. There was no danger of ambush now, no need to scrutinize those peaks of curling, shifting vapor for the presence of enemies. I flew through narrow canyons, watching the changing lights and shadows along their moving walls; and the lonely beauty of that upper world made me forget time and place until my engine began to sputter and misfire. I then remembered that I had been flying for a long time and that my supply of gasoline must be about exhausted. I turned the valve of the small auxiliary gravity tank and flew southward at once to seek some lodging for the night.

And now courtesy demands that I take leave of anyone who has been kind enough and persevering enough to follow me to the end of this long-winded tale. Perhaps, in fairness to myself, I should say that long as it is, I have by no means reached the end of it. However, I must show some compassion for the reader.

I still have that copy of *The Canterbury Tales*. Some day I shall have to part with it and go, however reluctantly, to join the company of Messrs. Spurgeon and Sharpe and Lieutenant Powell, and all former owners of the volume. I wonder what its further adventures will be?



FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF A NEW M.P.

BY MARY AGNES HAMILTON

I HAD not been back in London two days after the results of the General Election had been declared, and had hardly lost the first thrill of my own success in the second, and bigger one—the possibility of a second Labor Government—when I met an old House of Commons hand, a man who had spent twenty years of his life at Westminster. “So, you’re in,” he said, regarding me with a smile. “Had a good fight?”

“Glorious!” (It was useless to try to pretend.) “Though I do feel rather overwhelmed by the responsibility. All those people believing one can do so much, believing in one so implicitly.”

He shook his head, pityingly. “Well, you’ll soon be disillusioned. And so will they. You’ll find it’s not at all what you expect.”

This I had heard before. It is, apparently, what all old M.P.s tell all young ones.

“How do you know what I expect?” I tried to parry him. But he merely shrugged his shoulders.

“Oh, whatever it is . . .”

I passed some of my colleagues in newness in review—Norman Angell, Lady Cynthia Mosley, Philip Baker, among the “intellectuals”; A. G. Walkden of the Railway Clerks, Gordon Macdonald of the miners, A. G. Cameron of the joiners, among the Trade Unionists; Frank Smith and W. Stephen Sanders among the “stalwarts” of the early days of the Labor movement—and felt that a place certain to disappoint expectations so varied must have some peculiar quality. To find any

other common denominator among two hundred new M.P.s would certainly have baffled me. But here was one, ready-made—we were all to be disappointed. But my friend was going on:

“Of course, it’s got its fascination. That’s the worst of it. It’s like drink—very few people who have once tasted it can bear to give it up.”

Here, he doubtless spoke from the heart. But I did not succeed in getting from him any nearer approach to understanding what it was going to be like. I asked him whether it was a sort of perpetual conference—a vision which certainly did not attract me. He agreed that there was something of that in it, and added, “It’s at its worst, of course, when your own government is in. . . .”

“Vote straight and keep your mouth shut, eh?”

“H’m, h’m . . . But, of course, it’s the best club in the world.”

That did make me shudder, for if there is anything I dislike more than a conference, it is a club.

A cloud of irrelevancies blurred the weeks that intervened between this unilluminating conversation and the solemn function of going, for the first time, to the House, making the first acquaintance with the rows of policemen, who now touch their caps to me as if I had always been a member, even hold up the traffic for me as I cross among the buses and taxis from Palace Yard to the corner of Whitehall; irrelevancies largely created by the newspapers, which still treat women in politics as an oddity and women M.P.s as if the woman swallowed up the M.P., whereas the

exact reverse is the case. On the day the House opened, a movie-tone photograph was taken of the nine Labor women members, who thus shared honors with the Cabinet; and, in the successive days, the press found more room for descriptions of our clothes than for any other incident of the proceedings.

"Brightening the House of Commons"—that appeared to be our function as seen from outside. Inside, it was different. Fourteen out of six hundred and fifteen is at once too many and too few: too many for particularity, too few to leaven the lump. The real sartorial event of the session was either the tussah suit of Mr. Macquisten or the gray "topper" worn by Major Graham Pole on the Government back benches. Inside, it would be hard for the most self-conscious (or sex-conscious) individual to retain any sense that her individuality counted. If that be a disappointment, it is one that the House delivers, automatically, to the least egotistical mind.

II

But the first impression made by the House is not mental. It is so definitely not mental that one has a sensation as though all the mental faculties were muffled in cotton wool, and the normal thinking apparatus put out of action by contact with something of too dense a tissue for it to cleave. My first impressions were certainly material, and material at a notably high degree of specific gravity.

Although the Chamber itself is small—far too small to accommodate more than two-thirds of its members on the comparatively rare occasions when they all desire to get within it—St. Stephen's itself is vast. Covering a large but curiously shaped superficial area, it is a congeries of intersecting passages, some lined with large leather-bound volumes, others fitted with row upon row of members' lockers—a circumstance which reinforces the impression that one is again a new scholar in a very large school.

We each have one: mine, so the key tells me, is number 276; but, after depositing within it the "Rules and Standing Order of the House," acquired by me, as by many other assiduous pupils, after their first attendance at the class in parliamentary procedure, which the Post Master General, Mr. Lees Smith, is conducting for the instruction of us novices, I have not the vaguest idea of how to locate it again. So far I have not emulated the new M.P. who did actually get lost and nearly achieved spending the night in what is always elegantly referred to as "another place"—i.e. the House of Lords; but there remain passages and staircases which I have not ventured to explore. These passages have a temperature of their own, and a deep stuffiness of a penetrating type. One feels it before one has made one's way up into the central lobby—a great square marble hall, out of which the Chamber itself opens from the cloak room where we each have a named peg: a circular structure, this, above the glorious old crypt, in which M.P.s may marry or have their infants christened in accordance with whatever religious rites they prefer. This crypt is the architectural gem of St. Stephen's, both venerable and beautiful, the brother of the divine Sainte Chapelle in Paris. In it, as in the echoing emptiness of Westminster Hall, the most insensitive must feel something of historic destiny and responsibility.

The sense of material oppression which belongs to every part of St. Stephen's is most acute when you enter the Chamber itself. There you are in the realm of ritual observance. The things that may not be done are numerous. You must not clap your hands in applause, only say "Hear, hear"; you must not give any sign of recognition that the heavy galleries are full of attentive listeners; you must not refer to another member by name: he is always "The Honorable [or "honorable and learned" if a member of the bar, or "honorable and gallant" if of the army; or "right

honorable" if a Privy councillor] member for so-and-so." His name is heard only when for some breach of ritual he is solemnly "named" by the Speaker, in which case he has to leave the Chamber; and, if he refuses, is forcibly removed thence, by the Sergeant-at-Arms, who sits in a little pen, below the bar, close to the entrance and opposite the Speaker. You, anonymous, mere representative of your constituency, make a ceremonial inclination of the head to the chair, as you cross the bar—said bar being no more than a line woven into the covering of the floor and running parallel with the chair; behind it, though you may stand and listen, as many are always to be seen doing, you are technically not within the Chamber. This same reverential inclination of the head is repeated when you pass out, as a sign of deference to the Speaker, the supreme functionary and repository of the powers of the Commons. There he sits in his wig and splendid robes of rich black silk, his fine, silk-stockinged legs (it is highly necessary for the Speaker to "have a leg") terminating in slender feet in shoes with sparkling buckles, crossed in an easy attitude that reveals nothing of the weariness he must feel, as hour after hour passes. Above him is an imposing carven canopy, with a little interior light of its own; a couple of steps below him, at the great table, sit the three Clerks of the House, likewise robed and be-wigged, and knowing more of the rules and procedure of the august assembly which they serve than any of us shall ever learn; they write, interminably, in vast books; the front of the table bears the despatch boxes, at either corner, on which Front Bench speakers place their elbows, some with grace, others not. For Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden, for example, the box seems to stand at precisely the right level; but for Mr. Greenwood it is still too low, and for Mr. Wedgwood Benn, too high. Between these despatch boxes, rows of finely tooled books—I have not yet seen any of them opened.

The first aspect of the whole scene is of something that has gone on forever just so, something fixed in a crystal, part of somebody's dream. This dream-like aspect was strong when, on the first day of our assembling, we, His Majesty's faithful Commons, having duly proposed, seconded, and voted the election of our Speaker, proceeded through the echoing passages to the House of Lords, to communicate to the peers what we had done. There, in a chamber far more ornate and grandiose than ours, we beheld a sparse body of Noble Lords, disposed in semi-recumbent attitudes on sofas upholstered in crimson leather, and apparently paying a vague and aloof attention to a group of quaint-looking figures, mostly in wig and ermine, huddled round the Lord Chancellor. Seated on his wool-sack (which closely resembles a drawing-room pouffe), he seemed to have some sort of hat perched on top of his full-bottom wig. There was a murmur of words, about as intelligible as those heard in the cathedral of some alien land, and, our purpose accomplished, we trooped back to our own House. There the Speaker, now duly elected, endued himself with his robes, took his seat beneath his canopy and, throughout the best part of two entire days, observed members taking the oath. In slow single file we passed before him, after kissing the Book (or reading a form of affirmation) and, one by one, he shook hands with us. That done, we were, at last, really M.P.s; entitled, *inter alia*, to draw our parliamentary salaries at the rate of four hundred pounds per annum. As I passed out, I met Mr. T. P. O'Connor, being wheeled in in his chair. He is the Father of the House; and to my great surprise he told me that the next in succession to that distinguished position is Mr. Lloyd George! There are men who have a longer toll of years' membership, but Mr. Lloyd George's tenure is, as theirs is not, uninterrupted.

These more or less formal transactions over, the next event was "the

gracious speech from the Throne," comprising the Government's program for the ensuing session, which the House, after humbly thanking His Majesty, then proceeds to debate, for sins of commission or omission. Two days, on this, of more or less crowded benches; two days on which the attendance at prayers, with which the proceedings always open, reached record dimensions. To be in for prayers is not, I fear, so much an opportunity of religious edification as part of an effort to secure a good seat. The putting of questions to Ministers—of which notice is given a day or so in advance—is, of course, the one great opportunity of the private member: a good question, followed up by a searching "supplementary," is his method of worrying Ministers, getting information out of them, getting issues ventilated, grievances aired, and attention drawn to himself. It is an opportunity which—so we are told—no other assembly in the world affords in anything like equal measure.

During the hour and a quarter devoted, on four days of the week, to questions, I have never seen the House anything but full. But, that over, there is apt soon to be a sad falling off in the attendance. The general picture is different. Somebody standing up, uttering words, most of which one seems to have heard very often before and to which nobody is paying any particular attention; plenty of room on the green benches, their occupants apparently disposed in comfortable attitudes for a doze; on the front benches (where the Ministers sit) only a couple of figures of waxlike immobility, feet on the despatch boxes in front of them—no other sign of life. This may go on for an hour, two hours. Sooner or later, however, suddenly the lifeless doze breaks up: somebody is on his feet who interests the House; there is bustle, animation, people come crowding in, the assembly is rocking with laughter or surging with strong excitement; and if you are one of the few people who have been sitting there all the time, you will

be able to tell the neighbors what it is all about. In almost every room there are tickers which indicate the name of the person speaking, and some of those names will instantly gather the members who are busy answering their interminable correspondence, seeing constituents, attending committees, or chatting in the smoke rooms or on the Terrace, so that within a few seconds it is full to overflowing—so full that there will be rows of men standing behind the bar. For if "something is going on" news of it is conveyed by subtle invisible filaments from those who are listening inside to the others without, and they appear from everywhere and nowhere, to disappear again, just as fast, once the "something" is over—so soon as some M.P. who has the reputation of being a bore has got onto his feet. Then, shamelessly, without the least regard for his feelings or his difficulty in speaking in a moving uproar, they all troop out again.

III

My most definite "impression" about the House is that these invisible and mysterious filaments unite the members and make of them one corporate body, which has a life and an individuality of its own, so that no one House is in the least like any other; but each has a definite physiognomy peculiar to it.

It is not the impression that instantly strikes one, partly because the medium is so very unfamiliar, and partly because one comes to the House straight out of an election. This last is, I am convinced, the real, if not the most flattering reason for the element of disappointment felt by many new M.P.s. They do, in fact, find themselves much smaller than they had thought. They do not, as a rule, put it like that. They talk about the sufferings of their constituents and the pledges they have made to them, and suggest that there is a special glow of moral ardor and fine sincerity in their muddled eagerness to be seen "delivering the goods." But

the real rub is that whereas an election enhances and exaggerates the individual personality of the least self-conscious candidate, the atmosphere of Westminster is extremely inhospitable to the glowing crusader carrying the people's flag. There are too many crusaders, too many flags. Your thrills are reduplicated on every hand; everyone wants to talk, no one to listen. Nor is that all. In the House of Commons things can be done together, or not at all. The technic is throughout co-operative. The man who thinks only of his own point of view, is aware only of his own reactions, gets nowhere. He may make one remarkable speech, and that is an end of him, unless he learns, through this first essay, the rudiments of the new technic that the House opens to the receptive mind.

To see this happening—where it does happen—or not happening, where the metal is too rigid to take a fresh impress, is, in its degree, an intellectual adventure, and one of an absorbing kind—so absorbing, indeed, that there is a real danger lest one's interest be so keenly held by observation that one forgets one is part of the orchestra, not of the audience. For that is, really, what as an M.P. one is. One is involved—actively, if one has the right sort of brains for the job; passively, if not—in an experiment in practical co-operation. This view is not dislodged by any cheap remarks about "talking shop." Talk is all that the House of Commons, as such, can do; but talk is in modern times the most potent instrument of practical action. It is through it that minds communicate, interact, and move; talk is the substitute, and the only possible substitute, for force. Disbelief in talk, contempt for talk—so prevalent nowadays—is neither more nor less than a disbelief in and contempt for all that we mean by civilization. The alternative to talk is fisticuffs. Talk in the House of Commons does not consist merely of set speeches. The molding of opinion, the gradual emergence of a measure of agreement goes on all the time, in com-

mittees, in the lobbies, in the smoke room, or on the Terrace, by the rubbing of minds against one another, either in debate or in conversation. It still remains the business of the Government to govern, and of the Opposition to oppose; the co-operation that goes on does not in the least imply any watering down of party loyalty. Quite the contrary. An effective and principled opposition promotes good government; men who know their own minds contribute most effectively to the common pool. Co-operation does not involve the blurring of distinctions of view or any pretense that such do not exist.

From this point of view, I have found it a most interesting study to note the very marked shifting and settling of values that has gone on in my own appreciation of the parliamentary personnel. About the new M.P.s and their shaping, it is far too early to see anything clearly; but, of the old, some strike one very definitely as being "in their element"; others, not. The individuals who seem to me, on my brief experience of observing them in action, as having what I call to myself "orchestral talent," are not very numerous; if there are more of them on the Government side, that, I fancy, is not due merely to the fact that Government speakers have had the larger show this session, but rather to the close connection between this particular power of using speech to co-operative effect and the whole general outlook of the Labor Party. On the Opposition side, the two men who seem to me to have this talent are—rather to my own surprise—Mr. Baldwin, who has it despite the unredeemed commonplace of his enunciation, apprehension, and approach; and Mr. Neville Chamberlain, hampered though he is by a facial expression which suggested Mr. Jack Jones' unparliamentary ejaculation of "Hyena!" Sir Austen, of course, is the most salient imaginable instance of a total lack of any gleam of this co-operative gift of any power of making the House join with

him in what he is saying. Among the Liberals, Sir Herbert Samuel seems to me to have more of it, though in a notably dry and unimaginative form, than Mr. Lloyd George; Mr. Norman Birkett to have a good deal of it, though with a markedly legalistic flavor. On the Government side, the people who have shown most of it, so far, are Mr. Herbert Morrison, Mr. William Graham, Miss Susan Lawrence, and Mr. Alexander. Mr. Snowden has it on occasion; Mr. MacDonald always. Of the younger men, it is Mr. Herbert Morrison who has in my opinion both the marks of a stayer and more of the orchestral, co-operative faculty than either Mr. Hugh Dalton or Sir Oswald Mosley, together with a touch of fire so far lacking in the massive intellectual equipment of Mr. William Graham. Those who are on the lookout to discern Mr. MacDonald's successor should keep their eye on the Minister of Transport, and not forget his remarkable record, both administrative, as leader of the Labor Party in the London County Council, and political, as creator of the London Labor Party and author of the complete smash of Communism in the metropolis.

As for the Prime Minister himself, until one has seen him in action in the House of Commons, it is impossible to measure him accurately. It is here, evidently, that he is in his element. His personality, strong as it is, has not the "bite" of Philip Snowden's; he does not immediately strike one as having Mr. Lloyd George's easy mastery of tactics; he does not handle figures with the virtuosity of Mr. Graham or phrases with the power of Lord Hugh Cecil. But no one of them "counts" as he does. He counts even when he is silent; you know by something that has happened to the atmosphere that he is on the bench without looking to see. This is not a function of premiership: Mr. Baldwin never possessed it. In part, it is a product of the uncanny celerity of apprehension by which he feels what is going on in the corporate mind of the

House. There is no electric filament there that does not vibrate through him. The group-mind is his instrument; he is a born orchestral conductor.

Against these instances of men in their element may be set two cases of brilliant soloists, who, though they hold the House, do not influence it—Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. James Maxton. The Chamber will fill up to hear them, it will stay full to enjoy them; but, when either of them has sat down it reverts to where it was before. Neither of them seems to me, in the full sense, to "join on." They remain "star turns": Mr. Maxton, with his incredibly picturesque appearance and his lovely voice, a pathetic turn; Mr. Churchill, with his great gifts of dialectic and of buffoonery, a savagely comic turn.

IV

For what it is worth, then—and no one knows better than I how little, intrinsically, an impression based on five months' membership and a session of only five weeks can be worth—my main impression of the House of Commons is that it is a field of corporate adventure of a unique kind. Here, more fully than anywhere else, an effort is going on, continually, if slowly, to apply the technic of co-operation to the business of government: that is why it must be slow; that is the justification for the complex and muffling procedure against which the new member feels himself beating as against walls of glass.

Whether, to this adventure, women, as such, have anything specific to contribute, I do not know. The individual contributions of Margaret Bondfield and Susan Lawrence require no pointing out. The presence of women in the House must, *ipso facto*, make it more truly representative and must, so, help to make more near the correspondence between its mind and the mind of the nation. For that, there are still far too few of us. We are, however, at least numerous enough to be entirely taken

for granted. If there be a "romance of politics" its leading notes are intellectual, not emotional. They are analogous to that high exhilaration which may visit the artist, the scientist, or the craftsman in any material who is trying to do his job as well as it can be done, to understand his material, and bend it to some resemblance to his vision.

And if, so far, I have seemed ungrateful in my description of the material aspect of existence in St. Stephen's, let me redress the balance by recalling two moments, belonging to that category, which are very good indeed.

One of them comes when, at half past eleven at night—provided the rule which ordains that to be our hour for rising has not been suspended—minions who seem to have been selected for their solemn dignity of port and sonorous bell-like voices, sing out, in a rich ringing baritone, "Who Goes Home?" More in that call than a mere intimation of release; in the sound, as it reverberates along passages and up in the vaulted roof, is something to stir the sense of belonging to a great and ancient insti-

tution. Then, even more than when one hears Black Rod knocking at the door of the Chamber to bring us a message from the peers, or sees the Controller of His Majesty's Household, in the splendor of gold lace, arching feather plumes, and white staff of office, bow once, and again, to the Chair before delivering the Royal message of thanks to the faithful Commons, does one realize that one sits where Pym and Hampden and Cromwell once sat, and is the inheritor and guardian of privileges and duties won by their struggle and sacrifice and sweat of brow and soul.

The other comes when, out of the heat and fray of nerves of the House, one emerges on to the Terrace for a whiff of air. Here and there, on a bench, are dusky forms; up and down, ghostly figures patrol; but one does not notice them, for, over the river, the moon is risen high, and its silver light is crossed by golden reflections from the trams, lovely as gondolas as they pass and re-pass over Westminster Bridge, and by the orange bars cast by the lamps on the dark, faintly ruffled surface of the flowing water.





THE CADETS OF NEW MARKET

A REMINDER TO THE CRITICS OF THE SOUTH

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

I WAS born," said O. Henry, "in a somnolent little Southern town . . ."

This statement is almost unique, because in it William Sydney Porter wasted no less than two words—a record for him. He was born in 1867, therefore "Southern" was the only adjective he needed; for in 1867 Southern towns were all little and all somnolent.

The town to which O. Henry referred is Greensboro, North Carolina, and it was still little and still somnolent when he left it, about the time its population was increased by the birth of the child who was to be his successor in the favor of the story-reading public; for Wilbur Daniel Steele also first saw the light in the same village.

But neither man wrote anything memorable in Greensboro. Steele was taken away by his parents when he was still a child; and in O. Henry's time Greensboro had no more use for a short-story writer than a hog has for a hip pocket. Will Porter was a drug clerk and a drug clerk he remained until he went, first to Texas, then to jail, and finally to New York, where he became famous.

His most vivid memory of his birth-place, thirty years after he had left it, was of summer evenings spent on somebody's front porch with a crowd of boys and girls. Someone always had a guitar, and the group sang old ballads behind a lattice heavy with honeysuckle. So it happened that the name of the town was always associated in

O. Henry's mind with soft summer nights whose air was drenched with the scent of honeysuckle and disturbed by no noise harsher than young voices singing "Ben Bolt" or the "Spanish Cavalier" to the twanging of a guitar.

The charm of this picture is due, of course, to the haze of memory; for in the years between, say, 1870 and 1900 Greensboro was desperately poor as well as small and quiet. The struggle for a bare existence was so stern that its citizens had no time to hearken to a spinner of yarns, even though he were gifted with the magic of an O. Henry. So he had to go away to obtain a hearing.

To-day this same town still calls its principal business thoroughfare Elm Street, although there has been no elm there for a generation; but that is almost the only feature of the place that fits O. Henry's description. There are half a dozen skyscrapers on Elm Street. There are traffic bells that jangle, and trolley cars whose wheels screech on curves. There are policemen's whistles, and thousands and thousands of automobile horns. There is, in short, the same devilish uproar that characterizes every lively American town. Somnolence is no more possible there than it is in the interior of a boiler factory.

Universal poverty has disappeared along with tranquillity. There are now a platoon of millionaires and a battalion of bootleggers in the town's sixty thousand population. The largest denim mill in the world and half a dozen giant insurance companies testify to the vigor

and acumen of the business men; and a garland of colleges, two of them excellent schools for negroes, does credit to the intellectual activity of the place.

This transformation has occurred since the turn of the century. It is merely a sample of what has taken place all over the South since the year 1900. It is the work of the new generation, whose youth was not poisoned by the aftermath of the Civil War. Within these latter years North Carolina cotton mills have acquired more spindles than those of Massachusetts. Southern tobacco has produced a group of millionaires with fortunes great enough to impress even Wall Street. Birmingham has become a gigantic steel manufacturing city. Norfolk threatens to dominate the shipbuilding industry. New Orleans claims the rank of the second greatest American port.

Nor is the new activity below the Potomac wholly, or most impressively, industrial. Broadway has blossomed with the names of Southerners, picked out in electric lights—DuBose Heyward, Laurence Stallings, Paul Green, others. Pulitzer prizes for writing folk stream South—to Green, to Julia Peterkin, to Robert Lathan, Julian Harris, Grover Hall, Louis Jaffé, Lamar Stringfield. A South Carolinian takes the Prix de Rome in sculpture. With Heyward, Mrs. Peterkin, and James Boyd at work in the Carolinas, Ellen Glasgow no longer represents the farthest south of the fine novel. Poets, as distinguished from poetasters, pop up like crocuses in the spring; Addison Hibbard compiles an anthology including thirty who have published each a volume of verse which is better than respectable. The Universities of Virginia and North Carolina publish in the *Virginia Quarterly Review* and *Social Forces* a literary quarterly and a learned journal which are viewed respectfully throughout the country.

Small wonder, then, that the world has decided the South at last is waking up, and is inclined to give young Southerners enormous credit for having shaken

off the intellectual and moral drowsiness that afflicted their fathers.

The South has its glamorous traditions, to be sure, but they come down only as far as 1865. George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, James Madison were giants, as everyone admits; and the South in their day dominated the nation. Andrew Jackson, John C. Calhoun, and Henry Clay were no weaklings, either; such men do not spring from a degenerate race. In moral stature and military genius Robert E. Lee overtops George Washington himself, although Lee had not the statesmanship that secures Washington his primacy. And Stonewall Jackson, the two Johnstons, Longstreet, Beauregard, Stuart, Early, and Forrest were such soldiers as delight the heart of the romancer and flutter the maiden pride of any nation. Tardy justice now begins to admit that Jefferson Davis and Alexander Stephens also were men of genius.

Who was the next Southerner to fire the imagination of the nation in a way comparable to the least of these? Woodrow Wilson—but you have leaped a generation to come to him. Furthermore, his notable work was done outside of the South. What happened to the Southern boys just a little older than Wilson, who remained in the South? Were they really unworthy of the tradition of the South, incapable of greatness?

At New Market, in the Valley of Virginia, when the Confederates were hard pressed on one occasion they threw into the line of battle the cadets from the Virginia Military Institute. They were largely striplings of sixteen or so, too small to handle a heavy army rifle except by straining, far too young to have anything to do with the business of organized butchery. As they marched into battle the band of a veteran regiment played "Rock-a-by Baby." But they held their position and actually captured a Federal battery. When the fight was over they buried their dead, gathered up

their wounded, and the heroic, pitiful survivors marched back to their school-books. What became of the New Market cadets after the war?

Theirs is the lost generation of the South. Remarque has lately won the applause of the world with his eloquent threnody of the generation that Europe lost in the war of 1914-18; but no man has had a good word for the generation represented by the New Market cadets. It was during their maturity that the South lay as in a coma. Economically, intellectually, morally, Dixie, as the world believes, drowsed those years away; and now that the sons of that generation are bestirring themselves enough to make a noise in the world, men congratulate the South on the passing of the Rip Van Winkles—Walter H. Page called them Mummies. Of this generation the consensus of mankind seems to be that nothing in its life was so becoming as the quitting of it.

There is no arguing away a popular superstition, and it is much too late to attempt to retrieve the reputation of this generation if it were possible. The men and women who composed it are already in the graveyard, or so nearly there that another injustice, more or less, affects them but little. The world will doubtless go on believing that the new activity in the South, intellectual and industrial, was generated in a vacuum and that the young Southerners who are now commanding the admiration of the nation sprang from the head of Jove, or anywhere rather than from the loins of their putative forebears. Can the intellectually dead generate intelligence? Can mummies give birth to living offspring? Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?

But while this theory may be well enough for outsiders, to credit it would be shameful in a Southerner of the twentieth century. We cannot forget the pit whence we were digged, nor the crushing toil that went into the digging. What went on in the South between

1870 and 1900 was too completely tragic to furnish material for theatrical tragedy, far too high in spirit for written romance which crawls along the beaten paths of life, too stark for poetry. The New Market cadets went back to their school-books for a little while after the battle; but a few years later they were flung into the line again, and this time they were never relieved, for the battle never ended. They went home from school to find the old civilization wrecked; and they spent the rest of their lives fighting hand to hand with intangible foes far more ruthless and far more dangerous than Federal infantrymen.

It is all but impossible now to present an adequate picture of the odds these men faced. The material destruction in the Southern states is relatively easy to compute. Most of us are under the impression that the United States fought quite a war ten years ago; but to survivors of the Confederacy it was a mere skirmish. The war ten years ago cost the country something like an eighth of its total wealth, and called into military service about one-sixth of the men of military age, that is, 4,000,000 out of 23,000,000 available. Suppose the war had taken all the money and all the men? Suppose we had put into the field 25,000,000 men? At that, we should have failed to equal the record of the Confederate State of North Carolina, which supplied 120,000 soldiers to the Confederacy when the State had only 105,000 voters, including all those too old and too infirm for military service.

This part of the situation can be put into figures. We are also able to construct a statistical representation of the damage caused by a policy of reconstruction of which one is at a loss to say whether its stupidity or its viciousness was the more conspicuous. For instance, this same State of North Carolina, already so completely bankrupt that Serbia, in 1919, was by comparison in a flourishing condition, was loaded with an additional debt of \$32,000,000,

nearly all of which was stolen outright by officials put in power, not by the votes of the people, but by the bayonets of the Federal army of occupation. Much the same sort of thing happened to all the other conquered States.

All this, also, can be represented to a certain extent to the modern world. What cannot be represented is not the outward difficulties under which this Southern generation labored, but its own inadequacy to the task which it had to perform. One can imagine the bombardment to which the cadets were subjected at New Market. One can find out the number of troops flung against them. One might calculate the intensity of the rifle-fire along their front. But there is still a factor in the equation not taken into account, and it is the most important factor of all. That is the weakness of the cadets themselves, due to their youth. Everyone who has been a soldier knows how a grown man's arms ache, how his shoulders turn to water, how his back bends and his head droops after he has handled a heavy army rifle in rapid fire for even a short while; but who can imagine the fatigue of a small boy subjected to the same inhuman strain for hour after hour? The sheer weariness of that child-regiment makes the heart ache, even after seventy years.

II

But the generation which had to fight its way out of the chaos that followed the Civil War in the South was hardly better prepared for the task than were the cadets for theirs. The great crime of the Old South was its neglect to exercise a larger measure of intelligence in its economic organization. The fact that it was involuntary, that it involved no malevolence, has no relation to the magnitude of the offense. The really great crimes are nearly always committed by stupid people rather than by bad people.

When the old order was overthrown by the Civil War, the rising generation

found itself without either the equipment or the training to establish a new order in conformity with the altered environment. The lack of equipment was a handicap, but the lack of training was a well-nigh fatal handicap. France, after 1870, and Germany, after 1918, proved that lack of equipment cannot long keep a nation submerged if it has been bred to commerce and industrialism. But the economic system of the Old South was already falling into ruin before the war struck it; the war itself might be described as the last desperate expedient of a people exasperated beyond endurance by its own inability to devise any better economic order than a one-crop system and slave labor. But it was a suicidal expedient, for no such moribund system could possibly stand the strain of war. As a matter of historic fact, it collapsed so completely that not even the amazing military genius exhibited by Southern commanders could stave off ruin. The world is still unable to comprehend, not their defeat, but how they managed to last so long.

And there was no resilience in it, no rebound after the war. It was the deadliest system ever killed by a disastrous campaign.

So the New Market cadets and all their generation were faced with a worse than Israelites' task. Not only were they required to make bricks without straw, but also without any adequate knowledge of how bricks are made even with straw. The old system was demolished, and, far from being trained in another, they were hardly aware of the existence of any other. Yet they were required to build a new civilization.

And in forty years they had built it. It is no Periclean Athens, or Augustan Rome, but it serves to produce scholars and artists. It begins to bring forth romancers, scientists, poets, playwrights, philosophers. It begins to excite the admiration of its contemporaries, who say that at last the South is undergoing an intellectual and moral regeneration.

But those of us whose memories are long enough to reach back twenty years have a different point of view. These members of the new generation are very fine fellows, but they did not draw their vigor, their stamina, their intellectual power out of the air. They got it from the hard-bitten old boys who sired them; and for my part, I cherish serious doubts that, with all their admitted brilliance, they are quite the men their fathers were. That is to say, if they were suddenly stripped, not merely of all they possess, but of all their traditions, all their habits of thought, all their manner of living, and compelled to build anew and in a different order of societal architecture, I doubt that they would build in forty years as high a civilization as the Southern States enjoyed in 1900.

As I write I recall the achievement of a certain Southerner who shall be nameless here for reasons which will presently appear. He was a schoolman. He was shockingly ill-educated, judged by modern standards and, to adopt the phrase of John Kendrick Bangs, if his mind had been a slot you couldn't have inserted a nickel in it. He was fat, oleaginous, and tawdry. He was never addicted to pineapple, or any other sort of rum, but otherwise he was a replica of the Reverend Anthony Humm encountered by the elder Mr. Weller at the Brick Lane Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association. And his school was like him. In the light of 1929 it seems to have been everything connoted by the Southern word "tacky." It was a starveling institution in which famished professors half-educated gawky country girls. It was enormously long on piety, and short on good manners and good sense.

Nevertheless, this squat, dull, semi-illiterate almost single-handed pounded into the head of a bankrupt, starving, and distracted State the notion that it must educate its women at any cost. To this accomplishment he gave his whole life. For it he planned, he spoke,

he intrigued, he toiled like a convict in a chain gang. To secure his scanty appropriations from the Legislature he had to resort to every known political device, from eloquence to blackmail. Again and again when the cause seemed lost he wept openly and unashamed on the floor of the House. He was laughed at, reviled, slandered, and kicked, but he stuck to it, and before he died, in his early fifties, he had committed the commonwealth to the principle of unlimited educational opportunity for every girl.

With a little less intensity, with a little more easeful living, he might have lasted another twenty or thirty years; but it is my profound conviction that he would have regarded the shortening of his own life by twenty years a small price to pay for the success of his idea.

But in this is no pettiness. Here is no smallness of soul, no cheapness, "nothing but good and fair." What, then, is the true measure of this man—the oddities, provincialisms, asininities so conspicuous in the eyes of outsiders? They are attributable, largely if not entirely, to the accidents of his environment. What education he had he scrambled for in the chaotic days immediately following the Civil War; no wonder it was a thing of shreds and patches. His experience of the world was that of a man desperately put to it to find enough to eat; no wonder it was narrow and acidulous. But the keen vision with which he pierced the future and saw the future need, and the intense, terrific devotion which made him pour his whole life into one purpose—these were no accidents. Perhaps he was a fool. Perhaps any martyr is a fool. In any case, he was worth more to his State than five gross of assorted cotton mill barons, plus three dozen Grade A poets, novelists, and dramatists, and a million run-of-the-mine statesmen. His State to-day spawns shoals of pedagogues who are better educated, handsomer, and far more gentlemanly fellows; but if it can find among them just one

who is half as much of a man as was this pot-bellied little ignoramus, then well indeed may it thank God and take courage.

I have seen a farmer come in, dripping with sweat, from the fodder-field. He wore half a shirt, trousers tattered from the knee down, broken shoes without socks, and the ruin of a hat. He plunged his head into a basin of water, splashed vigorously for a moment, and then, looking at me quizzically over the towel as he dried his hands, recited in tones too mellifluous for sincerity, "*O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint, agricolas!*"

In 1859 they taught the classics thoroughly at the University of North Carolina, and as a freshman there he had learned his Georgics by heart: but before he could obtain a degree the curse fell upon the land, and he rode away from the campus to follow J. E. B. Stuart, instead of Virgil. "My heart was with the Oxford men who went abroad to die" reflects pretty faithfully the attitude of all England; but who ever gave a damn for the Carolina men who did the same thing? The Oxford men won, and the Carolina men lost, which makes all the difference. This man, for instance, when the fighting was over, came home to find the University looted and closed, and women and children of his own blood starving. He fed them by the labor of his hands; and in the sweat of his face did he and they eat bread for the rest of his life.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who aid your good lives down;
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown—
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town!

It brings tears to the eyes of Englishmen, but all it gives North Carolinians is a horse-laugh. "A fairer place than even Oxford town"—to wit, a fodder-field, where back-breaking labor is performed in a temperature of 115 degrees. "O too happy husbandmen, if only they knew their good fortune"—do you

wonder at the sarcasm in his voice? The marvel is not that he was sarcastic, but that he was gaily sarcastic. The man was designed by nature to wear the academician's robe. He was meant to be a citizen of the gentle and fair republic of letters, where he might have won renown; but the fortune of war made him a field-hand, and he could smile ironically over the ruin of his own aspirations. And to do this, surely, one must be a manful man.

I knew a doctor of brilliant attainments who died in the gutter, died like a dog. Liquor, said the neighbors, dolefully shaking their heads. But nobody ever thought to seek for any reason other than original sin for his drinking too much. He had come out of the Confederate army still a stripling, and how he contrived to get his medical education God only knows. But for forty years he carried on a practice so immense and so widely scattered that it would drive three modern medicos into nervous prostration in six months. The horses the man drove to death would have remounted a regiment of cavalry; and in the vast, poverty-smitten region over which he ranged, not one patient in five could ever pay him a cent. He could hardly buy a decent coat, not to mention expensive surgical equipment; yet I doubt that he slept a single night through for half a lifetime. Through sleet and snow on many a bitter night alcohol carried him through when he must otherwise have failed some suffering pauper in the remote wilderness. Alcohol got him at last. It was foolish of him to rely on it, of course. He should have guarded his own health and let the poor devils die in the backwoods. Then he might have had time to study, and to become famous in his own profession. Yet I am inconsistent enough to believe that the old doctor, drunk, was a more valuable citizen than is the soberest prohibition enforcement agent ever heard of.

I knew an editor whose paper, judged by every standard of modern journalism,

was a lousy one, but who was, nevertheless, a great journalist—greater, I almost suspect, than the Lathams, the Harrises, the Jaffés, and the Halls, although these have won Pulitzer prizes, and the old fellow was hardly heard of across his own State line. He lacked the brilliance of a Watterson, and the technical training, as well as the mechanical equipment, which fortifies modern Southern newspapers. But in the late eighties and early nineties, when the South touched its nadir, when passion was most venomous and obscurantism loudest, this man was truthful and fair. Financially, socially, and politically, it was a disastrous policy; for truth and fairness in journalism, so far from being in demand, were regarded as damnable heresy; political office, prestige, and such money as was available were all reserved for the kept press. Yet, against every conceivable outside obstacle, and against the more formidable inner handicaps of poor education and narrow experience, he maintained his standard of decency and intelligence so well that his spirit slowly infected the press of his State and hauled it up from barbarism. He made no stir in the outside world, but he was decent when it was harder to be decent than it is now to be great. Yet he was of the generation which we are accustomed to regard as intellectually and morally sterile.

Even the textile industry, which now threatens conversion of the South into a region of brassy, loud, and curiously brutal go-getters, had, in its early days, its magnificent men. In the beginning many a man toiled at the business with no real liking for it, and not much hope of financial profit, because the creation of industry promised to drag his native land from the morass. These, indeed, had their reward, since climate, proximity to the raw material, and an almost limitless supply of pauper labor combined to make cotton manufacturing vastly profitable. None the less, the first venturers into this field were far-seeing, bold and vigorous—certainly no slothful generation.

Any Southerner thirty-five years of age or over can remember, if he will turn his mind to the past, such feats of valor, endurance, and resourcefulness as amaze him in retrospect. Money, of course, is a highly deceptive standard of value; probably most Americans would find it difficult to live on the sums which represented their fathers' total earnings. But in the South the disparity between this generation and its predecessor is greater than elsewhere. A dollar was bigger thirty years ago than it is now; but even then a man who supported and educated half a dozen children on a salary of seventy-five dollars a month was a financial wizard who need not stand abashed in the presence of Henry Ford or Andrew Mellon. Yet the South was full of them.

Nevertheless, the impression persists that this was a lethargic, drowsy, dull generation. The truth is, of course, that only those who were vibrantly alive, incredibly keen, superlatively wide-awake survived. The others went to Texas. In the South from the seventies to the end of the century one dared not go to sleep, on penalty of his life. Perhaps he might not actually be carried to the graveyard, but he found himself promptly a charge on the charity of his neighbors, and his children definitely went under—the boys usually departing for the West, and the girls winding up in the cotton-mill.

Art did not flourish, it is true, but when did art ever flourish on the frontier? The South after the Civil War was to all intents and purposes a frontier, except for the fact that its fields had been cleared. But this was an advantage more than compensated by the fact that if the fields had been cleared, they had also been sterilized by a ruinous cropping system. For the rest, the old order had been completely wrecked, and the inhabitants were compelled to build anew. Since their training, such as it was, had all been designed for the old order, they were compelled to proceed by the slow and expensive method of trial and error.

They were surrounded by an economic and moral wilderness, much more difficult to subdue than the physical wilderness their forebears had entered.

In such circumstances, mere living is a triumph, and art would be a miracle. The Muses, indeed, are and have always been kept women. Artists may be poor, but art is for the rich, and it flourishes only in rich countries. A nation, like a man, may be crass, as well as rich and, therefore, devoid of art; but art cannot survive except where the country is rich enough to maintain a certain number of dreamers. In the years immediately following the Civil War to dream, in the South, was death. Every able-bodied man was desperately needed for the task of rebuilding material civilization, and he who abandoned that task, even if he survived physically, suffered the moral death of betraying his people. The least he could do was to take himself away, to do his dreaming in some region where the surplus was sufficient to enable some men to refrain from materially productive labor without inflicting appreciable injury upon society.

Perhaps the most tragic figures in the South are the men who might have been artists had not their obvious duty compelled them to throttle their dreams and turn their hands to material labor. Every Southerner knows them—wistful figures, a little apart from their fellows, even in old age, dimly aware that they have somehow lost, but not sure what, or why, or when. In his latest novel DuBose Heyward sketched one of them lightly; it is a pity he did not do a full-length study, for they are worthy of justification.

But the necessity for that sort of sacrifice is passing, if it has not altogether passed. Heyward himself, with nothing to offer the world but poems and plays and stories, not only survives in Charleston but is acclaimed as a great man there. Julia Peterkin was born late enough to be able, after long years devoted to the affairs of her house, to lay aside the broom and pick up the pen; and the

State of South Carolina recognizes her as one of its ornaments. William Alexander Percy can sing in Mississippi, and John Crowe Ransom in Tennessee. Paul Green and James Boyd are honored in North Carolina. Indeed, the most ill-rewarded of all the arts begins to raise its head in Dixie; Lamar Stringfield, a Tar Heel composer, won the Pulitzer prize in 1928 for an orchestral suite based on folk music of the North Carolina mountaineers, and last summer he conducted a symphony orchestra in his home town, Asheville.

In all this Southerners can take legitimate pride. In so far as the individual artists are concerned, it is in every respect creditable. But I submit that as regards the whole generation which rules the South at this moment, it proves only the existence of money below the Potomac. That is to say, it substantiates what the existence of the cotton mills, the hydroelectric lines, the steel plants, the furniture and tobacco factories had first asserted, namely, that the material losses of the Civil War have been made good. The South now has leisure, therefore it can give some attention to other things than the struggle for existence.

III

But who gave it the money, and so the leisure to appreciate and encourage art? Who but the lost generation, which had no time to search after learning, or abstract beauty, or anything but the bare necessities of life? Who but the Rip Van Winkles, the Mummies, regarded by the world as having drowsed their lives away?

A life may be hard and bare and bitter without necessarily being degraded. Indeed, it is rare that true degradation sets in until some degree of softness, of fatness, has been attained. Consider the worst offenses charged against the generation in the South that has just passed, and compare them with the corresponding charges brought against the present generation. There was a Ku Klux

Klan in the South immediately after the Civil War. But it was no preposterous group of addlepates striving to give themselves dignity by mysterious trap-pings. It was an organization of desperate men committed to desperate deeds. When the old Ku Klux Klan donned its robes and sallied out, it was not for child's play. Before it returned it was more than likely that somebody had died—far more often than is generally realized, one or more of the Klansmen. Harried by private detectives, Secret Service agents, organized bands of negroes, and the United States Army, the member of the old Klan rode with death on his crupper. How does that compare with the Klan which the modern generation has produced?

Far worse than the Klan, the older generation evolved tolerance of Judge Lynch. For this there are many reasons, but no adequate excuse, so let the reasons go. The modern generation has to its credit the reduction of lynchings from 255 in 1892 to 16 in 1927. But if we are to believe Walter White, who has made a meticulous investigation of the subject, as the lynchings have decreased in number, they have increased in bestiality. The older generation hanged or shot its victims; it remained for the younger to invent and apply tortures that might appall a Chinese executioner. In the olden time there was no suspicion that there existed in the South a race of connoisseurs of lynchings—men who would race across country a hundred miles to attend an event of the kind, to offer their expert aid in dispatching the victim with the utmost possible cruelty.

The older generation, as most frontiersmen have done, developed a religious faith as hard, as gnarled and knotty, as were their own lives. Puri-

tanism flourished then in its sternest and stiffest form. But Puritanism in Jonathan Edwards' day had dignity, at least. The Puritanism of the South's lost generation had dignity, and more. It was a bleak faith, if you please, but it was a powerful faith, with which nobody trifled. Its priests were frequently austere men, and not seldom terrible men, but they believed themselves to be servants of the Most High God. Nobody suspected them of selling their religion to cotton mill owners as a convenient narcotic with which to keep the wage-slaves quiescent. Nobody found them denouncing the carnalities of the poor white trash and discreetly glozing over the faults of the rich and influential. They did not convert their pulpits into sounding-boards of partisan politics. Their bishops did not invade Wall Street. They may have served God in ways sometimes not to His liking, but they served Mammon in no way whatsoever.

The South remains perhaps the most religious section of the country, but it finds it more and more necessary to rely on the strong arm of the police to sustain the faith. Comment is unnecessary.

The South may be waking up, as the optimists assert; but it might be plausibly argued that the reverse is the truth—that it is just now beginning to drowse, because only now has it dared sleep. At any rate, as it develops the graces of a rich civilization, it begins to develop the vices also; and it should take heed to these things before it congratulates itself on having produced a finer generation than those who, as children, fought at New Market, and, as men, cleared the way to greatness for their sons.

The Lion's Mouth



WHAT SHOULD CHILDREN TELL PARENTS?

BY E. B. WHITE

SO MANY children have come to me and said, "What shall I tell my parents about sex?" My answer is always the same, "Tell them the truth." If the subject is approached in a tactful way, it should be no more embarrassing to teach a parent about sex than to teach him about personal pronouns. And it should be less discouraging.

I have talked with hundreds of children about the problem of educating their parents along sex lines. So many of them have told me that they honestly tried to give their elders the benefit of their experience in life, but that the parents usually grew flushed and red and would reply, "Nice people don't talk about such things." It is true that a great gap exists between generations. The fact that children are embarrassed to have their parents along when they are attending certain movies or plays is indicative of how hard it is to overcome the old fear of allowing one's elders to learn anything. A child never knows at what point in a play his uninformed old father will start to giggle. It is hard for children to break through and really come in touch with their elders. "Nice people don't talk about such things!" is the defense which old people put up against life itself when they feel it crowding in all around their heads.

Parents hesitate to discuss things calmly and intelligently with their children for two reasons: first, they have a kind of dread of learning something they don't want to know, and second, they feel that if they must learn anything at all they should like to be spared the humiliation of learning it from their own offspring. Actually, middle age (and even senescence) is marked by a great curiosity about life. There is a feeling that life is slipping away quickly, and that it would be terrible to have the end come before everything in life has been revealed. The beauty of life, always apparent, implies a mystery which is disturbing right up to the bitter end. The spectacle of old men wistfully attending sex lectures (as they frequently do) suggests that the strong suspicion exists in them that somewhere they will hear the magic word by which human affairs will become clarified, somewhere they will glimpse the ultimate ecstasy. Children who allow their fathers and mothers, to whom they owe their very existence, to go on wondering about sex are derelicts to duty.

If young folks lack the tact or intelligence requisite to enlighten their parents the task should be entrusted to someone else. Yet it is hard to say to whom. A child should think twice before sending his father around to the public school to secure sex information from his teacher. Women teachers, to borrow a phrase, are apt to be "emotionally illiterate." Many teachers have had no sex life and are just waiting for somebody like your father to show up.

It is of the utmost importance in imparting facts to one's parents that it be done in such a way as not to engender fear or anxiety. The phraseology should

be chosen carefully, and efforts should be made to explain everything clearly but without the use of words which have a tendency to make old people nervous. The word "erotic" is such a word. When it is necessary to speak of Man's erotic tendencies, it is best to substitute another word. In the first place, an overwhelming majority of parents do not know the exact meaning of the word "erotic," and to know an *inexact* meaning is worse than nothing. Many are apt to confuse it vaguely with "exotic." I have known parents to go through whole books by authors like Havelock Ellis without understanding a single paragraph because they thought Man's "eroticism" referred to his desire to be in some foreign place like Spain. Those parents that actually do detect the difference between the sound of the words will immediately become nervous, inattentive, and dispirited. They will make some excuse to leave the room and will wander out, probably to the ice-box to get themselves a cold snack, which they will eat while in a sulky frame of mind. Later they will look up the word in the dictionary but will forget it by the time they hear it again in conversation or read it in print.

Just what to tell parents is, of course, a vital question, not to be answered dogmatically. Before a child can conscientiously approach such subjects as pedestals, the recessive knee, Begonia-ism, frigidity in men, birth control, sublimation, and the swastika fixation, he must clear the boards. The simple phases of sex should be imparted in a direct manner: it is best to explain things in a matter-of-fact way, rather than resort to such cloudy analogies as birds and flowers.

Strange to say, the habits of birds and flowers have done as little to clarify the human scene as almost any other two manifestations in nature. Further, there is always the danger, in setting up plant or animal life as an example, that one's parents will place a literal interpretation on things.

I am thinking particularly of the case—which all sociological students know about—of Nina Sembrich, the fifteen-year-old high-school girl who attempted to impart knowledge to her father by telling him about bees. (Nina's mother was dead or she would have told her too.) She traced, in rather minute detail, the renascence of earth in spring, the blossoming of the trees, the activity of the bees and their function in distributing the pollen, the fertilization of the seed and its growth during the warm languorous summer days, finally the fruition and harvest.

It was a beautiful story, redolent of orchards and sunny hillsides, instinct with life—a story that had a soporific effect on Mr. Sembrich, lulling him as the buzz of a bee lulls one in hot daisy fields. The upshot of it was that he somehow got the idea that to have babies you had to keep bees.

He bought several hives, installing them in the little sitting room on the second floor, where Mrs. Sembrich had kept her sewing machine when she was alive. The acquisition of the apiary further complicated matters for Mr. Sembrich by reason of the fact that bees themselves enjoy a rather extraordinary sexual scheme. Observed by a slightly nervous person who is trying to profit by a simple analogy—as Mr. Sembrich was—bees are capable of causing the utmost confusion.

If you will recall what you know about bees, you will readily understand what I mean. In a colony of bees certain individuals have no sex whatsoever; these are the "workers." The male bees are "drones." The queen (or "mother") bee develops her sexual character only after being arbitrarily chosen for the purpose, walled up, and fattened on special food.

Mr. Sembrich marveled at these things.

Basing his hopes entirely on what he had seen, he made his first overt act, which was to give up his business, on the assumption that to be endowed with

masculine characteristics one had to be a drone. In this, of course, he was justified to some degree; for it is quite true that very busy men rarely are fully equipped for a complete or happy sex life.

Business men commonly find a vicarious gratification for their erotic nature in card index systems. Often, their satiable appetite for life is dissipated in the process of dictating a single sales letter. Only men who devote virtually their entire attention to love ever glimpse its full glory or experience its bewildering intensity. (And they make so little money they might just as well not.)

Mr. Sembrich, therefore, was not without justification in becoming a drone, since life was what he wanted to find out about. But it was when he undertook to fatten up a lady of his acquaintance into a "mother" that he ran into difficulties.

He locked her in the kitchen and plied her with rich desserts. He even urged honey on her—a rather literal expedient even for a man in his mental condition. The lady not only failed to become a mother, but she took sick and died, surrounded by a group of Mr. Sembrich's "workers" whom he had hired to help feed her. With a dead woman in the kitchen and a lot of bees upstairs in the sitting room, the household became unbearable as a place to live in, so Mr. Sembrich fled, still ignorant of the essential knowledge of life.

Another case, not exactly paralleling the Sembrich affair, is the case of two parents who failed to learn something to their advantage because they happened to be at dinner. It happened this way. Charles Updegraff had sent his son, Junior, to spend the summer at a boys' camp.

Now, at Camp Whortleberry (that was the name of the camp) the authorities had adopted what is known as the "pet method" for imparting sex knowledge to the boys. Each boy was given charge of a pet of some kind, and the pets

were given *carte blanche*. Junior Updegraff drew a pair of sunfish. To augment the actual pet study, the boys were also given a series of lectures by the camp director, who knew in a general way what he was talking about.

Thus, when the summer was over the boys' minds were full of a strange assortment of facts and oddments, some of them rather amusing. Young Junior had hardly been home an hour when he thought he would do his old man a good turn by telling him what he knew about sunfish. The Updegraffs were at table.

"Pop," he said, "do you want the low-down on a sunfish?"

Mrs. Updegraff hastily interrupted. "Better wait till after dinner, son," she said.

"What's the matter with right now?" asked Junior. "I was just going to tell Pop about our pet study course. I know a lot of things."

"Wait till we're through eating," said Mrs. Updegraff.

"Why should I? A mouse is an embryo twenty days, a lopsided apple is that way because it's been fertilized only on one side, male animals grow bright colored in the mating season, and so it goes. Sunfish . . ."

"Junior!" said Mrs. Updegraff, sharply. "Not till after dinner. Sunfish can wait!"

"No they can't!" cried Junior, warming up to his subject. "The father sunfish makes the nest, then . . ."

"We don't want to hear about it," snapped Junior's mother. "Tell us about your canoe trips."

"I never went on no canoe trips."

"Why not?"

"Always was watching the sunfish."

The matter was dropped, and the meal continued in silence. After dinner Mr. Updegraff, secretly very much interested, hung around in the hope that his son would again open up the subject of sunfish. The boy never did. He was only a child, and children are easily discouraged.



THE GARDEN OF ALIBI

BY SARAH FLETCHER MILLIGAN

WHEN Sir Michael Kennedy was shot dead while having tea in his garden, the dragnet of the law brought in the four people who were in the garden at the time. They were Hawkins, the butler; Lisa Lark, the opera singer; Don Delray, movie actor; and Colonel Pinkham, the famous explorer.

The case had several peculiar aspects. Sir Michael had been shot by a bullet through the chest, but no firing had been heard nor any weapon found. Also, every suspected person had an apparently perfect alibi. Hawkins had been coming from the house carrying a bottle in one hand and a siphon in the other; it would have been impossible for him to do any firing. Delray was seated, pouring himself another cup of tea. Lisa Lark had strolled off to feed the swans. As she invariably fed the swans too much and one of them had died immediately from overeating, her presence at the pond was proved. Colonel Pinkham was exploring the maze and got lost in it. He had to call for help to get out, so there was no doubt about his whereabouts.

The police, completely baffled, called upon Sir Philip Ferret, the acute London criminologist, for aid. When he arrived everyone was ordered into the library, and the investigation began.

"In which direction did Sir Michael Kennedy face when he was shot?" demanded Sir Philip Ferret.

"He was twirling on his heel to watch an airplane overhead," answered Hawkins. "One really couldn't say which way he faced at the moment."

"Ha!" said Sir Philip. "Then we must use psychology and look for a motive. This is no time for concealment.

Did any of you have a motive for killing Sir Michael Kennedy?"

There was no answer.

"I hate to mention it," whispered Lisa Lark, finally, "but Colonel Pinkham and Sir Michael were rivals in youth for Lady Kennedy's hand. Her preference for Sir Michael sent Colonel Pinkham to Africa for twenty years. He is just back."

Colonel Pinkham paled.

"Ha!" said Sir Philip. "Had Colonel Pinkham taken a good look at Lady Kennedy since his return?"

"Several times," murmured Colonel Pinkham.

"So have I," said Sir Philip. "No motive there!"

Colonel Pinkham's color returned.

"I hate to mention it," hesitated Hawkins, "but I awakened Mr. Delray on the morning of the murder. He was asleep when I entered the room but when I suddenly put on the light he sat up and cried, 'Shoot!' Shooting seemed to be on his mind, if I might say so, sir."

Don Delray paled.

"Ha!" said Sir Philip. "Explain that, sir!"

"I thought I was on location when the light flared," faltered Delray. "I am a movie actor. I double for Lon Chaney."

Hawkins clutched Sir Philip's wrist.

"Do you realize what that means?" he hissed. "If he doubles for Lon Chaney he can shoot sitting down, *with his feet!*"

"Ha!" said Sir Philip. "Could you pour tea with your hands, shoot with your feet, and hide the revolver at the same time?"

"That's not in my contract," said Delray, firmly.

"Ha!" said Sir Philip, "then he wouldn't have done it."

Don Delray's color returned.

"I hate to mention it," he said, "but ask Miss Lark *what she was singing* when she returned from feeding the swans."

"Let me see," pondered Lisa Lark. "Why, I was humming that song from 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Listen to my lullaby.'"

Delray shook a menacing finger at her.

"No, you were not!" he accused her. "You were humming, 'Listen to my alibi!' Explain that if you can!"

Lisa Lark paled. She seemed unable to speak.

"Would she have been concerned about an alibi if she had only killed a *swan*?" persisted Delray, turning to Sir Philip Ferret.

Unexpectedly, Sir Philip came to her rescue.

"She did not say alibi," he declared. "That was a trick of your imagination, Delray. You do not understand your own reactions. The murder gave you such a shock that the idea of an alibi became an obsession and you were unable to get away from the word. No, it is perfectly evident that nobody here is guilty."

"Alibi be praised!" ejaculated Delray, the obsessed.

Lisa Lark's color returned.

Sir Philip continued his deductions.

"Not having been shot from below, Sir Michael must have been shot from *above*. Now the only thing above him was the airplane. It is obvious that, as he bent backward to locate the plane, a bullet fired from the air entered his chest. However, as the bullet was not intended for him, it follows that there must have been a second person aloft with the pilot, someone whom the pilot intended to kill. *Find the passenger in that plane and you will find the logical victim of the murder!*"

A dispatch was immediately sent off to Scotland Yard directing that the airplane be located. When the reply came Sir Philip Ferret tore open the message.

"Ha!" he cried. "Solved by psychology!" and he read aloud the confirming words:

"Plane found. Just landed at Up-side Downs. Pilot, still enraged, brandishing discharged revolver. Passenger, his wife, still driving from back seat!"





Editor's Easy Chair



AS THE YEAR GOES OUT

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

FOR ten days at this writing the President of the United States and the Premier of England have sat in the spotlight on the American stage. Mr. MacDonald came over to converse with Mr. Hoover and others in an informal fashion about certain details for provision of peace and, more particularly, to provide against unnecessary expenditures for navies by Great Britain and the United States. It might have been done at arms' length by diplomatic means, but Mr. MacDonald—and indeed both gentlemen—thought it could be better accomplished if the conversations were near to and man to man. So Mr. MacDonald came over, his main errand being obviously enough to give world-publicity to peace intentions and to introduce the saving grace of human speech and human kindness into matters likely to hit snags in the course of settlement. His visit was a great success. He got in ample measure the kind of publicity that was favorable to his errand. As to details, he and Mr. Hoover managed to reach agreement on all the fundamentals, so we may conclude, with reasonable certainty, that so far as the United States and Great Britain are concerned there will be peace on earth and, anyhow, that there will not be a naval competition between these two countries.

It has been a pleasure, as well as profitable, to have our minds dwell on Mr. Hoover and Mr. MacDonald as representatives of their respective coun-

tries. Neither of them is a stranger to us; we have known both of them more or less intimately for years, but they take on new interest from having acquired new powers.

The life story of Mr. MacDonald is highly romantic, involving the course of true love (which did run smoothly for him until its too early termination) and a rise from the simple life in Scotland by hard work and a good head, through very angry tempests to the top place in English politics and for a second time. Mr. MacDonald was against the War. He seems still to feel that his opposition to Britain's participation in it was sound, for the War turned out even worse than he anticipated. He sees how bad it was but has never offered, so far as known, his estimate of how bad it might have been if England had kept out of it. As to that question it is much easier—and possibly is warrantable—to think of that War as something destined, and the course of it as not much affected by the opinions of participants or non-participants. Mr. MacDonald survived it both in health and in reputation, and that is lucky, for if he is not a good and useful man, all signs fail.

As far as it goes, the same could be said of Mr. Hoover, of whom Mr. MacDonald seems strongly to approve. He approved of Mr. Wilson while the latter's weight was thrown to keep the United States out of the War, but is said to have ceased to approve of him after our country went in. Oh, well,

that does not much matter. Mr. Wilson's record is made up, or is being made up, for the contemplation of posterity. He has friends and followers still in life, as appeared the other day when, in the course of a book about the pursuit of happiness, Mr. Wilson was represented quite elaborately as a man with a secret disease that thwarted his best efforts. He was exhibited as a failure; but concurrence in that estimate of him was limited, and denial that he had any secret disease which blighted him came with emphasis and in detail from persons whose relations with him had been close and protracted, Mr. Tumulty for one.

Mr. MacDonald has given no exposition of his present views of Mr. Wilson, but it is to rejoice that he has a President to work with who seems to suit him and who has at heart largely the same purposes which he has himself. Nobody seems to have said that Mr. MacDonald in coming to the United States is making the same mistake that Mr. Wilson made when he went to France. That seems like a neglected opportunity, though the question whether Mr. Wilson did make a mistake is still open to discussion, and there is still no lack of living people who will hold that he didn't.

Contemporary and prospective aviation are all on the side of MacDonald and Hoover in their efforts to cut down the cost of navies for Great Britain and these States. Neither Parliament nor Congress, it would seem, can wish to put more money than seems absolutely necessary into warships while aerial progress is going so fast and strong and the limitations of its efficiency in warfare are still so imperfectly defined.

One of the political convictions attributed to Mr. MacDonald is that salutary changes in government or human life must come by growth, and that it does not help to try to bring them about prematurely by legislation. He is especially interested in the physical and mental recuperation of the people

of England and their recovery from the ill effects of the industrial system. He is called a socialist. Well, he wants a better life for the working people in England—the miners, the factory hands. He wants them to grow bigger and healthier, also handsomer. In places where arts that belong to domestic life—housekeeping, home-making—have been crushed out by the factory system, he wants them restored and he will work to do it.

VERY good people are still produced in the British Isles. So they are in all countries. But the best people in Great Britain seem to have a fuller understanding of life and a rather better sense about ordering it than their contemporaries in most other countries, and the going is not too easy for them. The newspapers report that an expurgated copy of the Bible has just been issued by the English National Sunday School Union in which such episodes as Joseph and Potiphar's wife are toned down to come within the bounds of propriety, and "harlots" of the prodigal son are softened into "evil companions." That is good news because such a Bible will be needed in Boston shortly if present censors keep their jobs and if Boston is to hold by the Bible at all. But the fable teaches that the improvements in deportment which are attempted in England are no less exasperating than those that are offered to us. To expurgate the Bible is just another example of the eternal effort to restrict the human mind and forbid it to inquire farther than the tenets of some congregation hold to be proper. The idea that people will see no evil if they only keep their eyes shut is popular, and is, no doubt, at the bottom of constant effort to put blinkers on the popular vision. Foolish expurgating is something to be resisted.

Another objectionable matter is the effort of various sects to protect themselves from public criticism. Christian Scientists are offenders in this respect. They offer organized resistance to un-

favorable comment and back it by the secular arm when they can. Mr. Dakin's book about Mrs. Eddy has disturbed them, and they are after it hotfoot, threatening with disfavor publishers, booksellers, reviewers, and anyone who lends a hand to it. The Catholics are about as bad, but somewhat less crude; but tell it to the credit of the Methodists that they do not demand to be let alone, and take their criticism and the most violent opposition without snivelling, though not without hitting back.

Organized religion is always imperfect, always needs watching, occasional criticism, and now and then denunciation. In nothing is free speech more important than in religion. Mussolini seems quite disposed to do his duty of admonition to the Pope; and a bold man he is. Bold also was that Texas clergyman transplanted to Brooklyn, who felt it his duty to proclaim a color line in his church. But discretion has a place even in religion, and the Texas clergyman did not give evidence of having any.

All the religious organizations which own property should remember that their churches or meeting houses are tax free because they are believed to discharge a public service. Christian Scientists, who are so plaintive about Mr. Dakin's book, own a lot of property which, presumably, escapes taxation, and they surely ought not to object to having the limelight thrown on the origins of their remarkable cult. They seem to have proceeded to deify Mrs. Eddy as far as possible, and they do not like to have her halo disturbed. But it is no secret that she was an eccentric person, nor has that hindered Mr. Dakin from doing full credit to her remarkable powers of organization and extraordinary efficiency as a religious leader.

Mrs. Eddy did her job, such as it was, but the beliefs and practice which she personified still seem to be in the process of development, refinement, and revision. She dealt with the mystical

phases of the healing power, a very obscure subject. Nevertheless, her activities advanced knowledge and were useful in compelling attention of unwilling minds to certain processes of cure. Her personal history is valuable in shedding light on the conclusions that she put out in her books and that the Church she founded represents and works with. If there are faults in her doctrine—as of course there are—the record of her personal life should help to explain and correct them.

Mr. Dakin represents her as a chronic invalid subject all her life to recurrent bad spells in her health, but very lively and remarkable in her intervals of energy. He does not give her credit for discovering or inventing much of the basic principles of Christian Science: he credits that to Quimby, but he gives Mrs. Eddy full credit for taking Quimby out of the bureau drawer and publishing him to the world. Dakin writes of her with sympathy. His heart bleeds for her enormous struggles. He does not give her a good character. He does not find her to have been kind or constant to her friends. He does credit her with an enormous gift for publicity, a never-say-die spirit, an indefatigable energy for propagating what she had. He does not by any means say that Mrs. Eddy was a no-account person in Christian Science and that Christian Science is a no-account cult, but his book does help one, as other books have helped before, to understand Mrs. Eddy and separate her personality sufficiently from her exposition of Christian Science to form some idea of what is left. For there is something left; the thing did work, and sick people got well under it. Many lives nowadays seem to go along prosperously because of Christian Science. You may not like it, but as a working hypothesis it is worth study.

ALL creeds and all forms of religion are under examination now and subjected to scrutiny very like what needs to be given to Christian Science.

People want to know what is true in them and what is not, and they begin to understand more than they used to that the truth they hope for is not absolute but relative, and depends upon what they know already and upon how much more they can understand.

A vast new knowledge is unfolding. The scientists, so-called, are at work on it; also explorers, excavators, diggers-up both of the recounted and the unrecounted, important verifiers of Scripture as well as of more or less fabulous history. What we may call the religionists vary greatly in their attitude towards new knowledge. The Fundamentalists hang on like grim death to oldtime Scripture statements and oldtime understanding of them. They have need to, for they hang on to much that is true and in danger of being swept away for the moment by too enthusiastic innovators. There are religionists who tread the middle path of safety, keep their eyes open, and wonder what the upshot will be. Still another lot throw Jonah to the whale and make for port. Well, they are all busy and probably all useful, some in conservation, some in preparation. Whatever was ever true is true now. Knowledge that was not understood or was misunderstood will be better understood out of the new knowledge. People with faith need not worry for they are not going on the rocks.

IT IS curious that anything so old-fashioned as Christmas has lasted over in this very, very changing world. It is not quite what it was two generations ago, or even one, but still it goes on, impaired for some people by its increased importance as a time to sell goods, yet still a joyous time and one in which all ties of affection are renewed. But how much does it still stand for the hope of the world? As much as ever, and perhaps really more than ever. For the Great War, that terrific medicine which shook up, and even shook down, the religion of many people, did bring the great politics of the world to an un-

precedented recognition of the practical efficiency of Christ's teachings. International politics is slowly turning from combinations for force to combinations for agreement. The idea that the prosperity of any nation involves the prosperity of all nations is growing. The Great War said to the peoples of the world—Get together or perish. Civilization cannot stand much more fighting on the modern scale. The War did, in a sense, put the fear of God into statesmen. In great matters they do not dare threaten, they reason together. Strange times! Full of new combinations; full of collectivism! Looking about one sees

Merger, merger, everywhere
And not a drop to drink!

Where is it all coming out? Mass production, mass distribution; enormous combinations of banks; vast money powers; novelties in everything except men. Men are much the same as heretofore. That provision of nature which is now politely termed sex not only continues to keep human life going but continues to run amuck as much as ever. The ambitious effort to detach man entirely from alcohol languishes a good deal in execution, though the warrant to attempt it is in force. The disposition to gamble was never more conspicuous. Nevertheless, there was probably never a time when wealth was better harnessed to the job of improving human life; when the attention of more able and efficient people was better concentrated on the diffusion of health and happiness. There are occasional brays from the lecture platform or elsewhere that the greatest step to the improvement of human life will be the abolition of religion. There always have been such cries from time to time, and no doubt always will be; but religion makes for the understanding of life and is by no means in a hopeless case, and we are much more likely to have more of it than less. But it must be free. It must be open to discussion.



Personal and Otherwise



WITH the appearance, three years ago, of that very fine novel, *The Time of Man*, *Elizabeth Madox Roberts* at once took a place among the foremost American novelists of our generation. Miss Roberts has subsequently written two other books, *My Heart and My Flesh* and *Jingling in the Wind*, and a few short stories, one of which ("Children of the Earth," November, 1928) appeared in HARPER'S; at present she is working on a new novel to be called *The Great Meadow*. She makes her home in Springfield, Kentucky, and the two-part story which we begin this month deals with the sort of countryfolk among whom she lives. We wonder if any reader of unspoiled taste can fail to be impressed with the utter naturalness of the characters and their talk and with the strange beauty with which Miss Roberts invests her account of their finding of the treasure.

The air has been so full, in the past year or two, of denunciations of American lawlessness, that it requires some temerity to suggest that there may be a distinction between a statute and a law, and that to defy a statute may not necessarily be to undermine the foundations of the republic. But *Albert Jay Nock* has never lacked temerity, and in this instance he has the backing of no less estimable a founding father than Thomas Jefferson, whose biography he wrote some years ago. Mr. Nock now spends most of his time in Europe, and most of his HARPER contributions have dealt with international relations: witness "Peace by Incantation" and "Mr. Smith and Mr. Smythe." Last spring a collection of his papers appeared in book form with the title *On Doing the Right Thing*, and this fall he has brought out a life of Rabelais, written in collaboration with C. R. Wilson.

As we stated last month when we published "Sunset Camp"—the story about wayfarers

at a roadside motor-camp in the West—*Ruth Suckow* is an Iowan, was married last March to Ferner Nuhn, has recently been living in Santa Fé, has just published a novel entitled *Cora*, and is one of the American short-story writers whose work most frequently finds its way into the current anthologies.

In her article in this issue, *Dorothy Dunbar Bromley* has tried to deal fairly with every anti-birth-control argument based upon evidence and reason. With arguments based upon authority she obviously cannot deal: as Henry Pratt Fairchild has recently pointed out, either you accept such arguments or you do not; they are clearly not open to discussion. As for Mrs. Bromley's medical evidence, it is perhaps well to bear in mind that although she is not a physician, her "What Risk Motherhood?" (June, 1929) was much praised by physicians for its accuracy and soundness. Mrs. Bromley, a Middle Westerner now resident in New York, is a journalist with an uncommon ability to master the technicalities of diverse subjects; her HARPER articles on divorce, for example, have shown her to be as much at home in the field of law as in that of medicine.

No list of the ablest contemporary experimenters in the technic of fiction is complete without the name of *Virginia Woolf*, the author of *Mrs. Dalloway*, *To the Lighthouse*, and *Orlando*. This is her first appearance in HARPER'S. Mrs. Woolf is the daughter of the late Sir Leslie Stephen; her husband is Leonard Woolf, literary editor of the *London Nation*.

The drift away from the orthodox creed of Christianity, from belief in a personal God, and even from belief in any God at all, is one of the inescapable and momentous facts of our time. Even a decade ago, it is doubtful if a book like Walter Lippmann's *A Preface to Morals*, addressed to those who have lost

the faith of their fathers, could have come home to so many readers as dealing with their own personal problem. The ranks of the humanists, as they call themselves, who would build a religion without God in it, seem to be swelling. To these humanists and other intelligent modern unbelievers, the orthodox theological arguments seem almost as if spoken in a foreign language; if any deist is to claim their attention he must meet them on their own ground. **Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick**, pastor of the Park Avenue Baptist Church of New York, professor of practical theology at Union Theological Seminary, and leader among the liberal Christians of the country, is able to do this. Hence the significance of the article which he contributes to HARPER's this month.

The second short story of this issue reveals **Mary Heaton Vorse**, a HARPER contributor of long standing, in a totally different mood from that of last month, when she gave us the results of her investigations at Gastonia.

In the days when he spelled his name Moderwell, **Hiram Motherwell** was a dramatic critic, and at this moment he is editing the *Theatre Guild Magazine*. But eight years of experience as correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News* in Rome and elsewhere in Europe have not only enabled him to write for us two articles on Italian subjects (a forecast of the agreement between Mussolini and the Papacy, published some months before the terms were announced, and a study of Mussolini's imperial ambitions); they have also stimulated Mr. Motherwell's interest in international economics. His new book, *The Imperial Dollar*, is a study of the American financial empire; his present article reveals the important and little-understood economic function of the American tourist in Europe.

Another function of this same tourist is to offer an interesting contrast with the Englishman and the Frenchman in manners. **Mary Borden**, Chicagoan by birth, Englishwoman by present residence (she is the wife of Brigadier-General E. L. Spears, C. B.), knows both American and English life intimately and is well equipped to analyze these international differences. Her novels, which have won for her an enviable posi-

tion in the world of letters, include *Jane, Our Stranger, Four O'Clock*, and *Flamingo*. Some months ago she compared American society with English in a HARPER article.

Early last summer **Stuart Chase** was invited to speak at a conference of the League for Industrial Democracy. He was unable to go, and sent to the conference a summary of the address he had expected to make on the future of the great city. To his surprise this summary, brief as it was, was widely reported and commented upon. So great was the public interest in it that at our suggestion he has made it the basis of a more detailed presentation of the dilemma of Megalopolis. Mr. Chase is president of the Labor Bureau, Inc., of New York and author of *Your Money's Worth, Men and Machines*, and a forthcoming book, *Prosperity, Fact or Myth?* His HARPER article of last August, "Laid Off at Forty," attracted much attention.

Since the days when he was an aviator on the Western Front, **James Norman Hall** (like his fellow-flyer and collaborator, Charles Nordhoff) has spent most of his time living in Tahiti, writing about the South Seas and occasionally returning—as he does this month—to his memories of 1918.

Among the candidates for Parliament elected when Ramsay MacDonald was swept into power last spring was **Mary Agnes Hamilton**, who under the pen name of Iconoclast had written Mr. MacDonald's biography a few years previously. She now gives us a close-range view of a scene which few Americans are fortunate enough to witness, and these only from the remote altitude of the strangers' gallery.

Gerald W. Johnson, who writes so eloquently of the lost generation in the South, is a North Carolinian, a former member of the faculty of the University of North Carolina, an editorial writer for the Baltimore *Evening Sun*, and the author of a recent life of Andrew Jackson. His latest HARPER contribution was "Fra Angelico and the Cabin Passenger" (February, 1929).



The poets this month are **Shaemas O'Sheel**, a newcomer to HARPER's who

lives in Brooklyn, and *James B. Giltitz* of Binghamton, New York, a senior at Cornell University who made his first HARPER appearance two months ago.

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E. B. White of the editorial staff of the *New Yorker* is one of the principal reasons for the humorous success of that publication; he is also the author of a volume of verses entitled *The Lady Is Cold* (signed E. B. W.), and, with James Thurber, of a forthcoming book, *Is Sex Necessary?* in which his present contribution to the *Lion's Mouth* will be included. In the same department appears *Sarah Fletcher Milligan* of Saratoga Springs, New York, who disguised herself as Jane A. Non when she contributed "The Code of the Caravans" to the *Lion's Mouth* two or three years ago.

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"Christmas," the etching by *Robin Tanner* reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, is only the sixth plate produced by Mr. Tanner, an English artist still in his twenties. He is a native of Chippenham in Wiltshire who went through the Godsmiths College in London, began to teach drawing at twenty-one, and two years later decided to give up teaching and concentrate on etching. This plate, we are told, was done from drawings made at Castlecomb, an English village which has been untouched for hundreds of years and contains not a single modern house.

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May we suggest to *Lion's Mouth* contributors that we pray daily for shorter contributions and that articles of one thousand words, or even less, are as highly regarded—all other things being equal—as articles of two thousand? We admit that one of the chief offenders in the matter of length is a member of the Magazine staff, but are happy to report that an apology for his bad example has been wrung from him and that he has already hung above his desk a motto commending the virtues of brevity.

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First hand testimony to back up Anna Steese Richardson on the decline of the

women's clubs, from a man who has lectured countless times before them, and who now writes, he says, with a guilty conscience because he expects to go right on lecturing:

Apropos of Mrs. Richardson's sane and perfectly delightful article in the current number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE I am going to tell you that at one time one of our noted New England artists gave a talk on art before a large club of women near Boston. He described in detail two or three paintings in the Salon in Paris. At the close of the meeting a much dolled-up and newly rich member of the club came up to him and said,

"Well, if anyone here can appreciate your talk I can, for I have went to Paris and have saw all of them paintings you spoke on."

Now, I have "went" to hundreds of women's clubs and have "saw" them in even violent action. For this reason my reaction to Mrs. Richardson's article was such that my wife asked me to-day what in time I was tittering about at two and even three o'clock this morning. As the article is dead certain to bring fierce reproaches upon your head and you may even be haled into court for it, you may call upon me to take oath that every word of it is true.

Recognizing the admirable work the clubs in the past have done, and not forgetting that they still have a definite value in some places, the fact remains that Mrs. Richardson is dead right when she says that they are losing their "intelligent" members and that they ought to dissolve their present organization and start over again on new and constructive lines more in harmony with the spirit and the demands of the present day. It is all bosh to talk about "three millions of club women standing back of all forward movements" when probably two million five hundred thousand of them, excellent ladies though they are, know less and care less about some of the most important "forward movements" than they know about bridge.

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Another echo of "It Paid to Be a Bargain Wife":

The article you published in HARPER's for September, "It Paid to Be a Bargain Wife," started me thinking. In a number of respects my position is similar to the author's, especially in regard to my courtship and the need for economizing. I feel sure, however, that my marriage will turn out a success; perhaps because I was so thoroughly grounded in economy, with the necessity at the same time for putting up more than a

respectable "front." Anyone who is the daughter of a minister and of a mother like mine knows that it can be done. I too graduated with a *cum laude*, but my mother considered that a woman should know how to manage her own home before anything else. I believe the anonymous writer's greatest mistake was that they did not love each other; their life was not actually on a 50-50 basis; she was carrying more than her share of the load. How could one expect her husband to feel much more than a very sincere admiration for what she was doing? Seemingly she spent most of her time in caring for the babies which they should never have had—then, at least—and making no effort to make herself attractive, interesting, desirable to her husband. There's no use in letting things you enjoy become commonplace.

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As we go to press, our November issue has only just appeared, but already the comments are coming in. Two old friends of the Magazine are among the first to write us. The first sends us this note from Irvington-on-Hudson, New York:

Bravo to you and Duffield for "Mussolini's American Empire." The antis can't get a thing on you; the truth is there and evidentially documented.

Please have the full courage of your convictions and send a copy of the Magazine to every U. S. Senator and Congressman as well as to the President and his Cabinet officers. Do this for your country.

The other comment comes from Winifred Kirkland:

I'm so thrilled by the November HARPER's that I can't wait to tell you so! I think the Mussolini article is the bravest thing I've ever seen published. The sheer, splendid courage of that one issue of an American magazine makes me proud to be an American.

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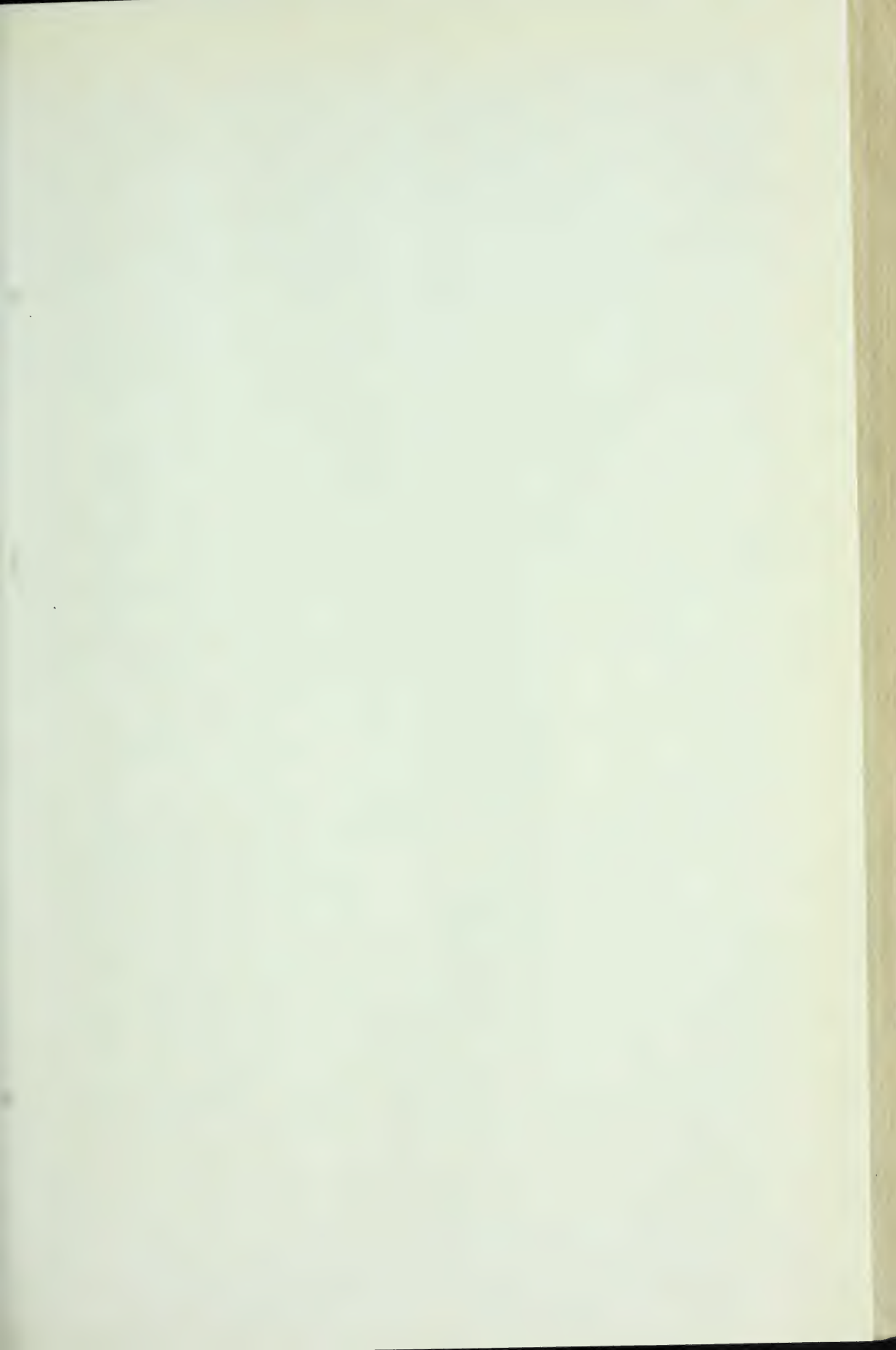
A girl who "wishes she were back in Chicago" stopped at a hotel news-stand on her first night in New York, bought our

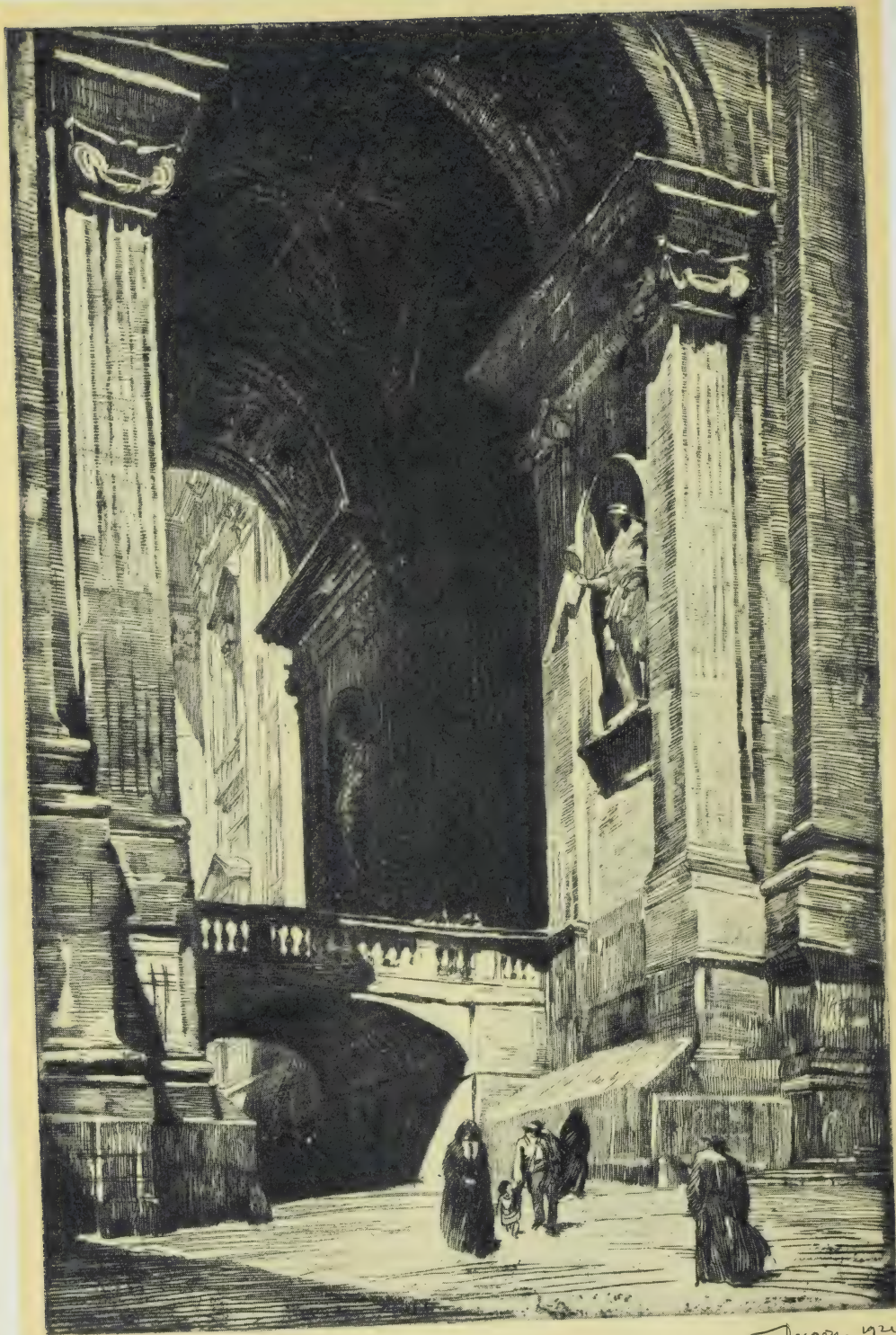
October number, and read John Gunther's article on Chicago racketeers and Lillian Symes's "Our Last Frontier." Her comments on New York, dashed off that very night, indicate that she will probably endorse the sentiments of Mr. Chase in this issue:

So this is New York! From the twenty-ninth floor of this great steel structure—to which height I have been rushed by an express elevator with an elevator boy so electrically charged that his ears do not absorb the difference between the words twenty-three and thirty-three—I view the metropolis, a city that needs to wash its face and comb its hair! Five-story tenements flank one side of the street on which I gaze, and million-dollar film palaces, the other. Clothes, which except for their physical position on clothes-lines evidence no visit to the laundry tub, span yards and alleys. Children on scooters race up and down, slatternly women stand by old stone stoops, flappers with carmen cupid's bows where lips should be and scanty clothing grasped tightly *à la mode* scurry down the streets. Automobile sirens blow, tugboat whistles toot, the fire-engine sears the street, the elevated screeches and growls, the street cars sizz, the policeman's canary-like whistle trills incessantly—and this bedlam of noises is Manhattan, to which all of ambitious America is credited with turning! This madhouse is the city where genius can flaunt itself unharried by provincial criticism, where youth can lose itself in self-expression!

I ask a policeman how to get to the nearest subway station; he replies in an accent so broad that it spans the Atlantic. I let myself be swallowed up by the crowds until somehow I arrive where I should be—and it's Times Square Station! We have a toy maze at home, but that's easy compared with finding the right subway train at Times Square. Not having brought a foreign dictionary along I gaze at the subway starters in despair, and then for fear of being lost in the seething waves of humanity I forfeit my nickel, retrace my steps, and lose myself anyhow by coming out of some hole I didn't go into. I hail a taxi; the driver can understand if not speak my tongue, and I slither back to my hotel.

Racketeers in Chicago? They're angels compared to the mobs in New York!





ST. PETER'S
By Decaris

Courtesy of the Randolph Collections



Harpers *Magazine*

THE CRISIS IN MORALS

BY GILBERT MURRAY

I FEAR that I suffer from many disqualifications for expressing any judgment on the subject of morals. For one thing, I am sixty and, therefore, in the opinion of some critics disallowed from the outset. I am a paterfamilias and, therefore, accustomed to a hypocritical use of authority. Then again I am an unmitigated highbrow, and do not understand the feelings of ordinary healthy men.

On this last point I do rather feel with my supposed critics. I agree that the traditional thinking and theorizing about morals, as about most other things, has been done too much by the people who happen to like thinking and theorizing, people of mild passions and sheltered lives, who scarcely understand the lusts and angers of ordinary humanity or the tough squeezes of the struggle for life. Yet there is no help for it. Thinking must be done by the people who do not mind thinking, however badly we do it. And the lowbrow may comfort himself with the knowledge that, whatever we think or write, it is he who will always govern us.

I wish to write, then, on the crisis in morals. But is there any crisis at all, or is the whole suggestion a silly newspaper scare? I think there is, and I will give one or two reasons for the belief.

The Japanese Government has recently published an Annual of Japanese Art for the year 1927, a beautiful book. In it there are two main schools represented, one which follows the native tradition and one which has fallen under the influence of Europe. I wish I could show my readers the pictures in question, for without them I cannot convince anyone who differs from me. But, as a student of history and civilization, I feel confident that if the two styles of art given in that book had been found by excavation on some ancient site, every critic would have said, "At this point it is clear that the old and fine civilization of Japan was overrun and almost destroyed by a peculiarly low type of barbarian. It is just what we find in the fall of the Minoan Empire, or in the collapse of Roman Africa under the attacks of the negroes."

Again, I notice in advanced Liberal

journals, both in England and America, not merely a desire for legal reform in certain sexual matters where reform is probably overdue, but a sort of disinterested enthusiasm for sexual misconduct in all its forms, from obscene language to unnatural vice. A word of condemnation for such things produces a storm of protest. This tone recurs pretty often in history, but is unusually marked at the present day.

Lastly, I can appeal to the authority of so able an observer as Mr. Lippmann in his *A Preface to Morals*. He is convinced that among the young of the richer classes in America, at least, there is an exceptional state of moral anarchy. The point is well put by a friend of mine, writing about Lippmann's book: "I have much sympathy with this young generation. It has seen so many myths exploded around it: not merely the Christian myth, but such things as self-denial, altruism, public spirit, that it believes in no myths at all. And you need to be very tough indeed to be able to do without *any* myths." The writer uses the word myth in a peculiar sense, meaning, I fancy, what St. Paul meant by Faith, a belief not exactly proved nor provable, but held because of some general bias of character.

This is well put. You will generally find the same thing put crudely by people who have not the habit of considering the meaning of the words they use. There are people who say they are "unmoral"—which would mean that they saw no moral difference between, say, murdering their mother for a dollar and earning the dollar by an hour's teaching; or that they believe in "no general principles whatever"—*e.g.* that two by two equals four or that fire burns; or they mean to take nothing for granted but to try everything by experiment—*e.g.* to see if arsenic really poisons them. These statements and a thousand others like them, which you can find published in abundance, are of course utterly clumsy and inaccurate. The truth is, they express desire rather

than thought. But that is natural; one of the surest symptoms of anarchy is the substitution of desire for thought.

Now the first great point to remember is that the Rebellion of the Young against the Old is normal, both biologically and sociologically. Biologically, there is a period during which the mother feeds the child, a period when the parents support and protect it and, therefore, control its actions, and a period in which it breaks loose from control and insists on standing upon its own feet. Birds, who take their parental duties very seriously, slave to feed and defend their young for a few months, and then at the suitable moment turn them out of the nest and peck them if they try to get in again. Birds know their business. Biologically, the rebellion is right. It is also right sociologically. Modern psychologists have pointed out that man's attitude towards the Moral Law, or towards the approved conventions of his society, is one of what they call "ambivalence." That is to say, he has at the same moment, or at two successive moments, contradictory emotions towards it. As a representative of the society which imposes the convention, he feels indignation at the breach of it; as one of the individuals on whom it is enforced, he feels a certain hostility towards it and a wish to elude it. And in general one emotion or the other preponderates in a man according as he has most to gain or to lose. In the sphere of property the young man likes to take his father's handkerchiefs, collars, studs, golf clubs, tennis racket, and anything else that may suit him; only a very spirited father retaliates by stealing his son's things, and then to no purpose, for he has to pay for them. In the sphere of sex the young unmarried woman likes to pursue her natural prey unhindered and uncriticized; the married woman has secured her prey: it may be very limited in value, but she is content to ask for no more if only other women will not try to rob her.

This general clash of interest and emotion between the young and the old, between the attack and the defense, those who want plunder and those who want security, is practically speaking eternal in human society; and it is a little ridiculous for either party to profess pride or horror at it in the twentieth century. It occurs in all literature, especially in all comedy, and it always had in it an element of unreality.

With the stupid, passionate, and greedy young doubtless the rebellion takes form in action. With the intellectual young, if I may judge from my contemporaries at Oxford in the 'eighties, I should say it was almost entirely an intellectual rebellion, but it served the purpose, when necessary, of shocking our elders, and thus giving us ourselves a feeling of superiority. In actual conduct I should say the whole of our set at college was free from vice and we thought it the worst possible form to indulge in obscene language. But in speculation we were ready for anything, from the absurdity of the marriage laws and the anti-social influence of a belief in God to the desirability of encouraging suicide—on which I myself wrote a persuasive essay. I have little doubt that the same game was played by the clever undergraduates of previous generations, and is continued briskly at the present day. And I should like to say emphatically that the undergraduates, both men and women, whom I now know as pupils or friends seem to me every bit as well-behaved as we were, and perhaps a little more public-spirited and intelligent.

These considerations suggest that a great deal of the supposed "crisis" is not a crisis at all, but a normal and regular difference of attitude between the old and the young of the same period. But I think that would be to go too far. I think Mr. Lippmann is right in saying that the present difference is greater than normal and in some ways peculiar in character. Let us consider some of the causes that have been at work to produce it.

II

On some I will touch very lightly. There is the Great War with its shattering effect on custom and character, and its severing of actions from their natural consequences. But of that I have written elsewhere.

There is the rapid and widespread emancipation of women, and their entry into all fields of economic and intellectual work. This revolution must necessarily affect sexual morals, as the independent woman, earning her living by her own exertions, cannot possibly keep up the same extreme sensibilities as the protected woman nor indulge in the same helplessness or narrowmindedness.

In America there seems to have been a certain breakdown of religious orthodoxy; in Europe this occurred at least a generation ago, and did not, as far as I can see, have a bad effect.

Lastly there have been what I may call two discoveries and one false theory. The two discoveries are, first the sudden and startling advances made in the science of psychology, and second the wide dissemination of knowledge about methods of birth control. Psychology has taught us that much of our traditional moral language is based on false premises—for example that phrases like "unselfishness," "honor," "purity" need a great deal of analysis before we can attach a definite sense to them; and has at the same time familiarized us with information about the springs of human conduct which, however helpful it may be if taken in the right spirit, often produces a paralyzing effect on the character and sometimes provides an excuse for depravity. Birth control, and the widespread familiarity with the idea of such control which we must now take as a fact, have profoundly altered one side of the problem of sexual conduct. The greatest non-moral deterrent to promiscuous intercourse throughout history has been the fear of pregnancy: that deterrent has now, to a great extent, been re-

moved, and those people—whether few or many—who were deterred from promiscuity only by fear of social punishment are now almost free from that fear. All these influences have had a dissolvent effect. All of them in the first impression on an untrained and unphilosophic mind are destructive of morality; and we must always remember that most minds are utterly untrained and unphilosophic.

Lastly, there has been the false theory: a theory which has already done a vast amount of harm in education and is still running riot in the sphere of art. I mean the worship of self-expression. I will leave art aside for the present, but in education I believe this vicious dogma is approaching its unlamented burial. No doubt it had some psychological excuse for coming into existence as a protest against an excessive authoritarianism which tried to turn out all pupils according to one pattern. It was right to consider each pupil's character and personality and train it in appropriate ways. But to suggest that the pupil's whole duty is to express himself, and the teacher's whole duty to help him to do so, seems to me to be the direct contrary of true education. What I as a student have wanted to receive—and what as a teacher I have tried to give—has been always in different contexts the same thing: I wanted to get into contact with minds superior to my own, and thereby to become capable of seeing things which I could not now see, and appreciating and enjoying things that were now above me. We all start life with an extremely limited appreciation of the greatness and beauty by which we are surrounded, and also with a pretty confident opinion that a thing which does not happen to please us is not up to much. I cannot imagine an education which for me personally would have been more utterly damnable than to teach me to be contented with my existing beliefs and powers and just express them—to take the raw, untrained Australian boy called Gilbert Murray

as the measure of the universe, and simply encourage him to go ahead. I trust however that this nightmare will pass.

I have suggested, then, that the Crisis in Morals is due largely, though of course not exclusively, to a certain number of causes. I will now say a word about the real conclusions which I think should be drawn from these causes.

Of the false theory I will not speak. The way to deal with a false theory is not to believe it. Of the War I will not speak either. We must recover from it and learn, now that we have leisure, its true lessons. As to the emancipation of women, I think that so great a revolution has naturally produced some confusion of thought and conduct. As this confusion clears away, I think we shall find our current rules of sexual conduct, which were framed to suit one set of conditions, partly rewritten to suit another. They will be written, as they usually are, by women. They will probably be more sensible; but I see no reason to suppose that they will be lower or more lax in their demands on human nature.

But what are we to say about the advances in psychology, especially the theories of Freud, so much and so incompetently disseminated? I think there is no doubt that the first effect of the spread of these theories has been bad. It is rather like the first effect on medical students of the dissecting room and the operating theater. Some are horrified, some are brutalized, many are nervously upset. The action is two-fold: first there is the shock of disgust at being thrown into familiar contact with things which ordinary social instinct, from primitive times down to the present, treats with extreme reserve. Second, there is the abrupt discovery that much, and perhaps all of our emotional and spiritual nature has a physical and often a grossly physical basis.

What should our attitude be to

this new danger? Well, apart from exaggerations and follies on which I need not dwell, I think there is nothing to be frightened of. Surely we all knew all the time that our higher nature has a physical basis, and a very large number of our noblest emotions actually have a sexual basis? The fact remains that they are by now miles away from that basis, and there is no reason for dragging them back to it. If Shakespeare was descended from some sort of anthropoid ape, that does not mean that "Hamlet" is only a mass of monkeyish gibberings. The important fact is the fact of development: the rise, intellectual and spiritual, of the thing that was an ape into the thing that is Shakespeare. The new psychologists talk much of the Internal Censor and delight to show us the unpleasant objects which he has attempted to hide. But the most interesting thing that they have proved is the actual existence of this Censor and all that his existence implies. The suppressions and disguises of which they speak so much are only his failures: they form the fringe of a much greater and more effective activity, rejecting, conquering, sublimating, or compelling change. And the very fact that a Censor within us does wish to reject certain things—however ineffectively he may sometimes do it—is of great psychological importance. It proves that there is, deeply implanted from time immemorial in man's nature, this instinctive determination not to be content with oneself as one is, but somehow to be cleaner and higher; to suppress and reduce to nothingness the sort of things that drag one down, and to concentrate attention and effort on the higher parts of one's being. It does not invalidate this consideration to be told that in cases of mental disease the Censor's work has to be undone. That is only to be expected in cases of disease. The point is that man, who has risen from the ape, has apparently done so by the help and guidance of this inward spirit which rejects filth and denies it.

It is not Victorian prudery, it is not Christian asceticism, it is not even the Hellenic tradition, which dislikes uncleanness, physical and moral; it is something that springs eternal in the nature of man.

On birth control I will say only a word or two. I have no sympathy with that form of social timidity which would keep from those who need it most, under due medical advice, information which is easily accessible to all the upper and middle classes and a mere commonplace among those who practice vice. But our question here is not whether the general knowledge of contraceptive methods is desirable, but, granted that it exists as a fact, what effect it ought to have on our moral beliefs and actions. The suggestion often made, and emphasized for instance by Mr. Lippmann, is this: since intercourse can now take place without any serious danger of pregnancy ensuing, not only is it much easier to escape detection, but the action itself is of much less social importance. It is sometimes added, on the same line of thought, that if the danger of venereal disease were also eliminated the action would become entirely unobjectionable from the ethical standpoint—as harmless as lawn tennis or dancing.

Now is this so? I put to myself two questions. First, when I have, on occasion, felt instinctive disgust or disapproval at hearing of some lewd behavior, was that feeling in the least degree dependent on the probability that the actions in question would lead either to venereal disease or to the birth of illegitimate children? I think, not in the least. I think the dislike was predominantly a feeling of fastidiousness, an æsthetic repulsion.

Second, I ask myself whether the removal of these dangers would have had any effect on my conduct, or whether the fear of them was ever consciously a working motive leading me towards one course of action or another. Again my answer would be, as far as I can judge, not in the least.

If that is so—and of course it is a matter on which we are all liable to self-deception—I think it will probably turn out that the moral or æsthetic sense of mankind, or at any rate of the progressive part of mankind, utterly rebels against the treatment of sexual intercourse as a mere matter of physical pleasure without spiritual meaning: a principle which does not necessarily lead to monogamy, but does at least destroy desultory lewdness.

And here we strike, I think, on a very important observation. Social conventions change: the particular actions calculated to suit them change with them, as, *e.g.*, if the rule of the road were changed in England we should drive on the right instead of the left. But the quality required for the right action does not change. It is just as important to drive carefully and considerately whatever the law of the road may be. The driver who says, "First they say 'left,' then they say 'right.'" It is all a mess and I am free to be a road-hog" is indulging in a false argument. So monogamy and polygamy are social conventions; but whichever you live under you can behave well or ill, you can be chaste or unchaste. This is not "mere Christian dogma." It is a matter on which all the progressive races for the last three or four thousand years have felt strongly and observed very closely. For it is a great mistake to suppose that people did not observe character before they had invented the proper scientific terms to describe it. Many an old nurse is a far shrewder judge of the psychology of a child than many a professional psychologist, though she could never put her knowledge in scientific or even in clear and consistent language. The psychological terms of ordinary speech, though scientifically elusive and often inconsistent, are as a matter of fact based on deep instincts and on sensitive observation. Social conventions may change; I think, as regards the marriage laws they will change and ought to change. But I have little doubt that the value of

chastity and the need for chastity will remain, like the need for self-control, for fair dealing, for courage, for honesty, and for a number of other simple matters which can be felt better than defined.

III

And what is to be our attitude towards the Crisis itself? Many people, of course, will fly to supernatural sanctions, and seek to re-establish morality on the basis which has already collapsed beneath it. No doubt make-believe will do a great deal, but it is a treacherous foundation on which to build one's life; and I feel in this tendency a kind of infidelity to the very cause which we are trying to serve, using insincerity to persuade people to be sincere. But my chief objection is a practical one. I believe that the accepted morality, though always open to criticism, is in the main solidly based on the experience of the human race. There are hardly any social facts so well ascertained as the main moral principles of society; and I think it absurd to base these well-ascertained principles on dubious dogmas or revelations about matters which are beyond the limits of normal human knowledge. Let me make my point clear. I am not denying the dogmas: it may be true that Lazarus rose from the dead or that a certain experience of Professor Eddington is really a contact with God; but neither of these propositions is anything like as sure and well attested as, let us say, the social desirableness of honesty or sobriety. But I need hardly labor the point further. Fallible man is always trying to provide himself with weapons which shall be infallible.

The weapons which we really possess are of course imperfect. That is one of the essential conditions of the conflict that we call human life. Still, in the first place, we can put a good deal of trust in the normal reaction of society to anti-social vagaries. The corrupt young person gets him- or herself disliked.

Even if inside a particular set it is considered admirable to be, let us say, drunken, lewd, and dishonest, the members of that set will in course of time find that people outside the set are numerous and powerful; that it is awkward to go on doing things which they despise; and that perhaps after all they are right.

How far, again, can we trust to experience itself, since I say that our moral principles are based upon experience? Of course, not completely. The experience of the race extends over thousands of generations with millions of human lives in each. It can swamp the exceptions in the general rule, and it can wait to the end of a process to see the result. The individual cannot. Still he can observe and he can imagine. Experience is a very subtle drug, and a small dose of it can often make us understand and digest whole masses of observation and of precept. We learn to live by a mixture of the three, as we learn to walk or talk or play baseball.

And in the process of learning or failing to learn, how can we help those who in any way look to us? Here I have little to add to that which most sensible citizens know already. There are some mistakes to avoid. We should avoid being frightened. We should avoid hypocrisy. We should avoid the pursuit of edification at the expense of truth. We should avoid identifying the moral law with our personal interests or preferences. We should avoid preaching and finding fault, or trying to satisfy our own idealism by insisting that our sons and daughters should be perfection. All these are truisms. I believe that to people of my generation and that which has succeeded it it is more important to lay stress on the need for discipline. My generation neglected it. We were eager to be sympathetic and enlightened. Perhaps we were timid. We liked to regard all naughtiness as a form of illness. We made the cruel mistake of keeping the child or young person protected against the natural consequences

of his actions; we prevented his learning the indispensable lessons of personal experience. We made on him the monstrous demand that he should supply all the necessary discipline of life from within by his own unaided virtue. I think, as a generation, we have reaped our natural reward.

Punishment is a blessed thing. I pity the young who have grown up without it. I pity the old, the masters and mistresses of households, whom nobody dares to contradict, who are never, never put into the corner or whipped as they deserve. I pity the kings and emperors who have gone murderous-mad because no one stood up to them or made them behave themselves. But punishment is of no positive value; only negative. For any positive help towards living a nobler life, apart from the influence of friendship and of education, I can only fall back on that real and widespread possession of the human race of which we have already spoken: that instinct which shows itself in the existence of the Internal Censor. It is an instinct both moral and æsthetic, which rejects things both because they are bad and because they are ugly, and pursues things both because they are good and because they are beautiful. Philosophers insist on drawing a distinction between these two, but I confess that I never can feel it very real. As far as I can analyze my own feelings, I should say that the motive which keeps me from a bad action is a feeling that as I contemplate it I do not like the look of it or the smell of it. I feel it to be ugly or foul or not decent—not the sort of thing with which I want to be associated. And, similarly, the thing that nerves me towards a good but difficult action is a feeling that it seems beautiful or fine, the sort of thing that I love as I look at it and would like to have for my own. Though not infallible, this moral or æsthetic instinct is a true fact. I believe it to be generally very strong in young people, at any rate in those who have real life in them, and, though often

misdirected while they make their usual experiments, it has a way of correcting its own errors and ultimately finding its right course. It, and perhaps it alone, answers the most troublesome of all questions which the cynic can put to the moralist: "Granted that it is useful to society that I should be honest, why should I mind about society if I can find my own profit in stealing?"

I refuse then to be frightened, though sometimes no doubt I feel concerned. We are passing through a time of strain and change, and managing the necessary readjustments on the whole with good success. I trust for the general main-

tenance and gradual raising of the moral standard in a society such as ours: first to the influence of the facts of life and the lessons taught by experience; next to the social instincts and the reaction of a well-organized society upon its members by example, education, and training, by liking and disliking, admiration and disapproval; and most of all to this inward Censor of whom the psychologists tell us, this inborn moral or æsthetic instinct, the ineradicable heritage of humanity, by which men have from the very beginnings of civilization rejected and denied what they feel to be vile within them, sought what they love, and imitated what they admire.

INTERSECTION

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

THE strange light of the evening on your hair,
 The shadow of a star within your eyes,
 And seeing you, I neither know nor care
 If there be angels left in Paradise.

You pause a moment where the traffic streams,
 With lifted head, untouched by fate's decree
 That keeps us twain; lost in your own rare dreams,
 So beautiful, and yet unknown to me.

For destiny with unimpassioned will
 Decides the point where your path crosses mine:
 The lines, through time and space, with faultless skill
 It draws, and then destroys the old design.



THE PRANK

A STORY

BY STELLA BENSON

IT WAS so beautifully cool in the very early morning that Mr. Dunder acquired the habit of waking with the young light and walking about the wet washed deck in his pajamas and bare feet. To-day, being on deck before the invasion of deckwashers, he discovered that there was another passenger even more matutinal than himself. His rival was a young woman, and she drooped forlornly against the rail, looking thirstily at the streaked dawn. When he approached more closely, he saw that it was only Miss Foss. Poor Miss Foss, a pretty, flushed, plump young girl, apparently the kind of girl who is known as jolly—apparently the kind that “gives back as good as she gets” to jocose third officers—apparently the kind that usually, alarmed, despised and withdrew from the mincing, precise Mr. Dunder. Apparently, but not actually. For in this instance the withdrawal was on Mr. Dunder’s side. The poor girl was cut off from the world by a shocking stammer. Her essential jollity was completely thwarted—cut off at the main, as it were. No third officer had ever had a chance to laugh at the jokes she might have made. Inside her there must have been a perfect turmoil of fermented, repressed jokes. She expressed herself only in explosive hisses, and those who dared to converse with her were obliged, after a nervous, polite pause, to utter for her the answers to their own questions, to supply both quip and repartee themselves—a double duty that almost immediately palls.

Mr. Dunder had not dared to speak to any of the girls on the ship. He was a thin, shy, shortsighted creature, forty-eight years old, numbed by long residence in Malaya with no recreation but to read the works of the Established Great as they came out in a democratic shilling form labelled the Mustardseed Library. Now, when he saw Miss Foss airing her rough, sleepy curls in the romantic, cool dawn wind, he thought, “If it had been any other girl—or even if this girl could speak—it might have been rather a romantic moment.” However, there it was—just his luck—it was only Miss Foss.

The regiment of deckwashers suddenly crowded the deck. A barrage of writhing waters sprang from their artillery of hoses. Mr. Dunder turned up his pajama trousers and stood firm in a doorway, enjoying the fierce cool snarl of the water. Miss Foss, perched on the high threshold of her deck-cabin door, watched with her plump, thirsty smile that never could explain itself.

The men who were washing the deck seemed to communicate with one another by means of hi’s and ha’s and ho’s exclusively. They were English, but they might have been Zulus, for all Mr. Dunder could understand of what they said. However, obviously it was all good-natured and even witty. “Ha, ha—ho, ho,” shouted one, and the others, “Huh—huh—ha, ha.” A perfect chime of hi-hi’s and ho-ho’s suddenly pealed from the detachment of washers at the far end of the deck; something had

interested the ingenuous creatures—a cockroach, a distant whale, a little mechanical predicament. At any rate, there were all the sailors at the far end of the deck. Miss Foss looked naïvely after them.

Mr. Dunder, standing barelegged in the urgent torrent of water that spewed from the nozzle of the nearest hose-pipe, suddenly gave way to a wholly senseless impulse. Before he could dispute the matter with himself, he had seized the nozzle and directed its forceful stream straight through the window of the nearest deck-cabin. There was a frightful silence in the cabin while one might draw a breath, and then the squealing began—wild squealing—squeal upon squeal.

Mr. Dunder's whole body turned to ice as he dropped the hose and sprang backwards through the doorway. He fled to his cabin, almost crying with horror. What in the world had possessed him to do such an incredible, irrevocable thing? Not *possessed* him, really, for there was no hospitality, no open door at all in his nature for such an idiotic prank. Even at the age of seven he would not have done such a thing. His hands had done it by themselves—his hands, maddened by the violence of that snake of water. He sat on his bunk and looked at his hands—they were mad, surely—yet how was he to disown them. If someone had seen him—if that Miss Foss had seen him . . . He could hear the squealing still going on, and the sound of stewards running. He jumped into bed, trembling, and rang for the steward.

"What's that squealing?"

"It's the lady in Number Ten, sir. Someone turned the hose on her through the window."

"Who?"

"There's no saying that, sir. Must have been some young gentleman's idear of a joke. Her heart's weak and she's all of a dither. Going to complain to the Captain, she says."

Mr. Dunder's teeth chattered. Miss

Foss *must* have seen him. She was quite close by when it happened. He began to dress himself; he cut himself badly while shaving. His hand trembled so—well, it was a mad hand. His cut chin bled so persistently that he decided to give time to its staunching and go down very late to breakfast. His allotted seat was at the Captain's table, and he hoped that the Captain would by now have breakfasted and gone. Supposing the Captain already knew of the attack on Number Ten. What a fool—that Number Ten woman—making such a fuss, getting respectable civil servants into trouble. So Mr. Dunder, perspiring coldly, went down cautiously late to breakfast. The Captain was late too. He sat looking annoyed.

"Perhaps you can help me, Mr. Dunder," said the Captain. "I hear you were on deck early. It seems someone got hold of the hose while the men's backs were turned and shot a lot of water in at one of the deck-cabin windows. The doctor says it might have had serious consequences—lady passenger with a weak heart. Did you see any larky young fool sneaking about on deck?"

With the same horrifying unaccountability as his hands had shown when they went mad this morning, Mr. Dunder's tongue went wily. "Yes, Captain, I saw Miss Foss," he said—and he said it in just the right terse, unwilling voice—the voice of a chivalrous man reluctant to get a young girl into trouble. He put just the right significant, chivalrous full stop after his admission.

"You mean you saw—well . . . *that* girl? I always said she *looked* a jolly, bouncing piece, up to any mischief; but she *behaved* as though butter wouldn't melt . . . Miss Foss . . . Well—I'm . . ."

"What in heaven's name is the matter with me?" the astounded Mr. Dunder asked himself. But immediately he justified his lie—the original outrage he could not justify—could

scarcely reconstruct in his imagination, though it seemed to belong to the realms of delirious imagination rather than to those of actual memory. To tell the Captain that . . . Well, in a way, though if one read it in a story it would sound rather mean, yet uttered by one's own lips, it must be acknowledged that it was reasonable. An afflicted and pleasing young girl couldn't be so severely reproached, so deeply disgraced as an elderly civil servant with a solid reputation to keep up. Besides, morally, he was not guilty of the crime.

On deck after breakfast, the Captain, making his jokeful daily round, was attacked by the victim from Cabin Number Ten. Number Ten, it now appeared, was Mrs. Mallet—a born, inveterate public butt, grotesquely fat and shrill, dressed in bursting scarlet—the kind of incredible creature that is seen only in public places like ships, hotels, or private views of bad paintings.

"It's an outrage, Captain," she squealed from behind her mountainous bust as she lay prone on her deck chair. "I might have died. Peacefully asleep like a baby, and then to be woke up like that . . . I tell you, Captain, you must put the man in irons once you find him; it would have been manslaughter aforethought if I'd died. And I nearly did die. I simply crumpled up and fell into the steward's arms. He told me he said to himself, 'Good God, Mrs. Mallet's done for.' . . . I tell you, Captain, if nothing's done, my husband'll sue the company for damages."

The hearts of all the chivalrous men within earshot all down the deck hardened. The Captain's heart hardened. Even a victim needs charm. A charmless lamb can be more hated than the most aggressive butcher. The Captain, his kind face pink with anger, murmured remote reassurances in a sour voice. He drifted away. Mrs. Mallet continued to squeal after him. He drifted round the corner of the deck, swallowing an innocent sailor's oath. He came upon Miss Foss, plump,

neglected, thirstily watching a men's shuffleboard foursome. None of the players spoke to her for fear lest she should try to answer. The Captain laid his hand on her arm. Fresh from his encounter with the victim, he felt strangely tender towards the aggressor. "You naughty, naughty, naughty gal," he said in a portentous voice and wagged his finger with a somber archness in her face.

"P-s-s-s-sh-k-k-k" sprayed Miss Foss.

"What you ticking the poor gal off for, Captain?" asked a chivalrous shuffleboarder.

"Ask no questions and you'll be told no lies," said the Captain. "She's a naughty, naughty gal." He winked and rolled away. Within half an hour it was known all over the ship that that Foss girl had turned the hose on the Pink Balloon. Ha-ha. Hee-hee. Wouldn't have thought she had it in her. . . .

Mr. Dunder heard the news in the smoking room and felt dimly resentful, cheated, envious of the heroine's fame. "So easy for young people to get away with things," he thought. "People never give a man over forty credit for any spirit or sense of humor."

And at the dance that night, as he sat in a corner, too shy to ask anyone to dance with him, he glowered upon Miss Foss as she danced round and round, enjoying the fame that should have been his. She was much in demand to-night, she flushed continually to veiled, roguish flatteries. She was a new girl. She punctuated her hisses and splutterings with fluent squeaks of appreciation, with smackings of arch protest. Her stammer was now felt to be a sly disguise for sportiveness; she was "deep" but a "good sport." Every young man asked her to dance and showed himself glad to answer on her behalf his own questions. And as she danced past Mr. Dunder for the twentieth time, she suddenly caught sight of him through her mist of happiness. Her eyes dwelt on his for a second or two with a look of the most genuine and obsequious gratitude.



WHOM DOES CONGRESS REPRESENT?

THE PROBLEM BEHIND THE LOBBIES

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

FOR more than a year newspaper headlines have been snapping with electric alarms over lobbies in Washington. The most moral nation on earth is in confusion respecting its morals. Senator Bingham places the Secretary to the President of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association on the pay roll of the Senate and introduces him, as an "expert" on tariff schedules, into the sanctuary of the Republican finance committee in charge of the tariff bill. In this action the Senator sees no impropriety. "Nothing was done," he says, "contrary to good morals or senatorial ethics." Senator Bingham is a scholar and a gentleman. He is the son of a clergyman; he was brought up in a moral atmosphere, educated at Yale and Harvard where morals are strong, and seasoned in the moral climate of New Haven. If he is not a good one hundred per cent American, then the species is extinct. Those who know him best bear witness to the rectitude of his intentions in public and private life. At most they would be merely willing to admit, with one of his Connecticut constituents, that "the Senator has been a leetle bit careless."

And yet the Senate of the United States, after full debate and by a considerable majority, censures Senator Bingham, declaring that his action is contrary to good morals and senatorial ethics, and tends to damage the honor and reputation of that august body. Great as is the authority behind it, this resolution does not dispose of the issue. When does the innocent and accurate

representation of economic interest in the Senate become immoral? As Wendell Phillips once remarked, a majority settles nothing; one man on God's side may be right and prevail. Hence the incident merely illustrates the confusion that exists in the mind of the most moral of all nations.

Now Senator Norris, who led in censuring Senator Bingham, is undoubtedly a gentleman also and a hundred per cent American—from an agricultural state. He was born in Ohio, educated in American institutions of learning, and early imbued with the doctrines of Abraham Lincoln. He is one of the most useful members of the Senate, acknowledged by foes as well as friends to be beyond reproach in public and private life. Over the long years of his service hovers not a single cloud of suspicion. The fierce glare of scrutiny to which powerful opponents have subjected his character has revealed no flaws in it. He was not educated at Yale and has never written any books, but the authenticity of his Americanism cannot be questioned. This is the good citizen who finds that other good citizen, Mr. Bingham, guilty of conduct contrary to morals and senatorial ethics, and sets the whole country at work talking about its conscience.

The moral chance medley thus created was further addled by the frank declarations of Mr. J. R. Grundy, President of the Pennsylvania Manufacturers' Association, before the Senate subcommittee investigating lobbies. Manufacturers, he said, had raised a large sum of money

to help elect Mr. Coolidge and a larger sum to help elect Mr. Hoover; the Republican party pledged itself to high protection; the people approved that party; and manufacturers were entitled to the benefits contemplated when they made their contributions of cash.

If necessary to gain his ends, Mr. Grundy would lay his hands upon the sacred muniment handed down by the Fathers—the Constitution of the United States. He openly said that it was a misfortune that the Fathers had given each state two Senators. He insisted that the states in which industries have been largely developed and the tariff is best understood should control in the making of tariff schedules. "The backward states," as he called them—Arkansas, Georgia, Mississippi, North Dakota, South Dakota, Montana, and Idaho—"shouldn't be allowed to throw the monkey wrench into the machinery twenty-four hours a day." He remarked that if "the volume of voice" of these states in the Senate were reduced to the proportion of their tax contributions to the support of the Government, some of them would have to use an amplifier to be heard at all. Mr. Grundy saw no "impropriety" in Mr. Bingham's action which the Senate censured. In short, he was businesslike. And many good people, especially Democratic editors, were shocked to hear that the manufacturers wanted political power graded somewhat according to the size of their economic stake in the country. To philosophers of this direction, Mr. Grundy seemed positively immoral.

II

Why this confusion in morals, this opposition of good men, tried and true? What is the Congress of the United States anyway? Whom and what does it represent? What principles or forces should control the action of the statesmen who compose it?

These questions cannot be answered by mere reference to yesterday's tabloid

newspaper, nor to Senator Sugarbeet's last Fourth of July oration, nor to Senator Pigiron's eulogium at the tomb of his colleague, Senator Citrusfruit. A quest for the answer runs deep into the history, theory, and practice of representative government; and those who cannot bear the thought of such a dusty search must forego the pleasure of illuminating the daily headline grist.

Representative government originated in Europe in the Middle Ages, in the necessity of kings. They had to collect money to pay for their wars and support their courts. When their private purses ran short, they invited the various classes of potential taxpayers to send delegates to some central place to speak (*parler*) with the king about the amount and manner of their coming taxation. In calling on his subjects for financial aid, he invited only the possessors of goods to take part in elections and representative assemblies. There was no use asking anybody to vote or serve as a delegate who had no property out of which to contribute to the royal chest.

If Mr. Bingham and Mr. Norris were sitting in King Edward III's parliament instead of the Congress of the United States, they would frankly represent and speak for the commercial and agricultural interests respectively. For all parliaments, in their origins, were mirrors of the estates of the realm—clergy (as proprietors of lands and goods), baronage, landed gentry, burgesses, and sometimes free peasants. Broadly speaking, land and commerce was each given "a volume of voice." People who had no land or were not engaged in business simply were not heard at all. A member of the English House of Commons from London in the days of Elizabeth and Essex was an agent of the merchants of the metropolis, openly and without sense of sin. In his speeches he did not feel bound to refer every few sentences to "the majesty of the people."

When the representative system was transplanted to these shores the old English practice of associating representation

with property came with it. To be sure, there were no estates in Colonial America—clergy, barons, and burgesses—in the legal sense, but there were men with different degrees and kinds of property, to use James Madison's accurate phrase. These people alone could vote and sit in colonial assemblies in the great year of grace, 1776.

And the principle was continued in the first American state constitutions. For example, Massachusetts distributed representation in her senate among the towns on the basis of tax contributions, and gave the vote only to men who held land or personal property worth so much a year. Against fundamental changes in this perfect order John Adams and Daniel Webster, one looking to the past and the other to the future, lifted their voices high in the Massachusetts constitutional convention of 1820. Even the Better America League, as well as Mr. Norris, would have to admit that the Fathers connected representation with taxation.

III

But just at the very moment when the Fathers were setting up their first state governments on the foundation of property, on the age-long assumption that only the possessors of goods should have a "volume of voice" in representation, a new doctrine was spreading throughout western Europe. Though ancient in its origins, this new gospel was strikingly presented by the French radical, Rousseau, in his flaming diatribe, *The Social Contract*. In brief it may be outlined as follows: Human society began in an original contract made between free and equal men, and the true and moral source of all political authority is the general will of such men. In the formulation of this will all individuals (men) share alike.

With logical vengeance, Rousseau carried this theory to mathematical finality: if there are ten thousand active citizens in any society, then each citizen has one ten-thousandth part of the political power. But what if they cannot all

agree? Rousseau anticipates this possibility: the general will is expressed by the majority—in some cases, by an extraordinary majority of three-fourths. What of the minority outvoted? Rousseau has an answer. "When," he says, "the opinion contrary to mine prevails, it only shows that I was mistaken, and that what I supposed to be the general will was not general."

In this scheme of politics there is no property, there are no classes, groups, or estates. All heads are, for political purposes, equal and alike; each individual has the same amount of power; the voter is an abstract man, a disembodied spirit; he is not engaged in agriculture, or in running a factory, or in speculating on the stock market. And this order is based on "natural rights," on the dignity, worth, and value of the human being as such.

A revolutionary doctrine opposed to the "divine right" of kings, Rousseau's creed served well the French people in the lurid days when they were levelling the ancient monarchy to earth.

Searching in old English writings, Thomas Jefferson found a similar doctrine and elaborated it with fundamental distinctions of his own. As Professor Chinard points out in his recent book on Jefferson, the Virginia philosopher may not have known Rousseau's theory. At all events, in the Declaration of Independence he starts with the fundamental proposition that "all men are created equal, that they are endowed with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

It is to be noted that Jefferson did not include "property" among the unalienable rights. Nor was this omission due to inadvertence. Years later when Lafayette laid before Jefferson his "Declaration of the Rights of Man," containing among them "the right to property," the Sage of Monticello suggested the elimination of property from the list.

This did not mean that he was opposed to private property, but that it was not to be included in the program of natural rights strictly considered. Here is the root of that Jeffersonian philosophy which "exalts the man above the dollar," which assigns people with little property "a volume of voice" louder than that of their money (even though cash may talk in subterranean places).

In the long contests of parties and states, surging up in wars and revolutions, the doctrine of "free-and-equal men," associated with the names of Rousseau and Jefferson, triumphed throughout the Western world as the accepted talking-point of politics. And indeed it was not all window-dressing. It became a force in itself: ideas as well as facts influence the conduct of human beings. It softened the sharp edge of propertied classes by imposing upon them moral obligations running counter to pure self-interest. It inspired whole movements and great programs of humane legislation, assisted of course by agitations and revolutionary threats on the part of propertyless persons.

In spite of the contempt poured upon it by the spiritual heirs of Alexander Hamilton, it has become so enshrined in American traditions that it is safe to keep copies of the Declaration of Independence in public school buildings and to read it to immature school children—except in times of war and rebellion when the exigencies of public safety make it inexpedient. Whatever he may think, no candidate for Congress would now dare to say openly in any part of the Union that those who own the property of the country ought by rights to govern it. Of course, Mr. Grundy may bluntly assert, in effect, that the manufacturing capitalists ought to make the tariff schedules, but doubtless the Senator and Representatives from his state look upon his statement as a *faux pas*, if nothing worse.

As a matter of fact, the general structure of the American government is apparently reared on the "free-and-equal

principle." Members of the House of Representatives are apportioned among the states on the basis of their respective population—free-and-equal heads—not on the basis of the amount of property owned or taxes paid. They are elected by the head-counting process. In the House all heads are equal on roll call. If two Senators are assigned to each state, irrespective of their populations, this is a historic concession to political entities, not to any rights of property. The arithmeticians of politics have pointed out that during the fiscal year ended in June, 1929, the state of New York contributed to the Federal Government in income and miscellaneous taxes more than twenty-eight times the amount contributed by eight of Mr. Grundy's "backward states" combined: Arizona, Arkansas, Idaho, Georgia, Mississippi, Montana, North Dakota, and South Dakota. In short, according to outward signs, the Congress of the United States is based on free-and-equal heads and free-and-equal states.

IV

Did the Fathers who framed the Constitution and set up this Congress really believe in Jefferson's free-and-equal doctrine? The answer is emphatic: most of them certainly did not, least of all James Madison, who succeeded Jefferson in the presidency. Did classes, groups, estates, property owners, and economic interests disappear when government was turned over to free-and-equal heads, irrespective of their goods? The census returns give a negative reply. In the ample days of Andrew Jackson, when white manhood suffrage practically triumphed over property, there were still in the country planters, freeholders, manufacturers, bankers, mechanics, factory operatives, farm hands, and many other orders and estates. No doubt, the owners of goods were at first somewhat afraid lest "horny-handed sons of toil" despoil them of their possessions by political processes, but their alarms were ground-

less and they managed to hold to what they had. The only great expropriation that has taken place in America since that day is the confiscation and emancipation of the planters' property in slaves (about four billion dollars), and that high act had the sanction of Northern manufacturers and farmers—all property owners.* No; the shift in political creed meant no fundamental changes in the distribution of wealth and the structure of economic society.

And to some extent this outcome was due to the fact that the framers of the Constitution did not believe in Jefferson's free-and-equal creed but concerned themselves extensively with projects for preventing its strict and logical operation in politics. In other words, the creed proclaimed for popular uses did not correspond to the realities of life and politics as seen by the Fathers. Eleven years after the Declaration of Independence, James Madison, in a number of the *Federalist* pleading with the voters to ratify the pending Constitution of the United States, pointed out the perils of majority rule—government by head-counting. More than that, he showed that the principal business of legislation was the regulation of various and interfering economic interests and that the various and interfering economic interests affected by it (favorably or adversely) would have the making of such legislation.

Let Madison speak for himself: "A landed interest, a manufacturing interest, a mercantile interest, a moneyed interest, with many lesser interests, grow up of necessity in civilized nations and divide them into different classes, actuated by different sentiments and views." Here, says Madison, is the prime source of political parties and factions. Of course, no sacred Republican or holy Democrat would admit it to-day, but such was the view of an influential framer of the Constitution.

* Perhaps the destruction of the property of the liquor interests should be mentioned under this head, but it merely adorns the tale.

And Madison goes on remorselessly to add: "And what are the different classes of legislators but advocates and parties to the causes which they determine? Is a law proposed concerning private debts? It is a question to which the creditors are parties on one side and the debtors on the other. . . . Shall domestic manufactures be encouraged, and in what degree, by restrictions on foreign manufactures? are questions which would be differently decided by the landed and the manufacturing classes, and probably by neither with a sole regard to justice and the public good." Mr. Grundy was anticipated.

Leading members of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 foresaw that a conflict of economic interests, especially between commerce and agriculture, would always run through the politics of the Federal Government, whatever obeisance was made to "free people" or "backward states" as such. Moreover, they believed that in the long run head-counting on the principle of equality would not create equality in political power and "volume of voice," no matter now firmly established in legal declaration.

On this ground, Gouverneur Morris advocated giving one branch of Congress, the Senate, directly and frankly to the concentrated wealth of the country. He was convinced that if no distinction was made between the Senate and the House, if both branches were elected by general suffrage, the rich would control both of them. It is true that he feared the masses, perhaps as much as Hamilton, but he feared also the classes.

To obviate danger from this source, he proposed to give the masses their own legislative chamber and the classes theirs; he thought that, by recognizing economic facts in our constitutional system, moral confusion would be cleared up and public business would be conducted on the philosophy of "as is."

"The rich," he said, "will strive to establish their dominion and enslave the rest. They always did. They always

will. The proper security against them is to form them into a separate interest. The two forces will then control each other. Let the rich mix with the poor and in a commercial country they will establish an Oligarchy. Take away commerce and the democracy will triumph. Thus it has been all the world over. So it will be among us." Under Morris's scheme, Mr. Grundy and Mr. Eyanson's chief (not Mr. Eyanson, the hired man, or Mr. Bingham, the scholar) would be in the Senate. They would not have to resort to lobbying, propaganda, and back-stairs methods to gain their ends. They would not be subjected to charges of violating the "ethics" of the Senate. But the Morris project failed in the Constitutional Convention.

So did all other schemes for frankly bringing economic interests to a focus in various branches of the Federal Government. A proposition to apportion representation on the basis of wealth was defeated; it would have put agriculture in the saddle in 1787 and, besides, it ran counter to the vested interests of politicians in the small states, bent on equality. At one time the convention carried a motion instructing a committee to fix property qualifications for members of Congress. Only one delegate spoke against it on principle. Benjamin Franklin, who was familiar with Pennsylvania politics, said that "some of the greatest rogues he was ever acquainted with were the richest rogues." The convention adopted also a resolution favoring a property qualification for the presidency; Pinckney of South Carolina (state of Tillman and Blease) thought that this was highly desirable. Gouverneur Morris wanted a property qualification put on voters. A careful student, S. H. Miller, who has examined all the evidence on these points, correctly concludes that the lack of property qualifications for office in the Constitution is not owing to any opposition of the Convention to such qualifications *per se*.

The absence of such property qualifi-

cations is certainly not due to any belief in Jefferson's free-and-equal doctrine. It is due rather to the fact that the members of the Convention could not agree on the nature and amount of the qualifications. Naturally a landed qualification was suggested, but for obvious reasons it was rejected. Although it was satisfactory to the landed gentry of the South, it did not suit the financial, commercial, and manufacturing gentry of the North. If it was high, the latter would be excluded; if it was low it would let in the populist farmers who had already made so much trouble in the state legislatures with paper-money schemes and other devices for "relieving agriculture." One of the chief reasons for calling the convention and framing the Constitution was to promote commerce and industry and to protect personal property against the "depredations" of Jefferson's noble freeholders. On the other hand a personal-property qualification, high enough to please merchant princes like Robert Morris and Nathaniel Gorham would shut out the Southern planters. Again, an alternative of land or personal property, high enough to afford safeguards to large interests, would doubtless bring about the rejection of the whole Constitution by the trouble-making farmers who had to pass upon the question of ratification.

None of the Fathers appears to have called the agrarians of his day "sons of wild jackasses" or "sons of the wild jackass," after the fashion of Doctor Moses, the cultivated graduate of Dartmouth (Webster's institution), but they entertained sentiments akin to those of the New Hampshire Senator. Unable to agree upon any satisfactory scheme for keeping such "creatures" out of the Federal Government, they trusted to checks and balances to prevent damage, and left land and commerce to battle as best they could under a constitutional system that, in the nature of the circumstances, had to recognize free-and-equal heads and free-and-equal states rather than proud-and-efficient dollars.

To check, balance, and refine the views and sentiments of groups and classes—that was the great object to which the framers of the Constitution directed their attention. They assumed that these diverse interests would endure, and they sought “to secure the public good and private rights” against the assaults and ambitions of mere numerical majorities representing one or more major interests in society. They foresaw the Hannas and Grundys, the Bryans and La Follettes of the modern age. They did not expect the government to be conducted by disembodied spirits without reference to the practical interests of their constituencies. And in their writings and speeches they tried to instruct the American public in the true nature of political substance.

V

But they failed. Their Constitution endures, a monument to their amazing wisdom, and the Government of the United States operates very much as they expected it would. But few people read their writings or pay any attention to the sound political science which they formulated. American citizens act like Alexander Hamilton and talk like Thomas Jefferson, and that largely accounts for their confusion in morals. Instead of studying and carrying forward the principles of the Fathers, they grope around in an atmosphere of verbiage that has little or no relation to the motivating forces of politics.

There is no use in talking about removing economic interests from politics. It cannot be done, at least in any civilized or half-civilized society. Even if capitalists and farmers could be abolished by confiscating their property in the name of the state, economic interests would remain—farms, factories, railways, mines, banks, government officials, technicians, and various groups of workers powerfully organized. Questions of hours, wages, and working conditions would still perplex and would have to be

decided with reference to the parties in the case. Even the most obtuse Bolshevik has learned this from the battle of Trotsky against the bureaucrats, if from no other source. Misunderstandings, hatreds, and perils arise from the refusal to recognize what the Fathers well knew, namely, that the chief business of government is the regulation of various and interfering economic interests—regulation to which the interested persons are themselves parties.

Suppose that we should eliminate from the Congress of the United States all members who hold land, or stocks, or bonds, or other property affected by laws enacted by that body, who and how many would be left? Jefferson once suggested some such removal with respect to certain measures before Congress. In the early days of the Republic, when many Senators and Representatives were enriching themselves by voting laws raising the prices of the government bonds which they held, Jefferson declared that “decency and honesty” required that such members should have refrained from voting. And yet he himself proposed to fill Congress with men representing primarily the agricultural interest, who, it may be presumed, would have voted laws in favor of, rather than against, their economic advantage. Were not slaveholders pushing a fugitive-slave bill about as much “interested” in the enterprise as stockholders in factories engaged in pushing a protective tariff bill? The matter is not so simple as some of our chimney-corner moralists would have us believe.

Doubtless the investigating Senators from agricultural states would admit that in promoting the interests of farmers they are fixing their minds on economic things quite as much as Mr. Grundy in advancing the interests of manufacturers. Perhaps farmers did not give as much to Mr. Hoover's campaign fund. It may be that they have no lobby in Washington as powerful as Mr. Grundy's Association. Yet, though a minority in the country, they have a “volume of

voice." Certainly statesmen from their regions, like all other statesmen, have their ears to the ground; if they did not, they would soon cease to be statesmen—at least gainfully employed. According to one of Ex-President Coolidge's favorite stories, the late Joseph G. Cannon vowed that William McKinley kept his ear so close to the earth that it was always full of grasshoppers. The yarn may be apocryphal; if not that, it is ancient in technology. Statesmen now have microphones so finely tuned that they can hear in Washington the hops of grasshoppers in Iowa.

And what about the relation of lobbies to this process of hearing, seeing, and feeling? Suppose a summary removal of all the oil, railway, shipping, steel, farm, and other economic agencies engaged in "building fires" behind Senators and Representatives, giving "information" to them, stirring up "public sentiment," advancing their interests "in the name of public welfare." Suppose that only disembodied righteousness were left—the people who want to do good—the anti-cigarette committee, the Sunday observance association, and the like. Could we be sure that only good would result? By no means. It is notorious that some of the worst oppression and most disastrous mistakes in history must be ascribed to the honest good. Although some cynic has suggested that the heretic burners of the Middle Ages often had their eyes on the lands and chattels of the condemned, the point cannot be pressed; the operators of the Spanish Inquisition were holy men, fairly devoid of economic interest, and hell-bent on doing good. On the other hand the mercantile capitalist, while looking out primarily for himself, has been one of the humanizing forces of the modern age, incidentally working for freedom of intercourse and toleration. Those who try to do good frequently do harm, and those who pursue their own interests intelligently frequently do good. Such is the economy of Providence!

If so, what then is the upshot? Cer-

tainly we can never clear up our confusion by prosecuting amid great uproar fellow-citizens who occasionally allow cupidity to get the better of discretion, by censuring the blunt for doing openly what the sophisticated do artfully, or by cheering and weeping when "shocking" revelations break into the headlines. Some of our perplexity would be eliminated, of course, if we adopted Mr. Grundy's proposition to abolish the equality of states in the Senate and distribute representation in that chamber according to free-and-equal heads. In this case, the industrial states would have no effective opposition and Congress would be run to suit the manufacturers; Mr. Bingham would be praised for his perspicacity, not censured for violating senatorial ethics. In this case also, agriculture would be at the mercy of machine capitalism and would swiftly sink to the position it occupies in Great Britain—with similar fateful consequences. An ever larger proportion of the sons and daughters of farmers would be herded in the dreary tenements of industrial cities—transformed into tenders of engines or unemployed proletarians. And the economy of those who remained on the land would be "controlled" as Mr. Grundy suggested. That would be a way of carrying a class fight unintelligently to a disastrous finish. That would be one way of dissipating our moral miasma.

There is, however, another and better way. If the above analysis is sound, our confusion in morals is due to the intellectual climate we have created for ourselves. Our political theory and our Sunday loquacity do not conform to the pattern of our week-day economic conduct. Our teachers of ethics give too much attention to Aristotle and Kant and too little to the reports of congressional investigating committees. Our psychologists, deep in a world of dreams and instincts, refuse to recognize the place of economics in behavior. Our biographers are busy making heroes big or little rather than intelligible. Above

all, our political science, as taught, sung, and praised, leaves economics out of the picture, and our economics, as taught, sung, and praised, neglects politics. Both are fictitious, misleading, and demoralizing to our youth, for they spread false notions of the world in which life must be lived.

The solution of our problem, therefore, lies in a return to the Fathers, a restoration of political thinking to the economic foundation from which it has been removed, but with wide-open regard for the potentialities of the engineering age which they did not foresee. Science and machinery have made crude class fights archaic; contestants by their folly an-

nually waste more than the marginal amount at stake in their disputes. Hence a mere balance of powers is not enough. The necessary rediscovery of the Fathers means a new Science of Political Economy that transcends the everlasting battle of capitalism and agriculture for advantage—a science that has its points of reference or benchmarks, not in the bald interests of cotton spinners or wheat raisers, but in the very center of Planned National Economy. If the American mind can emerge from the smoke of “moral turpitude,” it will be equal to the task of creating this Science. Emergence, therefore, is the beginning of achievement.

BLIZZARD

BY HELENE MAGARET

THE prairies are brittle beneath the snow.
 The sky wears a monk's black cowl.
 All night the low winds silently blow,
 And the high winds howl.

The ghosts of coyotes and dead wolves creep
 Over the hills where Blackfoot fell,
 While three Dakotas soundly sleep
 In the town hotel.



IN THE SHADE OF THE TREE

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

WHEN you see a very old person you are apt to think what can there be in living for that one? You wonder to yourself, what has he got? Well, he's got this: he's got his memories. So have we all, you say. But memories, you say, are not meat of adventure or wine of hope for daily sustenance; they are but thin stuff, ghost and gone. You don't know the memories of the old.

A cow, walking across the morning pastures, tears her mouthfuls here and there, half in haste, eye on some rich tuft ahead. A boy, a man in his prime—he does the same. Broken grasses, little tasted.

The savor is in the cud. Lying by and by in the shade of the tree of age, redrawing it up the gullet of the years—no, it is no thin stuff, ghost and gone. Now it begins for the first time to surrender its inner juices to the unhurried tongue, presently pungent, vividly sweet. What is this? A tang of wind-tossed stems from the hilltops of excitement. And this? Lush, deep clover of loves accomplished, triumphs won. And this, to sting the appetite? Thistle of passing sorrows and small defeats.

No, no; commonly when a man comes to a certain age he steps right clear of the law. He's eaten his cake, and here's his cake to eat again.

Commonly. But sometimes there's to be found an old man condemned by this or that to live imprisoned in to-day, this morning, this evening, to-morrow morning, dustily present, pitilessly awake. It's like the predicament of a

camel in the desert with his hump cut off. Or it's like that torture devised to drive a man crazy, the trick of denying him sleep for days and nights on end, continually jerking him back out of the beginnings of dreams by a tickle or a buffet or an abrupt loud sound, like the ringing of a bell.

In Leander Killen's case the instrument was, in fact, a bell. The clangor of that bell, hung outside the back door where his garden ran down to the river, had fetched him back to here-and-now so often, so many hours, days, and years, that now he couldn't have dreamed off if it had stopped and let him. It was as if his powers of reminiscence, too long denied, had fallen into atrophy—worse than the powers even—the appetite.

It's one thing to be a young man without a past; it's another to be an old one. Leander had come clear of the law the wrong way. Not only hadn't he his cake to eat; it was as though he never had had it; he hadn't even the lingering taste of it left. He hadn't anything left now but his hatred of that bell.

He hadn't even his garden, and this was because his eyes had been frozen permanently open by the habit of that alarm, and he couldn't close them to re-picture what a brave garden it once was; he had no way of seeing it but as a senile, shallow ground, whiskered with fewer flowers, beans, and lettuces than with weeds, now his hoe had grown so dull.

Weeding is not so bad; it's work to do without thinking. The trouble was Leander thought about the weeds as he

went at them, having nothing else with which to occupy his mind.

The two o'clock sun, coming from across the river, lay on his face, a heavy glare. Bang, bang, feebly, went his hoe. How tough the ragweed stems had grown. Stubborn things! Damned things! Bang, bang . . .

Clang! . . . That bell!

Shame that it was, there used to be a moment of mutiny, in other days.

There was none now. Letting the hoe-handle fall from his hand, he turned and hastened slowly up the garden. "Yes, yes, I'm coming, ain't I?"

He entered the kitchen. His eyes wide open, he saw everything there, the mop-marks left by the woman who came in the morning, the towels drying on a string over the stove, the soiled plate of his dinner on the oilcloth-covered table. He had never in his memory seen the room otherwise. As many years as his rusty consciousness ran back, what seemed his whole life, every dingy thing had been just so.

He passed through a dark hallway and came into his wife's room.

"Yes, my dear?"

"I feel like I'm going to die, L'ander. I'm sorry to be such a . . ."

"Now, now! Pshaw!"

"But I never felt this way before. It's a giddiness."

It seemed to Leander that if he had ever been a boy he must have stood in this room with his little cap off, listening to this old, bedridden woman saying, "I never felt this way before; it's a giddiness." For he couldn't seem to arouse himself to imagine her as ever having been anything but a cadaverous martyr pinioned beneath a stuffy-smelling quilt.

"It scares me, L'ander."

"Now, now! Would you be comfortable if I put you on your side?"

"I might try it that way. But I don't know."

It began to take his strength these days to get her rolled over.

"There, I'm sure you'll be comfort-

abler now. You know your giddiness is always better for turning."

"So you don't believe me. You think I'm just putting on, for sympathy." The woman twisted her mouth in a wan, secretive smile. "I'm glad you can. After all, what good is it your getting upset any sooner than you have to?"

"Oh, no, no, mama, you don't think for a minute . . ."

The invalid bit her lip and turned her face away. "Go back to your garden, L'ander, out into the air and sunshine. I—I shall be all right."

"If you're not, all you have to do is pull the bell; I'll come in quick."

"Will you? I hate to—but—you used to come quicker. I suppose . . ."

"Now, now, don't you worry, I'll come on the run."

Leander went out doors, took up the hoe, and banged at a weed.

It was Saturday. Young Mr. Cotton next door was out in his garden. He had rank rows of beans and a strong stand of cabbages. He smiled to himself as he studied the antique figure beyond the pickets. "Myra," he said to his wife, "wouldn't it kill you? Look at him standing there, innocent as bliss, square in the middle of the only decent button-chrysanthemum he's got, whacking for the past five minutes at one old sunflower stalk!"

Mrs. Cotton smiled too, but there was a shine of moisture in her eyes.

"Poor man, we oughtn't to laugh at him. If ever there was a saint on earth . . ." There were ten very old frame houses in the row, Gibb's Terrace, and she spoke for nine of them. "I hate to think what'll happen to him when *she* goes."

Her husband looked sober. "When she passes on, you mean?"

"He won't last long beyond her, Jack. They don't, not when they've been together as long as those two, so devoted, wrapped up in each other, like a pair of lovers. If there were more like him today!"

Cotton didn't know whether there was

a dig at him in that. He squatted down, creasing his brow. "Here's a worm got into this cabbage."

"It's because he does love her." The woman's eyes were wetter than ever as she went back to her perennial borders.

Over in the next yard Leander said to himself, "I hate her!" It made him jump. He had never shaped the thought before. Only a monstrous disaster could have provoked it now. Plodding in circles after weeds, here he had come on the one ewe-lamb among his button-chrysanthemums laid in ruin. He stood with his chin hanging. The work of a vandal! There lay the footprints bold to see among the broken stems. Whose? Leander hadn't an enemy he could name. Had he? Had he given anyone cause, without knowing it . . . ? It was too upsetting; he wrested his mind away. Let it go for just one of those things that are always happening. Concentrate on something else.

Now he could concentrate on the larger aspects of his bitterness. It was not that plant alone, it was the whole garden. How could he be expected to make a decent garden when no sooner had he a plan matured or an action started than it was shattered and scattered beyond memory's recall by that damned bell?

Till to-day he had been at pains to keep his anger centered on that bell. Unconsciously afraid of shame, he had tied a knot in the bell-cord over which his passionate resentment could not slide to run along it and come to the ringing hand. . . . Now it was like a bolt from the blue of truth:

"I hate her!"

He tried to undo it by forgetting he had said it. He threw himself against the weeds. His hoe must have wondered at the renewed violence of his hands.

Batter and bang—what odds what his blade hit? If he could but have kept it up at that pace! Perspiration, thin as water, broke from his skin. He found of a sudden that all the while he had been holding his breath.

He stood to breathe. He felt strangely terror-smitten. His gaze, turning this way and that, came to the masts of the shipping, sticks as fine as spider-thread a mile away down the river, and remained there dully. It marks the complete atrophy of his imagination that those sticks, which for the normal man, wherever seen, will set fancy straightway towering, golden cloud in a blue wind, ebullient hail of up-anchor, freed heart, swift keel, the narrow room of trouble forgotten, the ineffable, perilous embrace of space—it marks it, that in old Leander's sight they stood but lesser brothers of the clothes-posts running in ranks down the diminishing yards. If they aroused any emotion at all, it was one of querulous protest: "Why do people want to keep moving about; why not be quiet and rest?"

As a matter of fact, nine-tenths of his mind was fixed on the business of breathing. Once he let up on it, here he was, holding his breath again.

Why? Something was amiss. What? Something in the world of this afternoon was so weirdly changed that his lungs wouldn't, or couldn't, do their work. Perhaps it's so a fish feels, taken out of water into the air.

He opened his mind a crack. Was it that he had said, "I hate her!"?

He tried to close it again, but now a pair of figures coming up the river bank prevented him. A sailor and a girl.

It was a favorite stroll for sailors wanting to get girls out into the country the shortest way. Leander's eyes followed them past the bottom of the garden. Though the lass was not the prettiest in the world, nor her lad the most prepossessing, there was something in the hunger of the arm he threw about her swiftly at the lilac cover by the fence-corner that had a beauty quite unrelated to either of them—even despite them—as if willfully mingling with their amorphous young excitement a tenderness, a larger yearning, a nobler groping of its own.

"How lucky he is," thought Leander.

"Head over heels in love with her." He struck his hoe on the dust with a sudden ferocity. "Why wouldn't he be?" He wheeled and faced the backs of the kindly, neighborly houses, like an animal cornered. "No, I won't take it back, nor you can't shame me into it!"

As he recommenced his hacking at the weeds he muttered to himself, "Why should a man be ashamed for looking at the truth?"

He seemed to be getting an immense amount done this afternoon. Freshly pecked-at soil ran in long snake-trails around him. At a price, though. Whether it was this continued holding of his breath, or what, he grew as wobbly with weariness as if he had done the work of three ordinary shifts. Yet now he was so nervous he couldn't stop till he was stopped.

Unconsciously, all this while that seemed the length of hours, he was waiting for that bell to ring.

A ray of the lowering sun struck under his lids.

So it wasn't that it seemed hours. It *was* hours.

There was a clump of dandelions. It was in the turf border of a bed, so he couldn't use the hoe. But every time he took hold of the sticky leaves to try to pull its roots out they broke in his fingers.

He straightened, wheeled, and cried aloud at the bell.

"What's the matter with you? Why don't you ring?"

He hurried slowly up the yard. He passed through the kitchen and the hall.

"Mama," he said, at the doorway to her room.

No answer. It was not like her to sleep so soundly.

"Mama!"

He went in and shook her by the shoulder. But she didn't wake.

The sun rested on the woods beyond the river; indoors it was already dusk. So many neighbors had come in to manage things for the old man, the house

seemed crowded to suffocation with their tip-toeing business. They had the wisdom of the humble. They preoccupied themselves with practical matters, tidying the place, especially the room where the body lay, calling up the elected undertaker, preparing supper for the bereaved one, when he refused dumbly to go out for it to another house. So, overtly—while privily their one preoccupation was in that figure seated bolt up in a chair in a corner of the death-chamber, hands folded, motionless as wood.

"When he *does* come to!" they whispered among them. "When he *does* begin to cry— Oh, dear!" But there were some who thought differently. "No, this is the worst—this while he's stunned yet. Crying eases the pain."

Leander sat there, staring at the sheeted bed for upwards of an hour without a sign of emotion of any sort changing the muscles of his face.

It was dreadful, this waiting for him to break.

"He don't realize yet. Somebody's got to do something."

One man, nerving himself to it, went in and laid a hand on Leander's shoulder. "Come, Mr. Killen."

Rattled, he began to shake the peak of skin and bone. "The ladies've got some supper for you in the kitchen, Mr. Killen. You ought to eat something—do you good. That's the man!"

In the hall, the others put fingers to their lips and bent their ears

Silence.

"Mr. Killen, now, come. We understand what this means to you, one and all. But you've got to help us if we're to help you."

There was a break at last. Low, harsh, throat-trapped, a sound of brief laughter, a cartilaginous cackle.

Leander came out of the room then faster than they had thought his feet would carry him. It gave them no time to wipe the confusion from their faces. Over his own, at the sight, spread a redness of more blood than they

had supposed was in him. There was a savage misery in his eyes. They thought, "How awful. He's too old for it, and he's gone queer." Aloud they said, "There's some supper for you in the kitchen. That's it, take an arm, out this way. Sit down right here and have a bite."

But Leander had another purpose. Cutting loose in mid-floor he followed the line of his own shuffling momentum and passed out of the back door.

Alarm. "What's he doing? Catch him. Somebody must go with him."

Young Mrs. Cotton had a ray of sense. "Let him be. He just wants to get out in his garden, alone; and maybe it's the very best thing."

Leander went down to the bottom of the garden. It was true, he wanted to be alone and rid of them. He wished passionately they were all dead too. Damned whisperers, damned tear-dabbers, why couldn't they have come straight out with it, "Poor, poor fellow, your heart is broken and we know it, so why try to keep the sobs back? It's too stunning a blow, too cruel a loss."

He had an impulse to go back and brutally challenge them, "What loss? Say! Frankly, putting sentimentality aside, describe it to me."

He could see their faces. They'd feel silly enough then. But no they wouldn't. They'd only signal to one another, "See, it's unhinged his mind."

For that hadn't escaped him, in the hall. The heat of it still burned his cheeks and temples, its redness doubled by the light from the dome of sunset reared above the trans-river woods.

What if they were right, and it *was* his mind? He grew aware of a kind of numbness, lying not in him but tight around him, like an iron cloak. Was it possible they were the right ones and he the twisted and wrong?

With a scared sincerity he tried to think of some single thing in his life with his wife, the loss of which would have subtracted from his happiness. He'd be reasonable; he wouldn't take to-day,

or yesterday; he'd struggle back into the past. Ten years. Twenty years. It was still yesterday, still to-day. Twenty-five, then—a quarter of a century. An ache in the brain. Calling on emotional memory for so long a leap was like asking power of a machine wrecked by rust.

Maybe he could begin to do it by and by. Perhaps with time, now he had been given the gift of time . . .

Clang!

Sweat struck out on Leander's forehead. Ghostly, incorruptible even by death, that bell!

A calm man would have considered that there were outsiders in the room in there, unfamiliar with the purpose of that rope-end hung by the bed, curious hands itching to finger and find out. "Goodness, so that's what rings!"

But sweat struck out on Leander's forehead. Vividly, he saw the hand of the dead one on the time-greened cord.

"Come in, my poor dear husband. Don't lag this time, for pity's sake! All I ask is so little, L'ander. To see your tears."

Panic grabbed him. Scuttling through a gap in the pickets, he fled down the path along the river bank. His unlifted soles scratched on the gravel, heavier and heavier, but he wouldn't, he daren't give in. Not till he had gone a great way (it might be fifty yards) did he pause to breathe. He sank on a bench made of a single board, below the path, facing the river.

He fastened his mind upon the glowing surface. Damned to live in the moment, he would live and lose himself in that maze of reflected sunset. The tide was making, the river ran backwards, with what slowly dissolving, softly flaming whorls, with what crimson ripple-nets cast about glimmers caught from the greener top-sky, like little, cool, green fishes!

Engrossed so, the one old man did not see the second old man who came up along the path from townward. This was a fellow much of Leander's age, but

brighter of eye and ruddier of cheek, where it showed above the white ring of his whiskers. And livelier.

No wonder he was livelier; he had eighty years of brave alarums and sweet excursions to regale his gums with and hunger his appetite.

He sat down on the other end of the bench. Leander might be dumb, but this was not one to be quiet long.

"Yes-sir, by jolly, I been here before; same identical place, by jumbo! Comes back to me, plain as plain now. It was when I was a sailor."

Once Leander was assured that this was none of his tormentors, he got back among the fluent whorls. Now the fire from the sky began to pale; the little green fishes caught in the ripple-nets grew paler, dying. . . . Here came dismay. What was he to do when they were quite gone? How then keep his mind from the senseless, numb discomfort that lay wrapped tight around him?

To any but an ancient mariner this abstraction might have been a damper. But after all, the stranger's speech was less conversation than soliloquy. Only as an afterthought did he turn his words on Leander.

"Yes-sir-ee, comes back to me. Used to be, right up along there somewheres, a little stage with a boat made fast to it. Eh?"

Leander glowered and shook his head. "Don't ask me."

"Newcomer, eh? Heh-heh! Well, I could tell you things."

Now a shadow ran toward the zenith. To the one old fellow it was the coming of to-night. To the other it was neither day nor night, here nor there; it was the shade in the pasture of the sunny past, cool to lie down in under the tree of age. Now, at his ease, this time-gelded bullock of a man who had been a sailor had up his cud of memories. Ruminant, reminiscent, he worked his jaws, expressing the juices a hundred times savored, but never so sweet, never so vividly actual.

"A sailor, mate, he's got a funny lay.

He's got no home where he can stay long. Take girls and women, the best of 'em. It'd surprise you, now and again. Them and sailors. The way I figger it—a sailor—when a sailor he's got on his ship and gone, he's gone a long ways over the water, and they nor nobody's going to hear of him ever again. Heh-heh . . ."

Chewing and chuckling.

"Good women too. But all women are good, God bless 'em. This one was good, pretty and good. Only, she was young, and her husband he was long away. I see her plain as if she stood there now, in her skimpy waist and big long skirt the color of lilacs. Her cheeks they'd go red one minute and white the next—no, sir, she didn't know how to handle herself, the way things were. Know what she'd say, mate? 'You mustn't come by here again—with my husband away in the west,' she'd say, with her blue eyes as big as two-bit pieces and her fingers working criss-cross on her breast—she was built full in the breast, I remember, like a beauty ought to be—upstanding—mmmm-mmmm—a right armful of a woman for a strong handsome man!"

Leander would have got up and gone away if the weight of his strange numbness had let him. There was no flame left in the water.

The other sucked at his ambrosial pabulum. "I forget her name."

"It's growing cold," Leander thought. "I'll catch my death." The word made him writhe. "I wish I could feel like moaning and crying; then they'd be satisfied."

"Where was I?" the other mused. "I was a seafaring man. I was second mate on the bark *Andrew L. Cram*. I could thrash any man aboard of her. Good-looking too. Always ready for anything. We were taking on spruce logs here, and they came along slow—yes, I remember where I was now—and she'd say, 'If you come by again, I'm sure I sha'n't speak to you.'

"Then I give her a grin—I was always

a cocky one—and I'd say, 'I don't see what's the harm, my helping you with your flowers.'

"She had an almighty lot of flowers—all kinds—asters and pansies and bachelor buttons—all kinds—and rambler roses climbing over the kitchen porch—and everything. How sweet they smelled! Maybe it was because she was messing with 'em so much—but, mate, she smelled like flowers, all kinds mixed up. Ever since, a flower garden's put me in mind of her.

"She had little ways with her, enough to craze a man. The way she could pout. 'You're lucky you're a sailor; sailors have so many lady-loves; lady-loves everywhere.' And she'd run down into the vegetables then and stand with her hands going criss-cross on her breast—she was built full in the breast, I remember—and 'I wish,' she'd cry, 'I wish my husband would hurry and come home.'

"I told her the ship was laded and I was going away. 'To-morrow?' says she. 'Day after,' says I.

"My husband he's coming home day after to-morrow,' she says, and she run, and I run after her into the lilacs and caught her and give her a kiss, the first I done. Day following, I went by to say good-by.

"Here's a boat tied up,' I says, 'and here I am a sailor. Come out on the river for a little row.'

"No, no,' says she, 'no, no, no.'

"We got in the boat and I rowed across the river . . . See them woods over there yonder, mate?"

The woods were no more than a low black wall now above dark water.

"See them woods there?" Ancient Lothario, he rolled between tongue and gum his succulent morsel of memory. "Mate, don't ask me. We walked a ways in the woods. She laughed and cavorted. Then she'd get white's a sheet and run hide, so's I couldn't find her, and I had to stand and hail for her. 'Ahoy, Marjorie . . .' by jolly, I got it, that was her name."

"Marjorie!" Syllables uttered at a great distance in Leander's mind.

"Marjorie!" An echo from beyond a gulf. The numbness that had been as wide as an iron cloak shrank as narrow as an iron hoop around Leander's brain. Where had he known one by the name of Marjorie?

"We walked in the woods. Ah, mate, but there was a lovely woman. Only she'd put her hands to her neck and cry out: 'My husband's coming to-morrow.'"

"Marjorie, Marjorie!" A dam, thick as twenty years, crumbling before the inflood of forgotten memories.

"See them woods over there yonder, mate? Don't ask me. I was a sailor-man them days. . . . When I left her she was crying."

That inflood, tumultuous, instantaneous, complete, and vivid . . . stench of train smoke . . . smell of the earth of a street, years ago now paved. . . . In a gateway the fragrance of a garden of flowers.

Leander opened his mouth. "She was crying when I got there. It was because I'd been away so long and she'd been so lonely. She always had a playful way—could look like a thunderstorm. 'You don't love me any more, otherwise you'd have hurried more. You can be happy away. I suppose I ought to be happy you're so lucky.'"

The weight was gone from the other end of the bench.

"How pretty she was—Marjorie! No, not pretty—beautiful!"

When Leander looked up to see the other old man standing there, his mouth a black hole in his whiskers, he gasped. He got to his feet with a sense of towering.

"You—I'm going to lick you."

He had to say that. He was a man.

"I'm going to kill you."

What a shame it would be to him if he were to forget it before he could do it, too helpless, too happy!

The hole in the whiskers opened and shut. "I—mate—I thought you says . . ."

Leander shuffled toward him. Des-

perately he fought to make it remain momentous, that dirty little pebble in the great white flood. He got his hands on the scoundrel's shoulders. But it was too late. He'd forgotten.

The dams in his tear-ducts broke, and water poured out of his eyes.

"She was lovely. Wasn't she lovely? She was so sweet. She was so true, so good, and so beautiful."

He opened his hands, and the ancient mariner was gone, a gulp and a shadow. Turning his feet homeward, thirty years of age had vanished too.

Full dark had come, but he needed no light up the yard. It was a garden thronged and fair. The good green smell of brittle cabbages, firm squashes and melons and tall young corn, and mingled now the coming perfume of many, many flowers. Flowers that Marjorie gathered in a great sheaf against her bosom—gay with pride of them—and one for love for young Leander's buttonhole. . . .

He passed into the kitchen. A clean room, a singing, busy room, never so shining a kitchen. Doctor Hathelly he saw there now, in vivid memory, drying drug-washed hands by the stove

there. . . . "It's a fine baby, Leander," the Doc was saying, "fine big boy."

Chug-chug and cinders. He seemed to be on a train. . . . Trip to Niagara. . . . What a sight!

"Jack got ninety in algebra." Pride on Marjorie's face. "The Hewett boy got only eighty-five."

"They found him early this morning; he must have fallen in yesterday on his way from school." . . . In this hall here, the news had caught them. Nothing in words to say to each other, nothing to do but hang tight to each other's hands . . .

The seasons pass, light and shadows . . .

"Your beans have never looked so well as this year, L'ander." . . . "Nor your hollyhocks either, my dear."

Bedroom. There was something under a sheet. A thing that was still and white, full-breasted and young and beautiful.

Leander went down a-spraddle on his knees.

Out in the hall they listened, and sighed after the long strain.

"That's better. He's crying now."





LIT LADIES

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

PROBABLY it is best to clear the path for this discussion by saying at once that its title is offered in good faith. It is the simplest free-hand description of a contemporary group. There may be challenge as to whether the suggestion it carries is not at variance with what is natural or possible. But at least its motives are forthright, and it is intended neither as comedy nor as paradox.

The lady in her cups is one bit of the mosaic of the period, and I think that it would be very hard, even for the extreme moralist, to deny her out of existence. I would even go so far as to say that the pattern of the twentieth century cannot be quite complete without her, any more than it can be perfect without its war debts or its talking motion pictures. After all, a mosaic is a mosaic, and a century can hardly discriminate if it wants to be historically accurate. The lit lady may be a small gaudy fragment of it, and the very color of her may be offensive to many people; but there she is.

No doubt she is more often than otherwise a citizen of the United States, but if we can believe what we hear and read she is not entirely indigenous to North America. She is in London, Paris, the south of France, in all very great cities and in most American small ones. There are lit ladies all over the world, and the inconsequent, casual, slangy adjective describes them with an accuracy not always to be found in so small a word set adrift from its original meaning. Drunken is too heavy a word, too violent with its connotations of brawls,

gutters, and police courts. Such things do not enter into the experience of the lit lady, although the barrier between her and these vulgarities may sometimes be only that of class protection.

There has always been a theory that it was possible to "drink like a gentleman." A distinction, sometimes blurred to be sure, has been admitted to exist among men who know how to do that and those who do not. Deplored though his habits might be by the more temperate, a gentleman could reach the point of complete intoxication and yet not lose his standing. Large claims have even been made that a man best shows his real nature when he is drunk. But until recently no such claim has ever been made for a lady nor similar facts admitted of her. If she drank past the point of mental and physical control she no longer was a lady. Be her previous station high or low, she was an unfortunate creature indisputably on the down grade.

But conditions shift, and with them judgment and opinion move. It is no secret that well-protected, charming women, probably chaste, often beautiful, of taste and manners above the average, now drink more or less habitually. So do many good wives and beloved ones. So do women who are excellent and scientific young mothers and skillful housekeepers. Among all these ladies who trail most of the classic female virtues in their admirable wake are some who at times go to bed uncertainly, yet rise respected. They have hours of exhilaration and of depression, brilliant thoughts, ridiculous whims, con-

fusions, strange and stubborn impulses, all of which are alcoholic. Yet they remain ladies. I do not mean that they are merely allowed to preserve an unscarred social position. I mean that much of the time they continue to be delightful and charming women.

These facts may seem shocking, but there is no use in trying to beat them down with moral maxims. Adherence to the motto that lips that touch liquor should never touch his would make a narrow choice for a man to-day in certain estimable groups. These things have been admitted to the knowledge of many people with great reluctance, dissatisfaction, and even grief. But one does not create facts by looking at them, nor destroy them by barring them from belief. And anyone in a reasonably sophisticated group in the United States has seen respectable women intoxicated. The first sight or the first occasion may be distressing and disgusting, and an earlier code often demands that friendship, and even acquaintance, should be impossible as long as such action continues. The issue, moral or preferential, may seem more important than losing a friend. But unless one entirely forgoes a society where liquor is served, the blackball will soon have to be too frequently used. It is impossible to keep on ruling out loyal and intelligent friends because they occasionally drink too much. Nor does this happen. Women who drink do not—on that account alone—lose standing or general respect among their social equals in a reasonably tolerant group.

In society at large an element of grave disapproval undoubtedly remains. But social censure is not taken as seriously as it used to be. Also, the boundaries of disapproval recede and alter their outlines. People are constantly changing their minds about drinking. Not long ago I heard a woman say plaintively, "You never know where you are. Martha, who always used to serve liquor, won't have it in the house any more on account of the children. And the Puri-

tan Willoughbys, who have been holding up their hands in horror for the last five years whenever anyone took a cocktail, have stocked up their cellars and begun to give rousing parties."

Though she was flippant she made a point. The mutability among orderly people as regards this matter of drinking is astonishing. It is undeniably true that women are drinking now, careless of criticism or safe from it, in the very company which would have considered such conduct beyond the pale of decency ten years ago.

A spirited discussion can always arise on the very debatable point of how many lit ladies exist. Naturally, I have no idea. Nor, I suspect, has anyone else. I cannot imagine a field in which statistics would be more difficult to gather or to trust. One cannot say that one in ten or a hundred or a thousand drinks to occasional excess. Such facts are beside the point anyway. For the lit lady is not important because of her numbers. She is important not only because of what she may be doing to herself or her family, but because her psychology, her state of mind, her relaxation of control affects even those who do not share these things. In a way, her drinking brings sober women closer to intoxication.

So we need not stop to reckon up inaccurately how many there are. It is enough to know that there are plenty of women who drink more or less habitually, even if not to excess. Passing over such young women as bedeck and depress the more popular stories of Ernest Hemingway and Norah James, ignoring the things one hears and reads and also sees in groups which are as urban as dissipated, we shall still find plenty of lit ladies about, especially all through the more commonplace countryside of the United States. In the Country Clubs on suburban hills, at most of the dancing and dining parties of the well-to-do in the minor cities which line the railways from San Francisco to New York, there will be found plenty of examples.

These are not the ladies of dramatic fiction. They do not drive cars over cliffs to get rid of a world too sober for their habits. Their social or domestic dialogue is not clever. They have no titles and no particularly interesting backgrounds. The clothes they wear are only copies of the models turned out by French designers. They are, to speak briefly, the wives of young men in business, in the professions, and the daughters of the upper middle class. Their fathers and husbands are the backbone of many a city. They are young women who have sometimes gone to college, who have kept scientific notebooks and passed examinations, young women who really mean well by the world.

Yet they get fuddled, not once or twice but, depending on their capacity for alcohol, pretty often in the year. And, though there are women who drink rather heavily without showing it at the time, who, in that very ugly phrase, "carry their liquor" as well as or better than men, I think that they too properly belong within the limits of this discussion, in spite of their physical control.

II

For, frankly, it is not æsthetically that they concern me. The noise, the unsteadiness, the incoherence of an unfocused mind are more or less unpleasant according to one's fastidiousness or rigidity of standards. But this drinking among decent, well-bred women, this touch of bacchanalia in orderly society must have its reasons, must spring from causes worth inquiring into. What has happened to the restraints of custom, taste, and habit, what has broken down the age-old female fear of what lack of control may mean? Why are so many women drinking now who were brought up in an atmosphere of strict temperance and whose very tradition is against it?

According to common testimony, many of them are drinking for social

reasons. A cause frequently alleged is that because their friends drink the habit is inescapable. It runs through groups, in circles, of which the beginning is hard to find. A second reason why they are drinking is because they have discovered that to do so gives them new sensations, fresh interests in old surroundings, and revives tired emotions. And a third reason, which is rarely given but which does often seem to underlie the others, is an almost feminist one. There are women who vaguely believe that drinking will open new doors to frankness and freedom, that in doing so they throw another unfair restraint on women into the discard and force men to share another privilege. In the defense they put up for their habits this belief bolsters them up.

The social reasons lie right on the surface of the situation, and the lifting of a finger points them out. When social life is temperate, it is the part of fashion as well as wisdom to maintain that ideal. But when social life is dependent to a large extent on alcohol, that is a different story.

Entertaining or diversion which ran to intemperance used to be indulged in only by dissipated people. That is no longer true. Parties at which a great deal of drinking goes on are now given not only by the dissolute, but by people who in regard to the majority of their ideals, aspirations, and occupations are not lax or corrupt. Many of the dinner parties of the past served champagne and liqueurs as a matter of course. Many of the dinner parties of the present serve cocktails, champagne, and liqueurs as a matter of necessity.

To say that the serving of liquor is a social necessity invites a good deal of wrath. The answer immediately and hotly given is that no one should serve liquor or even go where it is served who objects to its effects. That is all very well as a maxim and admirable as an ideal, but it is equivalent to saying that one is willing to limit one's hosts and guests to those who do not want liquor,

even if it means giving up old friends and good companions.

Social life may be artificial but it is not as artificial as all that. Based on money, lineage, or living in the same district and kind of house, a great deal of it may be. But though these may be the broad lines, the most delightful tracings have always run in between them and have been formed by likeness of habit and congeniality of temperament. To ask that these things be given up is asking a good deal.

However, I have seen hostesses try to proceed on that basis. I have seen the experiment bravely and thoughtfully carried out. I have shared the exaltation of those who believed that they need not serve liquor even to people who were used to it, that everyone would have "just as good a time," and that the principle itself would whip satisfaction and even gayety into line.

When the mood of change or reform is vigorous the plan sometimes works out fairly well. I watched a hostess try to set an example not long ago by taking a firm stand on the question. She planned an excellent dinner and asked those of her friends who were the best and most amusing companions to come to it, frankly warning them that it was to be a dry dinner. The occasion was pleasant, the conversation was normal and intelligent. Though the guests went home early, it was a technical victory. She tried it again. This time a certain nervous tension in the company began to appear. It was obvious that some of the guests had been drinking at home before they came. A few flasks were being used in the card room before the evening was over. After a few more trials the hostess began to discover that the people she liked best were not available as her guests. Her husband was embarrassed by the whole situation but he was willing to uphold his wife's decision in the matter even though he was uncomfortable.

It was only a few months before the young woman in question began to

serve liquor "moderately." Before long she was back at the point from which she had departed in disgust toward reform, and her comment on the whole situation was, "I've tried it and I can't get away with it. The people I know and want to know expect a few drinks at my house. They won't come unless we serve liquor, and I don't want to give up my friends. I like them too well. And it doesn't seem fair to Tom."

Tom is her husband. But she went on to make it clear that it was not his mandate which brought the liquor back. He preferred to serve it but he left her free to decide on the kind of entertaining they would do, and it was her own wish to be a good hostess which brought her again to the point of becoming the indirect customer of a bootlegger.

I have, of course, localized the condition. At this point the discussion narrows to the problems of a prohibition country and still farther to the people who ignore the prohibition laws. But if there are enough of those to make customers for tens of thousands of bootleggers—as there are—it is not a negligible matter. This article is written dispassionately in a foreign country where the sale of liquor is not prohibited except before and after certain hours, and in two months I have not seen an intoxicated person—which may be a novel experience to one coming from the United States.

I do know that in my prohibition country the serving of cocktails is a social habit. It has passed quickly from group to group, losing exclusiveness and cost in transit, so that one can now buy aluminum or glass cocktail shakers in almost any department store in the United States and cocktail, wine, and cordial glasses—all of the traditional and convenient shapes—in that great leveller, the dime store. It would be absurdly extravagant to claim that these are bought for use in the majority of American houses; but they must be commonly and widely bought, for the ten-cent store is successful in supply be-

cause it invariably recognizes widespread demand.

Not only is drinking a social habit, but it has become a sport. Even among people who cannot be written off as wasters, there actually does exist the drinking party, starting slowly, with drinking its main business, even if a little dancing or card-playing is super-added. "Business drinking" is a rather sinister phrase in not uncommon use. I remember one day, when an unexpected storm had spoiled the plans for an afternoon, hearing a young man say as he looked out at rain-swept, wind-blown trees, "Well, it will be a good afternoon to drink."

The astonishing thing is that he meant what he said and that he was not in the least intoxicated as he said it. He was a rather intellectual and even serious-minded man, casually planning an afternoon's diversion for a mixed group of men and women.

There are, of course, innumerable households where no liquor is served. Some of them are stimulating, some diverting, some charming, some extremely dull. They run the gamut of human personality. But many pleasant and clever people do not go to these houses frequently and do not share my enjoyment in them when they do go. For the non-alcoholic households are working against a contrast all the time, against comparison with the higher-keyed sort of amusement and stimulus which is created elsewhere by the use of alcohol. Looked at normally, the whole advantage seems to be on the side of the sober. But there are many people who feel that liquor gives a relief from worry and a lightness and dexterity to social intercourse which is not otherwise attained; that it excites the nerves and makes people ready for the company of their fellows; that it can give color to a drab occasion. This may be a false glow or an artificial stimulus. It may be only the coloring of a bauble but there it is, and some people, once accustomed to it, cannot or will not do without it.

III

At any rate, the poor hostess has a second horn to her dilemma. She has perhaps, like my quoted friend, decided to serve liquor in order to retain or attract the company she likes; or in order to please her husband who does not want to have a dull party; or in order to give people the same kind of time on Wednesday that they had on Tuesday. Small, weak reasons, but human enough so that her decision may be tolerated with pity even if not stamped with approval. But she is still in a predicament. Shall she drink herself or shall she not?

There are many scrupulous women who do not find this decision as easy as it is for the fearless and outspoken women who crusade for total abstinence. Though they did not make the laws they do wish to abide by them. Women are like that, especially those who have children.

The personal struggles which have gone on in the minds of women in regard to drinking are incalculable. They go on in the consciences of women who are to all appearances very frivolous. Put end to end, they would certainly stretch round the world of thought. Again and again the question comes up, and women worry over it. It distresses them chiefly in two ways. In the first place, they do not like to break a law. Women, more than men, are apt to feel that laws are made to protect them, and that one day they may need the protection. In the second place, they do not know how to explain themselves to their children if they do break the law.

There results another experiment which I have often seen tried, as has nearly everyone else. Many women decide to abstain themselves, while others in a party drink. But there is no more difficult role in the world than that of trying to bridge the gap between a normal condition and an abnormal one, and that is what a hostess or guest sets herself to do under such conditions. The strain

of trying to participate in a highly stimulated gathering while lacking the same kind of stimulus is too great for many women. I do know a number who manage it successfully, but it is always because of imagination or charm or beauty or vitality beyond the average. The common decision and the usual way out is to decide that one cocktail does no harm.

That being settled, the explanation to the children is in order. There are many matters about which one is slightly specious or high-handed in dealing with children's questions. A very common answer to children's inevitable inquiry on this point is that the prohibition law is unsatisfactory or ill-advised, and that the subject is too profound for the young. This is no place for more than brief comment on the fact that in the United States some children are being brought up to believe that laws judged unworthy by a citizen may be broken at his discretion; other children simply see the law broken and get no explanation; and the parents who attempt to go into the whole matter thoroughly emerge with confusion on their brows, for children are more logical than adults, and law-breaking on the river's brim is law-breaking to them—and nothing more. It is difficult enough when the children are little, when the separation in habits between the nursery and drawing-room is absolute. But when children reach an age when this is not so, the confusion in discipline and example is bewildering and the reconciliation between the precepts of their parents and their practice too often devoid of any consistency. Perhaps a philosopher could work it out with his children. But, in the ordinary home where liquor is served the principles are badly muddled, and the children know it.

As for the one cocktail which my temperate hostess promised herself, there is such a thing, of course. But as a rule cocktails go in pairs or multiples. There is, too, an insidious phrase which belongs to the lingo of social drinking,

called "catching up." Social drinking is often almost competitive, a competition unspeakably unpleasant, especially when people arrive at a party in a state of intoxication and want everyone else to emulate their mood. I know people who go to dinners late to escape as much of the preliminary drinking as possible. And the lady who decides that one cocktail will do no harm is exceedingly apt to decide the same thing about two cocktails. Yet not always. Here again one may find the serene exceptions who quietly make their own rules and abide by them. But serene exceptions can always take care of themselves anyhow.

Ordinarily, having bridged the gap between matters of conscience and policy, when a woman once begins to drink she finds that liquor does amazing things to her. These things are different when they happen to her than when she observes them in others. The good effects of liquor are largely subjective. And this brings us to that second reason why women drink.

I am not considering young girls at this moment. Theirs is, after all, an impressive, difficult problem of chaperonage and of education. Girls can be taught that their vitality is better than its imitation. Many of them are now being taught so by their parents and others are finding it out. An almost athletic standard of temperance, forcing its way through a crowd of tawdry experiences, is gradually coming to the center of the stage. But the young woman, the twenty-nine to forty-five lady, is the habitually lit one, and it is she on whom I have my eye. For she finds in alcohol an emotional stimulus which she thought or feared was lost forever. For her drinking revives her charms, subjectively at least, freshens her interest in men, gives her a new belief in herself.

These things do not sound well in the writing, but looked at practically, as they exist in the suburbs, there is no horror in them. When such a woman goes to a dinner she may well be, before

her cocktails, Mrs. S., or Mrs. B., a little tired from household responsibilities, worried about Freddy's teeth which need straightening or about the cook's honesty or the size of the grocery bill. She does not want to go to any party. She would like to go home to bed. Her husband is cross, and the people she expects to see are those whom she has too often seen before. She does not like her dress. But at the end of the second cocktail all this begins to change. She is Lucille S., or Marie B., a charming woman who is going to have a good time and who looks remarkably well. And, pursuing the simple logic of the sheep dog in Thomas Hardy's story who chased sheep over a cliff because he had learned that to chase sheep was a good thing, she keeps on drinking. Naturally she is very soon a candidate for my title. She is a lit lady.

Of course she is still Mrs. S., who in the morning must have Freddy's teeth straightened and go on worrying about the grocery bills. But in the meantime she is miraculously at ease with the world, says intimate things to the nearest man which she never meant to tell anyone, feels a sudden warmth of attraction for someone else. For this is what the cocktail or the champagne or even the whiskey does. It raises a mirage of youth and love. It makes all the dull dining-out and dancing which is semi-obligatory a fantasy for a moment.

She does not, needless to say, look as she thinks she looks. She is tousled and perhaps blotchy. She is strident or incoherent. At this point someone is sure to be sorry for her husband and wonder whether he is averting his eyes from the glances of other men in shame at his wife's actions.

Perhaps he is. But more likely not. There are an astonishing number of husbands who seem not to worry at all about such a situation. I said to one of them once, referring to his wife, of whom we both were very fond, "Do you mind when she gets like that?" (She was far in her cups and very silly.)

He said, "She's having a good time, and she wouldn't have one otherwise."

He himself was having a very good time; and he is neither the first nor the only husband who finds nothing very distressing in such a situation. He would see that his wife got home safely, probably would not quarrel with her, and in the morning he might suggest that she go a little slow on that stuff. But he would not like to see her refuse to drink at all, because in that case she would be what is known as a "dead weight."

I know it is shabby and indefensible. But there is something there to pity. Women are granted so few years of beauty, so few years of passionate emotion. To prolong, even through such artifice, what seems to many of them their best years is a temptation. It has to be remembered too that this terrible modern prolongation of youth, with the increase of wealth and dining-out and dining-in, with the whole tie-up of business and social life, has made existence increasingly hard for women. They must keep young because other women of forty do, because it has been proved possible to do so. They must at least pretend to youth and gayety.

So the lit lady is in search of youth, beauty, and desire. That she is cheated is beyond question. She does not find these lovely things. But it is true that liquor does more than cosmetics to make her satisfied with her appearance, more than a lover to make her feel romantic. She is deluded and defeated. But she has found a way to re-create the mirage, even if in her sober moments she is aware that it is entirely mirage. That is why she does it again.

IV

Life is always being fitted to all sorts of fine phrases, but what nearly all the middle-aged know is that it is a worrying and responsible business. I do not in the least discount the satisfactions of achievement or of caring for others;

but in spite of these, it is true that maturity does very often translate stimulus into burden. Men have known for many generations that drinking gave them a release from all the burdens they carry. It is what used to draw the man away from his home to a public house or bar. If he was tired or worried, his home often drove in his responsibilities while the saloon seemed to lift them from him. This is no argument for the saloon, which certainly never made responsibilities vanish but rather multiplied them; but it is an amazing fact that we have somehow dragged the temptation of the saloon into our social life. And what is more, many women are coming to believe and demand that the release, such as it is, should be theirs as well as men's. That is one of the underlying causes why women drink. I am not sure that the other causes do not possibly spring from it. Women do not see why men should have this stimulus to themselves, this pleasure, temporary or false though it may be. If it is one of the things men have kept to themselves for generations, women are curious to try it out. The girl I knew in Paris, talking of the "weights of different liqueurs," warming her glass of cognac with her hand to get the temperature of it exactly right, is a case in point and a reasonably new development. She was exploring what used to be a field open only to men connoisseurs.

What we are facing to-day is a resolve in women to look at life from every possible angle. That determination shows itself here and there. The mere fact of a new angle draws a crowd. We know from hearsay, as well as from accurate report and first-hand knowledge, that attacks are being made on what were not only accepted moralities but fundamental safeguards for the race. Apparently women will leave nothing alone and certainly not, for the moment, liquor.

This is one more state of affairs which has put the relations of men and women on a new basis. I remember that when

I was a young girl I was taught to look away while I was passing a saloon. That was lest I might see a man coming out in the condition in which to-day I can easily see respectable men and women at dinner anywhere from Minnesota to Paris. They must be respectable people, though no doubt the adjective will be challenged. They do their work in business and the professions, bear children and educate them, support charities. Well, they are useful anyhow, respectable or not. The point is that when women see men who are friends and neighbors intoxicated, and when men see their wives and their friends' wives in like condition, a whole group of new tolerances must arise. Standards have to be reshaped. Intolerance is simply unable to handle the situation.

In spite of a great deal of extravagant talk and a number of disagreeable instances and scandals, there is no use in claiming that the lit lady commonly ends in a drunkard's grave, or even in a sanatorium. A few of them may, but hardly enough to point so serious a moral. Those who come to be dependent on liquor, who cannot get through a day without it, are very badly off indeed, as is any confirmed alcoholic. But most of them are not like that, as liberal medical opinion now agrees. They go along, much as men do, juggling their habits according to their physical condition, making little reforms and abandoning them, paying for their hours of exhilaration with reaction and disgust, balancing stimulus against exhaustion, never quite sure of what track they are on or will be on next week. They are so motley in the degree and frequency of their indulgences and dissipation that conclusions about them make nothing better than patchwork. There are all kinds and conditions of lit ladies. Liquor, like water, seeks its own level, and there are some who drink a great deal too much and too steadily, while with others it is only the occasional party which alternates with periods of

hard work and hard exercise. People are coming to want to play bridge with people who play their own game and drink with those who drink as they do. So sometimes the lit lady does little physical harm to herself; and again she does a great deal.

V

We come back to the question of how much influence she has. Certainly as a precedent, she does affect the women of the world. Her influence as a temptation or as a dire example depends on the regard in which she is held and on the temper of the observer. But the dilution of her influence through large groups of people does destroy its potency. Though the scandal, the defiance, and the risk of the lit lady permeate the body social, it becomes only another issue of modern living before it gets very far. Most women would not follow her example if they could. Life is too preoccupied, too thrifty, too hard-working for the majority of people, men or women, to get drunk.

The lit lady harms no one very much but herself. As the phrase goes, she takes it out on herself. I do not think that as a rule she harms her children. There are bad mothers here and there, but most of them would be bad whether they drank or not. But she certainly does confuse them, especially as they grow up. It is a very upstanding young generation, picking and choosing pretty carefully among the habits of its elders. I do not think that a young girl who happens to see her mother and other older women intoxicated is going to follow such an example. She may feel and say that it gives her a blanket excuse for doing so, but in point of fact it does often work the other way. The girl does not want to be like that or look like that.

Of course a mother in such a case cannot expect to re-establish full admiration,

to say nothing of discipline, in her daughters' or in her sons' minds. Affection does not necessarily go by the board, nor friendliness, but admiration is no longer wholehearted. Young people like to see the older people in full control. It is what they expect from the generation in charge of the world's affairs. When they do not see it they are intensely critical.

The lit lady is, therefore, not in a position to help her growing children very much as far as a mental attitude toward the world goes. She is too inconsistent. Her ideals rarely hang together. And if she is frankly cynical she cannot meet her children even on that ground, for the cynicism of youth is challenge and that of middle-age is defeat. She misses something in her relation with her husband and children which women have built on for generations. Perhaps it was only a sentimentality. Perhaps, on the other hand, it is some of the honest wages of wifehood and motherhood which she is spending for her liquor.

I do not think that is quite all. The worst of it is that she finds so little for herself as she goes along. She picks up a good deal of tolerance for other people sometimes, the kind of careless generosity toward the lapses of others that used to be more common among men than women. She has gay hours and conversations. But for herself there is no mental satisfaction. All women of to-day, torn roughly loose from old sureties, want consciously or without knowing it to find something to tie to. But the lit lady, after a while, gets to a point where she can find nothing satisfying in the sober world. Her discontents increase, her eye is jaundiced. Life is appallingly dull, and its faults stand out like deformities. Bread-and-milk loses its flavor. For her, relief, amusement, pleasure, even philosophy are in her cocktail glass. And of course the pity is that they are not there either.



CAN BUSINESS BE CIVILIZED?

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

“**T**HE universal regard for money,” writes Mr. Bernard Shaw, “is the one hopeful fact in our civilization, the one sound spot in our social conscience.” Certainly, anyone who sought a formula to describe the essence of the Western spirit could hardly do better than experiment with the possibilities of the will to economic power. The successful business man is as much the representative type of our age as Luther was of the Reformation, or Voltaire of the eighteenth century. If we want to know how a typical German thought when the spiritual contours of Europe were being reconstructed, it is to Luther’s letters and table-talk that we should go; if we want to depict what was happening to the mind of that elegant society which, after 1715, moved so rapidly to self-destruction, we should seek alike its virtues and its errors in the inexhaustible intelligence of Voltaire’s seventy volumes. Until the nineteenth century there is hardly a period in which the business man defines in any significant way the character of his time. We know, of course, that he was there, but he was an anonymous presence. We did not build our character, our hopes, our institutions upon the things he held as necessary or desirable.

The scene has changed. The business man has emerged from his obscurity, and he occupies the center of the stage. Our lives are subdued to the medium in which he works. Men like Mr. Ford are known as few statesmen, and certainly no creative artist or thinker, have ever been known. Their lives are written, their autobiographies recorded for them, with

the funereal solemnity proper to the rulers of the earth. Their very thoughts are news. Their wishes create new industries and alter completely the standards of taste in the old. Granted only success of an enduring kind, and they live upon the same exalted eminence that the Middle Ages reserved for their saints. There is no sin they may not be forgiven, no honor they may not receive. They are patrons of churches, founders of universities, creators of a new aristocracy. Whatever their past, they are certain of social idolatry in the measure of their wealth. And upon the saving condition that they keep it, they are held up to the coming generation as patterns to be emulated. Their appearance becomes almost a sermon, and their speeches take on the solemn form of a religious liturgy, a gospel according to Smiles that, in the end, they come to believe themselves. And the elegant minuet they perform, with society as an obedient and enraptured partner, is undisturbed so long as society respects their supremacy in the partnership.

For these men represent a power more ample in its incidence upon the common life than was ever exercised by those not clothed with public authority. Mr. Morgan and his partners, the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, Standard Oil, the Comité des Forges, these are, in a basic sense, principalities which treat with the states they encounter on a footing of equality. They stand for men who, having supremely realized the will to economic power, have fulfilled the ultimate ambition of our

civilization. They represent, of course, the summit of business achievement. Below them we have to visualize an interminable procession of men to whom little else is known, and nothing else significant, beside the inner dream of emulating their record. No impulse is so wide or so strong as the will they create by their success. Nothing has so complete a control over the processes of civilization. They can buy courts and legislatures, make war and peace; and the grim anxiety of Russia to stimulate their interest is a fascinating measure of their authority. Princes and politicians have passed from the stage. The sovereignty of the common people which was the dream of a hundred years ago has passed: one sees its passing in the proud boast of Mussolini that if he has made Italy unfree, at least he has given her efficiency—the condition of economic success. The business man has, indeed, imposed his faith from China to Peru. He has taught whole nations to believe that economic effort is desirable in itself, and that the more intense the effort, without regard to the end it is to serve or the way in which it is to serve that end, the better for society. Having made poverty a sin, it has made wealth good, and the effort to obtain wealth an obvious service to the state. And it has, thereby, been able to insist that all barriers which stand in the way of wealth, all limitations, accordingly, upon the rights of property, are a definite hindrance to social well-being. Like Adam Smith, it has assumed an inscrutable decree of a beneficent providence whereby the greater the acquisitiveness of the individual, the more ample are his services to society. As the pearl is concealed in the oyster, as ambergris is produced by the disease of Leviathan, so in the interstices of the business man's self-love is mysteriously secreted the progress of humanity. It was the gospel of Mr. Baldwin; it is the gospel of President Hoover; it is enshrined in the stately diction of the Fourteenth Amendment and its interpreters. Its

only defect is its failure to conform to the facts.

II

For in the period since the Industrial Revolution brought the business man to his unexampled supremacy, the one great lesson we have grimly learned is the utter inadequacy of the profit-making motive to build a well-ordered society. When Belgian business men transform the Congo into a nightmare of unspeakable horror, that is the profit-making motive. When a great steel company sends a gatling gun mounted upon an armored train through a Colorado village at night, that is the profit-making motive. When business men persuade the President of the Board of Education to abandon an attempt to give children education beyond the age of fourteen, that is the profit-making motive. When the Ohio gang uses the public authority of the United States corruptly to line its own pockets, that, again, is the profit-making motive. Its essence, in short, is the insistence that gain in a pecuniary sense is the standard by which all other activities in life ought to be judged; and it is because we have acquiesced in the imposition of this view that we confront a future so naturally implicit with the danger of conflict.

We have discovered, in fact, in the last twenty-five years that the supremacy of the profit-making motive is inconsistent with the achievement of an adequate life. It mistakes means for ends. It measures wealth not by the personal quality of men and women but by the volume of trade. It means standardized homes and standardized minds. It promotes international rivalry because its increased productivity involves the harnessing of crude nationalism to its feverish search for markets. It means industrial strife because the distribution of the product is made, not in terms of moral principle, but of a raw disposition of forces in which the victory is to the stronger. It sets up

property as a graven image, and makes all systems and men in its likeness because it can recognize no good save the acquisition of property. So that they who possess property become the priests of its religion, and the argument of their faith is the need, at all costs, to protect the integrity of its rights. It does not think in terms of service to the community because, by definition, the preservation of the rights of property is the supreme service a citizen can render to the community. And when the community inquires how men can in fact render service without regard to what the rights of property effect for those who do not enjoy them, the whole machinery of press and state is directed to the suppression of this ignorant blasphemy.

What our generation is slowly learning is the folly of accepting the claims of the business man to supremacy. Exactly as we have come to insist that the relation between states must be built upon the assumption of their subjection to principle, that their will, in other words, is unfitted for supremacy over other wills merely by reason of its power, so in the world of industry it is dawning upon us that the authority of business men must be referable also to principle. We have been taught, for instance, by Mr. Justice Holmes that even so sacred a phrase as liberty of contract is meaningless unless we set it in the context of equality of bargaining power. We have learned from experience of social legislation that there are certain minimum conditions of wages, hours of labor, education in the absence of which men cease to be men. We have insisted that the individual is entitled in the sphere of politics to the protection which consists in choosing those by whom he is to be governed; and the corollary is being forced upon us that he will choose to be governed by those whose purpose is the fulfilment of his wants. But those wants, in their turn, are incompatible with such a sphere for the profit-making motive as the nineteenth century regarded as its legitimate field. They

involve a conception of property as a return to service deemed by the community to minister to the good life. Property, we are beginning to say, is justifiable where it results from effort made for ends and in ways of which the community approves. We are beginning to look upon it not, as in the American Constitution, as a sacred right, but as a return made to one who performs a function which society regards as beneficent. We are seeking, that is to say, such a regulation of the profit-making motive as will make the business man the servant, and not the master, of the State.

It is easy enough to see that this is the case. Even when Eli Whitney's invention of the cotton-gin had remade slavery a profitable industry, we abolished the right to property in human beings. When it was discovered that long hours of slavery to a machine degraded men and women to the level of beasts, we introduced the regulation of the hours of labor. The minimum wage has sought deliberately to injure the employer in trades parasitic upon the defenselessness of the worker. Factory Acts, Compulsory Education, Workmen's Compensation Acts, Employers' Liability Acts are all recognitions that there are principles to which the making of profit must be subordinate. The insistence upon legislation against the traffic in women and noxious drugs is evidence of a determination to establish fields of activity in which no profit shall be made at all. The Conservation Movement in America, the growing effort in England to preserve historic monuments and places, like Stonehenge, of natural beauty, tend to show that, at some point, however inadequate, we admit that the profit-making motive brings with it a nemesis we cannot afford. All this, in its way, is evidence of a temper that the men who made the Industrial Revolution would hardly have understood. They were obsessed by the vision of power for its own sake; we are beginning to ask to what uses

power is to be devoted. They were interested in the mere scale of life; we are beginning to ask questions about its quality. When Adam Smith wrote of civil government that "insofar as it is instituted for the protection of property, (it) is in reality instituted for the defense of the rich against the poor," he said what was a commonplace to his generation. But we have begun, or been compelled, to inquire whether a civilization can endure which is permanently divided into rich and poor; whether, in a word, the latter, having attained political power, will be content to go on as hewers of wood and drawers of water to their masters. A wise approach to that question sets it in the perspective of the Russian Revolution. We must civilize business, or, in the end, there will be nothing left of civilization itself.

III

I mean by civilization a condition of social life in which men have leisure for noble ends. It is obvious that the mere acquisition of property is not a noble end; and a society, therefore, in which the profit-making motive determines the general temper has lost the clue whereby civilization may be found. Yet the condition of such a society is not difficult of attainment if we but have the will to seek for it. The condition is a determination on our part to make the principles of industrial organization definitely referable to a moral end. Those who labor in business, that is to say, must regard themselves not as merely concerned with personal gain, but as servants of a function the purpose of which is the release of society from the conflict with nature. But to serve a function is to be no longer a master. To serve a function is to admit that the property one receives, the orders one issues, are all of them explicable in terms of reason. Clearly, on such a view, what I own I must possess only as a result of effort I myself have made. Otherwise, my ownership is not a return for service that I have per-

formed, and there is neither moral justification nor social expediency in its recognition; for what I have is then merely a claim to maintenance because someone else has labored and I am purely parasitic upon society. Even, moreover, if I work myself, what I obtain from my effort must be reasonably measured against what other people obtain in such fashion as to make the difference one that a recognizable benefit to society justifies. Yet it is obvious that the present distribution of wealth both to functionless owners and to men whose immense gains are unrelated to true service is an outstanding and indefensible scandal. We cannot seriously defend the royalties, say, on coal of the ducal landowners in England, or the difference in annual income of a great medical man like Lord Lister and a great pill-maker like Sir Joseph Beecham.

Nor can we defend a social order in which the whole executive control of business enterprise is entrusted to irresponsible private hands. Every command of a modern government affects the life of the citizen-body; and it has to be justified, accordingly, to the legislative assembly of the State. But most commands of the business man affect the lives of his employees; yet, for the most part, we leave them absolutely autocratic in character. He can hire and fire as he pleases. He can, with the assent of shareholders, issue stock as he pleases. He can appoint fellow-directors without regard to competence. He can issue balance sheets from which no real insight into his business can be obtained. He can drive his labor to a point where it is incapable of a creative use of leisure. So long as the property he represents is under his control, its rights mean that he has to answer to no one for his actions. Outside a narrow limit of conduct prescribed by the law, he is the unlimited master of the field. And so long as his conduct of business shows a profit, his shareholders will be well content. Not one in ten thousand will believe that he has an iota of responsibility for the man-

ner in which his dividends are earned. It is the very nature of business enterprise to neglect no expedient that may serve the attainment of profit; and its recipients regard that attainment as the final test of adequacy.

The result we all know. Adulteration, the promotion of fraudulent corporations, the appointment of men to directorships who cannot conceivably be of use in the enterprise, a nepotism which is without limit, a hypertrophy of advertisement and selling agencies for which the consumer has to pay, consistent over-production, with commercial crisis as its natural consequence, the maintenance of a permanent army of unemployed through maladjustment of supply and demand, the growth of monopoly, the waste of natural resources—these are only some of the outstanding defects of the system. They are the consequence of making business standards the measure of social standards. If, on the contrary, we insisted that the rights of property in industry arose out of a recognition of its duties, and that these were born of an insistence that industry must provide the basis upon which the spiritual life of the society is to be lived, we should set the organization of industry in a background which would subordinate the claims of the business man to an end which would reduce them to rationality. For when we know the end of any function, we can adapt its organization to realize that end. At present, the end of business is to make money; and its methods, because they pay account to no other purpose, necessarily leave out of account that social factor which could alone make business the servant of civilization.

I know that in general business men are admirable husbands and devoted parents. I know also that, again in general, they work hard and constantly at a life where they are as much the slaves of routine as those over whom they rule. Indeed, not the least indictment of the system is its effect upon the active business man. He is grossly ig-

norant of our intellectual heritage: he rarely reads at all, and, if he does, it is rather to drug himself than to enlarge his mind. For the most part, he is incapable of conversation about principles. His talk consists of gossip about his business, scandal about his neighbors, his scores at bridge or golf, and the exchange of the queer facts he amasses as information to none of which can he attach a scheme of values. As he conducts his life, most of the essence of civilized existence escapes him. He has to take for granted the great literature of the world, its great art, its science, its music. His opinions on politics are more futile than that of any comparable class charged with an important social function. Even in his own field, he is rarely capable of linking cause and effect. Ask for his views upon the gold standard, the effect of industrial combination, the influence of Asiatic standards of life upon world-cost of production, the consequence of a protective tariff, and you receive a faltering body of half-truths which would disgrace a first-year student of economics in the correspondence class of a business college. The mind of labor is usually a closed book to him; trade unions are almost always an unintelligent method of preventing an imaginary being called the hard-working laborer from doing his best; and he has rarely any other explanation of strikes than that they are the work of agitators who ought to be suppressed. He accepts more mythology about politics and economics than have ever been accepted in the Western world about religion. He thinks the Republican Party responsible for prosperity. He thinks that governments are incapable of the successful conduct of enterprises. He really believes that a fortune lies open to the talented by reason of a supposed free competition. He is convinced, alike in England and America, that he lives under democratic institutions. No social type in the modern world is more completely the slave of habit without philosophy than the average business man.

All this is the inevitable consequence of a society in which all activity is subordinated to the making of wealth, in which, as a result, man is respected in terms of the property to which he is annexed. Obviously, society shapes itself in terms of its fundamental purpose; and all social institutions mold themselves to suit the environment a respect for wealth as such creates. Our universities naturally choose wealthy men as their governors; our churches never have difficulty in making terms with the millionaires whose old age is infected with religiosity. The theater, the arts, literature, all prostrate themselves eagerly before the demands of those with money to spend. The whole temper of our civilization, in fact, is poisoned by the triumphant position of wealthy men. They have no standards of consumption, as Mr. Veblen has so amply shown, save that of conspicuous waste; and our entire scheme of social values is mainly adjusted to their incredible wants. The visitor to Newport or Monte Carlo, to Palm Beach or Cannes, the observer who scrutinizes the social columns of a London newspaper, the critic who watches the preposterous competition between those who collect rare books and pictures—these would, I think, find it difficult not to conclude that this world is, in fact, the lunatic asylum of the planets.

IV

Yet the way of readjustment lies directly to our hand. It is twofold in character. It involves, first, an insistence that property shall be a return to the personal performance of creative work, and second, that the rights which accrue to it shall be conceived in terms of men's equal claim to the common good. To admit these principles is, indeed, to effect a revolution in the practice of the human race. It is to say forthrightly that institutions devoid of a moral basis are bound, sooner or later, to destruction, and to attempt, as a

consequence, the provision of that basis. It is to deny the right of the functionless owner to property at all; and to insist that the provider of capital, as distinct from the service of management, to an industry is not entitled to be residuary legatee of other men's enterprise. Any one can see that the work of a doctor or a teacher, an engineer or a civil servant gives rise to a claim upon the social dividend; but it is impossible to defend the claim of a man who asks for maintenance by society merely because he has been careful in the selection of his parents. To defend him, indeed, is to strike at the root of all social logic; for it is in effect to say that idleness not less than effort is entitled to the reward of state-protection. It is a reward which it has done nothing to justify. Functionless property contributes nothing to the stock of social well-being; it merely receives service without return. There is not even evidence that its leisure is creative; there are not a score of scientists or men of letters who, in the last century and a half, have built their work simply upon the possession of hereditary wealth. The existence of this class of owners means a payment by society to men who do not enlarge the pool of production from which payment is to be made. It is simply indefensible, as Mill showed long ago, to admit a claim to property based on the fact that someone, not the claimant, has sought to discharge his obligation to society.

The second great avenue of social change is the need to organize business as a profession. We must subordinate it to the public interest by giving to it an organized constitution with definite standards of performance in the same way that we insist upon a standard and a constitution in the law, in medicine, in engineering, and in architecture. We must, that is to say, exclude from business the operation of certain habits we do not hesitate to exclude from the professions; and we must insist upon the presence of others. We have learned to demand from any profession responsi-

bility for the technical competence of its members. We have demanded the prohibition of certain types of conduct as inconsistent with the needs of a society dependent upon their art. We have abolished crude advertising, crude competition, speculative profit, secret commissions. We deny to the professions the right we permit to business men of assuming that the unregulated competition of the profit-making motive will produce service of the quality we require. The soldier, the sailor, the doctor, the engineer are compelled by the terms of their engagement to think of service first, and personal gain afterwards. They may grow rich by the pursuit of their vocation; but their wealth is an incident, a by-product of their work, and not the end it serves. We do not mean by a great lawyer a rich lawyer, by a great surgeon a rich surgeon; greatness, there, is a function of service to the community. But a great business man is simply a man who has amassed a large fortune without regard to the way in which he has attained it.

There is not the least reason to suppose that the professionalization of industry is an impossible adventure. If we can demand standards of performance from the teacher in the school, equally we can demand standards from the builder who contracts to erect one. If we can insist upon certain ways of conduct from the doctor, we can equally demand certain ways of conduct from those who supply boots and shoes, furniture and clothing, food and housing. There is nothing degrading in business which should exempt it from the need to subject its possibility of gain to social principle. If we can professionalize the army and the navy, the post-office and the railroads, we can professionalize anything the service of which is necessary to society. We are ashamed of a doctor who makes an ignorant mistake in diagnosis; we dismiss a naval officer from the service if he ignorantly loses his ship. In the professions, that is, our first assumption is the urgency of the social factor in the

service offered. That, we recognize, is the element that makes it an honorable thing. No business can claim to be civilized that is not distinguished by similar standards.

What would be required to make industry, in this sense, a profession? Broadly, I think, three categories of change. There must be an alteration of the character of the owner of wealth from a person who controls the whole process of industry and is its residuary legatee to a person who is simply paid a fixed dividend for the use of his wealth. Exactly as the owner of government stock is not given as such the advantage of a budget surplus, and does not, as the owner of government stock, influence the policy of the ministry in office, so, similarly, the owner of industrial capital would be paid the market price, and no more, for the service rendered by the loan of his capital.

There would be an alteration, further, in the character of the control in business. Just as the rules of a profession are made, subject to the will of society, by its members, so must the rules of industrial production be made by the working-force of industry. Those rules doubtless cannot be made in quite the same way; industry is bound to remain less subject than, say, law to the will of an individual member. But once the functionless owner of capital is no longer the source of control, an industry becomes an intelligible entity, and the rules of its governance can be made in relation to its function. We can, that is to say, make the relation between a manager and a machine-tender intelligible by building it in terms of the function in which each is a necessary participant; but once the element of ownership is introduced, the allegiance of the manager is deflected away from the social context of production—the basis of rationality in business—over to the service he is compelled to offer to the profit-making motive. Where authority arises naturally out of function, it is intelligible and acceptable; the nurses who assist a

doctor at an operation do not resent his orders because these flow directly from the purpose he is fulfilling. But where we strive, as we now strive, to introduce an element deprived of exactly the context which gives meaning to function, we are striving, as it were, to persuade the French peasant of the *Ancien Régime* that a nobility which has privileges without function is really essential to his well-being and should receive the major portion of his produce. The peasant, doubtless, is slow enough; but he soon ceases to admit the case for his subordination.

We must also find a larger place than in the past for the social element in the industrial equation. That means at least three things. It means the socialized production of those elements in the common welfare which are integral to the well-being of the community. By socialization I mean that the production of certain essential commodities, of which electric power is an example, should not be left to the disposal of private profit. Whatever the method of organizing its control, the essential thing is that the profits earned therein should benefit the public and not the private undertaker. And it is necessary, in the second place, to introduce representative institutions both into socialized industries and those which remain under private management. There must be standard hours and standard rates of pay. There must be the replacement of autocratic managerial control (as in the hiring and firing of employees) by methods of a more democratic character. The introduction of changes in machine technology and such matters must be removed from the sphere of an arbitrary will imposed from without those affected by the result to the sphere of consent. Promotion, the selection, for instance, of a foreman, must be built not upon the whim of a manager, but upon some approved combination of competence and agreement. And it is essential, finally, to insist throughout the field of industry upon

qualification and publicity. Exactly as a man must offer proof of competence before he is admitted to the bar or to medical practice, before he can become the manager of a mine or the master of a ship, so he must offer similar proofs before he becomes head of a factory or a department store. We must make an end of chance and nepotism in business enterprise if it is to attain the dignity of a profession. Nor can we do without publicity. It is necessary in the public interest. It is necessary for those workers whose livelihood may well be jeopardized by the futility of their employer. It is essential for the prevention of dubious financial manipulation. The enforcement of publicity in business and the utilization of its results is the only path to the scientific organization of production and its measurement in terms of a purpose which fits the needs of social life.

V

The permeation of the business world by professional standards would, I believe, result in civilizing it. The motives to effort of which it would then dispose would still be ample enough to call forth from the brain-worker the best of which he is capable. There is in most able business men a sense of their craft, a pride in efficient organization which, when not thwarted by the zest for profit, is exactly the same spirit as that productive of the best work in the army and navy, the medical and teaching professions, the bar and the public services. "The desire to distinguish himself in the service of the state," Lord Haldane has said, "is as potent a motive with the brain-worker as the desire to make a fortune. . . . If he thinks he will be recognized because of his public spirit and his devotion to duty, that public spirit and devotion to duty will make him do anything; there is no sacrifice of himself he will not make." That will always be true of the man who feels that he has important work to perform. Doubtless many will remain to whom

only the material motive is adequate; no system of organization ever secures the total result at which it aims. We cannot destroy slackness or selfishness in a social order by the stroke of the pen. But at least we can so reorganize the spirit of our industrial institutions that the minds of those who direct them are turned towards the qualities we need. We can offer the prospect of service to great ends in the faith that the higher the ideal the more lofty the performance; and that faith will appear reasonable to all who know the power of ideals.

I admit, of course, that criticism of business enterprise and the rights of property it sponsors is suspect enough in our time. It is wrong, it is subversive, it is futile, it is utopian. The present system, it is said, works well enough; and we are, at other times, bidden to remember the eternal laws of human nature. I hope that I do not forget those eternal laws, whatever they are; in any case, they are irrelevant to my argument. A system in which, in the most advanced countries, one-third of the population is continuously on the poverty line cannot really be deemed satisfactory. The existing rights of property, the existing habits of business represent, after all, merely a moment of historic time. They are not to-day what they were a hundred years ago, and a century from now they will again be different. Our task, surely, is the conscious introduction of difference in terms of principles we approve. Change we know there will be. It is, surely, common sense to direct that change rather than drift aimlessly into it.

The present system stands condemned from almost any angle of analysis. It is psychologically inadequate because, for most, by appealing mainly to the motive of fear, it inhibits the exercise of those qualities which make for a rich life. It is morally inadequate also. For it confers rights upon those who have done nothing to earn them, and where those rights are related to effort, this, in its turn, has no proportionate relevancy to

social value. It makes a part of the community parasitic upon the rest; and it deprives most of the opportunity to live amply and well. It is also economically inadequate because it fails so to distribute the wealth it creates as to offer the necessary conditions of right living to those dependent upon its processes. No one, I think, can survey the temper of the working class to-day and honestly conclude that the business man retains the allegiance of the multitude. Some regard him with hate; most regard him with indifference. No considerable section thinks of him as genuinely concerned for the purpose a state must serve. He has lost the power to move his fellows in terms of a moral appeal.

I am not arguing that there is anything inherently unjust in the idea of private property; nor do I deny that it can be so held as creatively to express personality and continuously to enrich it. But if it is so to be held, it must be derived from a personal effort so organized as to add to the common welfare. It must never be so large in amount that its possessor exercises power merely by reason of its magnitude; and it must never be so small that its possessor is bound hand and foot to material appetite. The more equal its distribution the more likely is the contribution of the citizen to be assessed in terms of his social value, the more likely, accordingly, is he to make the effort to serve society well. And when property is viewed as the return to function it falls naturally into its proper place. It ceases to dominate our minds. It no longer breeds idleness and waste. It no longer produces that envy which is the nurse of faction, that sense of outlawry which goads to revolt. Men are not then set over against society, either feverishly snatching some chance opportunity of advantage, or seeking to exploit it for some end which they know in their conscience to be mean and dishonorable.

I am not pleading for a unified world, drawn to some single pattern, nor for a

society dominated by bureaucratic uniformity. I am urging only that if we wish to be civilized, we must transfer the emphasis of business life from the pursuit of money as its guiding principle to a due regard for the things money is to serve. There is room in such a conception for every diversity of type, the great economic explorer to whom risk is the salt of life, the bureaucratic official to whom routine is all, the artist-craftsman who will call no man master. But such a world would have a different scale of values from the present order.

It would think more of the creative artist because there will be more people with energy of soul to appreciate him. It will be less moved than we are by the man who asks to be judged by the size of the property he can accumulate. It may even, in its beginnings, appear a materially poorer society. For, almost inevitably, it will take time to train men to the habits born of new principles. Some will even refuse to be trained, and withdraw from their effort the spirit by

which it is invigorated. It may become a society in which there will be few wealthy men. Their disappearance will merely involve the absence of that conspicuous display which has made much of our social life seem crude and vulgar and tawdry. It is not an insignificant thing that every thinker of the modern time to whom the prophetic gift has been vouchsafed, Emerson and Carlyle, Thoreau and Ruskin, Marx and Tolstoy, has been driven by his inner vision to demand a transvaluation of our values if the gift of civilization is to be preserved. As we stand now, our feet are near the abyss. We cannot avoid the danger of conflict so long as we fail to abolish the tyranny of man over man. We cannot abolish that tyranny where our idea of property confers rights without duties, claims without the obligation to serve. The condition of our well-being is fellowship; and this is possible only where men are won to a common service. For in that service that by which we live is born of justice and we gain the world by being willing to lose it.

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THE PEARL NECKLACE

A STORY

BY GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

AFTER Monsieur Georges had accomplished the really extraordinary and hazardous feat of stealing the emerald pendant from Madame Félix Simonet, daughter of the Prefect of Police of Paris, he wrote her a brief note asking her to meet him the following day at a quiet tea establishment near the Place Vendôme. He wanted (reasonably enough, for she was a beautiful woman) to renew their acquaintance; and he wanted, quite unreasonably, to return the emerald of which he had so cleverly deprived her.

Valentine Simonet, tremulous with curiosity and, at the same time, filled with a not unpleasant fear, arrived at the rendez-vous almost on time. She was quietly lovely in blue *crêpe de chine*, and she wore some very good pearls about her graceful throat. When she had put them on she had wondered if she were not taking a grave risk for, although Monsieur Georges might be a gentleman, there was no denying that he was a thief.

Monsieur Georges greeted her with the smile of a cheerful cherub. He said that it was kind of her to have come.

"But think," she said, "of the bait that you held out. Who could refuse a cup of tea in return for an emerald pendant—and *such* an emerald pendant!"

Still smiling, he drew from his pocket a small package wrapped in tissue paper, and handed it to her across the tea table.

"Madame," he said, "I broke into your apartment to steal this emerald for a covetous little American girl. I am aware now that, artistically, it was a

shameful, inexcusable blunder, for the American is not worthy of so exquisite a stone. But you, madame—ah, to think that I should have contemplated the sacrilege of robbing beauty of beauty—I, who pride myself not a little on my sense of the appropriate. I am a thief, yes, but, I trust, not a vandal. I do not snatch obelisks from Egypt or horses from St. Mark's or cuckoo clocks from Switzerland or Buddhas from China. I do not take the perfect picture from the perfect frame. I should, if it were possible, far prefer to take both frame and picture. Since in this instance, madame, that is not possible—" he regarded her gravely and ardently and respectfully—"since that is not possible, I return the picture to its proper and exquisite frame."

Color came rapidly to her cheeks, and the very good pearls at her throat reflected a faint tint of rose. This Monsieur Georges, she said to herself, was rather startling. Aloud she said, "Aren't you being quixotic, monsieur? Shan't you, perhaps, regret your—well, shall we call it your generous gesture of an artist?"

"I shall have no regrets," he assured her firmly.

"In that case I can only say that I am very grateful." And she reached out and took the small package from the table and put it in her bag. There was a pause while she fumbled for suitable words. It was very difficult, what she wanted to say, and it was absurdly embarrassing.

"I feel," she said at length, "that I ought to insist on your taking a reward."

He laughed cheerlessly.

"I don't want any reward, madame, that you would be willing to give."

She must have suspected what he meant, but she was a very womanly woman and not averse to being made love to discreetly. Moreover, Monsieur Georges was a charming courtier and, for a thief, amazingly polished.

"What is it," she asked recklessly—"what is it that I would not be willing to give?"

"The picture and the frame," he murmured.

She met his earnest eyes for a moment before looking down and busying herself with a sticky cake. When she spoke it was in a parable.

"The Mona Lisa," she said, "was once stolen from her frame in the Louvre; but the person who stole her became conscience-stricken and restored her. That was some time ago, and the picture and frame still remain in the Louvre. The Museum felt no obligation to return them both to the thief. Neither, as yet, has been given away, and I doubt very much if they ever will be."

He bowed. "One can only hope," he said. And then he added, "Can one even hope?"

"One is always allowed to look at pictures and frames," she said, "but one is requested not to touch them."

Monsieur Georges thereafter looked at Valentine Simonet as often as she would permit. Of necessity their meetings were infrequent and conducted with extreme discretion, for Madame Simonet was endeavoring to divorce a reluctant and jealous husband, and Monsieur Georges had excellent reasons of his own for shunning publicity. But there was, he found, an unholy zest in making love to the daughter of the Prefect of Police of Paris. Monsieur Georges was, alas! a cheerfully impudent thief.

There were moments, however, when

he wondered, in spite of himself, if he were not being just a little too foolhardy—moments of weakness or, perhaps, of wisdom, when he realized that he was placing his freedom in Valentine's slim, incapable hands. At a word from her, whether deliberate or accidental, his debonair existence would end abruptly and he would find himself hemmed in by the walls that make (in spite of the poet) a prison, and the iron bars that make a cage.

And then one late summer evening an incident occurred that led, eventually, not to a catastrophe but to a disillusionment.

It was September and there were acres of stars and a serene, round moon traveling among them up the sky, and a girl weeping almost too conspicuously, Monsieur Georges thought, in the shadow of a doorway. A harder-hearted man than he would have passed her by, and indeed Monsieur Georges himself might have done so had he not, after a brief glance, decided that she was young and slim and comely. The combination being irresistible to a man of his tastes and temperament, he stopped and went to her and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"*Pourquoi pleurez-vous,*" he inquired, "*quand il ne pleut pas?*" And to himself he said, "The little wretch is play-acting in the hope of snaring a credulous man."

The girl looked up as if startled and rubbed her eyes and her nose with the back of her hand. She snuffled generously for a moment before she answered.

"I am crying," she said, "because I am hungry, Monsieur Georges."

He was not especially surprised that she should call him by his name, or rather by the name he had chosen for himself. The Montmartre was his Quarter of Paris, and in it he was as well known to the glad, bad residents as was the Moulin Rouge or the Sacré-Cœur.

"I perceive that you know me," he said.

The girl nodded and snuffled and said nothing.

He put his hand under her chin to raise her head that he might have a

better look at her. She was, as he had suspected, a pretty girl. With her close-clipped hair, parted at the side and brushed flat back over her head, she might almost have been a pretty boy. Her features were small and good, except for her mouth, which was better—a wide, red, daring mouth, far too shameless for one so young.

"Come," said Monsieur Georges abruptly. "Come and I will feed you."

As he said it he suddenly knew who she was and, as suddenly, regretted his invitation.

"But," he said, "are you not the little Gabrielle—the little Gaby—the little daughter of that blemished old rascal who is called, with reason, Joseph, the Hairy One?"

She took no offense.

"Yes," she said, "but my father is very sick. I beg you to come up with me to speak to him. There is a necklace—"

"Ah?" said Monsieur Georges, interested. "So the old scoundrel has stolen a necklace?"

"No, no," she answered quickly—"he did not steal it. He found it."

Monsieur Georges nodded his head approvingly.

"Of course," he said. "One always finds necklaces. That is one of the gifts the generous gods bestow upon us—the gift of being able to pluck necklaces out of the air or out of the gutter. I felicitate your horrible old father."

"Will you not come up and felicitate him in person?" she asked. "He is so sick that he cannot move. And, besides, he wishes to sell the necklace. It is worth a great many thousand francs, but we are starving."

"Starving?" asked Monsieur Georges, and he took her by the arm and led her out to the sidewalk, where, under the blue-white light of a street lamp, he scrutinized her severely.

"Yes," he said, after a moment, "I believe you are. Come—lead me to the Hairy One, and I will look, not at him, if I can avoid it, but at his necklace."

She gave a little cry of relief and of thanks; and he followed her up five flights of evil-smelling stairs. With a huge iron key she opened a narrow door and they came into a gas-lit room. In a corner, lying on a couch, Monsieur Georges beheld Joseph, the Hairy One. He was shaking from weakness or fever or, perhaps, fear; and his long, untended white hair and his longer white beard straggled across his face and across the soiled pillow. He was not good to look upon.

Monsieur Georges bade him a brusque good-evening and averted his eyes as quickly as possible.

"Gaby tells me that you have a necklace you wish to sell," he stated briefly. "Let me see it."

The Hairy One sat up on the couch, still shaking.

"It is the truth, Monsieur Georges," he said. "And it is not a stolen necklace. I swear on the head of my mother that I found it on the sidewalk in front of the Casino de Paris, at the hour when the spectators were leaving the theater."

Monsieur Georges nodded his disbelief.

"How fortunate!" he said. "How fortunate that you should have been on the spot the very second that it dropped from the neck of some doubtless very beautiful woman. But, also, how unfortunate that you couldn't possibly have returned it to her! Show it to me."

At a word from her father, Gaby unlocked the upper drawer of a chest and took out a small package wrapped in a soiled newspaper. This she placed on a table, under the gas jet, and opened. Monsieur Georges advanced and leaned, without great interest, over the table. His lack of interest was not, however, of long duration.

He saw a string of one hundred and thirty-three pearls—he counted them later—not large, but beautifully matched and graduated, and fastened with a clasp consisting of an emerald surrounded by small diamonds. He took the necklace reverently into his hand and raised it up to the unsteady

light. And his hand, too, was unsteady.

It was not a necklace for a queen or an empress or the wife of an American millionaire; it would not have been conspicuous among the jewels of any remaining court; it was not, even, of great enough value to have purchased outright a first-rate actress; but it was, rather, the sort of necklace he had so often seen worn by respectable women of fair wealth and perfect taste; such a necklace as, for example, Valentine Simonet might wear.

He examined it carefully and closely, weighing it in his hand. He was an expert appraiser of all jewels, and his specialty, perhaps, was pearls. Presently he turned to face the Hairy One, whose eyes were eagerly upon him.

"Yes," he said slowly—and again—"Yes. A lucky find, my friend. Do you pick them often from the sidewalk? I imagine not."

"I tell you," cried the Hairy One querulously, "that it was not stolen. You have no right to insinuate that it was."

"No right, except that I know your habits—which, after all, are like mine, only of a smaller, meaner kind. For how much will you sell the necklace?"

"How much will you offer?" demanded the Hairy One, the light of bargaining shining in his feverish little eyes.

"It has value," Monsieur Georges admitted, "but you will be unable to dispose of it to anyone but me. It has value, but it is not good bread and cheese and wine. Neither will it serve to pay the rent or to buy you shoes which, I perceive, you sadly need, my friend. I, myself, who have many connections, shall have difficulty in selling it—difficulty and danger. It will be necessary to market only one pearl at a time—perhaps, at most, two or three. I offer you five thousand francs for it."

The Hairy One cried out in unrighteous indignation.

"You offer five thousand francs for

that which is worth two hundred thousand!"

"Yes," agreed Monsieur Georges placidly, "it is worth at least that—but not to you or even to me. Come, five thousand francs will go far with you. You might, if you were generous, buy Gaby a coat with it; you might, if you were cleanly, have your hair and your beard trimmed; you might, if you were honest, pay your rent, which is no doubt overdue; and you might, if you were really sick, have in a doctor. And, granting that you did all those laudable things, you could still leave Gaby sufficient funds to pay for your simple but dignified funeral. Think it over, my friend."

The Hairy One regarded Monsieur Georges in bewildered anger. Having lived an unsheltered life, he was not accustomed to such rhetoric. But, notwithstanding, he knew well the value of what he had to sell and, knowing, he demanded ten thousand francs.

Monsieur Georges did not shrug his shoulders, but he took a leather wallet from his breast pocket and counted out exactly seven one-thousand-franc notes, which he spread out in a row on the stained table cover. Then, with inquiring eyebrows, he turned to the Hairy One.

The latter hesitated an instant, struggling no doubt with his cupidity. Then, without a word, he arose from his couch, stumbled to the table, and gathered up the seven notes with his unwashed right hand. Simultaneously Monsieur Georges casually dropped the necklace into the pocket of his coat.

"Good-night," said Monsieur Georges. "I recommend that you do not spend all of that money for cocaine."

Having delivered this excellent and gratuitous counsel, he left the Hairy One to his own vices.

Now, when the Hairy One had protested that he had not stolen the necklace, he had not, strangely enough, lied. He had, in truth, been on the spot when it fell from the slender, white throat of

Madame Félix Simonet as she was about to enter a motor outside the Casino de Paris. It fell to the gutter where it lay, unheeded, for several seconds—a small fortune surrounded by half a hundred hungry people. But the Hairy One was the nearest and the most alert, and to him went the spoils.

Madame Simonet remarked her loss only after several minutes. She clutched at her throat and called to the Deity. Then she called to her earthly father, the Prefect of Police of Paris, who sat beside her in the limousine.

"Well," he inquired, "what troubles you now, Valentine? Have you, as usual, lost or forgotten something?"

"Yes—my necklace. It is gone. We must go back at once to the theater."

The Prefect of Police made a sound like an indignant bark.

"Ah! that," he said, "that is too much! You will never recover it, my girl—never! It is useless to return but, nevertheless, we will do so. It is truly unbelievable how you contrive to lose your possessions of value. You, the daughter of the Prefect of Police of Paris!"

The Prefect of Police of Paris had, as he would himself have said, reason. Nobody had reported a lost or found pearl necklace to the management of the theater. So the Prefect invited his daughter to accompany him to his widower's apartment that they might discuss quietly what should be done.

"As a beginning," said the Prefect, "I am placed in a most ridiculous situation; and, as you must know, it is only ridicule that puts an end to the career of a French statesman. A Prefect of Police of Paris may be a thief, an adulterer, even a murderer—indirectly of course—and still retain his position. But once Paris begins to ridicule its appointees, their resignations are written. It is impossible, therefore, that it should become public knowledge that my daughter has again lost valuable jewelry—and this time jewelry of great value. I do not desire to become the target of

all the *revues* and of all the smart song-makers. I am, in a way, France; and France can be killed only by laughter."

He was rather proud of this short speech and noted mentally that the last phrase might, as it often had been, well be used in public. His daughter, however, paid him no attention at all. She was thinking not so much of the Third Republic as of her pearl necklace.

"I shall put a notice in the newspapers," she said, with apparent irrelevance.

At that the Prefect of Police of Paris came close to insanity. Had the ceiling been lower he would have touched it with his uplifted hands.

"Listen to me!" he admonished her as soon as he could control his voice. "Listen to me! Under no circumstances must you announce to the public that you, my daughter, have been robbed—or careless—it amounts to the same. What will the private citizen think of his police protection if he once knows that the police cannot protect even the daughter of their Prefect?"

This was, of course, a purely rhetorical question and, therefore, demanded no reply. However, Valentine said coolly, "I should dislike to see you be displaced from your position, but I should be very glad to get back my necklace. I know not which is the more important."

He urged her to be reasonable and he propounded many good reasons for reasonability. At length he said, "We will put a notice in the papers, but not under your name or mine. We will put a notice in the papers, offering a reward of ten thousand francs to the fortunate thief who has in his possession three hundred thousand francs of pearls—that is about what it cost, did it not?"

"Yes—about."

"Very good, then. We will enter the notice in the name of my assistant secretary—you know Hippolyte Mirval, do you not?—and we will represent him as offering the ten thousand francs' reward if the necklace is returned to his apartment in the rue Weber. Do you

approve—and have you the ten thousand francs?”

She answered the two questions affirmatively, and the Prefect sighed the relief of a long-suffering man. But before he left her at the door of her apartment house he said, “The necklace was undoubtedly stolen. If by any possible chance it should be presented we shall, of course, arrest the person presenting it. I shall take the requisite measures to have police at Mirval’s apartment and I shall name a day and an hour—next Thursday, shall we say, between seven and nine in the evening?”

“Must I be present?” she asked, disturbed, for she took no pleasure in her father’s professional activities.

“But naturally. You shall be forced to identify the pearls. Then we pay the reward, and—”

“And?”

“And, quick, the handcuffs,” he concluded.

“It is not fair,” she said. “You and your police make me a little ill. Suppose that the person who returns it is honest—what then?”

“The supposition,” said the Prefect, “is impossible. An honest man would have returned it immediately to the office of the theater. We shall, I assure you, be dealing with a thief.”

“You suspect everyone,” she murmured.

“Yes,” he agreed, “it is for that the government pays me.”

And so it came to pass that Monsieur Georges, awaking on Tuesday, the pearl necklace locked in his very private safe, read in *Le Matin* the following notice:

“LOST: On Sunday night, probably outside the Casino de Paris, a pearl necklace. Reward of 10,000 francs and no questions asked if returned to M. Mirval, 22 bis, rue Weber, on Thursday evening between 7 and 9.”

The name Mirval had, somehow, a familiar ring—rather an unpleasant ring, but he was unable to account for it in his mind.

He called to his little friend Kiki, who, for once, was in the bath tub.

“Does the name of Mirval mean anything to you?” he shouted.

Above the violent splashing of water he heard her answer, “No! I don’t know him! Are you jealous again? You exaggerate, my dear Georges. I tell you I have never seen or spoken to any such person.”

“Stupid!” he cried. “I ask you only if he belongs to the police. I care not at all whether or not he belongs to you.”

“Oh!” she said, and there followed a silence. She was evidently meditating in the tub.

“I wish,” said Monsieur Georges, “that when you have finished making yourself so unusually clean, you would come here and discuss with me a matter of some importance to both of us.”

“I come,” she called back shrilly; and she hastened, for she well knew that a matter of some importance meant, for Monsieur Georges, a matter of money, in which she had an ardent interest.

She came from the bathroom, naked and scattering spray.

“Mirval?” she repeated; “Mirval? Yes, there is something decayed about that name. But I can’t think why. Tell me, what have you to do with him? Perhaps I shall remember.”

“It concerns the pearl necklace,” Monsieur Georges explained. “He offers ten thousand francs for its return, and, supposedly, no questions asked. I am doubtful.”

Kiki dried herself luxuriously with a huge bath towel and managed to scratch her head at the same time.

“Yes,” she agreed, “I should go gently. Moreover, even if the Mirval person means what he says, you gain only three thousand francs on the transaction.”

“What a mathematician!” exclaimed Monsieur Georges. “You make no errors in large figures. However, I am, as you well know, in danger so long as I have the necklace in my possession. Better, perhaps, three thousand francs than three years in jail.”

She nodded. "But," she advised, "I should be cautious. You may find yourself with three years of jail and without even the three thousand francs."

"That," he said, "is why I asked you if the name of Mirval signified anything to your occasionally admirable brain."

Then abruptly he arose from the bed.

"My clothes," he commanded. "The blue suit and a white silk shirt. I am going down to the city. I have a magnificent idea."

She asked no questions. She knew by the look of him that he was "at work," and she knew by experience that he liked no interference at such times. Instead, she aided and hastened his toilet. Kiki could often make herself useful.

In fifteen minutes he was on the street. In half an hour he was at the jewelry shop of Hecla in the Boulevard des Italiens; and with him, in his pocket, was the pearl necklace.

"It must be ready by Thursday afternoon at six o'clock," were his final words to the manager. "I shall pass at that hour to take it—to take both of them."

"It will be ready and perfect," the manager assured him—"one as perfect as the other."

And so, at five minutes before six o'clock on the following Thursday, Monsieur Georges, dressed as for the opera, stopped at the shop of Hecla on the Boulevard des Italiens. He was outwardly calm but inwardly he was definitely worried. Kiki, who had helped him to dress, had perceived that, for once, the cherubic face of "her man" was solemn. She knew, then, that Monsieur Georges was deliberately placing himself in danger; but apart from that she knew nothing. Monsieur Georges confided not even in her; and she was content to share, if not his confidence, at least his loot.

From Hecla's, Monsieur Georges, having retained his taxi-cab, drove to the Restaurant des Gauffres, where he dined wisely and well and alone. At half-past seven he arrived at the apartment of Monsieur Mirval, in the rue Weber.

A valet opened the door for him, and he entered a modest salon. Monsieur Mirval rose from a chair to greet him. Monsieur Mirval was a small, anxious man who worried a small, black moustache. When he spoke, it was as if he were dictating to a stenographer.

"You have come in answer to the advertisement of the lost pearl necklace?" he inquired.

Monsieur Georges scrutinized him very closely.

"Yes," he said, "precisely." And then he asked, in a voice that was suddenly severe, "Who and what are you, Monsieur Mirval?"

It is possible that Monsieur Mirval did not know who or what he was. At any rate he was taken aback, and answered only after an interval. "Why," he said, "I am the proprietor of the necklace which, I presume, you have found and are returning."

"Quite so," said Monsieur Georges, and he drew a necklace of pearls carelessly from the pocket of his overcoat.

"Is that the necklace you so unfortunately lost?" he inquired mildly. "And," he added, "if so, how does it happen that you were wearing pearls about your neck?—you who appear to be a manly man."

Monsieur Mirval blushed. "It goes without saying," he explained, "that I represent my wife in this affair."

"In that case," said Monsieur Georges, "I must insist that your wife identify the necklace before I surrender it and claim the reward."

"Very well," said Monsieur Mirval, "I will summon her."

He went to a door that led into a corridor, and he called, "Madame!"

And then Valentine Simonet, the daughter of the Prefect of Police of Paris, came into the room and regarded Monsieur Georges with startled and questioning and beautiful eyes.

Not often, in his reprehensible career, had Monsieur Georges found himself without a vocabulary fitted to the occasion. There may, perhaps, be found,

now, an excuse for him, since he was confronting the woman whom he had once attempted to rob and later learned to trust. Trust! No one but a fool, he told himself, should ever trust a woman. He looked at her in silence, crushed by the weight of his disappointment, unwilling to believe.

"Ah!" she cried, "*Ah—mais—!*" and her lovely hands went to her throat as if to suppress further words.

Monsieur Georges wondered what attitude she would adopt in this almost incredible situation. He had suspected a trap, and his suspicions had been confirmed; but even his vivid imagination had not pictured Valentine Simonet as being one of the trappers. But was she concerned in it? He told himself no, that it was impossible. And then he told himself yes, that anything was possible where a woman was concerned. He was very hurt and very bitter.

And meanwhile Monsieur Mirval was explaining absurdly and awkwardly.

"This gentleman," said he, "has come to return your pearl necklace. He waits only to have you recognize it as your lost property and to receive the reward. The necklace is there, on the table."

This last was a waste of breath. The necklace was most conspicuously there, on the table.

At last Monsieur Georges found words; but he did not betray by any sign recognition of Madame Félix Simonet. On the contrary, he bowed and said, "I assume that I have the honor of addressing Madame Mirval. If Madame Mirval will be so kind as to regard and identify the necklace, I shall be glad to leave it. I need not assure you, I trust, that it was found, and not stolen. It was lost by Madame Mirval at the exit of the Casino de Paris on last Sunday night. I am delighted to be able to return it."

He spoke very graciously but he was on his guard.

Valentine hesitated an instant. She seemed to be searching Monsieur Georges' eyes for a hint as to what he

would choose to have her say or do; but there was nothing in his eyes to guide her one way or another. He was quite calm now—casual; almost, she thought, amused.

She said slowly, "Who ventured to tell you, monsieur, that I am Madame Mirval?"

"Your husband, himself," said Monsieur Georges, with a wave of his hand in the direction of the assistant secretary.

Then she flared up angrily, turned on the shrinking Mirval, and cried, "Some more of your police tricks! Is it part of your duty to thrust on me your name—and yourself as a husband? I'll have none of it. I am not Madame Mirval, God be blessed! I am, as a great many people know, Madame Félix Simonet."

Monsieur Georges, unperturbed, bowed again.

"In that case," he said, "if Madame Simonet will be so kind as to identify her pearls—"

She took the necklace from the table and in silence regarded it. She looked at neither Monsieur Mirval nor Monsieur Georges, but she looked apparently at the pearls, counting them. There were precisely one hundred and thirty-three, and the clasp was an emerald surrounded by diamonds.

Finally she spoke.

"That is undoubtedly the necklace," she said—calmly now. "Please pay the ten thousand francs' reward to this exceedingly kind gentleman. At the same time I hope he will accept my thanks and forgive your deceitfulness."

Monsieur Mirval nodded knowingly and drew from a wallet ten thousand-franc notes. He presented them to Monsieur Georges and pressed at the same time an electric bell on his table. Monsieur Georges perceived the gesture, but did not move. Nor did he move in protest when there entered the Prefect, accompanied by three superior officers of his force. Instead, he held out his two hands.

"Put on the handcuffs, Monsieur le Préfet," he said. "I make no opposition

to such complete imbecility, because one cannot combat against it. I ask, only, with what crime do you charge me?"

"This is shameful," said Valentine Simonet, "yes, monsieur, it is shameful. It is an outrage! I had no idea—" She stopped abruptly, suddenly aware that she had been warned what measures her father planned to take. But it was quite true that, at the time, she had no idea they would be taken against Monsieur Georges. And she dared not explain.

The Prefect of Police maintained, as almost always, a dignified, disinterested manner. The handcuffs were locked upon the wrists of Monsieur Georges.

"Very good," said the Prefect. "I charge you of many crimes. I charge you first of being the Vicomte Georges de Chenavard and a forger of your father's name; I charge you next with many thefts which we have been unable to place directly to your account; and I charge you now with having stolen the necklace of my daughter. There is a value, there, of three hundred thousand francs."

Monsieur Georges laughed his bland laughter; but not once did he look at Madame Simonet.

"The Vicomte Georges de Chenavard!" he exclaimed. "What a splendid, sonorous title! I should feel honored to bear it, but unfortunately I cannot claim a coat-of-arms. However, may I beg, merely as the humble thief which you likewise accuse me of being—may I beg to ask from whom your daughter, Madame Félix Simonet, obtained this necklace, which you value so optimistically at three hundred thousand francs?"

The Prefect of Police glanced with a confidently inquiring air at his daughter.

"From my husband," she said, with eyes averted. "He told me that he bought it at Dartier's."

Monsieur Georges again permitted himself to laugh—but quietly.

"I ask the pardon of madame," he said, "and I ask also that she look again,

very closely, at the necklace. If she knows anything of pearls she will know that the necklace is not from Dartier and that the pearls are false. You have paid me ten thousand francs for returning a necklace of artificial pearls which I value at one thousand. Then you have endeavored to put me in jail on imaginary pretexts. My only crime—if you call it a crime—is that I was willing to accept an exorbitant reward for a necklace which I knew to be false, but which your daughter identified as her own and which you were both foolish enough to believe real. I trust that you understand what a contemptible trick you have played in luring an honest man into your house—or, rather, into the house of Monsieur Mirval, your accomplice—by the offer of a reward. You have even gone to the laughable length of passing off your own daughter as Madame Mirval. That was in bad taste, monsieur. Then, with the gesture of the stage police-officer, you step from behind the arras, where you have been in hiding like Polonius, and you valiantly clap the handcuffs on the wrists of a person who has sought only to do you a favor. I think, Monsieur le Préfet, that you have outdone yourself on this occasion, and I congratulate you in the name of all Parisians who are fond of hearty laughter. Come, let us go to the jail!"

The Prefect of Police looked at his daughter, and then they both looked at the necklace. And then they looked doubtfully at each other. The Prefect, faced once more with the threat of the ridicule of all Paris, commenced an orderly retreat.

"One cannot," said he reluctantly, "arrest a man who returns a necklace of artificial pearls, and who admits that it is artificial. Are you certain, Valentine, that it is your own?"

"No," she said slowly. "I am not at all certain."

"In your opinion," demanded the Prefect, indignant with cause, "in your opinion is this your necklace or not?"

"In my opinion," she replied, "it

might well be a perfect imitation of my real necklace."

Monsieur Georges bowed. "Madame," he said, "with my aid, you will yet be a *connaissseuse*."

If she smiled at him, it was an uncomprehending, interrogatory smile.

"I have not had your experience with precious jewels," she said.

The Prefect, becoming impatient and feeling that he was risking his dignity, spoke with his official voice.

"There has been, possibly, a misunderstanding. We will give this young man one thousand francs and we will retain the necklace. We will have an expert examine it. If it actually proves to be false, why then—why then, Valentine, your sacred husband who gave it to you is even more of a miserable scoundrel than I had thought!"

"I ask your pardon," said Monsieur Georges. "The necklace is worth one thousand—yes. But my trouble and my expenses and my reward?"

"Two thousand in all," said the Prefect, "and I trust I never see you again."

"I trust not," said Monsieur Georges gravely.

"But I shall have you watched," added the Prefect.

"You honor me," said Monsieur Georges.

They took from the table eight of the ten thousand francs, leaving him the remaining two; and they took from his wrists the handcuffs. Then they led him to the door and allowed him to depart.

Twenty minutes later Monsieur Georges took off his overcoat in his apartment, and out of the pocket of it he took a pearl necklace.

"There!" he said to Kiki. "There!"

He tossed the pearls across the room to her, and she caught them deftly, sensing their value.

"Well?" she inquired.

"Well," he answered, "it was as we thought—a trap. I have gained only two thousand francs, in cash, but, as you see, I have still the real necklace. You may wear it once in a while, on one of your frequent birthdays, Kiki, but not, I suggest, when the police are in the vicinity."

Then he pinched her affectionately and told her to turn on the hot water in his bath.





WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST

BY ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK

IN THE place which we outlanders speak a bit chokingly of as "Home" there exists a sentimental, and to me an extremely irritating notion. This notion is that in the mining camps of the far-flung corners of the earth the woman and the child—always *the* woman and *the* child—are desired as is precious gold, are placed on pedestals, are worshipped with awe. Only a few days ago, while reading the semi-scientific, semi-sentimental outpourings of Dr. Marie Stopes, I came across this: "And men who go far afield to outposts remote from women have told me how the craving for woman is to some extent satisfied, at any rate soothed, by the mere presence even of an elderly woman in the farmhouse. They would travel miles only to sit in the kitchen near her while she cooked." Maybe so, maybe so, but I have yet to meet such men; and I could wager my Sunday hat that the lad who offered the above information was—as a native friend expressed it—pulling for Marie the leg.

After nearly fourteen years spent in the mining camps and oil fields of the world, I can no longer keep from denouncing such sentimentality, from trumpeting forth the real truth—to wit, that at best the child has precious little place at all in the general scheme of camp life; and that the woman, unless she learns to mind her business, to hold her tongue, and to stand shoulder to shoulder with the men in danger or trouble, has an extremely thin time of it.

I myself was a victim of the myth, and it took several years and many a hard knock to show me the light. I first

encountered the legend in this way. When I was a small child, I regularly spent my Sunday afternoons with my grandmother. She lived in a big brick house on Linden Avenue, in Baltimore—a tall house with an air of haughty withdrawal. Its steps were proud and white, its long windows were curtained with Nottingham lace, its door knobs and knocker and bell glittered with cold brilliance. In its armor of cool respectability, however, was one weak spot. On a table of gilt and onyx in the long, dim parlor were three books—a chaste leather volume that meekly proclaimed itself in raised letters as "Poems," a brass bound tome unmistakably the Bible, and The Book. The Book was green, with a blonde lady, distressingly undressed for the period, embossed on its cover; and written across its face in scrawly script the word "Album." When opened it exuded a faint, musty odor, and its yellow pages were a patchwork of clippings—extracts from sermons, reports of long past parties, jokes, poems. To a small girl alone in this desert of gentility while her grandmother took her afternoon nap, The Book was an oasis of clear delight. I can see myself now—a plump, red-cheeked child with barrel curls—perched on one of the gilt-and-brocade chairs, breathing hard under the intellectual strain. Nothing escaped me—a caustic critique of Robert Ingersoll, a flowery and highly optimistic prayer, a poem on the death of Henry Ward Beecher, a recipe for Virginia spoon bread. One gem, however, really and definitely impressed my young mind; and every Sun-

day, a peppermint lozenge tucked into one cheek, my feet on the forbidden rungs of the gilt chair, I sensed its delight and allowed large fat tears to drop unchecked on the yellow pages of *The Book*.

This gem was a long narrative poem entitled "The Clown's Baby" which had been clipped from the *San Francisco Chronicle* sometime in the seventies. The poem told of Christmas Eve in a wild and woolly mining camp in the West—apparently a camp for men only, as the note stressed was the total and devastating absence of woman or child. A circus had arrived, and a very poor affair it must have been, as the star attraction seemed to be a dejected clown, who wreathed his woe in merry smiles, and his equally dejected wife. Just as the unhappy couple were about to advance on the audience and do their act, the property baby (rubber) was discovered missing, so—well, what could the wretched creatures do but seize their only offspring and carry on. All went well at first, but when the moment came for the clown to throw the child lightly into the air, the ungrateful and unnatural brat rebelled and let out a loud howl. There was a dead silence. Then one of the miners sprang to his feet and cried, "Boys, the kid's alive." I can remember the very words.

The effect on the Boys was electric. The bearded fellows leaped from their seats, they stampeded the ring, they craved almost tearfully for a chance to hold the infant; and, when each man had had his turn, they passed round the hat, collecting in less time than it takes to tell enough dust to provide for the future of the child and its parents—college education and all. Then in a hushed silence, those rough miners stole from the tent—"out under the pure, star-spangled vault of God's firmament."

On such sugar pap was I nurtured. The years passed, and with them the Linden Avenue house. The Book vanished with the other treasures of the

dim parlor. I outgrew my fattish youth, pinned up my barrel curls, married; and my virtue, like that of the heroine of the fairy tale, was shortly rewarded by two beautiful children. My husband is a geologist, and before I had been married many years I had become a specialist in mining camps—mining camps in all parts of the world, but mainly in the high Andes of South America. These camps, unlike that of the poem, were never strictly men's affairs; there was always a woman or two or three about, as well as an occasional child, no matter how isolated or wild the place. And were these women and children regarded with awed reverence, did any one man ever travel miles merely to sit in my kitchen and watch me cook, did the bearded miner crave to hold the little child in his arms, was the hat passed round? Never.

Indeed, it would seem that the mining camp of reality resembles in no one item the mining camps of song and story. In the first place, beards have gone out of fashion along with sweet lavender and illusions. The simple miner has been replaced by the college-bred engineer, entirely sophisticated and quite prepared to guard his man's world to the last ditch.

Apparently the absence of women, or at any rate, women of his own race and class, disturbs him not at all. I have known men to remain quite content at the mine for six or seven months at a stretch, when, by a mere three hours' muleback trip, they could come down to the base camp, there to revel in the luxury of hot baths, good—or better—food, and the soothing society of one or two gentle and refined females. To this same modern miner the little child spells not romance and sticky sentimentality, but a young devil who enters his tent and loots his treasures, who makes unseemly noises on Sunday mornings when sleep is both possible and desirable, who regards him with a cold and fishy eye when the last cocktail has rather got the better of him.

II

A number of years ago we were living in a very small camp on the east slope of the Andes. Besides my two offspring, there was one other child in camp—a freckle-faced kid of a New York son of the people and a pretty Chilean girl. Little Eduardo was only five, but he spoke Spanish and English with equal ease and could carry on a spirited and, I suspect, highly profane conversation in either of the Indian languages. He was a pretty child, too—just the kind whom you might have expected to be the golden haired idol of the camp. Quite otherwise. I to this day meet men grown, if not gray, at least motheaten in the service, who will discourse solemnly and at length on the awful deeds of that fair child.

Once he had broken up a poker game by entering the tent that harbored the gamblers, fixing his eye severely on his parent, and remarking severely:

“James, your *wife* wants you at once—at once!” . . . What a child!

Again, he had invaded Jeff's tent, taken from a shelf six bottles of Gilbey's Old Tom gin, and with loving care had watered the newly planted garden with their contents. The gin had been imported by train, automobile, and mule from La Paz, and the hardy bottles that had survived the trip were highly esteemed. The alcohol, furthermore, seemed not to agree with the new garden, for most of the young plants ungratefully withered and died.

One can picture the Boys of the poem slapping their thighs, tossing their beards, and rocking with Jovian laughter over the childish prank. Not so our sophisticated miner. He resents the loss of his gin, he considers the child an infernal nuisance, and years afterwards he remembers his wrongs with bitterness. Even the small episode of a soap box—a soap box in which Eduardo habitually placed himself early Sunday mornings, and, with an Indian child as horse, scraped

unpleasantly up and down the gravel path between the two rows of tents—is often recalled with rancor in gatherings of old-timers. Of course, the noise was of a peculiarly horrid character, but think of the glee the Boys would have shown over such sportiveness!

Another most annoying phase of camp life in connection with children is the hearty and unstinted assistance one gets in their upbringing. The proverbially public life of the gold fish is a sheltered existence as compared with ours. If it becomes necessary to lambaste the child—and I have yet to meet a child who does not at times suffer from the need—the little community of friends will rally round and either cheer you on or assure you that you are breaking the youthful spirit by such brutality. If the child throws discretion to the winds, flies into open rebellion, and goes generally berserk, the camp mutters darkly and hints of gallows at the end of a long, long road of crime. The youngest engineer feels himself quite competent to offer advice and suggestions on the education and deportment of the young, and no considerations of delicacy restrain him when the constructive urge is upon him. My two offspring were fairly decent specimens of the young American—at least I thought so—yet times without count was I called to order for my laxity of discipline, my unnecessary harshness, even my obvious carelessness in allowing them to lose their front teeth.

“That child Polly.” Mack stood in the door of my tent, viewing me with evident disfavor. “She was a pretty child when she came into this camp, and look at her now. Not a tooth in her head, her hair all bleached out by the sun, her socks always hanging down! A horrible sight!”

There was a rustling and a snigger, and the young woman in question burst from around the side of the tent, followed by her brother Bob, and Cæsar, the houseboy. Looked at dispassionately, they were rather fantastic. They

had been building a dam in the small stream that runs down the mountainside back of the camp, and all three children were thoroughly caked with black loam. Bob's five-gallon hat—a parting gift from one of the boys—was pushed on the back of his head, his knife swung in a leather holder at his belt, his puttees and spurs, which he always put on when he rose in the morning and took off as he sprang into bed at night, were heavy with mud. Polly's once pretty yellow hair, now bleached by the tropical sun and dried by the thin light air, stood out from her head like tow; her socks were not merely hanging down, but had been boldly removed and given over to Cæsar to carry; and her cordial smile revealed a large expanse of gum.

"There," said Mack, pointing an accusing finger at the group. "What did I tell you? Indians, perfect Indians!" He focussed his attention on Polly. "I was just telling your mother . . ."

"Yeah, I heard you. I heard every word you said." My daughter wiped her nose nonchalantly on the back of her hand and wagged a muddy forefinger at her traducer. "I heard you, and you're not so pretty yourself. Your nose is red because you drink too much *cerveza*, and your own teeth come out, because I saw them in a glass one morning when I peeped into your tent."

The last of these remarks issued from the kitchen, where none too gently I had propelled my child. I returned to Mack and tried to make the best of the situation. He assured me that he had really expected nothing better of the child, considering the way she was being brought up; and then launched into a lengthy account of his own youth in Scotland, which appeared to have been a somewhat drab routine of oatmeal, sound thrashings, and church-going. I wanted passionately to tell him to mind his business; but Mack was a friend—a real friend. It was hard to forget the night that Bob nearly died with croup. Mack and I fought alone through those dreadful hours when the

little chap beat the unsatisfying mountain air with frantic hands and struggled hideously for every breath; and it was Mack who turned a gray face to me just after dawn and said:

"He's sleeping now. I guess he's all right. But, Lord, what a night!"

Besides, I don't suppose it ever occurred to him that I might resent his taking a hand in the upbringing of my family.

III

Christmas in the poem of my youth was apparently a time when the heart dripped tender thoughts of home and mother and especially of the little child. In the mining camp of reality I saw no such mellowing. Gayety there was in abundance, and rejoicing of a kind; but hardly the kind best suited to the gentle nature of the child. I remember a particular Christmas in this same Andean camp—the last spent by my children in unfettered liberty.

On Christmas Eve a party was given at the *gerencia*. No well-loved detail had been omitted—tree, Santa Claus, presents. Everything was there complete—everything but the children, who had been early and hurriedly sent to their beds with vague promises of the delights that the next day would undoubtedly bring forth. We were five women at that party—a quite unheard of number for our tiny camp—and, if I do say so, we were not too bad. Our evening frocks were of the current year—two were even imported from Paris—our satin slippers and chiffon stockings were faultless, our heads were correctly, if painfully, shingled. Having no barber in camp, we perforce cut one another's hair, and the results, although they might at times be a little surprising, were on the whole reasonably good. The men had all come down from the mill and the mine, and when at half-past eight we assembled in the long drawing-room of the *gerencia*, we were thirty-two Gringos in all. With the curtains drawn to shut out the mountains and

the blackness of the night, with the tall pine that had been brought all the way up from the coast by train and truck and peon blazing in its corner, with the shaded electric lights and the regulation "overstuffed" furniture, with "It Ain't Going to Rain No More" shrilling its blatant strains from the big orthophonic, with the well-dressed men and women—who could have guessed that we were nearly thirteen thousand feet up in the air, over a hundred miles from a railroad, thousands and thousands of miles by land and sea from the homes of our fathers!

And what a party it was! Red cocktails made of brandy and lemon juice and grenadine, perfectly chilled with ice from the glacier and served with exquisite trifles of caviar and pâté. Then such a buffet supper—tomato soup with whipped cream (in tins), roast turkey with stuffing, corn pudding, potatoes *au gratin*, salads, ice cream, plum pudding blazing with brandy, coffee. We even had a mistletoe bough, cunningly constructed from a branch of a stunted tree on which we had sewed pearl beads. After dinner we danced until midnight; and when I say we danced, I mean we danced. Picture five women pitted against twenty-seven men, all young and agog with Christmas spirit. There were no intervals worth mentioning between dances. When the orthophonic stopped, the pianola carried on; and the brave five twirled from partner to partner without time to think of feet that might be aching from unaccustomed high heels or heads that might be spinning from those vicious red cocktails. At midnight there was champagne and "Auld Lang Syne," sung a little tearfully; then Santa Claus and the presents. Little British Mr. Hawke, our camp wag, was Santa; and it had taken quite a dozen pillows to fill out our stock Santa Claus suit, which had been built for a much more robust saint; but he was fairly bursting with spirits (of both kinds). A big diamond driller from the mine draped himself in a

scarlet shawl and did the Mexican *Jota*; our latest arrival from the States performed the then new Charleston with easy abandon; our intercollegiate wrestling champion, all of a gentle glow, offered in pure kindness of spirit to take on in combat any member of the party—male or female. I was having a thoroughly satisfactory time when a sudden awful thought smote me. The children, the children's Christmas tree! In the exuberance of getting into my new evening dress and feeling entirely civilized and almost lovely, I had neglected to trim the tree, or even to get out the presents. I hunted up my husband, and found him earnestly arguing with Santa Claus over the sheer futility of dropping h's.

"The children's tree," I cried in a voice of desperation. "It's nearly four now, and we haven't touched it."

The gentlemen registered attention but little interest.

"Keep your 'air on," soothed Santa. "Keep your 'air on. What's the 'urry?"

"But what if they should wake up and not find a tree or anything!" I wailed. "I'm going this instant."

I tore my satin slippers from my tormented feet, dragged on a pair of cool, comfortable brogues, flung my coat around my shoulders, and rushed from the house.

Christmas is midsummer south of the equator, and the sky was already gray-ing. I stumbled down the rocky trail, Santa Claus and my husband, both palpably resentful at being torn so early from the scenes of gayety, tottering behind; and we crept as quietly as possible into the sleeping camp. At the door of our tent I offered my hand in farewell to Mr. Hawke, but he overlooked it and pressed in with us. Obviously the good saint was in that state of mind when any place is better than home; so when he draped himself on the sofa and fell into a peaceful sleep, I considered it the better course simply to ignore him.

Hardly daring to turn on a light, I

delved into the small shed that was the only storage place in our tent home, and dragged out the dusty artificial tree that had been handed around camp for the past five or six years as quite good enough for the children. Naturally the stand was broken, naturally the lights would not work, naturally most of the ornaments were broken off at the base and could not be fastened to the tree without much painful endeavor. With the sweat rolling from our brows and a boiling desire to strike each other seething in our respective breasts, we labored, until at half past five we had assembled a complete, if rather intoxicated-looking, tree, and had set forth the presents in some sort of order.

"Get Hawke home," I moaned, "and let's get ten minutes of sleep anyway."

Hawke proved not too unpleasant. He suggested at first that it would be as well for him simply to remain where he was and surprise the children when they got up; but he was perfectly amenable to reason when we pointed out that minus his beard and cap and pack he was unmistakably Hawke and not Santa Claus.

"Right-ho," he assented, and accepted in good grace an arm up the path to his tent.

I am sure my eyes had not fully closed, when ringing cries of "Merry Christmas, Muddy and Daddy" smote on my anguished ears. I sat up in bed and with both hands tried out my head, turning it gently this way and that until I was absolutely certain that it really belonged to me. Then I slid carefully from my bed, threw a shoe across at my husband's sleeping form, and answered with what enthusiasm I could muster:

"Merry Christmas, children. You stay in bed just a second while Muddy lights the lights."

I plucked fiercely at my husband, and with violence urged on him the necessity of getting up. In a second or so he realized the situation, and also lowered himself to the floor. We stood looking at each other. Christmas!

"Comb your hair and up and at 'em," I whispered.

He grinned companionably.

"Pull up your own socks," he hissed.

With a silent prayer that the lights would work and the tree not look too awful, we loped into the little sitting room, yapping with a merriness that really hurt:

"Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas to all."

The lights did work, the tree proved—well, not so bad as it might have been, and the children and Teresa, our little Chola cook, evinced fair enthusiasm over the small homemade gifts.

Much later in the morning a very shattered Mr. Hawke hove in, and with trembling hands extended to the young folk gifts of toys and candies.

After a Christmas dinner which, somehow, lacked the savor of such meals at home, I heard the children discussing the day.

"That wasn't Santa Claus," remarked Polly scornfully. "It was only old 'Awke. And this is a heluva doll he brought me."

Bob rolled his eye dispassionately over the gift under discussion.

"It's cockeyed," he said at length. "Old Hawke probably dropped it. He was spilling everything. I believe he was *muy borracho*. Gee, I wish Fidel would bring up the mules and take us for a ride."

"He won't." There was no rancor, merely a tranquil acceptance of facts in the reply. "He's probably *borracho* too. Remember, Bob, it's Christmas."

IV

So much for the place of the little child in modern camp life. What then of the women? Despite the sweetness of the home thought on the subject, in the wild places there seems to be one commonly accepted idea—that women are at the bottom of any mischief in the camp, that they are envious and jealous, that they quarrel amongst themselves, that they

secretly connive at all times to usurp the place of their betters—man. We are not infrequently referred to as “those damned women.” I have never had the fortune, or the misfortune, to live in a large, permanent, well organized camp; so I have no way of knowing how my sisters act under such circumstances. The geologist goes out with the advance guard, maps the property, and, if all seems well, lays out a campaign for future development; then moves on. If, however, the mine proves not all that the heart might desire, or the structure is particularly tricky, the geologist stands by and personally conducts development. Advance work or an uncertain mine means pure pioneer life—small camps, temporary housing, makeshifts of every kind. For months I may be the only woman in camp, perhaps there may be one more; at best we might run to five or six. The years I have spent amongst these pioneer women have taught me that they are a pretty good lot—not plaster saints, perhaps, neither craving nor receiving the bent knee of adoration; but on the whole loyal, uncomplaining, courageous, unselfish, and gallantly willing to do their part and more in any emergency. Yet the miner clings with almost childish insistence to his theory of the villainy and duplicity of woman. He is convinced that she is going to tame him, domesticate him, encroach on his domain; and, while he may extend to an occasional woman his unstinted comradeship, he, nevertheless, regards the sisterhood on the whole as distinctly dangerous.

He has, of course, at times a basis for his horrid fears. Inexperienced women nearly always come into camp glowing with the sentimental tosh set forth in the Poem. On the one hand they expect to be set on a pedestal and admired with tender reverence by the hardened miner; on the other hand, they pant to allay the hardships of the creature's life, to tidy him up, to “bring a bit of home” to his door. They almost invariably come bounding in all fresh and smart, fully

armed with new clothes and new ideas; and they regard us callous, weather-beaten veterans with impatience as either too careless or too lazy to try to alleviate the lot of “those poor boys.” If they are sufficiently young and sufficiently pretty, they may get away with it for a time. But we know it won't last, and it never does.

Sometimes the poor newcomers don't even get a running start. I remember one dreadful occasion when two new arrivals attempted to clean up the tent of our doctor. I won't say that it did not need cleaning. It was really quite the most poisonous looking place imaginable, with books and magazines cluttering the sagging couch and all the chairs, a condor on the table in the process of being stuffed, cigarette butts on the floor, orange and lemon skins, several empty bottles, a cocktail shaker and a lot of sticky glasses—tokens of slight parties the night before—on the top of the stove, and behind it Gypsy—the most intelligent, the most sweet-tempered Airedale in the wide world—and her latest litter of perfectly delightful, if carelessly sired, pups. But for all its rank filth, it was the nicest tent in camp. There we gathered nearly every evening, and over a cocktail or two discussed the state of the mine, the stock market (our latest news over a month old), the last book sent out from home, the trend of modern thought from soap to sex—everything.

Imagine how devastating it was, then, on a certain morning when the doctor had gone to the mine, to see the two new ladies, sparkling fresh in their house dresses and with towels binding their heads, advance on the beloved tent. Fire was in their eyes, they bore brooms and cloths in their hands; Modesto, the camp *mozo*, unwillingly followed them with pails and soap and scrubbing brushes. Min, my fellow-veteran, and I tingled with excitement. We had so few thrills in our restricted life, and the Doctor was so perfectly wonderful when aroused. All day long

we heard exclamations of surprise and horror from the cleaning ladies, we heard Gypsy's growls of remonstrance and her children's wails, we heard Modesto being hurled back into action at each repeated attempt at flight. Late in the afternoon the welfarers came and invited Min and me to regard the results of their efforts.

Min's reaction was hardly satisfactory. She gave forth a hard drawn "Good God!" and then tried to cover her error by whistling. I have an uneasy habit of wanting to laugh when seriously disturbed, and now I burst into a gale of hollow mirth, which I could only hope would be taken as a sign of appreciation. What a place! The magazines, many of them technical and procured at great pains, had vanished entirely; the books were neatly stacked; the pictures, mostly lovely undraped ladies cut from colored supplements, had been boldly removed; the condor, gift of a grateful patient, along with the trappings for its rehabilitation, had also disappeared, and its place was taken by a chaste bowl of flowers set on a crochet mat. The floor was scrubbed almost white and denuded of the messy little rugs that had been bestowed on the Doctor by various loving native friends, the windows were curtained in virginal white, little ruffled pink shades covered the two electric lights and robbed them of most of their power, the rust-red potbellied stove was polished to the glistening point. And the place behind the stove was quite clean and empty—Gypsy, the wise friend of all the camp, was gone.

"Where's Gypsy?" said I.

"We fixed a bed for her in the shed," replied the ladies almost in a breath. "She made the place smell."

"It's nice and neat," said Min vaguely. "I bet the Doctor will be surprised."

"At least," said one of the ladies virtuously, as she unpinned the towel from her head, "it's sanitary. Heavens, we're tired. How could anyone live in such filth!"

My tent was next to that of the Doctor,

and my heart swelled with pleasurable anticipation when, a couple of hours later, a mule galloped up to the camp gate and a familiar whistling announced that my neighbor was at hand. I heard the door of his tent open, I heard the whistling stop abruptly, I heard mutterings and then roars of apparent agony, I heard sharp crashing sounds. My door flew open, and the Doctor, his face quite red with passion, one hand grasping a mangled pink lampshade, fixed me with his glaring eye.

"Who in hell's been mucking up my house?" he howled.

"The new ladies," I replied blandly. "They've been working like dogs all day for you. They have . . ."

I got no farther. The Doctor, under provocation, really did use rather awful language. I followed him to his house, and viewed with dismay the wreck of that good day's work. The bowl of flowers was on the ground, smashed to bits, the other pink shade lay beside it, marks of muddy boots were all over the pure white floor.

"Where's Gypsy? Where're my magazines? Where's my bird?" whooped the Doctor.

"Now, calm yourself," said I—which, to judge from the reaction it produced, was the wrong answer. The Doctor snorted fire at me. "Well, anyway, let's go and see."

We went to the small *calamina* shed back of the tent, and found Gypsy, who neither knew nor needed restraint, tied in the midst of her whimpering family. She welcomed us with short, deep yaps of sheer bewilderment, and we sat down on the floor with her, explained the whole unhappy affair, and admired each of her fat black puppies. Then we took her and her dirty rag bed and her babies back to their cherished place behind the stove. The condor—somewhat mussed—was retrieved and returned to his table; the magazines were heaped afresh on the couch; the little mats of red and green and orange were spread again on the floor. I think the ladies must

have burned the pictures as undesirable, for we never did find them.

Dinner that night at the staff house was very uncomfortable. Reticences and repressions are unknown in camp life. The Doctor, thoroughly disagreeable, muttered dark things about people minding their own business. One of the welfare committee burst into tears and left the table. Their husbands were restrained and obviously on the thin edge of voicing their feelings. Min and I, as members of the sisterhood, were oppressed by a heavy feeling that our stock had dropped and we were the beloved of none.

Later, in the privacy of our boudoir, my husband took me to task roundly.

"Say," he asked with a disheartening lack of affection in his voice, "why in thunder did you and Min let those girls make such damned fools of themselves? You know how the fellows hate to be cleaned up and interfered with. Why didn't you tell them?"

I eyed him pensively and continued to massage my scalp.

"Tell them?" I echoed. "Tell them what? Tell them to mind their own business and leave the dear lads to wallow in comfort and filth? Not on your life! If we did, they would think we were jealous of their youth and their prettiness, of their snappy clothes and their newness; and wanted to keep the center of the stage for ourselves. No, let 'em learn as we all have, through tears and bitterness, and they'll come out all right in the end."

Which they did, and for nearly two years we four women held down in peace and loving-kindness a small and rather dreary camp—good friends, good comrades, certainly not uplifters.

In another camp we had a woman with a passion for collecting the men's dirty clothes and having them washed. The craving appears at first glance innocuous enough, yet it removed this girl, who was young and pretty and should have been the belle of the camp, into outer darkness. The men whispered about her

furiously, they hid their dirty clothes or even locked them in their trunks; and some went so far as to cease from changing in order to deprive her of her simple pleasure.

One day Johnny bounced into my sitting room, his face set and angry.

"I'm quitting," he announced briefly, and dashed his respirator and Brunton noisily on my table.

"Johnny! No!" I quavered. At times I am almost staggered by my own virtuosity. That quaver was wonderful, for Johnny quits at least once a month. "What's the matter?"

Johnny's voice rose to a howl, and he waved his arms wildly.

"The matter! The matter! My God, that damned woman has been cleaning me up again, and if I don't go now, I won't have any clothes left to go in. My pajamas, my best pajamas"—his voice sank to a pathetic wail—"she's gone and had 'em washed twice, and I've never had 'em on my back. You know, Alicia, us fellers never wear pajamas in weather like this. It's bad enough to have to pull off your boots and pants."

As a matter of fact I did know all about the uncleanly habits of junior—and some not too junior—engineers; how they slept in their clothes, how they washed as little as possible, how prone they were to balk at the Saturday night bath, unless prodded into action by a worthy but unappreciated wife. Still I did think that Johnny need not have been so clubby about the matter. Crushing down my rising desire to laugh, I asked sympathetically:

"But how does she find your pajamas?"

Johnny drew himself up proudly.

"I always keep a pair under my pillow. A feller can't let himself get too uncivilized, even if he is living on the top of the world."

A proud spirit is another thing that must be shed like a snake's skin by the woman who hopes to make good in camp. Meek and humble of heart

must she be—at least outwardly—for at the slightest evidence of high-hat the boys go mad. Once we had in our midst a woman from New York. She had read most of the books sent out by the Literary Guild and the Book-of-the-Month Club, she had played golf on most of the best courses, she had seen most of the shows on Broadway, she had been abroad. And she told us all about it with the breathless enthusiasm of a bedtime-story teller on the radio. Well, we ourselves had read a bit. It is always surprising what men and women cast entirely on their own resources will read and enjoy. I shall never forget my astonishment when a very soiled young man, badly needing a shave and quite without a collar, rose at one of our gatherings and recited the chorus from "Atalanta" in such a way as to cause little sparkling needles of delight to pierce the heart. Again, few of us could not play golf, just give us a whack at a course; and, if we had not seen the shows, at least we had read the reviews. As for having been abroad, we poor devils had spent most of our lives leaping over the face of the earth. So the lady was not beloved, and before many moons had passed she removed herself to a more appreciative atmosphere.

At another time a couple who had spent some years in China joined us. In those gay Chinese days she had been something that sounded like the Ham, and he had been the Rice; and they had had eight servants and a rug thirty-five feet long. The Ham and the Rice seemed to have been quite the go in China. They could throw persons into prison, and entertain diplomats and distinguished visitors on the thirty-five foot rug, and do lots of other alluring deeds—powers which seemed rather wasted in a small camp in the Andes. The boys firmly took them in hand, it being rather a slack season and there being nothing else to do; and by the time they had come to answer meekly to the names of Ham and Rice, had buried deep in their bosoms the anecdotes of

the eight servants and the rug, and had realized that China was taboo, they had become cherished members of our society.

V

I think it takes no more telling, then, to prove that for a woman social success in camp life is a thing not easily or quickly achieved. On arrival you are apt to be regarded by the men, and sometimes by the women also, with a jaundiced eye. Housewifery of the first order will not help you, youth and beauty are no permanent open sesame. Before you are taken into the innermost places of the tabernacle you must serve your apprenticeship and show your stuff. If you learn to mind your business and hold your tongue, if you learn to remain cheerful through weeks on end of blinding rain or months of blistering sun and dust and wind, if you learn to approach the camp boss with deceptive gayety to remark for the seventh time that the plumbing has been running amuck for days, if you learn to curb your desire to scream when you have to listen for the tenth or twentieth time to the same joke, if you learn to eat unspeakable food without a whimper, if you learn to send your children home to be educated and give no sign, if you learn to conceal homesickness that turns your heart to lead and not squeal, then perhaps—perhaps—in the course of years you may find that your period of probation is over and you are accepted without reservation to full comradeship.

Of course, you are invariably assured, you are an exception to the usual run of women. "Now, when I was down at Braden," or Chuqui, or Cerro, as the case may be . . . And then follow harrowing tales of the roguery of the sex, of the quarrels they brewed, of the gossip they broadcast, of the class wars they instigated. At first I was fired with a militant desire to come back with tales of the women I had known who had stood by in times of illness and death, who had given wise counsel and nourishing egg-

nogs to men straightening up after a bat, who had faced the starkest loneliness and privation without complaint. I could have told, too, of several merry little messes that had been brewed by the gentlemen themselves through tale bearing and idle gossip. It is a fact that if you really want the low-down on any scandal, you should go to the men. They always know, and I have never found them reticent about telling. But what's the use! The Boys of the poem of old cherished their sticky sentimen-

talities about women; the Boys of our modern mining camps cherish their acid generalities. One set of theories comes about as near the truth as the other. Of one thing I am certain, though—which is that on the whole the acid generalities are much better for “us gels” than the sentimentalities. They make us sit up and take notice, they make us guard our tongues as well as our steps, and, if we watch and pray, in the course of time they make right decent fellows of us.

THE MOON CAME UP

BY WITTER BYNNER

THE moon came up to-night a different way:
 Not the round death of heat frozen with night,
 Round death of all autumns and of yellow clay
 Poised upward on the mountain, but a white
 Swimmer, a dead world swimming through clouds sidelong,
 The dead body of a world upon crested waves
 Of cloud and airy time. It was a song
 Remembered from dead lips. There were many staves
 Of slowly forgotten music in the ascent
 Of a dead world from a still living world,
 Of death and life secretly folded and blent
 Like water and earth and air in the unfurled
 Frond of a fern. There is only this to say:
 The moon came up to-night a different way.



SPECULATION AND GAMBLING

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

IF YOU are so foolish as to suppose that gambling goes on in the New York Stock Exchange I venture to refer you to Article XXXVI, Section 4 of the Constitution of the Exchange which forbids gambling within its consecrated precincts. If you imagine, however, that this does not mean what it says, you might try shooting craps on the floor of that august pavilion and behold with what stunning swiftness you would be ejected.

To be sure you can take a "flier" in stocks there. But that is not gambling. If you think it is, I refer you to the President of the Stock Exchange himself. He will explain patiently enough that what goes on in his eminently respectable institution is speculation—something very different from gambling. He will tell you that those who confuse the two terms are "ignorant, unfair, and often ill-tempered." And he will add that people who condemn speculation "have the illusion that they are engaging in genuine processes of thought." All this he will cap with the remark that "after all, the United States was not built by pawnbrokers." Of course the inference is easy: the country was built by stock brokers and their clients—those constructive ladies and gentlemen who cluster about stock tickers or watch the quotation boards in brokers' offices.

It is very difficult for the average man to believe that there is a very real difference between a Park Avenue bear operator selling the market short and a race-track operator placing his stakes on various race tracks for a day's shrewd killing. The technic of these two gentle-

men is different. The counters used and the instruments of play are not the same. The players are drawn from different social strata; but certainly the spirit of both games is the same.

Fortunately the differences between gambling and speculation have been officially stated for us by Mr. Edward Meeker, the economist of the Stock Exchange. They are worth examining.

The first difference to be noted is stated thus: "Speculation involves the purchase and sale of some form of property, while gambling does not."

It would be interesting to know where this notion regarding gambling comes from. It bears the marks of having been invented for the purposes of this distinction. I suspect that Mr. Meeker has here confused gambling with betting. Betting, it is true, does not involve a purchase of property. But betting is merely one form of gambling. You can gamble without purchasing property. But you can also engage in forms of gambling which involve the purchase of property.

After all, what is meant by the word property? It is any object of value which a person may lawfully acquire or hold. A certificate of stock in a corporation is property. To speculate in stocks one must buy a certificate. But a lottery ticket is also property in those countries which legalize lotteries. A lottery ticket may be lawfully acquired and held. It may become the subject of a lawsuit. It is the same form of property as a certificate of stock in a corporation—a *chose-in-action*. And of course to participate in a lottery you buy a

lottery ticket. Buying a lottery ticket is certainly gambling. And we find a writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* defining a lottery as a "speculation to obtain prizes by lot or chance."

II

It would not be possible for us to live under our oppressive system of morality if it were not mitigated by certain convenient fictions. Thus, for instance, some of us find it necessary at times to do a little stealing—the theoretically honest methods of acquiring property are so discouragingly slow. But no one wishes to break into a man's house and sneak away with his purse, or hit him on the head and rifle his pockets. It's dangerous. It's messy. It's disreputable. It's so obviously stealing. However, we have composed certain little comedies in which we get possession of our victim's money or chattels by having him voluntarily deliver them to us. We have such clever little farces as bargain-sales, pre-inventory and post-inventory mark-downs, certain disreputable kinds of oil and mining stocks, harmless concoctions marketed under fanciful trade names guaranteed to make us socially endurable, and so on. And in the realm of gambling we have the same delightful fictions. No one, for instance, can conceive of Bishop Cannon, special agent of God in the Virginia territory, squatting on his heels and shooting craps. That would be so openly, so obviously, so frankly gambling. But the conscience and the taste of the good bishop can be lulled to peace by so simple and crude a fiction as is found in the operations of a bucket shop.

Some years ago in one of our states race-track gambling was thwarted by a law against book-making. The gamblers at once devised a neat little fiction to get round the law. In that state it was lawful to engage in horse racing. The owners could enter their horses and put up entry fees. These entry fees could be pooled and constitute a purse

for which the owners would race. And so a system was devised under which if you wished to wager ten dollars on a horse you had to buy a ten-dollar interest in the horse. And so before each race the horses were offered for sale. The book-makers became dealers in horseflesh. If a hundred men wanted to bet on a given horse they handed over their money to the brokers, who handed them back slips of paper bearing witness that they had bought a certain dollar-interest in the horse. The same thing took place with reference to all the other horses in the race. All the sums bet were then pooled, and this became the purse for which the horses raced. When the horses went to the post each one belonged to a large group of co-operative horse-owners. When a horse won, his owners of course were entitled to the purse which was then distributed to all of his numerous lucky purchasers.

Is it not possible that many stock speculators buy stocks in the spirit in which these race-track habitués bought horses? The exchanges, it is true, require them to take certain steps not taken in the fictional buying of the bucket shops. In the bucket shops no stock certificates are used. On the stock exchanges certificates are actually employed, and brokers and their clerks run around very busily passing them back and forth in making deliveries. Thus they go to an immense amount of expense and trouble to perfect what is in many cases only a fiction: that they are actually merchandising stocks.

Prof. F. W. Taussig, the distinguished economist of Harvard University, ventures a comment upon this matter.

The brokers receive from the outsiders orders to buy or sell and by the rules of the exchange are held responsible for the delivery at a stipulated time. The brokers in turn hold their customers to the same responsibility. But though thus in form like any other dealings on the better known exchanges—the cotton and grain exchanges for example—the immense majority of the transactions have in view no bona fide busi-

ness. The machinery which has been devised for the easy and rapid transaction of business is utilized for gambling on a large scale.

Let us examine another distinction between speculation and gambling offered by Mr. Meeker.

"The risks entailed by the speculator arise fundamentally from the risks *inherent* in the property which he buys or sells, while the risks of gambling are created by the gambler and are based upon future events without any necessary relation to the ownership of the property."

This sounds well enough, but what does it mean? What is the property involved in the case of speculation? It is the share of stock. That share of stock is a right to a proportionate share of the assets and earnings of the corporation. Now what are the risks of the stockholder? They are twofold. There are those risks which are inherent in the property itself. The property may prove to be wholly unproductive. Its products may turn out to be unsalable or worthless. A hundred risks threaten the property itself at all times. These risks are inherent in the property. But there are other risks which the stockholder incurs—risks which are not inherent in the property. His stock sells for one hundred dollars to-day and for ninety dollars to-morrow. There is a loss of ten dollars, not necessarily because any change has taken place in the property, but because a change has taken place in the opinion of the investing public about the property.

There are two kinds of profits which arise out of speculation. A buys a piece of land because he believes there is oil in it. He puts up his money and puts down his drills. The oil gushes forth. Here is A's profit—something coming directly out of the land itself. B, however, buys another piece of land. He does nothing with the land. He expects it to yield nothing. But he holds on to it. He believes the town will develop in that direction. He

thinks the city will build a great boulevard in front of it. All these things come to pass. No change has taken place in the property itself. The only thing which has happened is that a demand for that land has been created by forces wholly extraneous to it. B will get his profit not from anything which comes out of the land but from a purchaser who will buy it at a higher price because he wants it more than B does.

It is possible to see in a speculative venture risks inherent in the property itself. But there are also risks which have nothing to do with the property and which grow out of a number of factors wholly unconnected with it.

It is not true to say that the risks of gambling are necessarily created by the gambler. He may merely choose his risk. He does create the risk when he throws a nickel into the air and bets it will come down face up. He sets in motion an operation the essence of which is its uncertainty. He could lay the nickel down head up or tail up as he chooses. But he chooses to throw it up in order to introduce into the act the element of chance. He creates the risk. But he does not create the risk when he bets on the time made by a locomotive or on the result of an election. The risks are already there. He merely chooses the risk with which he will trail, just as a speculator in stocks chooses the risks upon which he stakes his money.

One may buy property in the hope that it will produce double its value. Another buys in the hope that the number of people who want it will double.

The third distinction is somewhat amusing.

"The speculator's buying or selling operations," says Mr. Meeker, "affect the forces of supply and demand and tend to bring about the very change in price for which he hopes, while the bets placed by the gambler have no effect whatsoever in determining the actual outcome of the fortuitous events upon which he stakes his money. In other

words, a speculator who purchases one hundred shares of Northern Pacific because he anticipates a rise in its price assists by this very purchase in bringing about the rising market for which he hopes, while a gambler who bets ten dollars that it will rain next Thursday or that Yale will win the Harvard football game exerts absolutely no effect upon atmospheric conditions and in no way strengthens the sinews of the team of his preference."

Gambling is by no means the simple thing that Mr. Meeker envisions it to be. A bet on the state of the weather next week is a very simple form of gambling. But has he ever heard of that popular pastime known as draw poker? To be sure, the buying or selling of Northern Pacific stock may conceivably result in increasing or decreasing the demand for that stock in the market and thus bring about a change in the price. But what about the skillful betting of an astute poker player? Surely Mr. Meeker will concede that a well-timed raise will have an instantaneous effect upon the demand for further participation in the game. Theoretically the best hand wins. But a player with an inferior hand may bring about a profitable stroke by skillful tactics. It must be conceded that the players' bets *per se* frequently exert a crucial effect upon the outcome of the hand, though there are other factors to be considered, as there are also other factors to be considered in the case of speculation. A bet on a football game may not strengthen the sinews of the team, but a bet on a busted flush at the right moment may induce a gentleman with two pairs to lay down and leave the field.

Here is the final difference. "In gambling transactions, the winner makes what the loser loses. But in speculation, in the alternate rise and fall of the market, there are occasions where practically everyone profits and where practically everyone incurs a loss."

Professor Emery of Columbia Uni-

versity, who originated the definition of these differences, undertakes to illustrate this point. "A dealer in wheat," he suggests, "may buy of a farmer and sell to a speculator, and the wheat be sold at a constantly rising price through a line of speculators till bought by a miller for grinding at the highest price of all. Neither the dealer nor the miller loses by the transaction, which is not speculative on their part, yet each speculator wins."

It is amazing that an economist should leave out of his reckoning so many factors. Where two men bet, it is very easy to locate the gain and the loss. However Professor Emery makes the mistake of supposing that in speculation it is a game of only two persons—the buyer playing against the seller. But this is not so. It is a game in which a vast number of people participate, using their stocks or their grain as counters. Professor Emery's illustration is an excellent one to bring out this point and to reveal the further point that a large number of persons are drawn into the game of speculation who hardly realize it, who have no wish to be in it, and whose chief part is in cashing the counters received from the more active players.

Professor Emery arbitrarily removes the farmer and the miller from the speculative chain. Of course that is a wholly indefensible step. These two men, engaged in important productive enterprises, are necessarily drawn into the game and, what is more, the public too is forced in whether it knows it or wishes it.

The price paid by the miller is the highest of all, we are told. It is he who pays the profit which is distributed among all the preceding buyers and sellers. Their gains have come out of his pocket. It is now up to him to get them back, and this he can do only by levying upon those to whom he sells his flour. Up to the time he sells the flour he is "carrying the bag." When he sells the flour he can pass part of the loss

on to the public. If he does, the public pays the winnings of the speculator. Otherwise the miller pays them. Not infrequently the miller and the public divide them.

III

What, then, is the difference between speculation and gambling, if there is a difference? My own view is that there are two distinct types of speculation, and that one of them is gambling and the other is not.

In its narrowest sense gambling is the staking of money upon a game of chance. It is clearly gambling to bet upon the result of a throw of dice. But no one will deny that it is also gambling to bet upon the result of a game of billiards, which is a game of skill. Indeed, no one will insist that the wagering must be upon a game at all. It will be admitted that it is gambling to bet upon the result of an election. We may say, then, that gambling is staking money upon the risk of some event.

There must be a risk involved. There must be a putting up of money or other object of value upon the risk. A farmer who plants his seed takes a risk. His hoped-for crop is subject to the hazard of innumerable favorable and unfavorable factors. He must put up money and he must assume a risk. Is he gambling?

I am disposed to adopt the view that he is not gambling, because he puts his money not into the risk, but into an enterprise in which the risk is merely an incident. The gambler puts his money primarily upon the risk. In the case of the farmer the risk is an incident. In the case of the gambler the risk is the essential factor in the enterprise. That is why I define gambling as staking money upon the *risk* of a certain event.

Now for speculation. It too consists in putting up money where uncertainties are involved.

One man buys a share of stock. He puts his money into an enterprise. He does so because he has faith in the future

possibilities of growth of that enterprise. He believes it will expand, pay good profits, enlarge its holdings, and be worth a good deal of money. He looks for earnings—not necessarily in dividends but in increased values. He is a speculator. But he is not a gambler. He hopes to get his reward from the enterprise. He stakes his money upon that. The risk is an incident.

Another man buys a share of stock. He is not interested in the industry. He believes that in a week or month or two there will be a sudden demand for that stock because of the happening of some future event. He plans to sell when the demand grows. He is interested primarily in the risk. He stakes his money upon this risk, not upon the basic enterprise. He is gambling. And he is gambling whether he buys on margin or not. The use of the margin merely intensifies the gambling character of the transaction by increasing the risk. It serves also as an evidence of the real character of the transaction.

I think it must be conceded that, however we name them, the great bulk of the transactions on the stock exchange falls into this latter class and that, therefore, the bulk of transactions on the stock exchange is gambling.

The defenders of the exchange give the whole game away when they try to justify the place of the exchange in society by asserting that it takes over the risk-bearing functions of business. "A special class of speculators," says Mr. Meeker, "has been created who make it their business to assume the risks of enterprise for a possible profit."

In other words it is argued that there are certain risks in business which the business man ought not to be forced to assume. The grain buyer, the grain seller, or the stockholder can get rid of the risks incident to their special business by unloading those risks on the exchanges. The exchanges and their following of speculators specialize in risks. They are defended on the ground that

they take some of the risk out of business, but they are supposed to do this by locating the risks in the exchanges and the speculative markets. These markets, if this defense be sound, are, therefore, primarily concerned with the risks and not with the enterprises out of which they grow. That is why most of the speculation in these markets must be written down as gambling.

There are some very respectable authorities who brand these operations as gambling in spite of the Stock Exchange president's insistence that such persons are moved by ignorance and ill-temper and the illusion that they are going through the processes of thought.

Professor Irving Fisher writes:

During recent years the general public has been beguiled into the folly of entering the speculative markets, yet the public has no special knowledge of market conditions and their participation is apt to aggravate the inequality in prices. In such cases speculation becomes mere gambling. In fact it is worse than gambling for the evils are more extensive, being shared by the producers and consumers and all who are affected by the price fluctuations thus caused.—*Elementary Principles of Economics*, p. 317.

Professor Edwin R. Seligman of Columbia speaks of those "individuals who are constantly taking fliers on the exchange to *gamble in securities or commodities* as they would at cards" (*Principles of Economics*, p. 309).

Professor F. W. Taussig of Harvard says: "They virtually bet on the future price of commodities and gamble about it as men gamble at cards or horse races."

It is important that these transactions should be called by their right names. Before we can decide whether the operations on the exchanges are good or bad, useful or not, we ought to be sure that we understand their true nature. There has been a very extensive propaganda of recent years to throw a halo of respectability around this practice of gambling in stocks and to get the performance called by a respectable name. I think it important that the public should under-

stand precisely what it is doing when it goes into the stock market.

Following the disastrous October break on the New York Exchange, we beheld newspapers, the Federal Reserve Board, banks, financial experts, and government departments all vying with one another in the most elaborate and determined effort to summon the public back into the market in which it had been so thoroughly stripped. One wonders if these various agencies would have been willing to go so far if the public had clearly understood that the feast to which invitations were being so vigorously pressed was in large degree a great gambling affair.

IV

I have not gone into this matter to condemn stock-market speculation. I see no inherent immorality in gambling. I have no objection to gambling. I rather like the philosophy of some of the Roman Catholic moralists. They insist that gambling is ethically defensible as long as it conforms to four conditions:

1. The one who gambles must be able to do so without causing injury to another. Thus an agent who gambles with the funds of his principal or a father who imperils the income needed by his family fails to comply with this condition.

2. The game must be without fraud. The colored gentleman who plays with loaded dice and the race-horse clique which tampers with the horses or "fixes" the race beforehand turn that gamble into something morally indefensible.

3. The gambler must act of his own free will.

4. There must be some sort of equality among the participants. Thus the bridge expert who snares a raw amateur into a game taints the gamble with the vice of inequality.

I think these are excellent tests to determine the character of speculation. The man who brings into a speculative enterprise the funds required for the security of his family; the stock-market manipulator who produces even small

fluctuations in market prices by means of skillfully placed buying and selling orders and adroitly provoked rumors; the brokers and tipsters and manipulators and propagandists who induce hundreds of thousands of people of small means to go into what they imagine is investment without realizing it is a gamble; the set-up of a vast game to which millions sit down and in which legions of uninformed amateurs are pitted against a small number of veterans—all these things taint speculation just as they would any other form of gambling.

To what extent are these vitiating elements found in the markets? How far are productive enterprises and the public injured by the operations of speculators? What degree of equality prevails among the players? I should like to see these propositions searchingly examined. They could not be examined without a very full investigation of all the economic aspects of the institution.

I do not propose to offer any views on these points. Nor should I be construed as condemning the existence of exchanges because they may be used by great numbers of people for gambling of an indefensible sort. An institution may be necessary and valuable and yet be subject to abuse. I do wish, however, to call attention to a matter of immediate importance—the deplorable lack of complete information on the subject to justify anyone in forming an intelligent conclusion as to how much gambling takes place on the exchanges, how much of it is harmless, and how much of it is harmful. I, myself, believe that the majority of operations on most exchanges are gambling, and that much harm results to many individuals as well as to the general public from part, at least, of this gambling. I also know that the exchanges do perform certain economic functions. How important those functions are, how well the exchanges perform them, whether they actually furnish all the services attributed to them, whether or not there

is some better way to achieve the same ends and whether or not these services actually outweigh the harm which results are matters upon which even experts may well hesitate to pronounce.

I have a reasonable familiarity with most of the literature on the subject, and the thing which impresses me most is the lack of adequate data. The exchanges have been criticized by numerous writers who are without special qualifications for understanding them. An immense amount of ignorant and highly emotional denunciation has emanated from outsiders. On the other hand, few students of economics who deal with the subject reveal an extensive acquaintance with it. They repeat, copying from one another, a group of stereotyped views on exchanges and speculation. One finds in all the books the same phrases beginning with the famous “corners” of Joseph and Thales and ending with the enumeration of the various accepted services—stabilization of prices, assumption of the risks of business, an open market for the ready sale of securities, providing credit for business and, now, the distribution of securities.

Does speculation stabilize prices or unsettle them? Does it provide credit for business or is it a machine for diverting the profits of business into the hands of promoters and speculators? Does it really help distribute securities? Does it assume the risks of business or does it introduce additional risks into business? Indeed, is it essential or even important that the risks of business should be assumed? Is it important—in fact is it desirable—that the market for securities should be made easy and simple? May it not be that the ease with which the owner of securities can unload his holdings has resulted in the extinction of all the responsibilities of ownership which Professor Ripley charges is one of the crowning weaknesses of American business?

I do not believe that we are in a position to return an intelligent answer to

any of these questions. And I do not think we shall be able to do so until a thoroughgoing examination of them has been made by some authority equipped to assemble all the facts and properly appraise them.

For some years I have insisted that the subject ought to be studied by a government commission. At this moment there is a strong and a widespread movement for a congressional investigation. I think this would be less useful. We have had one such investigation as well as several state legislative investigations. I have read the testimony in all of them and I have not found very much real light in any of them. A congressional investigation would merely be another show, with the foes of the exchanges hurling abuse at them while their apologists indulged in sneering replies.

I urge the naming of a commission

which would explore fully and impartially the whole subject of speculation and its agencies. Such a commission should be made up of several economists, several financiers, members who are familiar with the processes of production, manufacture, and distribution, and a statesman or two. It should be organized under federal authority and provided with all the means necessary to extract information. And its sessions should be private. It should proceed with both eyes on the subject and neither eye on the newspapers. Its methods should be the methods of the student and thinker rather than those of the politician and publicity seeker.

Mr. Hoover has gone in for commissions to study our national problems. Here is a problem well worthy of study. Perhaps he may be induced to take a vicarious look into it before he moves from his present quarters.

LET US PRETEND

BY FLORENCE NASH

LET us forget ourselves a while
And, hand in hand, erase the years
Until we stumble on those days
When this estrangement had brought tears.

Let us revert to what we were
And look at life through mist of dreams
And know our love has never died
However dead our love now seems.

Let us pretend we still have need
To call each other well-loved friend.
If you'll do this, I humbly swear
I shall pretend I just pretend.



OUR FAILURE IN THE PHILIPPINES

SHALL WE GOVERN OR GET OUT?

BY HENRY CABOT LODGE

THE traveling American is as a rule proud of his country. In spite of some obvious national shortcomings—and what nation is perfect?—he is inclined to be pleased with his country's evident material prosperity and its unquestioned industrial efficiency; and, if he is at all human, he derives considerable satisfaction from the envy which these things have aroused in others. If he is of open mind he will admit that America may be deficient in some of the refinements of life, but it would never occur to him that he might see his flag ten thousand miles from home and be ashamed.

Yet it is just this shock which lies in store for the observant American who visits the Philippines. For, on landing in Manila—if he lands without prejudice or preconceived idea—he finds that in the eyes of more than half the world we are making an exhibition of ourselves which would never for an instant be tolerated at home. If he has in the past dismissed the Philippines as “just something which belongs to us,” he finds after only a few days in Manila that he no longer so easily dismisses them. For he discovers that conditions exist there which are at present nothing short of scandalous, which may have far-reaching implications for his country, and about which nothing whatever is being done.

In order to understand the many implications of our tenure of the Philippines it is necessary, first of all, to clear one's mind of certain “imperialist” and “anti-imperialist” notions which may

have been sound enough in Kipling's prime or when Bryan ran for President but which are quite useless now. The era of the expansion of powers of the temperate zone into the tropics is practically over, and this makes a discussion of the rights and wrongs of our acquisition of the Philippines extremely academic. It can safely be set down, however, that this expansion, commonly called “imperialism,” does not depend so much on the Kiplingesque motive of giving the brown brother a lot of moral improvement which he does not want as on motives of self-interest. Britain, like Holland, France, and all European countries, needs large quantities of goods—notably raw materials—which cannot be obtained at home. She also needs markets. Neither goods nor markets are to be had unless law and order exist and, once these are established, railroads and irrigation works can be built which will further increase both the supply of goods and the purchasing power of the market, and will yield a profit in and of themselves. It seems wholly unnecessary to conceal these highly intelligent motives beneath the Kipling idea of bringing holiness into wild places.

No less superfluous are the declarations of the so-called “anti-imperialists” about the immemorial rights of man; for such declarations run in the face of all the facts. The tropical man—of which the Malay is one—is about the clearest example the world affords of the influence of environment on human beings.

Nature does practically everything for him: she gives him food, clothing, and shelter for next to nothing; and the climate makes it difficult for him to do anything for himself. Therefore, his inclination is to do practically nothing. He makes a fetish of passivity.

We, whose fetish is activity, would probably react in the same way if our ancestors had lived in the tropics. But our ancestors originated in the bleak north of Europe, where the beast had to be hunted and killed to provide clothes, the tree felled to get shelter, and the hard, ungrateful ground laboriously tilled to get food. We learned to combat and overcome nature and developed a fierce joy in so doing which has led to our present complex material civilization.

The result is that when the Northern man, with his taste for doing and overcoming, comes into contact with the tropical man, with his taste for submitting and enduring, the tropical man always submits. To rail against this purely natural phenomenon and to talk about right and wrong in connection with it is as fruitless as to rail against the changes in the seasons. It should be accepted as a fact, and programs for change should be based on this fact as a point of departure.

So far as this article is concerned, the fact narrows down to the Philippines—an archipelago of some three thousand islands extending north and south about as far as Maine is from Florida, whose capital is three days' steam from China, four or five days away from Singapore and Java, and whose northernmost islands are about forty miles away from the southernmost islands of the Japanese Empire. This archipelago has a population of some eleven million people, predominantly of the Malay race. The Malay, to complete the setting of the stage, was called by the Spaniards the "brother of the water buffalo." The water buffalo, or carabao, enjoys sitting in one place: the Malay has always put up with tyranny and brutality because these are so much less trouble than to

show an active interest in his own destiny. Long ago he was ruled by petty princes. Then came the Spaniards, who substituted their tyranny for his. And thirty years ago, by a strange turn of the wheel, the islands were laid on our doorstep. We thus became a colonizing power, though in our case there was scant practical justification for it because, unlike Britain or Holland, we not only did not need many kinds of raw materials—the disposal of our own was a serious problem.

II

As one goes round the world from New York eastward, the word "tyranny" seems less and less objectionable to the people one encounters. When one gets half way around the world—to the Philippines—it actually seems mild; for many Orientals, responding to an immemorial tradition, regard tyranny as an essential attribute of government. In the tropics this view is held all the more strongly because a tyrant's government, requiring no civic mental effort on the part of the governed, is appropriate to indolent people. To be sure, the Oriental tyrant can be deposed if he goes too far, but another tyrant is then set up in his place.

This fundamental of government is joined to another which is still a strong factor in the East—that is the idea of government in a small community as distinguished from social organization on a national scale. The idea of nationality has appealed to us in the West because it is essential to us. Living in relatively barren places and having insatiable appetites for things we could not get where we lived, we have been compelled to look far afield to satisfy our wants and exchange the goods of one section with those of another. Nationalism, or government on a scale broad enough to include these activities, is a natural and meritorious result.

The tropical Malay, however, wears next to nothing, lives on a frugal diet of

astounding monotony, and shelters himself from the sun and rain with plants that grow without any help from him. Everything he needs he finds almost in his back yard. Why should he build roads, why should he think corporately, why should he look beyond? And why should we be surprised, as we always are, that he does not do these things?

This local point of view may explain his indifference to appeals for funds for hospitals and public projects, as it also explains his family feeling, which is stronger than we Westerners can conceive of. Children will sacrifice themselves for parents and parents for children, and the motto is, "We look after ours; you look after yours." The Malay thinks locally, as his circumstances require, and locally he is a success.

So it is that although the inhabitants of the Philippines are of the Malay race and brown-skinned, this subdivision into small communities has created differences—and allowed virginal differences to subsist—which are as great as the difference between the white-skinned Englishman and the white-skinned Bulgar. Perhaps greater, because in addition to differences in features and language (there are eighty-seven Philippine tongues), there are fundamental differences in religion which add to the hardship of forcing these peoples to have intercourse with one another. In European countries there are still racial differences between the citizens of the same state, witness the Breton and Gascon of France and the Prussian and Bavarian of Germany. We Americans, however, in addition to loathing tyranny and exalting nationalism, have no such long-standing, aboriginal divisions to enable us to understand the divisions of others.

When the Spaniards came to the Philippines in the early sixteenth century they found a host of small and unrelated communities ruled by petty princes, rajahs, and headmen. The Spaniards did not destroy this system but used it and governed by means of it.

In the early days of American military government the system was not much interfered with. The great change came under American civil government, when the attempt was made to transform a sprawling archipelago of tropical, Oriental islands into a centralized nation on the Western, twentieth-century plan; in other words, to impose the nationalist ideal upon a group of peoples having no need for it. Development along this line went on rapidly until, under the administration of Governor General W. Cameron Forbes, a noteworthy degree of centralization had been reached.

By 1912 the American government of the Philippines was something positive. Although it rested on the highly unsound assumption that what was good for us was good for the Malays, it was in its own American way efficient. A remarkably able American civil service was in charge and was achieving results. Roads had been built, and public health was good. Then in 1916 a Democratic Congress, frankly desirous of getting rid of the islands but lacking the courage to do so, passed the Jones act, thus completely changing the situation. This law was written by a man who had little knowledge of colonial problems and it was based upon the political axiom that everything which one American party has done is *ipso facto* wrong and should be changed by the other. This law inaugurated the system of American responsibility without authority under which the Philippines have been administered ever since. It seems to justify the statement that while the Spaniards killed the Filipinos with cruelty, we are reducing them to nothingness with kindness.

Instead of allowing the plain facts to modify our first judgment, we have since 1916 assumed more strongly than ever that the Filipino is exactly the same as we are. We should have satisfied the requirements of democracy if we had assumed that they were our equals. But we declared that the tropical, village brown man was just like the Northern,

national white man, and in the most important respect we showed that we did not mean what we said. In fact we showed that we were actually less democratic than the Spaniards, for they married the Filipino and gave the offspring a distinct social position. With the customary low-grade exceptions, Americans do not marry Filipinos but maintain a separate social life.

Under the Jones act we set up our own triple-branch, water-tight-compartment system of government—with a Senate, a House, a Judiciary and an Executive—and handed it over to the Filipinos. Our system is difficult enough for us to operate; it would be wholly unworkable in most of the highly civilized, politically educated European countries; and the result with the politically ignorant Filipinos is not hard to imagine. We complicated our own system further by placing an American at the head as Governor General who is not responsible to the Filipinos and receives only spasmodic backing from his own country.

The American Governor General of the Philippine Islands is one of the most hopeless creations in the whole of governmental history. He is supposed to represent the sovereignty of the United States, and in that capacity is supposed to be supreme. At the same time he is at the head of a government of Filipinos, and in that capacity he can appoint no one to public office without the consent of the Filipino legislature. He is thus a complete contradiction in terms.

Only a genius could get positive results from such a system. The late Leonard Wood was just such a genius, but he was also mortal, and his labors killed him. The administration of his successor, Mr. Henry L. Stimson, shows why men of ability are no longer considering it a tempting honor to be offered the post of Governor General. Mr. Stimson attempted to strengthen the islands by giving legislative aid to the development of their economic resources—one of the most important problems in the islands to-day. He got some of the legislation

he desired—as much of it as could be repealed at once without any permanent changes having been effected. When it came to a bill to change the present system of restricted land holding—which would have involved permanent changes in titles—he was defeated. In return for these rather illusory victories he was obliged to make concessions involving a disheartening weakening of what little American prestige there was left.

Under this system of governmental stagnation less than one per cent of the American civil servants have remained. Public health, which is such a vital matter in the disease-ridden tropics, can no longer be discussed because there are no longer accurate figures. The educational policy has had the result of filling an agricultural country with quantities of young men who refuse to engage in agriculture, their American education having taught them that white-collar jobs are the only proper ones. Instead, they head for the law in a country too poor for extensive litigation. Mr. Stimson himself has said that in a recent year the number of applicants for bar examinations in Manila would have excited comment in New York. There being not enough legal work to go around, these young men have gone into the most profitable occupation in most poor countries—politics.

We not only try to implant our notions of government and education; we are trying to implant also our law and our language. If the Americans going to the islands went via Suez and thus noted the experiences of others, instead of going via San Francisco, we might not be repeating the mistakes which other colonizing powers have made and have now ceased to make. We might, for instance, have seen what the Dutch are doing in Java, and emulated them. The Dutch have been in Java for three hundred years and have discovered that the Malay has his own ideas of right and wrong, which may seem strange to us, but probably no stranger than our ideas seem to him. The Dutch did not force

their law on their peoples. Instead, they studied the Malay customary law, codified it, and learned to live by it. The Malay has confidence in his own law; he understands and respects it. In certain sections of the Philippines, on the other hand, a year may go by without a civil case coming to court. The native, not being able to adjust himself to our system, is apt to feel that "pull" is all which counts in our courts and prefers to settle outside.

The same thing holds true of language. We did not remember that in medieval Europe Latin was the language of the school and that English, French, and German were the language of the home. We are trying to make the Philippines into an English-speaking nation; but in the homes Tagal, Visayan, and the other native dialects are spoken, lending color to the belief that English will always be as infrequently spoken in the islands as Latin is in the Western world. The language of the home is the language which survives. The Dutch have realized this and do not seek to impose their language on the native.

If our American officials had stopped at Batavia and Singapore on their way out, they might have received some even more fundamental notions. They might have seen the way in which the Dutch, for instance, who are the most dispassionate and scientific of colonizers, treat the question of the half-caste. Space forbids a complete consideration of this most interesting question here. It is enough to say that the Dutch, after first encouraging the creation of the half-caste, later reached the conclusion (which is now generally shared) that he is an unfortunate creature, unfit for the great responsibility of government and unfit for the plain life of the native.

We, on the other hand, have made the latest chapter of Philippine history the glorification of this inglorious creature in the civic sense, although socially we do not accept him. The Filipino half-caste or "mestizo" lives in the towns. He is glib, he can make phrases the meaning

of which he himself sometimes does not comprehend. He has little less than hate for the white man and contempt for the pure-blooded native. Yet when we turned over the government to the natives the "mestizo" was the only class literate enough to govern. So it is that we abdicated our power in favor of this creature, and so it is that Philippine history may be said to consist of four periods in which the native was governed respectively by native chieftains, Spaniards, Americans, and now the half-castes—in the name of local self-government and under the American flag!

Although we pay lip service to local self-government, the half-caste, or his henchman, is in control throughout the villages off the islands. We cannot blame him if he practices ignoble extortions in Filipino villages—if he perpetuates, for instance, the custom of the village headman spending the first night with each newly married bride. Such is his nature. We cannot blame anyone but ourselves if we have put the American Governor General in such a position that he can get nothing done without licking the boots of such persons. It is our fault and only ours if so distinguished a critic as Professor Ralston Hayden can say, "With the co-operation of an American Governor General and the approbation of an American President, the Philippines obtained practically complete autonomy under a system of government which had never been authorized or even dreamed of by Congress."

III

We, through our representatives, have made many promises to the Filipinos—many of which we have broken. The last expression of the American people through Congress on the Philippines was in 1916, when we pledged ourselves to fit them for independence. It seems idle to say that Congress had no right to make such a promise; for the pledge was taken as such by the Philippines and the world in general.

Woodrow Wilson spoke truly when he said in 1907:

We can give the Filipinos constitutional government, a government which they may count upon to be just, a government based upon some clear understanding, intended for their good and not for our aggrandizement; but we must for the present supply that government. But we cannot give them self-government. Self-government is not a thing which can be "given" to any people, because it is a form of character and not of constitution. No people can be "given" the self-control of maturity. . . . To ignore these fundamental things would be not only to fail and fail miserably, but to fail ridiculously and belie ourselves.

In other words, if the Philippines are to attain independence and stand alone they must have strength in and of themselves. In the words of the old adage, they must be made healthy, wealthy, and wise. We cannot make them wise, educate them as we will. We have made them healthy, although since the Filipinization of the government it is impossible to tell whether that health has been maintained. Wealth lies within our grasp and within the sphere of our responsibility—and wealth is power, and power is independence.

The wealth of the islands, like that of all tropical countries, lies in the production of those raw materials—rubber, sugar, camphor, etc.—which we of the North import in such huge quantities. The Philippines are potentially capable of producing such raw materials in imposing quantities, but in order to do so they need capital. In spite of the fact that we need many of the materials which the Philippines could produce and in spite of the fact that certain American business men have examined the islands with optimistic interest, capital has not been forthcoming.

Here again because of the apathy of the American people, as this is represented by Congress, American capital hesitates to enter the Philippines. No one knows how long the islands are to be under our flag, and so long as the political future

of the islands is so uncertain what sensible man would invest there? The laws governing capital in the Philippines and the laws restricting the ownership of land also make development extremely difficult. The Dutch, again, have a system of land laws which facilitates development and protects the natives from ruthless exploitation. But we refuse to learn from the Dutch.

Congress could change this condition and so fulfill part of its promise to fit the Filipinos for independence by making them economically strong. Nothing except the overwhelming indifference of the American people stops it from repealing the preamble to the Jones law (to which the political uncertainty is due) and from enacting modern land laws. Given this policy of neglect, who can be surprised that in the last few years one American rubber company has gone to Liberia, another to Brazil, and still another to the Dutch East Indies? In spite of the fact that the Philippines could produce rubber, American business men do not dare to do business under the American flag.

Look at the economic question from another angle—public revenues. The annual revenues and public expenditures in the small Japanese possession of Formosa were in a recent year greater than those in the entire Philippine archipelago. In our Philippines the revenues have been about the same for the past three years. Yet the population is growing and, thanks to the American tenure, so are their wants. These wants cannot be satisfied in so poor a country; and this is one reason why the Philippine immigration to California is assuming noteworthy proportions.

The only positive economic fact seems to be that because of us and their free-trade connection with us, their standard—and hence their cost—of living has gone up far beyond that of any of their neighbors. The point has now been reached where we have turned out crowds of American-educated natives wanting American luxuries into a land

which is economically unable to support them. It is like putting a Rolls-Royce body on a Ford chassis. At present they can trade with us because they are exempt from the tariff. If they were cut loose from us they would be unable to compete with Java, British Malaya, or Indo China, where living standards are roughly only a tenth as high. We have weakened them to such a point that independence would be the most wanton cruelty.

A concluding instance of what happens in the islands regardless of the nobility of our intentions is afforded by the Chinese, who are hated and feared by the Malays because when Chinese meets Malay, the Malay always comes out second best. In British Malaya, for instance, Chinese were admitted. To-day it is estimated that half the population of what was once a pure Malay region is Chinese. No wonder the Malay is glad to have the protection of the white man where the Chinese are concerned!

We have an exclusion act against the entrance of Chinese into the islands, but enforcement is so lax and incompetent that to-day roughly eighty per cent of the retail trade and about fifty per cent of the wholesale import trade is in their hands. They can work harder and more cheaply than the lazy native. The result must either be a pogrom of Chinese or the recession of the Malay. So it is that during 1928 and the first two months of 1929 an average of 2,120 Filipinos left every month for Hawaii and the United States, while Chinese were easily bootlegged into any one of the thousands of Philippine islands and started to breed the native out of existence. What can one say about this in the face of our responsibility to protect them?

When asked this question, Americans in the islands admitted that Chinese were entering and were conquering—not with guns and warships, but with their ability to intermarry. They admitted that we had not strengthened

but weakened the economic condition of the Philippines. But they said that our intentions were good, that our policy was humane. With that it is difficult to disagree. Our motives may be nobler than those of the Dutch or the British or the French. But in their possessions the emphasis is placed on the day-by-day, efficient execution of their policies, such as they are. We place our emphasis on spectacular enunciation. That is why there is the same difference between the Philippines and the Dutch East Indies as there is between a neglected charitable institution and an establishment efficiently run for mutual profit.

IV

If, then, we are doing the islands more harm than good, the next question is: what good, if any, do they do us? It seems scarcely deniable that at the present time they are beneficial to us in only the most insignificant ways. They are too poor to be an important market for our manufactured goods or for our raw materials. They are so undeveloped that they cannot supply us with the tropical raw materials which we buy in such enormous quantities from others. Potentially they could become both a market for our goods and a source of supply for us. But this would require action by Congress, and, owing largely to the fear that the islands might produce enough to endanger domestic producers, the chief interest Congress has taken in the islands has been unfriendly. Whoever expects Congress to take the few necessary steps for making the islands useful to us is taking a great deal for granted.

It is frequently said that the islands are useful to us because of their nearness to the Chinese market, which, some persons say, will some day grow into an enormously rich one of great importance to our national prosperity. This, too, is uncertain; and there are plenty of students of the Orient who predict that China can never become an important

consumer of American goods. The optimists, however, hold that it soon will and that the Philippines will be invaluable to us as a trading post.

If this day does come we could, to be sure, use an international port like Shanghai or a British port like Hong Kong, not to mention the Chinese ports themselves, all of which are nearer to the Chinese market than Manila, which is three days away from south China and a week away from Shanghai. But one is told that in case of war we should be "shut out of the East" without Manila—that China would be "encircled" by the British, French, Dutch, and Japanese, and that our commerce could not get in.

This picture of an Anglo-Franco-Dutch-Japanese alliance against us may to some seem fanciful. But even assuming that it is extremely likely, the sad fact is that with the Philippines we are in a weaker military position than we should be without them. Our naval force in Asiatic waters could be swept off the seas by the Japanese and our military forces in the islands could not withstand a determined attack by a neighboring power. While there seems to be slight possibility of a major war in the Far East, those who defend retention of the Philippines base their argument on that possibility, and for that reason it should be considered.

Our naval establishment in Asiatic waters consists of one old cruiser, twenty destroyers, a submarine division, a mine-laying detachment, two aircraft squadrons, a few auxiliary vessels, and ten gunboats, principally for police work against Chinese pirates. Honolulu, the nearest completely equipped base, is six thousand miles away. Any fleet equipped with capital ships and supported by neighboring bases could wipe our naval force off the seas in short order or send it scurrying to cover. Our force in the East might have a momentary harassing value. It might, like the "suicide squads" of the Great War, delay the enemy advance,

but that would be all. Moreover two years would probably elapse before the United States fleet could function in Far Eastern waters with an adequate train and control force, that is to say with a force capable of supplying the fleet and of protecting effectively the long line of communication.

The Army garrison, centered for the most part about Manila, consists of about ten thousand troops, most of whom are native. Their loyalty to us is not doubted; but neither was that of the native Indian troops before the Sepoy mutiny. Nearly all the officers are white. A well-supported landing force could defeat these troops and seize the great northern island of Luzon. At the entrance of Manila Bay is the island of Corregidor which is so heavily fortified that it is known as the "Gibraltar of the East." Military men have been fond of saying that, regardless of what happened, the garrison at Corregidor could hold out for a long time, as its gun fire would control any sea approach to Manila. But aviation has altered this dictum as it has altered many. Under the terms of the Washington Treaty gas-proof chambers cannot be built on Corregidor; and no one knows how long it could endure. But would not its very endurance create that wave of sympathy which would impel the American people to hold the Philippines at all costs? Can one not imagine the demand for the relief of the heroic little garrison?

The Philippines, far from home and inadequately defended, are clearly the weakest link in our chain of national defense. Being the tender spot in our armor, it is against them that the first hostile arrow would be aimed. The result would inevitably be that we should lose the Philippines if any vigorous power wished to take it.

Once our naval and military forces had been swamped, two courses would be left open to us. One would be to surrender the islands, with a view to defeating the enemy in a theater more

suited to our strategic needs. The other would be to pitch right in and fight for them on the spot. The excitability of the American temperament in time of war lends color to the belief that we would demand their recovery at once and make it politically impossible for any President or for any War Department to do otherwise. The result would be the sending of an expeditionary force to the islands, which we are entirely unequipped to do both from the standpoint of men and matériel. The picture of young American men, dying from tropical diseases, in a wilderness twelve thousand miles away, for a possession of questionable value to their country is not a pleasant one.

V

Three salient facts with regard to our tenure of the Philippines are apparent. In the first place, we are doing the Filipinos more harm than good. Second, the Philippines at present do us more harm than good. Finally, there is virtually no prospect that Congress will take the few easy steps to strengthen the hands of American authority in the islands and make their economic development a likely prospect. What courses, then, are open to us?

The answer to this question is as simple as the problem is complicated. It lies ready-made for us in the message of Theodore Roosevelt to the British on their occupation of Egypt—govern or get out. If we were to follow this maxim and compel Congress to translate it into action, the abuses which are now taking place under our flag would cease, and the islands would become a source of profit to us and to the Filipinos.

If we persist in doing nothing it would be better for ourselves, for the Filipinos, and for the world in general for us to get out. But this, in spite of the pretensions of "anti-imperialists," is not an easy thing to do. We cannot give them independence because independence cannot be given; it must be attained. If

we were to cut them loose, as the late William J. Bryan suggested, they would speedily fall under the domination of a foreign financial protectorate. One can say this with some certainty; for when the Wilson policy of leaving them strictly alone was in force and the American Governor General purposely made himself into a figurehead, the Filipino politicians did not take long to come within an ace of bankrupting the government.

It is suggested that we grant them independence and guarantee that independence by a treaty with the other great powers. Apart from the historical lesson that nations which cannot stand by themselves do not stand at all, it should be realized that with such an arrangement the United States would be regarded as primarily responsible for protecting the islands, the other powers merely agreeing not to harm them. We should thus be in somewhat the same position of responsibility without authority in which we now have placed ourselves, with the difference that we should have no military establishment quartered in the islands and should have even less authority than we have at the present time.

There is, besides, the constitutional point that Congress cannot alienate American territory. The Philippines were not acquired by Congress, but by international treaty. There are eminent constitutional lawyers who have studied the point and who say that we can get rid of the islands only in the same way. This, and the manifest impracticality of "giving them independence," suggests turning them over to another power better equipped to govern them than are we.

If we are to get rid of them, this seems like an intelligent method worthy of careful consideration. Both the outright method of cutting them loose and the guaranteeing of their independence by international treaty would be extremely disturbing to the Far Eastern situation, which is not very stable any-

way. Moreover, the best experience through several centuries shows that the Malay, lovable as he is, is incapable of protecting himself. Throughout the East the nations of the West stand guard over him lest he be overrun by his neighbors.

If we were to decide on this course the British or the Dutch or the French immediately suggest themselves as peoples with a broad experience in colonial government and won over to the humane view of colonial responsibility. But, as matters now stand, it is doubtful whether they would care to enlarge their imperial responsibilities. The sale of the islands to another Far Eastern power, were it to Russia or to Japan, would probably have a disquieting effect on the Western nations now in the Pacific.

If Russia were to have the islands, Japan and China would raise loud cries, and the rest of the world could only view with apprehension the installation of such a power in a position which offers such good opportunities for trouble-making. The sale of the islands to Japan would have a most disquieting effect on the Australians, who live in a state of perennial nervousness about Japan. It would also alarm the Dutch, who are unable to defend their own possessions without outside assistance. Politically speaking, the Orient is like a jelly—poke one part of it and it all shakes.

Whoever speculates on this problem—and it must be speculation, for on this as on any other Philippine question, the United States has taken no important step—must naturally think of Germany, a nation with colonizing experience and with a surplus population ready to brave the risks of a new and distant land. For

some years enlightened opinion in the Allied countries has held that it would be a good thing for the peace of Europe if Germany had colonies. Putting it bluntly, this opinion has taken the view that if there were fewer Germans in Europe the chances for peace would be greater.

The presence of another Teutonic power in the Far East would probably be a pacifying factor as far as the general situation is concerned. It would ensure efficiency in the government of the Philippines and a realization of their great economic possibilities. Perhaps they could be sold at a nominal price with a pledge for eventual independence and the open door for the commerce of the world. Under German management the Philippines might become a field for profitable investment—both for native and for foreigner—which they certainly are not to-day.

After the blood we have shed and the patriotic and distinguished service of individual Americans in the islands, it would be a painful thing for any American to see such a transfer occur. But such a transfer would be more honest and more high-principled than our present policy of allowing the islands to drift aimlessly along on a sea of false hopes and unkept pledges. Such an act on our part might be regarded by the rest of the world as a confession of our inability—or, at the very best, our unwillingness—to cope with a problem which we had pledged our faith to solve. But such an interpretation, however unpalatable to us, would be merely the truth.

In other words, if the facts are faced honestly, this seems to be our choice: to do the job well ourselves or let someone else do it as it should be done.



THE TWILIGHT OF THE CONCERT GODS

BY JEANETTE EATON

A YEAR or so ago that section of New York lying south of Washington Square possessed a unique supper club. The food was good, and the Chinese waiters deft and silent. Yet the lure of the place lay, not in these attributes, but in the peculiar charm contributed by the proprietor's air of faded distinction. It was picturesque to be greeted in his accented English, to be waved to a seat by those sensitive hands, and brooded over by his detached and melancholy solicitude. He was vaguely mysterious. Despite his pallor, his reddened eyelids, and the lines of his long, thin face, his look was that of a man whose years had been bitter rather than numerous.

Once in a while a client who lingered and questioned was initiated into the secret. From his desk the proprietor would bring a huge book pasted with clippings. Here were columns of praise, encomiums beyond most mortal dreams, renown such as few achieve. In every capital of Europe, in every large city in the United States this man's name only a few years ago had been heralded on billboards and in the press. For he was André Polah, the violinist.

Yes, the artist who from Vienna to Los Angeles had held thousands under the spell of his magic strings was now making out menus and adding bills of fare in an out-of-the-way restaurant. Why? For a reason that concerns every musician and music lover in America. Every young person of musical talent, every parent of such a child should know the experience of André Polah. For it is typical. Despite his

triumphs and the praise of the music critics, Polah could not keep body and soul together by playing the violin. And despite their dreams and convictions, nine hundred and ninety-nine young musicians in every thousand who attempt the same career will have a fate exactly similar.

For the concert artist is likely soon to be as extinct as the cavalryman. The modern world has little further use for him. Recent surveys have shown that less than four per cent of the American people attend concerts. In New York and Chicago less than one per cent of the population attend musical events of any kind. Only seventeen artists in the entire world can fill Carnegie Hall. Musicians of distinction are abandoning their careers, and one hears of concert managers selling out or going bankrupt. In short, the proverbial camel wishing to make his exit through the needle's eye has a more hopeful prospect than the concert artist who is obliged to make a living.

Surely, you protest, this is not true of the great musician! And instantly a glittering pageant of glorious figures passes across your mental screen. But how many of them are exclusively devoted to concert work? The opera presents a very different situation. True, the opera career is no easy avenue to fame. Schumann-Heink, with endearing candor, has described the difficulties which she encountered during the early stages of her great destiny. Intrepid young Dorothy Speare has woven the painful items of her Italian debut into an unforgettable story of

travail. But once a singer reaches that goal she is secure. Only marked failure of voice or of acting or an untoward attack of temperament is able to dislodge a member of either of America's two great opera companies. Moreover, the ample salary offers sufficient margin to make financial independence possible. Concert work alone, on the other hand, holds no such promise.

Take the case of a singer sufficiently experienced and renowned to be engaged by one of the great music clubs of the Middle West at a price of seven hundred and fifty dollars. Railroad fare, hotel bills, and incidentals lop off one hundred and fifty dollars. The accompanist receives a like sum. So does the concert bureau which secures such engagements at twenty per cent commission. Perhaps you think the remaining three hundred dollars ample reward for one hour's actual singing time. If so, you need further details.

The singer's likeness to a bird ends at the bill of fare. Crumbs will not produce the vital force necessary to sustain a Bach aria or one of Respighi's fearful and wonderful compositions. The singer must live well. He must, also, in preparing a program, spend from thirty to fifty dollars a week for the accompanist and, if his drawing-room does not accommodate a grand piano, he must hire a studio. There should be funds to provide for professional as well as for personal emergencies. Not only is it difficult to obtain summer engagements, but such are the exigencies of the busy season that it is not at all unusual that a concert at Palm Beach is followed by one at Winnipeg. In that case the railroad office absorbs most of what the box office yields.

Remember, too, that no woman, no matter how splendid her voice, can get concert gowns for a mere song. Thus it is obvious that forty concerts at a net price of three hundred dollars are needed to assure the singer the necessary margin.

But how, in Heaven's name, is the

artist going to get these forty engagements? So extended a tour is possible to few musicians. Moreover, the concert singer never makes the popular appeal of the opera celebrity. Jeritza, Mary Garden, and Rosa Ponselle can fill a house anywhere, at any time. Before their retirement Schumann-Heink and Geraldine Farrar were prime favorites and, so long as her novelty lasted, Marion Talley enjoyed a lively popularity. As for the men, the greatest rewards are reaped by Gigli, Chaliapin, Schipa, John McCormack, and Roland Hayes. These artists, with possibly a dozen others, are the star singers of the concert world. But most of them are recruited from the opera.

Nor is the situation any more favorable for the instrumentalist. Like the singer, he must have a manager whose agents are always combing the country for bookings with local organizations. Reputable bureaus charge the artist no retaining fee for this service and depend for their profit on the ten or twenty per cent commission to be collected from subsequent concerts. It is obvious, therefore, that managers are interested only in musicians who are certain of large receipts. And few they are. Remember that the artist who appeals not to the masses but to music lovers is always in peril of having the audience lured away by some local event.

One manager recounts a typical incident of this kind of fatality. He had booked an artist of renown for a concert in Minneapolis. With billboards plastering the city and publicity filling the press, the outlook was most favorable. But on the afternoon before the concert the artist, who knew her signs and portents, when driving from the station to the hotel saw something which dismayed her—an awning was being put up before a handsome church. At the hotel desk the artist snatched a local paper and turned to the society page. "I knew it!" she cried in despair. That night one of the leading heiresses of Minneapolis was being married, and the wed-

ding was to be followed by a magnificent reception. Naturally this function lapped up the cream of the city's fashion and culture and, as she had foreseen, the artist's audience was so thoroughly skimmed as to offer not the smallest nourishment.

Had Jeritza or Heifetz been giving that concert, a dozen weddings on the same date would not have mattered, for the great crowd would have gone to hear them just the same. It is a foregone conclusion, therefore, that no manager will handle many musicians who are lacking in enormously popular appeal. Arthur Judson's Concert Management, for example, says, "It is only after mature consideration that we would consider the possibility of increasing our list of pianists, already large. There is difficulty in providing an adequate tour for any but the established artists." One reason for such hesitancy is the fact that even the favorite loses his magnetic power if he plays too often in the same town.

As for the artist, he, too, tries to provide against these same risks. Even those instrumentalists sufficiently distinguished to be managed by the best bureaus have some reliable supplementary source of income. Josef Hofmann is director of The Curtis Institute and, like Zimbalist, who teaches there, he devotes to it the bulk of his time. Harold Bauer emerges only periodically from his august studio of teaching. Robert Schmitz derives his chief revenue from master classes held in the West. Albert Spalding, whose private fortune eliminates economic anxiety, can wait between tours until his public clamors for him. Ernest Schelling and Percy Grainger are composers and conductors as well as pianists, and de Falla is better known for his compositions than for his incomparable performance on the cello. There are hardly a dozen players who can make all the money they want by concert work alone. The most golden favor of the public is lavished on Fritz Kreisler, Paderewski, Heifetz, and

the boy wonder, Yehudi Menuhin. Next in grace come such artists as Rachmaninoff, Horowitz, Rudolph Ganz, George Copeland, Myra Hess, Hofmann, Cortot, and Novaes.

II

With this glimpse of the limitations imposed upon all but the most brilliant musical lights, we return to our question: For that artist whose budget we presented in detail, how are the forty concerts it demands to be secured? There is only one answer. They can't.

No sadder comment on the fate of the concert singer has ever been uttered than a recent statement made by Eva Gauthier. Exquisite artist, adored by music lovers on two continents, Madame Gauthier's press notices from every civilized country indicate her unique place in the world of song. Yet she recently declared that for the present, at least, she had abandoned her career. "The more I advanced in my art," she writes from Paris, "the less I earned. I have been labeled as a musician—a fatal thing for a singer. For it is such a small public that is interested in the musician. Hence the impossibility of making a living. I am waiting to see what will happen. But I believe the condition of the concert singer is almost hopeless."

One of the most experienced of America's impresarios carries this doubt even farther. In the same fatal category he would include also the instrumentalist. I refer to Mr. George Engles, manager for Paderewski, Schumann-Heink, Heifetz, and the American star of the Opéra Comique, Hallie Stiles. "Nobody can predict the future of the concert artist," said Mr. Engles. "The situation has changed even since last year. The United States is by no means an unmusical nation. After all, we spend about twenty millions a year in the support of twelve symphony orchestras, two great opera companies, and fifteen or sixteen famous individual

artists. But the glorious concert field of the past is no more. Only the high lights remain. The public will still pay for the greatest names and the most attractive novelties. But so far as the lesser artists are concerned, the outlook in the concert field is profoundly discouraging. I know of several managers who have given up the struggle and closed their offices."

These are the facts. Yet they are appreciated only by those who have personally suffered from them. Dreams of success are too stubborn to be eradicated except by bitter experience. There are thousands of young prodigies in this country concentrating exclusively on music, and it never occurs to them to doubt their ability to set the world on fire. Ambitious parents and music teachers urge them on. Backers are found to pay for their training. And it is a training so highly specialized that the musician can seldom turn successfully to other activities. In the end André Polah took up teaching. Even the lovely Lina Cavalieri found that it required more than the prestige of her name to convert her Parisian beauty salon into a gold mine.

It is high time the real situation in the music world be faced honestly and bravely by everyone responsible for gifted young people. Otherwise we are dooming these youngsters to inevitable heartbreak. Musical talent is likely to be considered not a gift from the gods, but a curse; and boys and girls trained to play and sing will bitterly regret that they had not been prepared to lay bricks or pack biscuits.

Don't imagine for a moment that a combination of money and talent can beat all these stacked odds. The following story is one to be taken to heart. A young business man, brought by affairs from the West to New York, met and married a woman of some wealth and great ambition. At once she discovered that her husband had a voice of beauty and power—even as hundreds of others. "You must be a concert

singer," declared the loving bride. "You shall give up business, and I will invest my money in your glorious voice."

Four years were spent in cultivating that voice at ten dollars for each half-hour lesson. Against all advice, the debut was made in Carnegie Hall and, in spite of the efforts of a press agent engaged at seventy-five dollars a week, in spite of the free distribution of hundreds of tickets, a bare quarter of its three thousand seats were filled. Two music critics, however, who were trapped and borne to the concert, praised it mildly in their columns. Thus encouraged, the pair went abroad to seek that tag of European approval supposedly essential to success. At the end of two more years the baritone was offered a contract for a season of singing at Salzburg. The three thousand dollars which would have been paid him would represent the wife's only return on her investment of fifty thousand. It was the bulk of her fortune. Convinced that the rainbow's end had yielded too meager a pot of gold, the singer refused the contract. Now with youth and capital spent, he is once more in America attempting to get into business again.

"He had a lovely voice," said his press agent, "but he wasn't sensational enough for nowadays. Had he sung cowboy ditties he'd probably have gone over big. But he would sing good music."

Not only does this history illustrate the difficulty of initiating a career, it also throws light on the myth that what doesn't go here will go abroad. The recent experience of Katherine Ruth Heyman throws further light on that myth. She is a musician's pianist. Yet her career, brilliantly begun by appearances in concerto work with the Boston Symphony and the Royal Philharmonic in London, involved solo performances from coast to coast of the United States and in every European country. Then the long interruption of the War, of course, served to dim her

lustrous success. She had to "come back." So two years ago she decided to concertize, not here, but abroad.

Her reasons for the decision are just those which have impelled many an artist to make the same move. First, she felt that Americans would accept her as authentic only after Paris and London had again placed upon her playing a fresh seal of esteem. Second, she believed that the kind of program she wished to play was in greater demand where audiences were musically more sophisticated. But she had not reckoned on post-war conditions. No one realizes until he has experienced it how deep seated is the general prejudice against American artists. Paris looks to us only for a Josephine Baker or a George Gershwin and admits not at all that our classic line could approach in perfection the European cut. Furthermore, cultured groups over there have little money to spend. When they invest in concert tickets they want to hear a native artist of whom they can be sure. Katherine Heyman scored her accustomed triumphs among music critics. But, like every other American artist abroad, in London, Paris, and Vienna, she tested to the full the value of the text "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Please remember, indeed, that it costs to give music away. Mr. Walter K. Varney, one of the few American managers of European tours, has plenty of facts to prove this anomaly. When one of his singers actually netted one hundred and eight dollars from a Parisian concert he considered the occasion a singular triumph. Usually there is a considerable loss. Mr. Varney managed the first Parisian concert of an American pianist of great reputation, and the gross receipts were one hundred and fifty dollars less than his expenditure. In Holland he spent six hundred florins to launch the appearance of a celebrated singer and recovered but two hundred florins at the box office. The cost of giving a piano recital in Vienna

was four hundred dollars more than was reaped from the sale of tickets.

"Unless an American musician has novelty value, or some special propaganda to back him," said Mr. Varney, "there is small chance of making money in Europe. Even if you have novelty appeal you can't make much, but in that case there is undoubtedly a favorable reaction upon your prospects in the United States. On the other hand, if you've only been hiring halls at your own expense you cannot impress managers. What these skeptics want to know is how many people paid entrance admissions. For this reason I consider the average appearance of an American artist in Europe one of the most expensive and useless of luxuries."

Mr. Varney was the foreign manager of the Fiske Singers. Because the Old World wanted to hear the negro "spirituals," they sang everywhere to crowded houses. The tour was an outstanding success. Yet the financial harvest was small. "How could it have been anything else?" asked Mr. Varney. "Take from the receipts each country's tax on foreign artists; deduct the cost of transporting, feeding, and housing the five singers and myself; subtract publicity expenditures—and how much is left?"

Of course, it is easier for one artist to make a profit—provided that he has the proper appeal of novelty. The charming work of Lester Donahue received everywhere a hearing on his recent European tour because he demonstrates a new mechanism for the piano invented by John Hays Hammond, Junior. Everybody goes to hear the tonal pedal, but they stay to enjoy Mr. Donahue's artistry. Somewhat similar was the initial experience abroad of that great artist, Mr. Roland Hayes. He did not have to cry with Portia's lover, "Mislike me not for my complexion, the shadow'd livery of the burnished sun!" By the very tone of that complexion he first attracted an audience which was thereafter enslaved by the tone of his voice.

Roland Hayes has a name to conjure with. And that is exactly what is necessary for the billboards. What most people do not estimate is, that in addition to years of training, a musician has to spend years in propaganda before becoming a box-office attraction. When you have a great tradition behind you, then the mere announcement of your concert is enough either here or abroad. If you haven't, then miles of such announcements won't get you an audience on either side of the water. But the great question is, how is such celebrity established?

It will be interesting to watch the progress of the thirteen-year-old Yehudi Menuhin, for he is one of the absolute exceptions to present-day limitations. Of course, he has definite backing. His support, the cost of his continued studies and of managing his occasional concerts is assured him. Apparently, his genius is so unusual that his future is secure. But what an isolated case is his can be grasped by noting that all the other stars exclusively devoted to concert work are men and women well beyond the early thirties. Most of them are past middle life. Their reputations were made in that happy yesterday before the World War when the situation was altogether different.

Thirty years ago Paderewski and Schumann-Heink were just getting their firm hold on American hearts. How easy it was for them to do so! Not only was travel cheaper, not only did auditoriums rent for moderate sums, but the concert field lay fertile for their tilling. The great artists had few rivals. America was not then turning out its yearly quota of a hundred aspirants for the concert stage. Fanny Bloomfield Zeisler was one of the few pianists, and Maud Powell one of the few violinists produced by this country. Such artists as Melba, Nordica, Ysaye, Rosenthal, and Teresa Carreño toured the country only rarely, and when they came to a town it turned out en masse to hear them. For life was simpler then. The age of jazz was still

in the distance. People had free nights to devote to cultural experience and were eager for it. But as the tempo of living accelerated, this eagerness began to subside. During the same period the accretion of concert artists was enormous. From Europe and from our own conservatories alike they came crowding forward. Towns which thirty years ago had but four concerts a year were now asked to patronize twenty concerts. Yet travel, sports, social and business activities had arisen to deflect interest in music. In the clash of these opposing tendencies the concert career was smashed to atoms. It is no longer possible for any but the most supreme genius to build that illustrious reputation which is the one essential to success.

III

No matter where you turn for information concerning the procedure of the musical beginner, the prognostication is forbidding. It requires an enormous investment of time and money to get oneself before the public, and when one gets there the public has shrunk to nothing. Mr. Fitzhugh W. Haensel of the well-known concert bureau of Haensel and Jones went so far as to say that, while his organization would not undertake to manage an unknown artist, it would at the artist's own expense put on a New York concert. In Town Hall this would cost not more than \$650; in Carnegie Hall, not more than \$1200. Such sums must be guaranteed, but the receipts, if any, go entirely to the artist. "Then," concluded Mr. Haensel, "if the artist makes a hit we might be willing to manage subsequent concerts on the commission basis."

When the manager was asked if expenditure for publicity would do something to insure "making a hit," he merely shrugged his shoulders gloomily. Newspapers aren't interested in copy about beginners. Music critics are so harried by constant debuts that not even a smart press agent can guarantee their presence at a concert. As for the

music journals, not only do they not reach the general public, but the publicity they offer is said to be not unrelated to the artist's expenditure for advertising. An advertising manager of one of the most illustrious among these magazines stated its policy succinctly. "Naturally," said she, "in printing news, pictures, plans, and reports of concerts for musicians we give the greatest attention to those who have bought the most space in our advertising pages." Naturally! But since the music world knows this all too well, publicity of that kind gives little sanction to true merit.

Pierre Key's International Music Year Book, on the contrary, lists all artists of standing whether or not they advertise. Moreover it offers an entire page of advertising for \$150, and the notice is good for a year. A page in the *Musical Courier* costs \$450 and is good for one week. You can inch along, however, to the tune of \$400 for fifty-two issues. Doesn't it begin to dawn upon you that it would be less of a financial drain to keep up a limousine and a town and country residence than to attempt a concert career?

But, as we have repeatedly pointed out, it isn't a question of mere money. Certainly Madame Ganna Walska has flung gold in all directions without being able to satisfy entirely her ambition to be accepted as a singer. Mr. Laberge of the Bogue-Laberge Concert Management makes quick work of young artists who come talking to him of short cuts to success because of their unlimited backing. "Don't spend your money on European tours!" he tells them. "Don't make an expensive New York debut! Don't throw away funds on publicity! People will only think you are making money a substitute for genius. If you can afford to be indifferent to returns on concert work you are lucky. Then you can go quietly along and give concerts in little towns until you gradually gather experience and reputation. Even so I advise you to pursue music because you

enjoy it. For you can't count to-day on getting the world at your feet."

Every manager is not so sound. There are vultures in the music field who require a retaining fee before their fat hands are lifted. Nor will they give any corresponding guarantee to obtain engagements. One hears of artists who have spent from three to five thousand dollars on a manager who provided them with only a few concerts "in the provinces." Such agents and those who play a sharp game of personal politics in which they jockey their favorites into position have disgusted honest managers with their own profession and have aroused suspicious resistance from music clubs and orchestra leaders.

It was to assure fair treatment to young musicians of moderate means and equally fair treatment to the public that the National Music League was organized by Mrs. Otto Kahn and a group of public-spirited music lovers. Free of charge, this group gives auditions before musicians of first rank. For successful competitors engagements are booked at a low rate of commission. Because the artist's fees are moderate, many small music clubs and small localities are enabled to afford such concerts. A somewhat similar service is offered Western artists by a dynamic impresario in Chicago, Miss Dema Harshbarger. Undoubtedly these efforts not only assist young people of real gift; but they stimulate the love of good music throughout the country. Yet it remains true that very few of the musicians so handled are earning enough to live on.

IV

Then, what remunerative outlet remains for talent? The number of music students is increasing in the United States by leaps and bounds. Three years ago there were only a few conservatories of importance. Now there are more than a dozen. Peabody Institute in Baltimore alone has three thousand students. If, when these young

men and women complete their technical studies, they wish to function vitally and happily they will renounce the concert stage. Nothing but frustration lies that way. Nevertheless, they need not despair. There are by no means the same dark clouds hovering over other fields of musical activity.

Probably the broadest of these is teaching. Private instruction has always been profitable. From tiny town to metropolis, the music teacher has ever been a prominent feature of cultural life, and all indications point to an increase in his importance. Moreover, both colleges and public schools are developing departments of music so high in standard and so remunerative as to attract musicians of distinction.

For those who play stringed or wind instruments an even more important possibility is offered by the orchestra. The huge demand for the orchestra player can be indicated by one statement. The American Federation of Musicians, covering the United States and Canada, claims 150,000 members and all of them belong to orchestras and bands. The New York Local alone has 16,000 individuals enrolled. This branch of the American Federation of Labor is almost as superior as the Equity Association. It has established in such organizations as the Philadelphia and the New York Philharmonic orchestras a minimum wage of ninety dollars a week. Maximum pay, however, may reach four or five times that amount. Members of a theater orchestra such as the one at the Roxy receive a weekly minimum of seventy-five dollars. Even members of orchestras playing in smaller theaters and hotels are well paid. Indeed, one of the secretaries of the New York Local was willing to say definitely that "no gifted, industrious, and experienced orchestra player ever need be out of a good job."

Time was when the organist found an excellent opportunity in motion-picture theaters. Four and five hundred dollars weekly was no unusual pay for a player

who knew how to pull the vox humana stop just when the heroine was pulling the heart-strings of the audience. But the advent of the "talkies" has thrown all these trained musicians out of work. Indeed, those highly specialized classes for the movie organist held in the famous Eastman School at Rochester have been abandoned. Many people believe that the demand for the individual artist's interpretative skill will bring him again to the cinema palace. But at present the situation is chaotic. The organist, like the vocalist, is taking refuge in the church whenever possible. Far more stable in these unsettled days is the public demand for phonographic records. Every successful musician has enormously supplemented his income from other sources by making records. But this opportunity is offered only to artists who have achieved great renown.

Indisputably the latest opening for the musician is the most far reaching—the radio. It is true that being able to turn on a concert while one lies in bed, sipping iced drinks or smoking, has added a new hazard to the course of the concert artist. Nobody who can be æsthetically satisfied by the turn of a disc would go out in the rain to a distant music hall. Doubtless, it is the development of the radio which makes Mr. George Engles say that the concert situation has changed for the worse since last year. Yet if this invention has taken away with one hand, it has certainly given with the other.

At the National Broadcasting Station alone there are two hundred artists on exclusive contract. This number does not include musicians engaged for special occasions nor those who represent commercial firms in programs organized for advertising purposes. Salaries for broadcasting slide down the scale from a maximum of five hundred a week. Even at a hundred dollars a week, the profit is in the end worth more than seven times that sum collected as a fee for appearances on the concert stage. In the first place, engagements are regular and certain. Moreover, such

expenses as management, concert costumes, and railroad fare are entirely eliminated. Finally, the time required for the preparation and presentation of a program is by no means equal to that required of a concert artist.

One of the most interesting features of this amazing development is the chance it offers the musical beginner. Many are the artists who have been introduced to the public by radio. Such a one is the gifted young violinist, Arcadie Birkenholz. From the moment he left his teacher he made such a success "on the air" that he was able to build up an enthusiastic following for his occasional appearances on the concert stage. The same happy result succeeded the radio work of other young artists such as Devora Nadworney, Jessica Dragonette, Genia Zielinska, Keith McLeod, and Graham McNamee. It isn't that broadcasting stations are not on the lookout for celebrated artists, but that programs are so diverse and continual that a wide range of talent can be absorbed. Moreover, there is every indication that love of music and knowledge of it are increasing rapidly by means of these infinitely extended waves of freighted air.

Walter Damrosch receives the most touching letters from New England farms and Western ranches. They tell of the profound gratitude felt by lonely families for his charming children's concerts heard on the air. It is even said that since men are the chief manipulators of radio sets, there has been a decided weakening of masculine resistance to classical programs. It is said that men have been seen in greater numbers at symphony concerts than ever before.

We may well be grateful for any influence which incites a love of good music. Nevertheless, the fact that American dependence on mechanism is constantly growing does tend to submerge the individual. No matter how bright an aura surrounds this opportunity of making music on the air, the artist is left a little cold. He even fails to be passionately allured by the idea of becoming a mere part of an orchestral group—however eminent. No satisfactory substitute can be offered for the picture which has so long dominated his imagination. The vision of a great audience listening rapturously, faced from the platform by a glamorous figure in solitary splendor—that is the very epitome of personal triumph! Only with the most bitter reluctance can this dream be relinquished.

To be heard and not seen, to be a mere blend of the whole! It is not thus that artistic ambition can be wholly gratified. And yet, it is possible that something better than that gratification is evolving from this period of chaos and new birth. Gifted children may study music not for egoistic aggrandizement, but for the mere love of it. Further merging of the individual with the ensemble may produce heightened effects. Response to pure harmony may become less and less diluted by reaction to personality. We can but hope that the drastic changes of the present may bring us closer to what Andrew Carnegie called "the loveliest of the arts," and that music may take an ever more perfect form. If so, we can summon courage to watch the passing of that brilliant phenomenon, the concert artist.



A BURIED TREASURE

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART II

BY ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

BEN fished in the stream all the afternoon, smiling whenever he thought of the kettle of money and of the two drab figures bending over it to draw it from the earth. The secrecy of the pot was a seductive thought, playing over his mind as soft fingers might play over his shoulders. Or, on the following day, still considering the curious treasure, he walked about among the fields and pastures, viewing impartially all that he met there, keeping himself apart. He went near to the house into which the kettle had been taken and he spied on it from a barn lot, but he saw no sign of good fortune upon it.

The days were long and slow, the nights short, the summer approaching midsummer day. Ben wondered about the kettle of gold he had seen unearthed in the cornfield of the patched farmer, half expecting to hear some report of it when he went to the store in the village where he bought his food for cooking, but no word of it came to him. The people were busy with the fields, the season for plowing being at hand, the wheat harvest approaching. Few came to the store to buy and none came there to loiter during the working hours of the day. The storekeeper had little to tell when Ben asked for news.

Ben gave little heed to the country, letting it assail his senses in whatever way it would, letting the bells ring in whatever way they would without giving them direction or reason. Thinking of the pot of money he had seen taken out of the earth, he would remember his

home in Jessamine County and remember his mother and father moving vaguely about in a large house, and he thought that he would write a letter to his brother and ask him to send some of his clothing. He yielded himself to the unreality of the pot of money and let the clothing go unasked for, let Jessamine County and his family there sink backward into a remote and blurred past. A midsummer quiet rested over the hills, the growing herbs having some deep business with what lay under the surface of the soil, the growing herbs taking first place and contriving cunningly to have the best.

A day late in the week and Ben went to the village to buy, finding several people astir there. A hard rain during the morning brought an afternoon of leisure to the plowmen, the ground being too soft for working. Ben viewed the village, seeing the people come and go, and he lingered for a while at the store.

He heard people say that there was to be a surprise party at Andy Blair's home the following night. One or two said they had been invited and another, hearing of it, said he intended to go.

"Old Andy himself invited me," a man said.

"Philly invited me," one or two said, speaking together. "Said a surprise would come off. I wonder what surprise old Andy could have to show."

Ben heard one or two whispering surmises as to his identity. They returned to talk of the party, and all seemed to

intend to go, some with interest, some with but a dull wish to be where others were assembled.

When the store was cleared Ben bought a pair of shoe laces, smiling a little within to see himself in this act, for he knew that he had no claim on Blair's party. But in the event that such a claim might arise, he ruminated, letting his inner laughter complete the condition; and he walked away from the hamlet staring down at his old laces and judging them unfit for a public appearance. He walked along a lane where the way dipped downward among cool green trees, and presently he saw that he would be overtaken by two riders. One was a lovely girl of nineteen or twenty who rode an old white mare, sitting sidewise without a saddle. The other girl was scarcely less lovely, and she rode a thin little gelding that was not broken to be bridle-wise but was gentled by hard work in the plow until he obeyed her guidance without protest although with awkwardness. They drew near slowly, coming from the rear, and Ben heard their voices speaking.

"I'm surprised already," the girl on the white horse said. "I'm already surprised enough."

"I'm surprised old man Andy Blair gives a party, let alone a surprise party," the other girl said, holding the thought forward for further consideration. Her voice was sweet and resonant, hollow and tender, like the voice of a coo-dove.

Ben drew aside from the way to let the girls pass, lifting his cap. The girl on the white mare rode easily, her little feet scarcely swaying with the rise and fall of the mare's back. Her flowered dress fell in soft ripples over the white hair of the beast and seemed of a kind with the snowy coat that spread to the animal's flanks and rounded over the plump haunches. The girl rode her beast with a stately grace, as if she rode to be crowned. Her lips were lightly parted, making ready for speech which was delayed in the moment of passing. The other girl came forward then, guiding her

gawky beast aside to share the way, her pretty voice calling:

"Say, Robbie May, does Imogene take cream to Coulter's?" The cry of the coo-dove went over the lane and spread among the boughs of the trees. This girl moved quickly, asserting herself above her beast with swift grace that flowed out of his awkwardness and brought it to a fine flower. They had passed then, the horses moving away with slightly accelerated gait, but they kept in view until the road forked, when they went away into the hill toward the left.

After the girls had left the road Ben cared no longer for it, and he turned into a field where he walked across sparse clover. He liked the country well then, and he liked all that it gave and all that it promised. Having lifted his cap, though not his eyes, to two strange girls on the road, he knew that he must now gain a name and a place in the community to make what he had done have value. He must have a house where he stayed and a reason for staying there, and he searched about for reasons. Reasons were not easily found, and he let his thought slip about over the country to contrive some purpose for himself out of the labors that were passing among the farms. The wheat was ripening in the fields, and he thought that he might offer himself somewhere as a hand.

A man was walking about a barn enclosure, a ruddy man whose stride was long and whose way treaded in and out among the beasts there. His strong, rough farm jacket was soiled with the dust from the hay, and his hair lay in long pointed locks against his moist and reddened brow. Ben stood at the gate in respectful indifference, and the man came forward when he had hurried his work mule through a gate and had given his sow a measure of corn. They stood by the gate and talked of anything, not wanting to hurry forward the main point too suddenly, giving their minds time to gather all the threads of acquaintance before the mouth was let

speak. Ben wanted a piece of work with some farmer, enough work to help pay his way in the country. The other man was named Giles Wilson, he said. He did not need help for himself, he said, but he knew a man that needed a hand in a bad way, a man no longer what he used to be, heavy work now at hand with the oats and the wheat ripening. Then Giles Wilson went away, striding through the muck of the barn lot, and he cleared two pigs away from a trough where the calves should be eating and cuffed a mule out of the way of two humble nanny sheep.

When he was striding about over the soft black loam of the barnyard floor, Ben saw that he had fastened horseshoes to the soles of his shoes to save them from wear and he saw that his feet made horse prints in the earth as he moved. When he had set his barnyard to rights he trotted back across the trampled way and he took up again the inquiry Ben had made.

"Bud Stoner, yes, he's a good man. Pay all he agrees on," he said. "I went by there to-day and I see Bud Stoner, he's about to get his house new painted. There's work to do there. Pays all he promises. You go see Bud Stoner."

Ben sat under his ledge during the cool of the evening, adjusting his new shoe laces, or he washed his clothes in the creek and spread them to dry on the bushes. He decided to apply to Stoner, to find himself a place in some house, to belong to the community in some more secure way than that offered by a ledge of rock as a shelter, the ways of houses being now fixed upon men. There were lovely girls in his mind as the sunset faded, as the light slanted away from his small ravine to give his gorge an early twilight, and he wondered, glowing warmly within, at the sunsets that are in lovers' eyes and the slow dawns that are in their faces. His mind's eye saw a long way ahead, leaping over the difficulties that surrounded him, seeing Robbie May and the other girl at Blair's party; and he thought that if he might

dance once with each of them he would be willing to accept his vacation as finished and call it well spent.

Early in the morning, before the cocks had finished crowing for the first hours of the day, before the farm bells had jangled and replied in their sweet dissonances of dissonance, Ben left his half-cavern and walked toward the house which he knew to be Stoner's, finding the owner of the farm, Stoner himself, just coming from the house door to make his way to the barns. When he offered himself as a laborer he was told that there was no farm work to be done that day, but that he might paint the shutters of the house, and he was told how to remove each pair, and where he would find the green paint, and where he might stand them for drying. He sat with the farmer and two house painters for breakfast in the kitchen, and by the time all had eaten he knew that the farmer's wife was all but stone deaf and that one painter was named Larkin and the other Grove.

He painted during the morning under the shade of a great tree, standing the shutters, one at a time, against the trunk of the tree and laying on the green paint carefully, teaching himself to be a painter. Grove worked at the front of the house, Larkin at the side, but they talked together, flinging out comments and reminiscences between long sweeps of the brushes and long periods of quiet. They seemed but little acquainted with each other, as if they had met only two days before, as if they continued confidences begun a short time since then.

"Some days I used to knock down, anyhow, as much as six dollars, above my wages," Grove said.

There was a long period of quiet, no comment offered, their brushes slapping at the house walls making the only sound. The morning was warm, the wheat ripening, the farmer running a mower over a field of clover. The click of the cutting instrument came up from a valley field. Grove made a lumbering

noise lowering his scaffolding, and then his voice broke out on the air:

"But you couldn't knock down anything now, system they got now. Street-car jobs are a mighty poor make-out nowadays."

The coo-doves in the trees sounded as if they were a long way off, making their coo-cries together. A cuckoo went into the dense foliage of a young sugar tree, assuming the motions of a snake as it went creeping through the air and penetrated the green banks of the leaves. Then Larkin spoke, his voice a sudden flutter of crumpled, unjointed phrases, a cracked voice uttering a crackling phrase:

"Best knock-down job I ever had was ice-wagon job."

Regret stood about the house wall, another day having dawned. Grove daubed paint on the boards and spread it smoothly, making an even tattoo with his brush. Three times that morning they had agreed that everything was tight now, nothing open and free, that the good day was past. Coal wagons, ice wagons, street cars, wherever money was passed freely the new system was over all as a blight.

"I can paint, but I only aim to work this job till I see something better," Grove said. He spoke twice to Larkin's once. "Too much like work," he said.

"Ever knock down anything while you painted a house?" Larkin flung out in disjointed caution, speaking in a low voice.

"Twice."

The morning was long, the farmer off in the meadow with his clicking knives. The farmer's wife hoed in the garden back of the house. There were no others about the place. The windows were open, the shutters spread about among the trees. The cuckoo peered out from its hiding and turned about within the dense leaves, its long tail like a sword against the limb of the maple. "Twice, I did," Grove said.

"Get away with it?" Larkin asked.

"Sure, I always get away with what-

ever I knock down. Easy if you know how."

There was quiet and talk alternating between them. The brushes worked forward steadily, laying on the paint. The farmer's wife finished her herbs and came from the garden, and presently she was walking about in the rear of the house and the kitchen yard. It was after ten now, the morning moving slowly, but passing. Ben would make seventy-five cents, above his day's food, for his work on the shutters. The labor in the field would begin for him the following work-day, Monday, and he would sleep meanwhile in the farmer's house.

"Once it was twenty dollars," Grove said. "When I painted a man's store over in Bloomfield. Funny part was, nobody ever put any blame on me about it. . . . Other time was when I painted a roof for a rich old woman in Fayette County. Money saved up in a green teapot. Old woman so stingy she never missed it. You wouldn't believe me when I tell you it was three hundred dollars."

The shadows thickened for the noon of the day and the cocks crowed from farm to farm, bringing an end to the morning. After food and a rest Ben went back to his work under the tree, and the house-painters moved to the west wall. They seemed aware of him as they had not been during the morning, and their confidences were given in low voices. The farmer's cutting instrument made its pretty clatter in the meadow, and the cries of the doves broke now and then through the trees. The light was hard and brilliant, lying densely over the trees during the afternoon, destroying the shadows, and hard brilliant insects leaped now and then out of the grass.

Ben heard the painters tell each other of the surprise party at Andy Blair's house. They had heard of it at the store the evening before and they announced their willingness to go. Any small pleasure that could be had in a country community was theirs of their right, they said, exchanging opinions that varied

less than one hair's breadth the one from the other. They always went wherever there was a country party, they said. Later they came down from their ladders and mixed paint at the back of the house, and thereafter Ben heard little of their interchange. He spread the green paint on the last of the shutters, having sunk now into the reality of the countryside, having earned himself a place there.

There were bees in the air during the afternoon, and Ben thought a swarm must be in motion, but he did not trouble to find out which way they went. The grasshoppers leaped out of the grass and dissolved themselves into grass again. When Giles Wilson passed in a battered car he stopped by the roadside and walked into Stoner's yard, looking at the shutters. He had been to town, he said, to the county seat. He made nothing of the heat, hot and cold, wet and dry, these being his daily wear. He carried a long, crisp, white paper which arose stiffly from his coat pocket.

"And what is that?" Ben asked, not minding what he asked him.

"Hit's a pair of licenses," Giles said. "Hit's a pair of marriage licenses. Wheat harvest comen on now, and I didn't know when I'd get to town again, and Imogene says she'll have me, Imogene Cundy, that is. You wouldn't know her. And so I thought I'd get a pair of licenses this time I was in town to-day, in case the time rolled around before I went again."

Ben asked leave to see the papers, drawing them from Wilson's pocket as he made the request. The shifting foot printed two hoof marks into the soft path, and the hand, moist and hot, gave up the crisp paper to be viewed. It was a marriage bond, prepared with decorum, founded in the law, waiting now to be served by some authorized person.

"But I have to run off with Imogene, whenever I do it," he said. "Imogene's daddy, old man Cundy, he won't let me set a foot inside the place. Run off, I've got to."

"What does Imogene look like? How does she look?" Ben asked then.

Wilson said he did not know. He stared off across the lower meadow and frowned and said "Shucks!" condemning his incompetence at description, saying again, with a smile, that he did not know. Changing the subject quickly, he spoke of the surprise party at Andy Blair's home, saying that it would be that evening. He would see Imogene there, he said, and perhaps he would name the wedding to her. Anyway he would show her the papers. He had caught up with his part of the work, he said. It was now Imogene's work to name what day she would run. He admired the green paint on the shutters and said the house would be set-off when all was finished. He told again of the surprise party and advised Ben to go, saying that everybody was invited. He took the papers again and settled them to his pocket, leaving with a sudden good-by, clinking his irons on the stones by the gate.

Ben laid on the last of the paint, finishing his day's work. As he touched neglected crevices and looked over the wood, searching for flaws in what he had done, he felt a satisfaction in himself as a painter. His overalls were marked a little with the green but his shoes were free of it. Andy Blair and his wife Philly, having found a pot of money, would have all their neighbors in that evening to tell of their good fortune and to show the unearthed treasure. Two rogues who filled in the time between their rogueries with house-painting, would be present, and they would undoubtedly have possession of the money pot before morning. The earth could scarcely hide so showy a loot as a pot of gold but that they would uncover it, once they knew of it. He wondered what his own part should be in the drama, ruminating the perils that lay about the treasure, wondering who had buried it under the root of the tree, and wondering how the ancient owner would look at Andy and how he would look at

Larkin and Grove, and whose act he would consider the greater roguery. The air was heated now, the sun having penetrated all the shadows, the rays of light coming in hard, slanted lines across the air. He decided that he would be, as formerly, a spectator to the show. Dreaming over the last of the shutters, touching unnecessarily at crevices, he fell to dreaming of all lovely ladies and of Imogene whom Giles could not describe, and she arose before him as a remote smile on Wilson's hot, red face as he looked across a meadow.

The long twilight tarried among the fields, making more yellow the ripe wheat and putting a stranger green on the still corn. Ben visited his camp to secure the things he had left there, and went then to Blair's home, approaching it slowly in the dusk. A few hurried sounds came to him from the inner part of the house, and Andy came out of the house, carrying a basket filled with yellow clay. There was a sound of tools clattering on stones inside and almost at once voices began to approach along the lane. Ben lingered outside to watch the people appear, a few coming at first, others following closely. Inside some joked with Andy and teased him to name his surprise. A large group of young people came, some of them singing, and while these lingered about the door, Ben drew near and joined himself to them. The two girls who had ridden the horses were in this group, one called Robbie May and the other Bonnie, and presently he knew which girl was Imogene. Larkin and Grove came, walking boldly in at the door and seating themselves in a window, viewing all that came to pass. When Giles Wilson came, Ben greeted him and passed inside with him to stand among the young girls and young men at the rear of the room.

III

Calling out that she heard steps, Philly addressed Mr. Blair with deference and terror, buttoning meanwhile

her best dress. She could hear two or three speaking together at the door, and then others came. Callie came, bringing two small children who ran curiously about peeping behind shut doors and looking into hoppers and presses, spying out the place before they yielded themselves to it. Philly greeted her guests quietly, seeing Andy move uneasily about among the people making them a feeble welcome.

"What's happened to you?" more than one asked. "What's the good news you got?"

"Good evening all," Andy said. His face was drawn tight with uneasiness. "Make yourselves welcome," he said, unevenly. "What's mine's yours." Or he called out in anger, "Here, you chaps, the party, it's not upstairs. Come down from there. What you think to find up a man's stairs?"

The children came stamping down the steps and ran outside in their quest. "Callie's brats ever were a forward lot," a woman whispered.

"What's the surprise?" two or three asked.

"Don't be in too big a hurry. Give Andy time. He'll name it in time."

"Did you, Andy, get a pension off the government?"

"Did you get a letter from your cousin out in Iowa? The rich one, what's his name?"

"Or maybe he's got a nephew struck oil out west somewheres."

"Maybe hit's Andy's birthday. Maybe that-there's the surprise."

"Birthdays are no surprise. Iffen Andy brought me here over a birthday I'd hold a hardness against him. Andy knows better'n to play on me any such trick."

"What's a birthday? I got a birthday myself last week and hit surprised me not one particle."

"Surprise is what I came here for . . ."

A fine-mannered hush settled over the gathering, the first commotion of arrivals being passed. "Give Andy time. Don't crowd so. How could you expect

Andy to name his surprise when there's a rippet in your ears?" they were saying. The guests sat expectantly down into chairs and passed the talk of good manners back and forth. Then Andy came forward, striding crookedly in his best suit, and he placed Philly's chair firmly over the hearthstones, testing the stone that rocked slightly underfoot. Philly was standing by the door, but she obeyed Andy's command and took the seat he prepared for her.

"Let Philly sit in her usual place," he said. "Don't you, anybody, run into Philly. She's not so well to-day. I don't want Philly run into."

"What's got into Andy he takes pains over Philly?" one asked. "I never see old Andy so careful over Philly in all my time afore."

Philly heard the voices, "Andy takes pains over Philly to-night the same as if they got married only to-day. It must be their golden wedden. . . ." Others had come, young people coming together, coming singing along the lane. There was a throng assembled now, all the people of the near countryside, as many as the room would hold, the center of the floor being free.

Callie opened the organ and began to play a march, filling the whole house with a great leaping of noises out of the reeds, the time beaten with the windy pedals that sucked at the air and blew up the music or let it fall away from moment to moment. The player pulled out other stops and the music became hollow and thin and leaped about as if it went off among the stair steps, or other stops again, and it surged with a brassy clatter, and all the people shuffled uneasily in their chairs and moved slightly apart from the places where they had been, making sinister faces; and Philly saw that music is a strange sort of thing and that men are strange, and she reflected that music and men have a strangeness together. Then Callie changed the stops again and blended the noises in some more accustomed way, a march rhythm beating through the reeds.

Philly sat firmly over the hearthstone as Andy had placed her, her eyes darting about over the company, her feet pressing the place that covered the pot of money. Back in the throng she saw the strange young man, the one she had seen walking outside in the dusk. She saw that he was a loose-jointed boy of sixteen or seventeen who seemed not to notice much of what passed, who sank into all that passed and let all have him. He leaned against the wall, his shoulder drooped to meet the flatness of the plaster, or he talked a little with Robbie May or Bonnie when they stood near. He watched two other strangers who sat together in a window; and Philly knew that these were the painters who worked at Stoner's farm.

While Callie's music shuffled at a march piece, Bonnie and one of the young men began to dance, holding each other and taking little steps that scarcely moved them over the floor, shaking their shoulders to the rhythms Callie made, and Robbie May danced with her young man, using the same little steps. They moved out to the bare space of the floor and circled about.

"Make these young scapegoats quit their devilment," one woman said. "It shames me to see what the world's come to. It shames me to sit still here and look at what I see."

"Do you see harm in dancen?" Bonnie asked. The steps went forward in wormlike procession, and the music continued. Andy walked uneasily about, but if he passed near Philly he inspected her feet as they were set down on the hearth. "No matter if there's not enough chairs to furnish all," he said, "Philly sits in her own chair. Philly is right tuckered out and might as well sit down and take her ease." Imogene had come quietly in at the door, finding a place beside the wall. Giles Wilson stood beside her and Philly remembered her promise to Imogene and she pressed her feet more firmly down on the stone.

Three men sat near together beside

the door, drawn together to talk in low tones. They were hardly aware of the rest of the gathering, but they talked of their cultivating and offered arguments back and forth to prove the virtues of deep plowing or shallow, as one or another was convinced. In their talk the fields came within doors and the spongy loam gave out moist odors. "I always tear in deep, to the roots of my corn," one said, but another, "Plow shallow, I always say. I'll tell you what I've seen in my time. . . ." Or another again, "You take a ten-acre field . . ." Their voices did not blend with the clatter that was passing about, but flowed rather with the outside where the loam was sleeping, where it rested for the coming of another day of rain or warm sun. They talked about the power of the light moon over the dark one and they told signs and recounted virtues of sprays and of terracing for hillsides. Their words lay under the general confusion and were never lifted above it, but they were often heard clearly when the din broke apart and burst into nothing.

Callie finished the piece she was playing, and there was a lull of the windy music, but the rhythm went over them, kept unbroken while the music rested. The rhythm was continuous, beating about, and one or two beat their hands together or they tapped the floor, and when Callie played again she but fitted the throaty measures of the organ to what already pulsed. The young people seized the rhythm again and danced upon it, making their bodies quiver, or they sang brief phrases, looking at one another with kind eyes.

"Oh, it's harm to dance," one woman said. "Devilment, it is. Look at Bonnie!"

Giles Wilson leaped out onto the floor and began to prance to the music. All the people present had seen the horse-shoes that were nailed to the soles of his brogues to save the leather, and there was no amazement at the noise he made. He came to his place near the wall and stopped beside Imogene and Robbie

May, but he made one last sally about the floor and ended with a prancing step beside the girls.

"I don't care which nor whether if I dance or not," Bonnie said. "I just thought I'd dance a little while I waited for Mr. Andy to name his surprise."

The dog had come in and it had lain for some time on the floor not far from the door. When Giles left the floor the dog arose and went toward the hearth, sniffing at the boards, but suddenly it leaped forward and began to claw at the stones, bounding about, and Philly could scarcely push it away from her feet.

"It's a rat he smells," Rudd said. "I never see a dog so keen after a rat afore." There was a great deal of laughter at the eagerness of the dog. They were making opinions.

"Look at that-there dog. There undoubtedly must be a varmint under the floor, the way he tears at the boards."

Andy put the dog outside and closed the door, and the people forgot him in a moment and turned back to their pleasures again. Giles leaped once more to the floor and he pranced there alone, the girls now being beside the wall. Hez Turner and Rudd and some of the women drew near the organ and called for songs that were sung in the church, saying that they would have a singing. Then the pulse that poured over the gathering was used for religion, and a great throbbing revival singing leaped to the ceiling and beat up the staircase and shook the pictures hanging above the organ. Imogene moved timidly about near the wall, passing the two house painters who sat in the window looking at all that came to pass; and she came at last to the hearthstone and stood beside Philly, inquiring after her health.

"I'm afear'd you might be sick, Cousin Philly," she said. "You don't look so well as common." Her feet were beside Philly's feet now, on the hearth, the stone moving a little under their weight.

"Hit's about time Andy named his surprise," a man said. "I'm ready now

to hear what the good news might be. Bedtime is not far off, and I'm not a mind to sit up to-night."

"Yes, that's hit." There was a clamor, wanting surprise.

Callie set forth on a long jiglike song which none sang, and Turner, the evangelist, stood near the wall, nodding his head to the tune in apathetic hostility. Robbie May and her young man began to dance in their corner, and presently Bonnie and the strange young man, Ben Shepherd, began to tread the measures softly and decorously under their feet. Taking the rhythm, they used it now, and they passed one of the seated women who saw harm in dancing and made a slow path to the edge of the floor.

"It's a sin to dance to organ music," the woman said. "I'm surprised the floor, it won't open and swallow us all down inside."

"I'd be afeared somebody might die in family iffen I danced right on top of church music. It's time Andy told what his surprise is. Unconceal what 'tis. We're a good deal out of patience to wait any longer."

Giles gave Philly a stiff paper to hold, saying as he dropped it into her lap, "Take care of my papers for me, Miss Philly. I'm bound to lose it or drop it on the floor one, afore I know. These are a pair of licenses for me and Imogene I got in town to-day. Could you take care of my licenses while I stay here?"

Philly fingered the papers and, when she realized them as of great importance, she closed her hands firmly over them and pressed them securely together. Somebody had opened the door and the dog came in again, sniffing at the hearth at Philly's feet, insistent now although she pushed him away. The people were curious of the dog and they said again that a varmint had hidden under the floor. "Hit's a polecat," one said, "I can smell hit myself." All sniffed at the air to test it for signs of the polecat, but many were uncertain of what they smelled. The dog continued to paw

at the floor or the stone, and several came forward to watch what he did.

"There's a polecat under the floor," the house-painter named Larkin said. Both painters came forward with the crowd that gathered about the hearth, but the strange boy, Ben Shepherd, sniffed at the air and said he did not smell anything unusual. He had come forward with the young men.

"If you want us to get that polecat out we'll open up the floor and put all back again," Grove said to Philly. "Let's get the varmint out for Andy and Philly," two or three called out. The party swayed, all the young men crowding near the hearth to sniff at the air and watch the dog.

The two painters, Larkin and Grove, and Ed Sims pressed forward through the young men. Grove had brought the axe from the yard, and Sims had brought Andy's pick. Sims was a brawny man of a great size; the pick seemed to be a toy in his hand as he tossed it lightly, telling meanwhile what should be done, his great arm muscles leaping in little jerking movements as if they laughed together and were eager to show their force.

"It's a rat, that's all," a boy said.

"No, hit's a weasel," another contended. They were laying a bet on the result of the search. Philly spoke out then, forbidding any to tear up the boards, but her voice was scarcely heard in the din. The strange boy, Ben Shepherd, came to stand close before her. She was not uneasy of him now, since he had danced with Bonnie. He was smiling, as if he cared only a little whether the boards were moved or not.

"The lady says she doesn't want her floor torn up," he said.

"Stand aside. We'll put back all we rip up," Grove and others were speaking.

"The boards are in a manner loose. They'll come up and go right back. No trouble."

"If a lady says, 'Don't tear the floor out,' you can't do it, can you?" The strange boy was speaking to Sims rather

than to Grove. One or two standing apart agreed with this opinion, and they dropped back out of the crowd, saying the same thing in different ways. The men at the front wavered, swayed by Grove's voice, and Sims called out:

"A varmint is a dangerous thing to every hen roost in the whole country. Hit has to be killed no matter whose woodpile hit hides under. That's how I've always heard hit said."

"But if a lady says, 'Don't tear out the floor' it's good manners not to tear it out." Ben was speaking still to Sims and to the young men who stood behind him. "That's how I've always heard it said." He was laughing, as if he did not care much about the matter one way or the other, but he kept his place before Philly and did not step back when Grove tried to push forward again.

Sims smiled a long, slow smile and he flung his pick out at the door. "If Miss Philly, she don't want her floor opened we won't tear out e'er single board," he said in a great voice, his long arms reaching about. "Like the strange boy says, hit's not in good manners to go against a lady in her own house." He reached for the axe Grove carried and flung it outside the door, and he cuffed the dog out, closing the door tight. "No matter if there's lions and tigers underneath the floor," he said.

Philly saw that the floor would not be opened and the disturbed hearth revealed and she was glad with a brief rush of gladness. Some of the women called for more singing then, and Callie spread a new song on the organ, the singers gathering near. Shepherd went back to stand beside Robbie May and Bonnie at the edge of the wall. The singing leaped up swiftly, the rhythm used now again for religion, and the song was like a quick chariot that rolled over the air. Hez Turner was beating the time with his hands, himself riding on the power of the song, and he began to admonish with a loud voice, his phrases thundering with the rolling song and making terrible warnings and judgments

that seemed to be falling from the leaping music. Then he began to address himself to Andy, admonishing him.

"I do believe Andy, he's about to get Hez Turner's religion," a woman muttered near Philly.

Turner flung out a long chant, his eyes on Andy's face and his hands sweeping and pointing through the air close before Andy's gaze. Philly shifted her feet about to cure them of a stiffness, and she saw prayer and singing confused, Turner's voice being lifted continually above the song. She saw Andy groan and beat the air with his hands and she saw that the buried pot of money was not yet free from menace. Andy was weeping and tearing at his coat, rejecting Turner's discipline, shaking his head, but Turner pursued him, crying over him, "It's your pocketbook is your stumbling block. Lay your whole pocketbook on the altar!"

Some of the people were watching Andy closely, but some were indifferent, sitting apart to talk of their own affairs, being well used to Turner's ways. "A party ever was a hard-to-manage thing," Philly was thinking. She held tight to the marriage papers, her toes pressed firmly down over the stone. Wilson was speaking near her shoulder:

"I'm bound Hez Turner, he'll get every cent Andy's got. He's a master hand to make a man give up his pocketbook and all he's got saved by."

"I've noticed a change come over Andy here of late," a woman said, coming near. "He's as apt as not been in mind to get Hez Turner's religion, worried and all. As apt as not that's what his good news is. I saw Andy had something on his mind as soon as I came here."

Turner had pressed Andy down to his knees and was bending over him to cry out his continual advice. "Lay your whole pocketbook on the altar," beat over Andy continually and he was thrusting at the air with his hands. "But I'll tell you what I can do," a level voice said, the men beside the door

still talking. "You let me have four bushels of good clover seed . . ." The admonitions of the fanatic burst over the speech about the clover and ran above it, but when the outcry was done the quiet voices were saying, "Orchard grass, though. I take a heap of stock in orchard grass . . ." These voices brought the level of everyday into Philly's mind, and she began to see oncoming days beyond Turner's frightful voice and hypnotic hands. She thought of Imogene and Giles as being near and as being willing to help her, and it came to her as she turned the bond about that if they would stand forth to be married by the evangelist, Andy might be saved from yielding his money pot to him. She whispered a moment with Imogene and Wilson and told them what she had devised, overpowering their objections, talking swiftly.

"Offer Hez Turner three dollars spot cash and see how quick he'll let Andy be . . . or whatever ready money you've got in your clothes." She made her wish arise before them, and they were more than half willing. Standing behind her on the hearth and gathered more nearly together under her urgent whispering, their wishes arose to meet her wish.

"You could come with me to-night to my house," Giles said to Imogene. "I had a woman, old Mrs. Rudd, come one day this week and make all fitten for a lady."

"And of a morning I could help you milk the fresh cow, so you could get to the field soon after sunrise. And raise the little pigs on the skim."

"The sow littered to-day, for a fact she did, and it's as much as a man can do to keep the field work in hand. But to-morrow is a Sunday and you could rest all day about the house, or whatever you so desire." The steady talk of the doorway continued, flowing now about some low-spoken things, the nodding of heads accompanying what was

said. Giles and Imogene made their sweet final promises, whispering behind Philly's shoulder, but Philly was calling Rudd and making known what would follow, asking him to stand forth and announce that there would be a wedding. Then Rudd's voice began to grow out of the noise, a hush falling slowly. The voices fell away as if a swift rain had blown over, and one patter of words after another ceased.

Turner left Andy and turned about, and Rudd brought Imogene and Giles forward to stand before him. There were whispered agreements, frankly spoken, bargains made, and the papers were offered for inspection. The people settled into a pleased silence. Released, Andy arose from his place and settled himself, growing calm as soon as Turner had moved apart, and when he had steadied his shaking legs and straightened his back he went out through the rear door. The words of the marriage went forward and the quiet held, the words uniting Imogene and Giles running solemnly through the settled hush.

The house-painters left as soon as the last words were said, and several others followed them. The men who sat near the door came forward, with Callie and Rudd and the young girls and young men to shake Imogene and Giles by the hand, to wish them good luck. Words expressing pleasure and surprise were passed swiftly about. Philly felt a mass of pleasure arise in her breast to spread to her shoulders, for all the people were sufficiently pleased and startled. She knew that Andy would not come back until the last guest had left. The moon was bright outside, making the departures gay, the people lingering at the door to say another pleasant thing and another. Philly left the hearth to its own security and stood beside the door to wish her guests good-by, and all the young girls and boys went across the pasture with Giles and Imogene to conduct them, all singing, safely home.



THE JOB AND THE LIFE SPAN

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

THE work a man does, the conditions under which his work is done, and the wages he receives for doing it determine in great measure, for him and those dependent upon him, the circumstances of his life, the house he lives in, the clothes he wears, the food he eats, and his recreation. A man's occupation is, therefore, probably the most potent single factor in deciding the state of his health and fixing the span of his life. In the peace and security of an English or American parsonage the minister at the beginning of his professional career may look forward with considerable assurance to a ripe old age. His chances of enjoying a long and healthy life are greater than if he had chosen almost any other occupation. Long life also can be expected by other professional and white-collar workers. At the opposite end of the scale are found those who work as miners, sandstone grinders, and those who are—or rather were—engaged in the liquor traffic. They have a relatively short span of life and a mortality rate about two or three times that of the average. Between these two extremes the various occupations may be listed—ranging all the way from the best to the worst according to the degree of hazard or protection pertaining to the specific job in question. In this paper we propose to discuss some of the relationships between work and the life span, so that we may know what dangers attend work in our modern industrial civilization and what is being done under private auspices and by the agencies of government to make occupations safer and to smooth

out the inequalities which tend to shorten the lives of workers.

The relationship between occupation and the length of life is not a definite and simple one of cause and effect. Whether we shall live to a ripe old age and enjoy good health; whether we shall be disabled long years before we die; or whether our span of life shall be comparatively short depends on many conditions in addition to our occupations. Inherited vigor or weakness, the surroundings of our youth, the economic position and the general intelligence of the families into which we are born play a very important part in determining longevity and health in later years. Unfortunately it still holds true that hard work and poor pay often go together. When earnings are small the worker and his family suffer privations of many kinds; they may lack what others consider bare necessities. Their food and clothing are apt to be inadequate and their living quarters crowded and insanitary. Men working in the lowest income groups, where the daily bread depends upon current wages, will often continue to work under handicaps of ill health long after they should quit and seek medical advice and treatment. Economic pressure is powerful enough to keep men on the job after common sense and sane medical judgment would suggest a vacation, and perhaps even a period of medical attention in a hospital or some other institution. It is, therefore, not always possible to say how much of the sickness and death which occur among wage earners is due to their occupation and how much results from

other conditions some of which may in themselves be directly related to the man's work. Unskilled workers are generally disadvantageously situated in all respects; but their higher mortality may often be the result of small wages and a low standard of living rather than the hazard of any particular occupation.

These indirect effects of work are obviously difficult to disentangle and to measure accurately; but an analysis of the available data shows that they vitally affect the picture of longevity. The experience of the life insurance companies throws much light on this subject. Their records cover large groups of people called "Industrial" policy-holders, who earn their livelihood in manufacturing plants, mines, transportation industries, and other mechanical pursuits. On the whole, they command only moderate wages and constitute a fairly homogeneous economic group which may be described as the urban, wage-earning population. In contrast, there are the "Ordinary" policy-holders who earn higher incomes consisting mainly of persons engaged in non-hazardous pursuits—the clerical, professional, mercantile, and commercial classes of the community. Agricultural workers and the better paid mechanics are also represented in fairly large numbers. When we compare the expectation of life of these two groups we find a difference of seven years in favor of Ordinary policy-holders. At age twenty they may expect to live an additional forty-nine years, which gives them an even chance of reaching sixty-nine; whereas the industrial workers of the same age have an expectation of life of only forty-two years and may, therefore, expect on the average to live only to an age of sixty-two. We believe that the type of work which a man does is a most important influence in this difference of seven years; especially if to the direct hazards are added those indirect social and economic factors which are so intimately connected with occupation.

The latest report of the Registrar

General of England and Wales confirms this hypothesis and helps to clarify the relationship between grade of occupation and the duration of life. It groups the workers of England and Wales into five social and occupational classes, which are also broad economic divisions of the population. The first includes the professions and the higher ranks of business life; the second, retail traders, clerks, and teachers; the third, the skilled workers; the fourth, for the most part, agricultural laborers; and the fifth, the large group of unskilled laborers. It was found that the death rate of men in the lowest economic group exceeded by more than 50 per cent that of men in the highest. As one went down the scale from the top to the bottom, judging by income, there was an unbroken increase in the rate of mortality. In general, the mortality from nearly all of the principal causes of death was higher among the poorer classes. Tuberculosis and other diseases of the respiratory system were relatively much more common among them, while diseases of the genito-urinary system and diseases of the digestive system occurred relatively more frequently among the higher economic groups.

Our American data, although less authentic, support the same conclusions. In 1927, the United States Public Health Service attempted to evaluate economic position as a factor in health conservation. The study substantiated the correctness of the prevailing opinion that sickness and premature death occur more frequently among poor people than among the well-to-do. This is strikingly true of the victims of tuberculosis. In spite of a very gratifying decline in recent years, this disease is still responsible for a loss of about two years in the longevity of workers and goes a long way to explain the differential of seven years in their lower life expectation. Recent studies show that the disease is chiefly prevalent in the congested and poorer areas of our cities. In New York City the heaviest mortality is found in the old wards of the lower west

side, whereas the lowest death rates are always associated with the choicest residential areas of the city. The heavy incidence of this disease among workers is due partly to their poverty and partly to specific occupational hazards.

II

On both these scores, as one might expect, professional men and women occupy an extremely favorable position. Records which cover a long period of years show that the mortality of Protestant clergymen is exceptionally low, being only about half that of the general run of working people. For some reason, Catholic priests do not fare quite so well, although their death rates too, according to English figures, still remain very decidedly better than the average. It is interesting to note that suicide is almost an unknown cause of death in this group, only the Anglican ministers showing anything approaching the average rate. Likewise cancer mortality is extremely small, reaching the very lowest figure recorded in any of the 178 occupations studied.

Teachers are another group exhibiting an unusually good mortality picture. A careful study made some years ago of the physical disability of school teachers in New York City disclosed that their death rates were among the lowest for any occupation, and that the rate of disability was one of the lowest found among employees of the various departments of the city's service. Contrary to prevailing opinion, the death rate from tuberculosis was very low—instead of being above the average as has been claimed. The main causes of disability among teachers were influenza and bronchitis and nervous diseases. The data did not permit us to state definitely that the considerable number of cases of neurasthenia reported are the result of occupation. Teaching is admittedly exacting work in its demands upon vitality; nevertheless, it is quite possible that some nervous diseases are the outgrowth

of the individual teacher's personal constitution rather than a result of the character of the job performed. The fact that a large group of female clerical employees showed as high an amount of disability as a result of nervous disorders would seem to substantiate this point of view. Other American investigations record essentially similar findings; in England and Wales, likewise, the mortality of teachers was exceptionally good.

Physicians, apparently, do not enjoy as favorable a mortality situation as other professional workers. In fact, they have an expectation of life at age thirty—when they are entering upon their chosen careers—of between two and three years less than a selected insured group; and they surpass the general population in longevity by barely a year. In spite of the fact that as a group doctors are endowed with better than the average physique, mentality, and social position, their irregular hours, the liability to emergency calls at any and every hour of the day and night, and exposure to all kinds of weather which inevitably accompany rural and small-town practice more than counterbalance their assets. Influenza and pneumonia are very common causes of death and explain in part the high mortality. These diseases may be considered occupational in character since doctors are constantly exposed to them in the course of their day's work. Organic heart disease and diabetes are also decidedly higher among American physicians. The suicide situation in this group has often attracted attention. In this country available figures, although inconclusive, suggest that the suicide rate is slightly above the average. In England and Wales, however, mortality from suicide is very high, being twice the average. The mortality of dentists is lower than the average for all occupied males; but like that of doctors, it is not as favorable as that which the professional and white-collar class as a whole enjoys.

The mortality of trained nurses, on

the other hand, is very favorable. This is probably due to the fact that the group is composed mainly of young single women and, as is generally known, spinsters have an exceptionally low mortality. But even if we compare the mortality of nurses with that of spinsters, their situation is very good. Much has been written, especially in Europe, about the danger of infection as a result of nursing tuberculous patients. Some European investigators have found that as high as 12 per cent of the student nurses have been infected. There is considerable difference of opinion in the United States regarding this important question, since the issue is clouded by the fact that many institutions for the tuberculous have employed nurses who are themselves sufferers from tuberculosis. The opinion is rather generally held that nursing entails comparatively little danger because of the care and precautions which the larger and better equipped hospitals and sanatoria take to safeguard the health of their staff. The few studies which have been made in this country indicate, however, that the incidence of tuberculosis among nurses is about a third higher than among women of the same ages in the general population.

III

It is obvious that professional workers are not exposed to specific occupational hazards such as accidents from dangerous machinery and unsafe processes, the inhalation of harmful dusts of various kinds, the absorption of powerful poisons, the necessity of working in excessively hot, cold, or humid places, and the strain which heavy, unrelenting labor produces. Many groups of workers are not so fortunate as the white-collar class but are subject to one or more of these factors; these combined with low incomes tend beyond a doubt to shorten their lives and injure their health. The most important hazard from the standpoint of the number of men directly exposed to it is industrial

accident. There are at least twenty-four thousand deaths and three million accidents annually serious enough to cause loss of time from work among the 45 million occupied persons in "careless America." If we compute the loss of future working life due to fatal accidents and to accidents which cause permanent disability and add the actual days lost because of temporary disabilities, we arrive at the staggering total of close to three hundred million days of labor lost to American industry each year. This is equivalent to the full-time labor of a million men working a whole year. The cost of these accidents in lost wages alone amounts annually to well over a billion dollars. To this loss must be added the cost of medical care and the losses that the employer sustains through decreased production owing to lessened efficiency in his plant. Over three thousand men out of a total working force of one million are killed each year in mine and quarry accidents; while the toll of fatal accidents among one and three-quarter million railroad employees is approximately 1,500 men. Large numbers of men are killed on the farms and in lumbering operations, in iron and steel mills, and in other metal-working establishments. Building operations and the use of motor- and horse-drawn vehicles also cause a large number of occupational deaths.

In spite of much admirably organized accident prevention work, the situation is still very unsatisfactory in our country. Underground coal miners, for example, have a death rate from accidents almost ten times that of clerks and men in non-hazardous occupations. Accidents are largely responsible for the fact that coal miners have a mortality about twice the general average, and that their expectation of life at age twenty is curtailed as much as ten years. That this loss is not inevitable is clearly indicated by the much lower accident rates of English miners working in deeper mines. Excessive accident rates are found also among electric light and power linemen,

structural iron workers and bridge builders, railroad brakemen, hull construction workers and riggers in ship-building trades, as well as among sailors and marine workers and factory workers who handle explosives. Finally, there are divers, steeplejacks, building wreckers, and aviators whose accident hazard is so great that the life insurance companies will either not accept them for insurance at all, or if they do, only at much higher premiums.

The increasing number of persons taking up aviation, both as a profession and as a mode of travel, has recently led the insurance companies to determine how great the flying hazard really is. Although the companies are anxious to write this business so that pioneers in the field of aviation may be protected, the lack of trustworthy statistics has been a real handicap which the Bureau of Aeronautics of the United States Department of Commerce is now trying to overcome. A few companies reckoned tentatively upon a fatality rate of 10 deaths per 1,000 aviators, and upon that basis charged an extra premium of \$10 per \$1,000 of life insurance. In a very short time this amount was found inadequate to cover pilots. For aviators as a class (excluding those engaged in racing and "stunt" work) the fatal accident rate for full-time pilots is now estimated at anywhere from 25 to 50 deaths per 1,000 annually. Even if the smaller figure is correct, the mortality of aviators would be from four to five times the average for men of their age. It has become clear that the hazard to passengers taking an occasional flight is negligible, so that applicants who admit flying from time to time are now insured without additional charge.

What has the safety movement, so extensive in America, accomplished in reducing industrial accidents? Much thought has been given to accident prevention programs, and much money has been spent in fostering the safety movement in industrial plants. The activities of the National Safety Council

are especially noteworthy in this connection. In many industrial organizations a systematic attempt for more than thirty years has been made to induce workers to take proper precautions. The railroad companies probably show the best results. For example, in 1889 one railroad employee in every 357 was killed in the course of his work; whereas in 1927 the figure had dropped to one in every 1,136. In the iron and steel industry there has been a decline of over 62 per cent in the accident frequency rate, and 52 per cent in the severity rate between the years 1910 and 1925. Especially spectacular are the records of the United States Steel Corporation, which is recognized as a pioneer in accident-prevention work. This company reports that, reckoned on the basis of frequency of accidents involving death, permanent disability, or temporary disability lasting over 35 days, 58,553 employees were saved from serious injury in the period 1912 and 1928, inclusive, by the safeguards which had been developed.

Nevertheless, the tangible results for industry, as a whole, appear to be rather disappointing. Some years ago when we studied the trend of occupational accidents among the millions of industrial policy-holders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, we found that while the accident rate had decreased somewhat during the decade, the reduction had been rather slight in extent. Our statistics indicated that gains had been made, but also that the hazards of industry had been increasing as the result of changing methods and the more widespread use of machinery. Machine processes are more and more supplanting hand methods; the automobile is replacing the horse-drawn vehicle; building operations are conducted on a far larger and more daring scale; chemical substitutes are replacing wool, cotton, and silk. Perhaps the best thing we can say is that the accident record would have been far worse because of the additional hazards of industry had it not

been for the timely development of the safety movement in a number of our leading industries.

IV

Dust is next in importance after accidents as a cause of occupational disability and death. Stone dusts, which contain a very large percentage of free silica, are especially harmful and shorten the lives of men engaged in a number of industries. Exposed to this hazard are many metal miners, ore-mill workers, granite and slate quarriers, granite cutters, hard-rock drillers, and sand blasters. In fact, the very highest mortality rates and the greatest curtailment of life are found in those occupations where there is combined liability to accident and exposure to hard-stone dust, as in the case of gold and silver miners, copper miners and, especially, lead and zinc miners. The mortality in these occupations runs over three times the average, with a resultant loss in life expectation at age twenty of possibly thirteen or fourteen years. In England and Wales, likewise, the very highest recorded mortality is that of tin and copper miners who are exposed to hard-rock dust. These English miners have a death rate from all causes over four times the average; while the rate for respiratory tuberculosis is more than twelve times the average.

Pulmonary tuberculosis is especially prevalent in all trades with exposure to this particular type of stone dust. The lungs of workers become infiltrated with particles of dust, and as a result either of mechanical or, as is now more generally believed, of chemical irritation, fibrosis sets in, making the lung a fertile incubator for the tubercle bacilli. A study of mortality among the granite cutters of Barre, Vermont, discloses a death rate from pulmonary tuberculosis almost ten times that of the general adult population of the State. The pneumatic tools now used apparently generate a greater quantity of fine dust

high in silica content and cause more tuberculosis than did the old-fashioned hand tools that they have supplanted. Axe grinders and polishers in a Connecticut factory had a death rate from tuberculosis of 19 per 1,000, which was twelve times that for other employees of this factory. Exposure to silica dust constituted the chief difference in working conditions. A valuable report on silicosis among rock drillers, blasters, and excavators in New York City showed that 81 per cent of the blasters, 59 per cent of the drillers, and 43 per cent of the excavators were suffering from the effects of inhaling stone dust. In spite of attempts to control the hazard from rock drilling, the majority of workers so exposed are as badly off as ever.

Some evidence indicates that other forms of dust also go hand in hand with a high death rate from tuberculosis. Barbers and hair dressers, furniture and other wood workers, bakers and some textile mill operatives, as well as shoe-factory and tobacco-factory operatives have also a high incidence of tuberculosis. But in no case do we find the extreme rates associated with occupations exposed to silica dust.

That certain dusts, on the other hand, may have a protective effect on individuals is suggested by the peculiar condition found in all parts of the world among coal miners, who have a death rate from tuberculosis lower than that for occupied males generally. In England and Wales during the years 1921-1923 the death rate from respiratory tuberculosis was 25 per cent lower for coal miners between the ages of 20 and 65 than for all males of the same ages. Somewhat similar conditions are found among cement mill workers. It has been suggested that lime dust, like coal dust, exerts some protective influence against the development of tuberculosis, but this has not as yet been definitely established. A well-directed research in this field may disclose that the inhalation of this sub-

stance acts as a measure of protection against tuberculosis; this would mean that the medical profession may some day be able to control the bacillus of tuberculosis by chemical means.

V

The absorption of poisons such as lead, mercury, phosphorus, brass, arsenic, benzol, carbon monoxide, and other substances extensively encountered in industry is responsible for many deaths and much ill health among workmen. With the poison hazard we might also include the exposure to x-rays and radium of doctors, dentists, nurses, and laboratory technicians. Workers employed in the manufacture of luminous watch dials are likewise sometimes the victims of a horrible condition known as "radium poisoning." Unfortunately we do not know even approximately the extent of industrial poisoning in the United States because the symptoms of occupational disease are frequently so obscure that general practitioners are often unable to detect them. Consequently, many cases are not reported in spite of the fact that the laws of a number of states require it. Recently a number of states have made certain occupational diseases compensable under the Workmen's Compensation Act, and we shall soon have a clue to the extent of such affections. The New York State Compensation Report for the year ending June 30, 1926, for example, shows 1,437 reported cases of occupational disease and poisoning. If occupational skin diseases, which are not reportable in New York State, were included the total would be much higher, judging by the record of Ohio, where there are nearly six hundred cases a year.

In general, the number of persons exposed to a specific poison is small; moreover, these workers are scattered over many different industries, making it difficult to study the mortality of the group as a whole. The difficulty is increased by the constant introduction of

new substances to replace old ones, so that not many workers are exposed continuously or for a sufficiently long period of time. In fact, the elimination of an injurious substance, the substitution of a harmless one, and the introduction of adequate safeguards often follow immediately upon the recognition of danger. For example, since about 1913 a prohibitive Federal tax upon white phosphorus matches has virtually eliminated the use of this form of phosphorus in match manufacture. Recently the Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics suggested abolishing the use of radium paint for making luminous dials on watches and clocks because of the very heavy toll which their manufacture entails.

Though we have little accurate information for determining the full effect of industrial poisons upon death rates, a few available facts show the relationship. Painters who are constantly exposed to lead have a mortality somewhat above the average, and we have found that about two per cent of all their deaths are due to lead poisoning. The effects of chronic lead poisoning are also apparent in the high mortality rates of painters from nephritis, cerebral hemorrhage, apoplexy, and paralysis. Lead is likewise a contributing factor in the higher mortality of pottery painters, glazers, and dippers. In England and Wales a very high death rate among file cutters is attributed in part to lead poisoning. Those working with molten brass are exposed to the fumes of zinc oxide and sometimes suffer from brass founders' ague. These fumes may account for the inordinate mortality of brass founders from diseases of the digestive system, tuberculosis, and pneumonia; although heat and dust, so common in foundries, are perhaps equally important causes.

VI

This brings us to the fourth of the principal occupational hazards—the harmful effects of exposure to excessive

heat and to sudden variations in temperature. Those who labor in iron and steel mills, in foundries, in pottery and glass factories, in engine and boiler rooms and in the stoke-holes of steamers are subject to respiratory diseases of various kinds, the death rate from pneumonia being extremely high. In fact, iron-foundry workers show the highest proportion of deaths from this disease. Pneumonia is the leading cause of death among them. The mortality for skilled and semi-skilled operatives in many foundries and steel mills exceeds the average by 50 per cent, while that of laborers runs much higher. Certain groups of workers in textile mills exposed to heat, together with humidity, suffer from many ill-defined ailments which are not infrequently reflected in a high mortality.

Often men employed in operations where steam is liberated, such as in cleaning out tanks and vats, fall victims to chronic rheumatism, chronic bronchitis, and circulatory disturbances. Other groups suffer from excessive dryness, a condition which promotes disease, produces irritation of the nose and throat, chronic catarrh, and susceptibility to respiratory ailments. The health of workers exposed to extreme cold may also be impaired. Makers of artificial ice and workers in cold-storage plants suffer inordinately from rheumatism, neuritis, and chronic kidney trouble. Respiratory diseases are also prevalent. As in the case of workers in extreme heat, the great danger apparently lies in passing from one extreme of temperature to another.

The fifth occupational hazard is fatigue. The old adage that hard work never kills has been disproven by a recent study made by Dr. Raymond Pearl. His conclusion from an analysis of the Registrar General's Report was that hard physical labor does shorten the life of a man who has passed the age of 40. Doctor Pearl says, "It has long been known that the lives of galley slaves, the Chinese treadmill coolies, the Japanese

'ricksha runners, and the toilers in the rice fields of Java are cut short by the extreme energy expenditures involved in their occupations. . . . There is a direct positive relation between the magnitude of the death rates from the age of 40 to 45 years on and the average expenditure of physical energy, even after the deaths resulting from special occupational and industrial hazards have been deducted." This held true whether indoor or outdoor work was considered; and evidence supports also the belief that hard work, or rather the resulting fatigue, was the primary cause of premature death.

In a recent study of 22,000 iron and steel workers in England covering a period of over six years it was found that all men engaged on hot and heavy work had a greater sickness rate than those working at ordinary temperatures, and the more strenuous the work the greater the sickness frequency. Steel smelters showed a sickness rate 23 per cent in excess of all workers and the rolling mill men, an excess of 8 per cent. Another investigation has shown that primary cardiac overstrain due to hard labor is frequent among soldiers, porters, miners, and blacksmiths; while arterial strain often afflicts stevedores and longshoremen, and others who do heavy labor. Likewise, those who lift heavy weights or who are forced to do work requiring excessive muscular strain are likely to suffer from hernia. But on all these points, especially on the exact effect of fatigue upon the organism, we need fuller and more accurate information.

VII

In spite of the foregoing enumeration of the hazards which workers meet in the routine course of many occupations, it must not be assumed that all jobs are specifically injurious to health. Many men gainfully employed are no more exposed to risk than are their mothers and wives at home. Entering industrial life is by no means equivalent to receiving a death warrant or even a sentence that

life will be curtailed. Many trades, professions, and mechanical pursuits exert no harmful effect upon life, limb, or vitality as far as we can measure. Professional and clerical workers, merchants, salesmen, farmers, and financiers are especially advantageously placed. Skilled workers, such as carpenters, plumbers, bricklayers, and other building trades workers; printers, compositors, and pressmen; tailors and garment workers; bakers and barbers, as well as mail carriers, storekeepers, and auto mechanics, all show practically average death rates. Skilled and semi-skilled factory operatives in a wide variety of industries encounter no specific occupational hazards and exhibit average mortality rates.

Moreover, a great improvement in mortality has taken place among wage earners since the beginning of the century. All classes of the population are enjoying added years of life and declining death rates; but during the past two decades these gains have been most marked among workers, both men and women, as insurance records testify. The figures prove also that the more important causes of death have declined most. During the last two decades the lower general mortality has added about five years to the life expectation of each industrial worker at age twenty. This is no trifling gain; it is an indication of our more enlightened social consciousness and of our concern for the welfare of wage earners.

Many factors have contributed to this result. We have already referred to the fine achievements of the National Safety Council in the field of accident prevention. This organization has distributed widely pamphlets and posters prepared with the greatest care. These teach working men how to avoid unnecessary risks and how to exercise caution in their work. The enactment of workmen's compensation laws has helped materially to reduce the accident rate in most states and has proved highly satisfactory to both employer and employee. These laws have done away with expensive

litigation and have provided financial relief to injured workmen, thus enabling them to secure adequate medical attention; they have also stimulated employers to safeguard their machinery and to build up efficient safety organizations since this reduces premiums for compensation insurance.

Many employers have begun to realize also that it is to their advantage to cut down sickness and disability among their employees whether occupational in origin or not. Such sickness and disability results not only in loss of wages to the workers but in diminished or defective production, in idle equipment, and in general discontent. It, therefore, pays employers to provide better working conditions, to improve ventilation and lighting systems, and to seek in other ways to raise the morale of their employees through a variety of activities. These include cafeterias and lunch rooms, group insurance, old age pensions, annual physical examinations, and what is perhaps most important, well-organized medical service. Some employers provide only emergency and first-aid treatment; others go very much farther, providing complete medical care and guidance. These medical departments have demonstrated their value to industry and have greatly increased in number in recent years. For example, in 1926, according to a report of the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, 407 companies employing about two million workers provided medical service; 373 companies had one or more treatment rooms, and 34 had first-aid equipment only. Large numbers of physicians, nurses, dentists, and oculists are now engaged in such work.

Similarly, American workmen are displaying widespread interest in all matters pertaining to health. They are probably more alive to the hazards of occupation than are workers in other lands. In a number of industries groups of workers have combined to furnish their own health protection. This is particularly successful in the garment

trades. A number of states and cities now have bureaus of industrial hygiene which study the hazards of industry and co-operate with employers and employees in eliminating industrial diseases. The United States Public Health Service, the Bureau of Mines, the United States Bureau of Labor Statistics, and the Women's Bureau have made noteworthy contributions to our knowledge in this field. The life insurance and casualty insurance companies have also played an important part in disseminating useful information.

But just as important has been the reduction in the length of the working day and especially the high wage scale that

has raised the standard of living of wage earners throughout the United States. There is every reason to believe that the prosperity of the American worker will continue and that health activities in industry noticeable everywhere will be extended. The extraordinary efficiency of industry in this country has produced an economic standard of life which makes the typical American workman the envy of the world. Such standards will result in further reduction in mortality, and it is entirely possible that at a not far distant date the expectation of life of wage earners will approach, even if it does not quite equal, that of the more favored classes of the population.

DUCKS AND HERON

BY AGNES KENDRICK GRAY

THE ducks go down the pasture to the pond,
 Along their little path, one after one . . .
 In file among the flowers and grass, a white
 Procession in the sun.

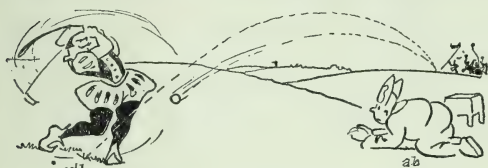
Like skiffs they launch into the water there
 With grace that is the birthright of a bird;
 Their splashing has the softness of a sigh
 Or of a whispered word.

Once in the dusk a wild blue heron paused
 Among these ducks that dived and floated by . . .
 His beauty was a song, his mystery
 A challenge and a cry!

A migrant to the marshes of the south
 From lands that felt the first thin whip of snow,
 The heron lingered for an hour to learn
 The joys that ducks may know.

Then with the night, those wings that knew the sea,
 That knew the strength and splendor of the wind,
 Spread forth their plumes above the ducks, and left
 The pond of peace behind.

The Lion's Mouth



A MEDIEVAL HOLE-IN-ONE

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

THE Middle Ages, from what we know about them, were days of pretty tall deeds and pretty tall talk. In the Middle Ages if a man accomplished a feat of arms, or a feat of dexterity, or a feat of anything, he didn't let it get spoiled for want of telling. In witness of which take the marvellous accounts of archery, swordsmanship, strength, skill, and magic which fill the pages of medieval romance from the *Chanson de Roland* to Walter Scott.

But unluckily they didn't have golf in the Middle Ages. If they had, they would have known how to deal with it much better than our poor unimaginative, truth-telling generation.

What follows below represents an account of a Hole in One, as achieved in the year 1215 A.D. and related after the style of medieval romance. It is based on the account of the famous tournament and meeting at Ashby de la Zouche (which is in England) during the reign of King John. On that famous occasion, as Walter Scott related in his *Ivanhoe*, there was an archery match between Hubert the Norman, the protégé of King John, and the Mysterious Bowman, Locksley, otherwise Robin Hood the Saxon Outlaw. In this contest Hubert "sped his arrow" (that's the medieval name for what he did) with such consummate skill that it pierced the very center of the bull's-eye, three hun-

dred yards away. But Locksley had a still more consummate touch. He sped his shaft with such unerring dexterity that the point of it struck fair in the notch of Hubert's arrow, still sticking in the bull's-eye, and split it into two exactly even halves!

Imagine what would happen if people who could write that kind of thing and people who could believe it had had a chance at a golf story.

Come! Let us turn Hubert and Locksley into their twentieth-century form and make the contest a Hole-in-One-Shot! Thus:

All was now prepared. The vast concourse of spectators, both Norman and Saxon, crowded the vacant spaces of the course, and even invaded the fairways from which the heralds and *poursuivants* sought in vain to dislodge them. The humbler churls, or jarls, clustered in the branches of the trees.

King John was seated on a dais beside the sand-box of Tee No. 1, at the edge of which the pious Archbishop Stephen Langton knelt in prayer for the success of the Norman Hubert. Around and about the tee, on tiers of rudely contrived benches, the Knights of the Household in full (autumn) armor were mingled with the resplendent Ladies of Court.

"Sirrah!" said the King, turning sternly to Hubert, "dost think thou canst outswat this Saxon fellow?"

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "played in the Hastings handicap, and it shall go hard with me an' I fall short of his score."

The King scowled but said nothing.

"What is bogisey?" whispered Roger Bigod, Earl of Bygod, to Sir John Mont-

faucon de la Tour who stood beside him near the Tee.

"Three, so I thinks me," answered Sir John.

"And gives either of the contestants as it were a bisque or Loleth he in one stroke the fewer?"

"Nay," said Montfaucon, "they play as man to man, or as who should say at scratch."

At this moment the loud sound of a Tucket armored by the winding of a Hobo from the Second Tee announced that the lists were clear.

"Let the course be measured!" commanded the Chief Marshal.

On this Sir Roger Mauleverer of the Tower and Sir Eustace, the Left Handed Constable of the Constable, attended by six Poursuivants carrying a line of silken yarn, measured the distance.

"How stands it?" asked the King.

"Four hundred ells, six firkins, and a demilitre," answered the Marshal.

At the mention of this distance—which corresponds in our modern English to more than four hundred yards—an intense hush fell upon the attendant crowd. That a mere ball no larger than a pheasant's egg could be driven over this tremendous distance by a mere blow from a mere wand of hickory, daunted the imagination.

The King, who well knew that the approaching contest was in reality one between Norman and Saxon and might carry with it the loss of his English crown, could ill conceal the fears that wracked his evil conscience. A great silence had fallen upon the assembled knights and ladies, broken only by the murmured prayers of the saintly archbishop kneeling beside the sand-box. Even the stout hearts of such men as Sir Roger Bigod de Bygod and Walter de la Torre and a Half almost ceased to beat.

"Have done with this delay," exclaimed the King. "Let the men begin."

Hubert the Norman stepped first on to the tee. His lithe frame, knit to a nicety, with every bone and joint working to its full efficiency, was encased in a

jerkin of Andalusian wool, over a haut-de-chausse, or plus eight, of quilted worsted. He carried in his right hand a small white ball, while in his left he bore a shaft or club of hickory, the handle bound with cordovan leather and the end, or tip, or as the Normans called it the *bout*, fashioned in a heavy knob flattened on one side to a hexagonal diagonal.

The manner of the Norman Hubert was grave, but his firm movements and his steady eye showed no trace of apprehension as he adjusted the ball upon a small heap of sand upon the forward, or front, part of the tee.

"Canst do it?" queried the agonizing King, his hands writhing nervously on the handle of his scepter.

"My grandsire . . ." began Hubert.

"You said that before," cried John. "Shoot!"

Hubert bowed and then, standing poised on the balls of his feet at a distance of two Norman demis (twenty-six and a half English inches) from the ball, he waved his club in the air as if testing its weight, while his keen eye measured the velocity of the wind.

Then, as the crowd waited in breathless silence, Hubert suddenly swung the hickory to his full reach behind his shoulder and brought it down in a magnificent sweep, striking the ball with its full impact.

There was a loud resilient "click," distinctly heard by the spectators at the second tee, while a great shout arose from all the Normans as the ball rose in the air describing a magnificent parabola in its flight.

"A Hubert! A Hubert!" they shouted. "*Par le Sang de Dieu*," exclaimed Sir Roger Bigod de Bygod, "some stroke!"

Meantime the ball, glistening in the sunshine and seeming to gather force in its flight, swept above the fairway and passed high in the air over the ground posts that marked the hundred, the two hundred, and the three hundred ells, still rushing to its goal.

"By the Body of St. Augustine!" cried the pious Guillaume de la Hootch, "'twill reach the green itself!"

"It has!" shouted Sir Roger Bigod. "Look! Look! They are seizing and lifting the flag! 'Tis on! 'Tis in! By the Shirt of St. Ambrose, the ball is in the can!"

And as Sir Roger spoke a great shout went up from all the crowd, echoed even by the Saxon churls who lined the branches of the trees. "A Hole in One! A Hole in One!" cried the multitude.

For such readers as do not understand the old Norman game of Goffe, or Gouffe—sometimes also called Guff—it is proper to explain that in the center of each *parterre* or *terrace*, sometimes called a *Green* or *Pelouse*—it was customary to set a sunken receptacle or can, of the kind used by the Normans to can tomatoes, into which the ball must ultimately be driven. The virtue of Hubert's stroke was that he had driven the ball into the can (a feat for which many Normans required eight, ten, or even twenty strokes) in one single blow, an achievement called in old Norman a "Hole in One."

And now the voice of the Chief Herald could be heard calling through hautboy or megaphone:

"Hole No. 1; stroke No. 1. Hubert of Normandy scores Hole in One. Player in hand, J. Locksley, of Huntingdon, England. Clear the Fairway for Shot No. 2."

All eyes now turned to where the splendid figure of the mysterious Locksley, the Unknown Golfer or Gopher, ascended the first tee. It was known to all that this was in reality none other, or little other, than the Saxon outlaw Robin Hood, who was whispered to be the Earl of Huntingdon and half whispered to be, by his descent from his own grandmother, the Saxon claimant to the throne.

"How now, Locksley!" sneered the triumphant John as the Saxon appeared beside him, "canst beat that?"

Every gaze rested upon Locksley as

he stood leaning upon his hickory club. His mysterious appearance at Ashby de la Zouche and the whispers as to his identity lent to him a romantic, and almost fearsome interest, while his magnificent person marked him as the beau ideal of the Saxon Golfer still seen at times even in the inimical contests of to-day.

His powerful form could have touched the balance at two hundred and eighty-five pounds avoirdupois. The massive shoulders would have seemed out of proportion but for the ample sweep of the girth or waistline and the splendid breadth of the netherward or rearward hind-quarters.

He was clad, like Hubert, in woolen jerkin and plus eights, and he bore on his feet the terrific spiked sandals of the Saxon, capable of inflicting a mortal blow.

Locksley placed his ball, and then grasping in his iron grip the leather-bound club-headed hickory hexagonal, he looked about him with complete sangfroid and even something of amusement.

"Canst do it? Canst beat it?" repeated the King.

"I know not," said Locksley carelessly; "Hubert's shot was not half bad, but I'll see if I can touch up his ball for him in the tomato can."

"Have done with boasting!" cried the King. "Tell the Archbishop to count three, and then let the fellow shoot. If he fail, my lord Montfaucon and you, Roger Bigod of Bygod, see that he does not leave the tee alive."

The archbishop raised his saintly face towards the skies and began to count.

"Unum!" he said, using the neuter gender of the numeral adjective in accordance with the increasing deterioration of the Latin language which had already gone far in the year 1215 A.D.

"Duo," said the archbishop, and then in a breathless hush, as the word "tres" quivered on the lips of the ecclesiastic, Locksley's club cleft the air in a single flash of glittering sunlight and descended upon the ball with such force that the

sound of the concussion echoed back from the woods beyond the farthest green.

In a moment the glittering trajectory of the missile could be followed high in its flight and then the curve of its rushing descent towards the green. For a moment the silence was so intense that even the faint rustling of the grass was audible to the ear, then the crashing concussion of the driven ball against the inner tin of the tomato can showed that Locksley also had achieved a Hole in One! But the gasp or gulp of astonishment had hardly passed when the crowd became aware that Locksley's skilled marksmanship had far surpassed the mere feat of a hole-in-one accomplished by his opponent. His ball, driven with a power and accuracy that might well nigh seem incredible, had struck against Hubert's ball inside the can at exactly the angle necessary to drive it out with great force and start it back in flight towards the first tee.

To the amazement of all beholders, Hubert's ball, easily distinguishable by two little dots on its lower face, was seen rushing in rapid flight to retrace its course above the Fairway. So true was its path that it landed back precisely on the tee from which Hubert had shot it and came to rest on the little pile of sand on which the Norman gopher had originally placed it.

"By God!" shouted Bigod of Bygod, as Locksley picked up the ball and handed it with a bow to King John.

A wild shout that rose alike from the Saxon Thanes, the Danes, and even the Normans rent the air, while even the ladies of the court, carried away in a burst of chivalrous admiration, tore off their silken baldrics and threw them at the feet of the victor.

"A Locksley! A Locksley!" cried the multitude. For the moment the King paused. His ear caught in the roaring plaudits of the crowd the first note of that mighty unison of Saxon and Norman voices which was destined to cast him from his power.

He knew that any attempt against the life or person of the Saxon chieftain was without avail.

He turned to the venerable archbishop, who was prostrate beside the tee, eating sand.

"Fetch me the Magna Carta," he said, "and I'll sign it."



THE ART OF SPELLING INCORRECTLY

BY PHILIP WAGNER

MADAME LA GRANGE, our cleaning lady, left a note for me one day after she had spent eight hours preparing our home for Helen's return. "Mr. Wagner," she wrote, "i hav done the hous alover i went rite through it and clenened the windo sils to. i had to have mrs prit-chett in to help me as it was a bad mes. Pleas do not leav it this way agan as it was a horruble mes. yrs truly, Sara La Grange."

That was the note which I found on my return from work. I read it once. To what did it owe its elusive fascination? I read it twice. I saved it for Helen to read. I ended by putting it into that drawer of my desk which is reserved for unclassifiable pieces of paper that I can't bear to throw away. It is there still, and always will be because it opened my eyes to a certain grievous tendency in the English language.

Madame La Grange plays fast and loose with her spelling. She is too busy a woman to waste time checking up on her first impulses, and she rightly places the ability to spell correctly among the least essential virtues. Think of the energy that would be released for better things if all of us adopted so sound a position! And think, also, of the immense revivification which would be

wrought in our national letters by a return to spontaneous spelling.

La Grange's style has a quality that captures and holds one's interest. I wish she left more notes for me. The style reminds one faintly of the Elizabethans—who, like her, had very little regard for the orthographers. It has an air reminiscent of Florio's translation of Montaigne, in which the same word may frequently be found spelled several ways on the same page. (Remember, also, that Florio was the author of several dictionaries and grammars!)

I am not trying to imply that La Grange is any mute, inglorious Milton, nor even a slightly surly female edition of Montaigne. Nothing of the kind. What I mean to say is that a style which would ordinarily be spiritless gains much by the spontaneous and unbridled spelling which she employs. By means of it she transforms a mere note of complaint into the desperate manifesto of the Essential Cleaning Woman. Her note, intended only as a piece of information, turns out to have all sorts of harmonics and reverberations, and brings up visions of that whole vast army of persons who struggle desperately in a never-ending effort to catch up with other people's messes.

I have often wondered why we must be so tiresomely careful about our spelling. It is a great bore. Take the word egg, for instance. Why not spell it eg now and then? I have often (like the people who are always itching to call a spade a spade) been tempted to call an egg an eg; and now, at last, and only after summoning all of my courage, I have done so.

I once knew a girl named Meg
Whose figure was that of a keg.
Said she: "Gentle sir, I beg
That you poach me a dinosaur's eg."

Much better than using the word egg, I think. If the word egg had been used the chances are that the reader would have missed the spirit of the poem; he would have sensed a vague dissonance,

would have felt that something—even though he couldn't quite put his finger on it—was wrong. But when eg is used everything seems in perfect accord; one is conscious of an inner harmony; one derives an æsthetic satisfaction which the reading of the word egg would never have granted.

My plea for more variety in spelling should not be confused with the propaganda of the simplified spellers. Their aim is—contrary to mine—to iron out whatever remains of charming irrationality in the English language and to reduce it to a coldly utilitarian instrument, like a potato masher or a lightning calculator. They want our language (and alas, it is the only language that most of us have) to become a machine; and much as I admire potato mashers, lightning calculators and many other types of machine, I cannot think that the divine instrument of Shakespeare and Milton and Sterne and Keats is to be confused with them.

To the casual reader my advocacy of the word eg might seem to place me among these misguided folk, because in this particular instance I am on the side of simplification. But that just happened. I can conceive of occasions when I should greatly prefer the word egge to either egg or eg. And as a matter of fact I can think of many more occasions when increased complexity would be preferable to increased simplicity. The word phlegm, for instance, is a word which derives its horrific overtones from its spelling. Spelled flem it is nothing. But spelled phlegmme it takes on all sorts of extra connotations. If someone were to write me a note saying that he was suffering acutely from an excess of phlegmme and needed ten dollars immediately, I should probably be so overcome by pity that I'd send him twenty. Such is the power of the spelled word; and I do not see why artistry in fashioning words out of letters is not just as valid as artistry in weaving sentences out of words.

There is reason to believe that the

tendency to create new and gloriously meaningless words out of a miscellaneous assortment of letters is innate in human nature. As a confirmed anagram player I have frequently fallen before temptation. The other evening, after a long and bitter battle, I emerged with the word *ebfubble* in my possession. This word is in no dictionary; but I am inclined to think that it should be. There *must* be a meaning somewhere that can be attached to it. In my mind, for instance, it evokes a vision of what's left when the tide has gone out. To someone else it might possibly connote something entirely different. But surely there is room for it somewhere on the broad lap of Mother English, who has borne and adopted so many other strange children.

Bitter critics deplore the fact that we live our lives, down to the smallest detail, under the tyranny of public opinion, and that none but martyrs dare think and act contrary to the conventions of the mob. If present-day practice in spelling is any indication, such criticism is surely sound. An artistic lady of my acquaintance ostracized herself from polite society by spelling the word happy with one "p" on a linoleum-block Christmas card. A young teacher of philosophy presented himself with a permanent inferiority complex by making a simple blunder on the blackboard before his class. Everywhere there is a feverish scampering to the dictionary, a cowardly and ignoble retreat to the nearest lexicon. False friends present one with lists of ten frequently misspelled words and then laugh raucously when one misses all ten of them. In the matter of spelling the faults of our age are presented at their faultiest. Like sheep we spell as we are told; and like donkeys we bray loudly when we catch someone else in a slip—someone, perhaps, like Madame La Grange, who places spelling in its more nearly proper place.

The situation, frankly, is serious. It resolves itself down to the fundamental

question: Are we individuals, or are we, as Rousseau so eloquently insisted, nothing but little droplets in a great big blobby General Will? Temperamentally I cannot accept Rousseau's contention. And I await with unconcealed eagerness the emergence of a twentieth-century martyrre who shall restore the precious art of poor speling to its proper exaulted posicioun.



DONA FERENTES

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON

IT IS not of the great college gifts that I sing, gifts exchanged for honorary degrees and trumpeted through the public press, but of the little, unheralded libations poured out before the humble professor by parents and students. Often these are symbols of genuine gratitude, neckties and socks and cigars left surreptitiously on the teacher's desk or presented openly at Christmas or end-semesters. Sometimes they are not meant to blind the eyes of justice and must be gracefully received. But sometimes, alas, their sinful purpose is to blunt the judgment or, at least, to mellow the professorial soil for a crop of certain credits. It is of these purposeful gifts that I sing, and my song shall be in three staves.

When a mahogany-hued gentleman glided into my office one February not long ago, I divined at once that he was the father of a student whom my committee had just dropped for poor scholarship. In five courses the boy had received five F's. My task it was to refuse to reinstate him at the same time that I gave his father the pleasing impression that his son was not a hopeless bonehead but a highly endowed young man. The father met me more than half way.

"I have put that boy," he remarked

solemnly, "through all the mental tests, and he is positively in the genius class."

"Five professors," I replied, "have put him through other tests and have concluded independently that his intellectual co-ordinations leave something to be desired. He must not return."

My tone was dulcet, and my allusions to the boy's deficiencies were sweetly remote, but I created a definite atmosphere of "he shall not pass." The parent sighed gently and, leaning forward, put his hand on my knee. "He's weakening," thought I, and I began looking toward the mourners' bench for my next opponent. But instead of retiring, the colored gentleman drew from his pocket a photograph of himself and laid it impressively on my desk.

"Do you see that picture?" asked the parent.

"I do," said I; "an excellent likeness, if I may say so."

"You may," said he. "And do you see that pencil line across the forehead?"

"I do," said I; "it is plainly evident."

"That is where my hair used to come. Now look at it."

He ran his finger across his brow. Instinctively I felt of my own egglike dome, as innocent of hair as a babe's and damp with the exertion of keeping the dropped one safely among the down-and-outs. My guest gazed at me more in sorrow than in anger.

"Professor," he said finally, "I have discovered a preparation which positively will grow hair, and if you'll give my boy another chance, I'll send you two whole cases of it."

I want the world to know that I refused and, in the interest of sound scholarship, am still bald.

On Lincoln's Birthday of the same month I fell from grace, for I accepted a gift—by proxy. Thus it happened. When I returned to my home after a morning walk, I found the living room in a strange state. Yards and yards of white stuff were draped over the chairs as though my wife had suddenly decided

to cover the furniture for the summer. On the piano-stool sat Mrs. Johnson, and on a hassock squatted an Oriental gentleman whom I had never seen before. He arose and bowed low as I entered.

"Plesent," said he, indicating the draperies; "silk shirts."

He smiled blandly, and a certain poem ran through my head—"for ways that are dark, the heathen Chinese is peculiar." Mrs. Johnson came to the rescue.

"This is Mr. . . . Mr. . . ." She stopped.

"Wun Lung," said the Chinese. "Student in univelsity. Want to make plesent."

My wife had up and done it. Twelve yards of silk there was, and she had gathered it all in and thanked the donor graciously. Little did she know that I had been warned against Wun Lung. As a Chinese gentleman he was impressive, but as a student—alas, far from knowing anything, he never even suspected anything.

After additional ceremonies he departed, and I gathered up the welter of silk sadly and with a feeling that I had offered my high principles on a Far Eastern altar. My wife did not share my grief.

"Sam," she said, "a college professor should not wear silk. I shall have a new dress, and you may have two shirts."

I got my shirts, but I never could wear them without feeling as conscious of my fall from grace as Hester Prynne did under her scarlet A.

Near the end of the following April I was tempted again. Into my office rolled a plump little woman with a determined expression, and I put on my professional regret-that-we-cannot-re-admit-your-child smile and awaited the encounter hopefully. But Rebecca Goldstein had not been dropped; Mrs. Goldstein only feared that she might be and had come to prevent such a catastrophe.

"Professor," said she, heaving herself confidentially in my general direction, "I want I should ask you a question. My Rebecca, she's bashful—she wouldn't

ask it. Do you ever wear pants—*white* pants?"

My visitor misconstrued my gasp as a lack of comprehension.

"You know," she elucidated, "the kind what they wear on the sailboats—white flannel. My husband, he makes 'em, and we want you should have a pair."

"Why, yes," I hesitated. "I wear them sometimes when I play tennis, but I have not bought a yacht yet. And really, Mrs. Goldstein, you mustn't give me any. We work for our students with no thought of reward."

"Oh, professor," said the plump woman coquettishly, "you really mustn't. I want I should give them to you. What is your waist measure?" And out came a note-book and pencil.

Sometimes professors think quickly. An inspiration flashed into my head.

"Mrs. Goldstein," I said firmly, "I mustn't take them. The President will not let his professors accept gifts of pants and things like that. I might lose my job."

Her wail of disappointment was lost in the clang of the class bell and, muttering something about not keeping my students waiting, I dived for the door. When I returned, an hour later, the plump woman was gone. But Fate decreed that I was to see her again when I least expected it.

On a hot July morning I sat before the college library on one of the empty pedestals designed some day to hold a statue which might remind students to make *their* lives sublime. Before me stretched the green campus; behind me, from the cool crypt of the chapel, came the droning voice of a speaker who was telling the school-teachers of the summer school that the children of to-day will be the citizens of to-morrow, and that each and every teacher must set a noble example to the youth of the land. "I too am a teacher," thought I; "I too must be noble and set an example. I must never take a bribe nor sell my birthright for a mess of pottage." Into

my pleasing glow of self-commendation broke a sharp voice which carried me back two months in my career of righteousness.

"Oh, Professor Johnson," said the voice, "I have a crow to pick with you."

"What is it, Mrs. Goldstein?" I asked, but I knew full well what it was.

"You wouldn't take my pants," said the plump woman. "But I don't give up when I want I should make a present. You're going to get a pair of the white flannels what they wear on the sailboats. See what I have here."

She reached triumphantly into her hand-bag and drew forth, to my unspeakable horror, a long tape-measure.

"Stand right up on that stone block," she ordered, "and we'll soon get your measures."

My blood congealed, and what would have been my hair if I had had any stood up in terror. In front of me was this determined woman drawing the tape-measure through her fingers as a dentist might display his instruments. Behind me the speaker's voice had given place to the confused cackle of a women's meeting breaking up and to the scuffle of many feet on the slate steps leading from the chapel. Soon my students would be upon me, just in time to see me being measured for a pair of "pants" by a fat woman on the steps of the library building. The strain was too great. Good-by, principles. I capitulated.

"Thirty—thirty-one," I muttered huskily, holding up one hand like a broker bidding on the curb market.

"Stock," said the lady brightly, as if to carry out the resemblance to a transaction on 'Change. "I can get them right out of stock, and you'll have them to-morrow." And she thrust the tape-measure into her bag just as the chattering vestals burst through the door.

And this is how it happened that for the rest of that summer school I was disguised as Sir Thomas Lipton in "the kind what they wear on the sailboats."



Editor's Easy Chair



APE STUDY AND THE CRASH IN STOCKS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

A RECENT headline in the paper read: "Study of the Apes Is Mapped by Yale as Key to Behavior."

It is true. Half a million dollars from the Rockefeller Foundation has enabled Yale University to establish a laboratory in Florida for the breeding and scientific study of anthropoid apes. Along with this goes continued observation of football players and other local and visiting material by the psycho-biology unit of Yale's Institute of Human Relations at New Haven, and "research at observation field-camps in Africa and Malaysia where the primates will be studied in their natural surroundings."

Now that is splendid, isn't it! Especially coming as it does right on the heels of an unprecedented slump in stocks and panic of speculators in which the great ape quality of imitation was marvelously illustrated. Certainly that panic was an example of monkeying with a buzz saw.

So, maybe, something will be derived from the study of apes. But how much? What really regulates and controls human behavior is what we have in the back of our minds. Have the apes any background to their minds comparable to that of human beings? That depends, no doubt, upon which human beings are considered. A good many of them do behave like monkeys. A panic in stocks is a very animal performance—a stampede, hysterical, blind; but people

with a fairly good background to their minds are less apt than others to be caught by it. The whole Bull Market was enthusiastically selfish, an immense reaching out after unearned profits. Plenty of first-rate people were mixed up in it. Some of them went into it when the panic came, primarily to save the great public from overwhelming losses. The management of the Stock Exchange in the weeks of debacle was praised and, no doubt, justly. So was the action of bankers and capitalists who did what they could to make at least an orderly market. There were hardly any failures of financial houses. What the individual losses were and what consequences will follow them it is, at this writing, still much too soon to say. But it was a most curious performance and a proper warrant for the study of apes.

That study, however, is an inquiry into the derivation of human life and is not conducted for the benefit of the apes but of us human creatures. It inquires, What did we come from? A corresponding movement in London concerns itself not with our origin but with our destination. The name of it is The Survival League, and it began in October at a big meeting in Queens Hall in London. It has no endowment and passes the hat among its own members for its modest expenses. But there is back of it a good deal of driving energy contributed primarily by its founder, Mrs. Dawson Scott, story-teller and

founder of the P. E. N. for bringing into closer relations writers and people concerned with writers in all countries. The P. E. N. works to make different nations understand one another. The purpose of the new organization is to spread knowledge of the Demonstrability of Survival after Death.

All knowledge is helpful to the understanding of life, but no knowledge is more profitable to that understanding than to know what happens to us when we die. So thinks the Survival League, and believes that something can and should be done about it, and is out to do its bit. In the background of the mind, which is the real seat of self-government, there is no conviction more important or more useful than that we go on living after our bodies are dead. That conviction is the very pith of religion; and when one retires into one's mind and considers such matters as the recent smash in stocks, that conviction is a great factor in helping us to estimate and measure what has happened. For one thing a panic is discipline, and we need not sniff at discipline nor yet at affliction; for without recurrent taste of them we should soon become insufferable. Try that on the monkeys and see if it isn't so.

We shall read in the papers about people who "lost everything" in the panic. We shall doubtless read or hear of suicides. People who think they can lose everything in a panic are likely to commit suicide; but wiser people will know that nothing that can be lost in a market disturbance, provided one's own conduct is honorable, is anywhere near as important as the things that are beyond the reach of such storms.

A curious thing about suicides is the different feelings people of different nations have about them. Japanese of the highest character take their own lives, not to save themselves, but as a form of sacrifice for purposes of reparation or apology or remonstrance. Latins often commit suicide in shipwreck or disaster that looks hopeless. Celts

and Anglo Saxons seldom do so. How it is with monkeys we shall know, no doubt, in due time. Suicide seems ordinarily to be inexpedient, but testimony obtained through mediums as to what effect it has on the future prospects of the suicide is conflicting. It probably depends on circumstances.

Maybe the researchers among the monkeys will point out to us that most of what we do is done to produce a state of mind. When we gamble, that is what we are after. We enjoy the state of mind. If we gamble big, as in the stock market, we have pleasant though anxious expectations of affluence. When the market goes against us we pay for that. We drink rum because we like the state of mind it produces. If we drink too much we pay for that. "Nothing too much" comes near being the greatest rule of life, still there are times when nothing less than too much will do, when prudence fails and nothing else than audacity can win out. Will they learn that from the monkeys?

To take no chances is not a sound rule of life. Life itself is a great speculation. President Eliot once said that it was an attractive feature of coal mining that the miner could not tell how much coal his pick or his explosive would bring down. That gave a speculative interest to his work which Doctor Eliot considered valuable. All business has a speculative quality, particularly farming, which depends upon weather, insects, markets, and various things quite beyond the farmer's control. The factor that stabilizes life in the face of its uncertainties is character. No matter what happens, if character is stout enough, it can win through to something worth winning. Naturally one recalls

He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.

But Montrose, when he said that, was talking about love and not about stock markets.

ON THE whole, the slump in stocks came opportunely in several particulars. It came before Election, and though the Election involved no issues that had much to do with it, it made people thoughtful; and people should try to be thoughtful just before Election, especially if they are voters. For another thing, and more to the point, it came before Congress had succeeded in passing a tariff bill. It seemed to mark the end of governmental *laissez faire* in business. The main basis of Mr. Coolidge's remarkable popularity as President was his disposition to let things alone. Business ran the country. Maybe that was a good thing. Certainly some of the results of it are very valuable. The United States is rich, and in so far as good can be done by money, it has the means to do it. But there will be those who think that business has overdone the job, particularly because the distribution of the money has been imperfect. A lot of people have got very rich, wages are high in the industrial world, but the cost of living is high, not only for the affluent and the wage-earners of the industrial world, but for everybody else. The average happiness of the country might be higher if the cost of living were lower, and herein the tariff is an important factor. The slump in stocks has been described as a case of undigested prosperity. Is it possible that with somewhat less prosperity, so-called, the country's digestion would be better?

Suppose this crash which has happened does make people think, will that be useful? Will they think sense? Of course they won't all think the same thing. Changes in human life have been so enormous since the beginning of this century that it is not a simple matter any longer to determine what any group of people does think. Quite a number of people still living were born in the nineteenth century, but a good many were born in the twentieth century, and they include those persons whom we think of as "the young" and what is

going on in their minds nobody knows, least of all themselves.

But as said, the panic was well adapted to make people thoughtful, not merely over night nor for a week, but for a long time. A good many people will have reason to remember it as long as they live, and they will never think again quite as they thought before it happened. The crash not only queered the foolish but it embarrassed the wise. It was bigger and more violent than anyone expected.

WHILE we are thinking, let us think a little about the Italians. There was something about some of them in the November number of this magazine which treated of their relation to Mussolini's government. What was said in that article got notice from Congress, with inquiries, denials, asseverations, and reassurances. The article seemed to do good. Once in a while something written and printed does do some good. But there are a number of things that any inquiring mind may want to know about the Italians in the United States. The October HARPER's told about the racketeers in Chicago, most of them apparently Italians. Take up any newspaper any day and read the reports of crimes. The preponderance of the Italian names is impressive and makes one wonder what the Italian contribution to our criminal statistics really is, and wonder also whether our government is up to the job of handling the bad characters among these remarkable people. Our Italians are valuable. They are doing a lot of rough work in reconstructing this country; they are husky, physically able, and many of them are mentally able and desirable citizens. But what ails them that the criminal records are so overloaded with Italian names; that the proportion of killers, gunmen, robbers, and racketeers is, or seems to be, so high among them? They have a gift of organization which makes it possible for them to band together and work under leadership for

the collection of blackmail. Now blackmail is out of date in this country, and the same is true of a certain proportion of the Italians. They are out of date in this country, and how to bring them up to the times is no small problem, but nobody seems to be undertaking it on a large scale. Perhaps a little discussion may help it.

Would they do better if they had better drinks? In Italy they are wine drinkers and not obtrusively intemperate. Wine is part of their diet, the rest of it being mostly macaroni, bread, onions, and such foods. Here before Prohibition days they bought red wine. Nowadays they cannot get it easily since it is no longer either cheap or plentiful, and presumably they drink what they can get, which is doubtless much worse for them. Possibly some of these furious and appalling crimes of Italians involving ill-temper are considerably due to an intolerable physical irritation which a little wine would modify. Not all prohibitionists will agree to it that murder is worse than drinks, but a good many people will think so.

PROHIBITION, by the way, has had some hard jolts of late. In the fall elections in Canada, Nova Scotia went Wet, and Ontario continued, by a substantial majority, the system of governmental control of the drink traffic. All Canada has now tried Prohibition, and at present it stands rejected by every Province except the little one of Prince Edward Island. If it were not for the constitutional amendment, the map of the United States would be appreciably checkered by States which had abandoned Prohibition and returned to governmental control of alcoholic beverages. One reads that, as it is, prisons are filling up faster and are already more crowded in the dryer states than in the wetter ones. The good that Prohibition has done is quite easily reckoned. The harm that it has done is harder to ap-

praise. Almost all prison wardens condemn it. In France prisoners get a ration of wine; in Germany they get an allowance of beer; the diet they have been used to goes on. Some of the prison wardens say that if the same practice obtained in this country there would be no more revolts of prisoners.

If our alleged prosperity wanes a bit and dollars come to look larger to us, it may be that the costliness of Prohibition will get more notice. There is a good argument against letting government profit by the liquor trade; but if the only alternative is to let all the profits go to the bootleggers and law-breakers, putting the government in the liquor business may not seem so unattractive.

The great modern improvement in medical education is in clinical instruction. Students walk the hospitals and see the sick people in their beds and learn what the older doctors know about it. It is very important for the doctors to be acquainted with the human body. So it is for prohibitionists and persons who legislate about drinks. As a rule their clinical experience is very limited.

One of the sad reflections that must have come to a good many people after election is that not only their votes seem to have done no good, but that the causes they voted for might have done more harm than good even if they had won. The extra good people are ordinarily conservatives. They like to vote for respectable characters, but it is not the respectable characters that are most potent in making the world better; it is the radicals—disorderly people not always moral and apt to be a little crazy; it is they who burst the hoops off of the world that the respectable characters have fashioned and give it a chance to expand into something better. The prodigious harm that Prohibition has done is a warning against legislation devised by respectable characters.

But will Mr. Wickersham's Commission say so?



Personal and Otherwise



IT WAS as a supremely skilful translator and interpreter of the Greek classics that *Gilbert Murray*, Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, first became known throughout the English-speaking world. In recent years he has been actively interested in international affairs; since 1923, as president of the League of Nations Union, he has been one of the leading English advocates of the League idea. The temper of such recent books of his as *The Ordeal of This Generation* (published last summer) is sufficient guaranty that whatever Professor Murray has to say on the ethical dilemma of our times will be wisely and lucidly said.

Another distinguished English writer, *Stella Benson*, contributes the first story of this issue. She is the author of *Worlds Within Worlds*, *The Poor Man*, *Pipers and a Dancer*, *The Little World*, etc., and has recently appeared in *HARPER'S* with several short stories, of which the first was "The Man Who Missed the Bus" (an extraordinary piece of work the meaning of which baffled many a reader), and the most recent was "Submarine."

The Senatorial investigations of lobbying and lobbyists have produced considerable confusion in the public mind, and apparently in certain Senatorial minds as well. We can hardly determine what the rights and limitations of business lobbyists should be until we have settled the question which *Charles A. Beard* asks in the title of his article, and answers in its text. Doctor Beard's answer is based on exhaustive historical knowledge and genuine political understanding. He was formerly professor of politics at Columbia; his books on American and European history and government include *The Rise of American Civilization* (produced in collaboration with his wife, Mary R. Beard), one of the best American histories ever written; and he has served as consultant to more than one

foreign country in matters of governmental organization. Doctor Beard wrote for us last year a series of articles on conditions in contemporary Europe.

Readers of *HARPER'S* are so well acquainted with the work of *Wilbur Daniel Steele* that they hardly need to be reminded that he is the author of *Meat* and of many brilliant short stories (many of which have been collected in *The Man Who Saw Through Heaven* and in his new volume, *Tower of Sand and Other Stories*). Mr. Steele is now spending the winter in Charleston, South Carolina.

Margaret Culkin Banning's name is almost equally familiar to an audience which has read her articles on such topics as "Extra Ladies" and "The Plight of the Spinster," and her many *HARPER* short stories. Mrs. Banning, who lives in Duluth, is also an able novelist; her latest novel is *Money of Her Own*.

Harold J. Laski was still in his twenties when *The Problem of Sovereignty and Authority in the Modern State* won him a reputation as one of the most brilliant living scholars in the science of government. He was for a time lecturer in history at McGill and at Harvard, but since 1920 he has been connected with the London School of Economics, and he is now—at thirty-six—professor of political science in the University of London. Last June he contributed to *HARPER'S* an eloquent paper on "The Dangers of Obedience."

An old acquaintance, Monsieur Georges, continues his career of crime in the second story of the month, and brings back *Gordon Arthur Smith* for one of his all too infrequent appearances in *HARPER'S*.

Alicia O'Reardon Overbeck ought to know what miners think of women and children, for as the wife of a geologist she has spent years in high-altitude mining camps in the Bolivian Andes. She has had one previous

article in the Magazine, "Life on the Hoof," which we published in October.

After the collapse of the stock market, many who had supposed themselves to be investors decided that they had been gamblers, and some who had intended gambling found themselves, as the phrase went, "unwilling investors." But where, after all, is the line to be drawn between speculation and gambling? And when is gambling permissible? *John T. Flynn* gives us this month his analysis of a difficult problem on which there is much violent disagreement. Mr. Flynn, who writes a daily business article for a large newspaper syndicate, has shown in several HARPER papers (such as "Our Courts and Free Speech" and "Government and Business") that he may be relied upon for intelligent and independent thought on business problems.

The indifference of most of us to any discussion of the Philippines is sublime; yet it is quite possible that some day our country might find itself drawn into a long and costly war to defend these islands. *Henry Cabot Lodge*, grandson of the late Senator Lodge, recently spent some time in the Philippines as a representative of the New York *Herald-Tribune*; and he now speaks plainly on what he considers the failure of the United States as a colonizing power. It will be interesting to see whether even his radical solution of the Philippine problem rouses any considerable number of us from our apathy.

If you know any young people who are planning to achieve fame and fortune on the concert platform, show them what *Jeanette Eaton* has to say on the bear market in concert opportunities. Miss Eaton, an able New York journalist, has based her article on the testimony of many a manager and musician, though naturally not all of them agree completely with her or with one another.

We conclude this month "A Buried Treasure," by *Elizabeth Madox Roberts*, the Kentuckian who wrote *The Time of Man*, *My Heart and My Flesh*, and *Jingling in the Wind*, and is now engaged on a new novel to be called *The Great Meadow*. For the benefit of readers who missed the beginning of the story in our December issue we offer the following brief synopsis:

Andy Blair and his wife Philadelphia, simple Kentucky country people, were digging in a field back of their house when they found a pot of gold buried in the earth. At first they thought they would invite all their friends in to celebrate their good luck, and they went so far as to invite several friends for a "surprise party" and to promise their young cousin Imogene a lavish wedding party if she should marry Giles Wilson. But as time went on, fear began to overtake them. Suppose the treasure should be stolen? Why on earth had they invited a lot of people to share their knowledge of it? Could they not work up some other "surprise" for their guests and thus keep this dangerous knowledge to themselves? They were in for the party and would have to go through with it, but they began to regard it with dread; and meanwhile they buried the pot of gold under the hearthstone, ignorant of the fact that a boy of sixteen named Ben Shepherd, wandering through the country, had actually seen them dig up the treasure and knew that it was gold.

As statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, *Louis I. Dublin* has at his disposal a mass of information about longevity which enables him to discuss with authority the effect of one's job on one's expectation of life. Doctor Dublin is the author of *Health and Wealth* and of several HARPER articles on related subjects.

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The poets of the month represent many parts of the country. *Granville Paul Smith*, a frequent contributor, teaches school in Charleston, South Carolina; *Helene Magaret*, who first appeared in HARPER's last February, is a Nebraskan; *Witter Bynner*, author of many a volume of verse and founder of the annual intercollegiate poetry contest which bears his name, lives in Santa Fe; *Florence Nash*, widely known as an actress (she played in "Within the Law" and "Merton of the Movies," starred in "Land of the Free," and a year or two ago starred with her sister Mary in "A Lady's Virtue"), represents New York; and *Agnes Kendrick Gray*, whose Gettysburg Sonnets many readers will recall, comes from Atlanta, Georgia.

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Stephen Leacock, professor of political economy at McGill University and author of

several of the most amusing books ever written on this continent, shares the pages of the *Lion's Mouth* with two other writers: **Samuel Johnson**, whose real name is not Samuel Johnson but who is really a college professor; and **Philip Wagner**, who lives in Schenectady, works for the General Electric Company by day, and does his lion-feeding by night.



Decaris, whose etching of St. Peter's appears as the frontispiece of this issue, was the youngest man ever to win the Grand Prix de Rome. This was ten years ago. He is now twenty-eight or nine, has spent four years in Rome, has gone through eighteen months of French military service, and is making himself one of the most important figures in French graphic art. Most of his work is done in etching or wash, and the boldness and grandeur of his Roman subjects have led critics to call him "the French Piranesi." Says Samuel Chamberlain of him: "He employs coarse triangular needles and burins . . . instead of the customary finer points. He forces his acids to be his potent allies, and his plates are bitten to an astonishing depth, so much so that only a clever printer can succeed in pulling unblurred proofs from them. An individuality of line and a richness of tone result from this, however, and distinguish the prints of Decaris wherever they are seen."



The November issue of **HARPER'S** attracted more attention and comment than any in a long time; and Mr. Duffield's article on "Mussolini's American Empire," which appeared in that issue, was not only quoted and discussed with extraordinary interest in publications throughout the country, but led to action by two governments.

On October 25 Secretary Stimson announced—we quote from an Associated Press dispatch—"that instructions have been sent to the American Embassy in Rome to take up with the Italian Government the question of impression (*sic*) of American citizens of Italian extraction into the military service of that country."

The next day, October 26, Nobile Giacomo

de Martino, Italian Ambassador to the United States, issued a statement denying that Premier Mussolini, Fascism, or the Fascist League of North America ever had opposed or attempted to thwart the Americanization movement. The Ambassador quoted a statement of Mussolini's made in January, 1928, expressing his belief that Italians who come to the United States should become naturalized. He continued:

The Italian military law which is attacked in the article is not a product of Fascism. It was promulgated long before the advent of Fascism and was enforced by previous Governments. It is not a system unique in the relations between the United States and Italy, such a system existing in numerous other countries.

For some months past there have been no instances of difficulties between the United States and Italy involving the question of military service under the so-called "dual citizenship." There is every reason to believe that cases which have arisen in the past will become less and less frequent in view of the broad international policy of Premier Mussolini.

The Ambassador's statement made no reference, so far as we are aware, to various other charges in the Duffield article.

On November 3—a little over a week later—the Embassy made another official statement, which was regarded as a definite promise by the Italian Government that in time of peace American citizens would not be forced into the Italian Army:

Agenzia Stefani has issued the following statement:

As it is known, the Fascist government, which has made every effort to develop or create a movement toward the motherland of Italians residing abroad, announced some time ago that no questions as to citizenship would be raised to travelers who, being born abroad of Italian parents, would arrive in Italy with passports issued by the authorities of their native land.

This statement, while giving reassurance as far as questions of citizenship are concerned, might have left a doubt that these same citizens of Italian origin born abroad might meet some difficulties if subject to military duties in Italy, and it is therefore opportune to make the following matters clear in the most absolute and final way.

1. Citizens residing abroad, by virtue of the law of December 24, 1928, N 2959, are exempted from

military service in time of peace until (*sic*) they reside abroad.

2. By virtue of the same law, in the event that they should come to Italy they are authorized to remain there in time of peace for a period of one year if residing in transoceanic countries; for a period of six months if residing in the Mediterranean countries; for a period of three months if residing in Europe, without being required to report themselves for military service during those periods.

3. Leaving aside the above mentioned provisions of the law, the Fascist government—upon examining the proportion between the result of the compulsory conscription and the actual military contingent approved by the financial laws—would have no interest to impose military duties in time of peace on citizens residing in far away countries, for instance transoceanic countries, in place of citizen residents of nearest countries if not altogether residents of Italy, and therefore, under all circumstances which are not of war, Italian citizens residing on the other side of the ocean, notwithstanding the kind of passport which they might present in Italy, whether issued by Italian authorities or by the authorities of the foreign country where they were born, cannot but be considered in excess of the necessity of the military service in time of peace, and therefore free from being molested in any way, as far as the military service duties are concerned, even past duties, provided they have no reference to time of war.

It will be noted that this statement expressly says that the promise will not be operative in time of war. Nor does it admit that a person born in the United States of Italian parents is anything but an Italian citizen, regardless of whether he is an American citizen under our laws and carries a United States passport. He is relieved of military duty in Italy in time of peace because he is "residing abroad" and because Italy has enough soldiers for peace-time needs anyhow.

The military status of Italian-Americans has been a question at issue between this country and Italy for some time; yet the appearance of this official governmental promise on November 3 may safely be attributed, we believe, to the influence of Mr. Duffield's article in HARPER'S.

The article led also to the introduction into

the Senate by Senator Heflin of a resolution requesting the Secretary of State to report to the Senate as soon as possible all information obtained by the Department with regard to Mr. Duffield's charges in HARPER'S. Senator Heflin spoke at some length on the subject. It was reported, too, that Senator Borah believed that the question of Fascist activities in America would have to be threshed out on the Senate floor and that he was disposed to raise the issue himself but was delaying the offensive in order not to complicate the coming naval conference.

Editorial comment on the article was widespread, and many editorials, notably those of the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Nation*, the *Milwaukee Journal*, and the *Christian Science Monitor*, suggested in varying terms that the Government should interest itself in the matter of Fascist activities.

Several leaders of the Fascist League of North America took notice of the article. According to the *Providence Journal*, Camillo Canali, general secretary of the League, said in a speech at Providence:

There is nothing secret or subtle about the Fascist League of North America or about the Fascist organizations that Mussolini heads. Anyone has access to the league's records and can join our ranks. The Fascisti oath has been printed hundreds of times in this country and it speaks for itself. It contains nothing opposed to this country.

When a child goes from his mother and is cared for by another, should he therefore forget all about his mother? That is the principle of the Fascist League here. We want to make men and women of Italian extraction good and loyal American citizens. But we also want to keep alive in them a proper love and regard for the land of their birth or the country of their fathers.

We regret that space is lacking to quote at length from this and many other comments on the article and the vital question with which it dealt, or to print any of the lively letters which we have received about "Our Island Universe, New York," "The Spanish Woman," and "Football on the Wane?" We hope to find room for some of these next month.





Norman Wilkinson

Pratt

THE PASSING OF THE "LION"

By Norman Wilkinson

Courtesy of the Harlow, McDonald Galleries



Harpers *Magazine*

DJOMBÉ RIVER

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART I

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

THE concession bungalow stood on the crest of a low hill which rose above the common level of the woods, so from the long verandah Totton could look westward across forty miles of unbroken forest. Only at rare intervals did the higher branches of some monster tree vary the smooth surface of the jungle roof. In the shadows of late afternoon and when the gray rains beat down, the panorama was like a dark and undulant meadow-land.

Half a mile below the hill Djombé River ran between towering walls of verdure, and around a bend upstream snarled down a steep cascade. Djombé River had decided the selection of the concession. In the roadless and sparsely peopled land it was the one highway. On its changes with the seasons depended every incident of life. In that colossal, voiceless, waiting world Djombé alone had mood and living force. Never for an hour could one forget or disregard it. Totton could hear the murmuring,

warning voice of Djombé's waters borne on every wind.

There were no white settlements nearer than the port of Molala two hundred and fifty miles away, a hard, twelve-days' foot-journey through the jungle. Except for a few natives who lived within the limits of the huge timber grant over which he ruled, Totton saw no one from one year's end to the next. But he had been a woodsman always, in Michigan, in Bolivia, in Siam, and at last in the West African Gaboon; and an isolation that for another man would have held endless terror was for him a not unfriendly commonplace.

Totton had lived alone on the hill for eight years before the work on the concession grew too considerable for him to cope with himself. At his request the company had then sent out Eugene Bryce to act as his assistant. Twenty-five years' difference in age and experience kept them from deep intimacy. But for a year they had lived together

in the bungalow, sat out the months of rain, and then worked side by side for the long months of unremitting sun.

Totton came on to the verandah and, with hands deep in the pockets of his faded khaki trousers, looked out under the ragged, overhanging thatch. The long drought had broken in a thunderous rain that streamed down from a lowering sky all the early afternoon, but now, at sunset, the piling clouds were rumbling away southward. The temperature had dropped twenty degrees and the jungle below him, shining gold and green amid the flowing shadows of the sunset, seemed to stir with renewed vitality. Grass clumps in the yard bent and whispered in a fragrant wind.

Totton walked down the moist clay path to a patent rain gauge which stood on a post near the hibiscus hedge. He looked at the indicator and nodded when the reading confirmed his guess. He flung the water on the ground and carefully readjusted the iron cups. He lifted his head and listened attentively. Djombé River, he knew from long experience, rose quickly when the rains began. The hour of dusk always gave curious clarity to sounds, but the distant roar of Djombé Falls was surely louder than it had been in the morning. . . . He'd better, he reflected, send young Gene down both banks to see that none of the squared timbers were too close to flood-line. It was a nuisance when they were carried away.

Behind him the squat mass of the bungalow was already dark. Someone came on the porch with a lantern.

"That you, Gene?" Totton called.

"Sure thing!"

"You'd better tell Aloki to put the net over the table. That rain'll bring out all the bugs to-night."

Bryce hung the lantern on a hook and came down the steps.

"I've already told him, Jeff. How much did it rain?"

"I figure it about an inch. Maybe a little less."

"I didn't think it was as much as that. I suppose, then, I'd better have a look downstream to-morrow?" Bryce suggested.

"I was just going to tell you."

They fell silent, together watched the dwindling, roseate torches in the west. Totton was tall, broad-shouldered and wirily built. He carried his fifty-one years with casual ease. Bryce was shorter, stouter, and twenty-five. His skin had not yet darkened from the equatorial sun.

Aloki, their negro servant, came out to the porch, trailing a quantity of white mosquito bar. Bryce groped in a breast pocket for cigarettes, took one and lighted it. He nodded over his shoulder.

"Robinson Crusoe notched a stick, but I can tell time from that net thing. I've been here just a year. Remember the night I set fire to it with a butt?" He waved his cigarette.

"You shouldn't smoke, Gene," Totton said soberly. "Save your money instead."

Bryce laughed but found no adequate reply.

Totton nodded. "All right. All right. Do as you like." He slapped his own cheek. "Here they come. Let's get inside."

They walked slowly toward the house. A sickle moon had shown above the horizon, and the top of the forest was painted in tarnished silver radiance. A faint clatter of dishes from the cook-house behind the bungalow, the distant roar of the falls, and the faint shrilling of cicadas in the wood were the only sounds in all their world. They stopped at the foot of the three board steps. Bryce flipped his cigarette away. It made an arc of tiny flame and vanished. "All very pretty, Jeff, but how have you stood it?"

"You're restless because this job isn't your last. It is mine."

"Rot!"

Totton shook his head. "Don't say that. It is."

Bryce's face lighted. "Oh, I get you. Well, that's a good ambition."

"It's mine. I'm tired. I've had thirty years of the tropics, and it's time for some other kind of life. I want to see some people."

"Some women, huh?"

Totton considered. "I don't think so. Not especially. Not when you get as old as I."

Gene took him affectionately by the arm. "Glad to hear that, Grandpa! You'll be safe to have around the house then if my girl comes out."

Bare feet padded softly along the boards and stopped behind them.

Jeff turned. "Chop ready?"

"Chop ready, massa." Aloki disappeared into the dim interior of the house.

The net hung at the corner of the porch. The homemade wooden table with its plates of steaming soup, the two straight chairs, and the shaded lamp were inside. As they finished each course they put the dirty dishes on the floor, and Aloki slid fresh courses under the net to them.

They said little until the meal was over. There was rarely very much to say. When the boy began to clear away each went to his own room to find materials for the occupation of the evening. Days on the concession began by morning starlight, so the after-supper hours were not formidable.

Bryce reappeared with a tin writing box. Totton, elbows on table and the fingers of his left hand tangled in his sandy hair, leafed through the pages of a heavy ledger, compared it with a smaller book, made occasional notations.

Bryce broke a long silence. "Listen, Jeff." He leaned back in his chair. Totton's eyes lifted at once and he struggled to impart a look of friendly interest to his impassive face. A year with the younger man had given him an unhappy sense of his own failure as a companion. He felt his taciturnity, the accumulated speechlessness of the soli-

tary years that loomed behind him had withered all intimate, important speech. He tried to think of something kind to say, failed, and kept silent. The affairs of the younger man did not interest him. They were so remote and effected him so little.

Bryce cleared his throat uneasily. "Remember before supper I made a crack about my girl coming out? I wasn't altogether kidding. Maybe she will."

He stroked his round chin. "I've just been reading her letters over"—he indicated a pile of worn envelopes on the table—"and maybe I better tell you about it."

Totton lodged a brown forefinger as place-marker in the book before him. "Go ahead."

"I don't want to bore you with my own personal affairs, but I've done something that you ought to know about . . . I don't know as you'll remember . . . I must have told you something about her. . . . Anyway, Marion and I've known each other about all our lives, but we weren't engaged or anything till I got out of Forestry School at Syracuse. I worked then for a while, you know, for the State Park Commission and lived at home."

"You've asked her out here?"

"Yes, in a way . . ." Bryce reddened. "Give me a chance. Her father, old Doctor Crawley, is a little queer. Marion's mother died when she was a little girl, and she's sort of taken care of him all her life. So when we got engaged we didn't tell anybody. We both knew we couldn't marry or anything till her old man died . . .

"Well," Gene put his elbows on the table and shielded his eyes from the lamp, "Well, a few months ago I got to thinking. Suppose Crawley checked out now—what would she do? She hardly knows anybody but me; and I bet you Crawley's never saved any money. So I wrote her a letter and told her if anything happened—I put it that way, understand?—she was to

cable me and come out here. . . . You'd like her, I think. She's had such a rotten life any fellow'd be sorry for her. . . . I hope you're not sore, Jeff?"

"Why, no."

Bryce's round, faintly girlish face lifted and he leaned back. He fumbled in his shirt pocket for a handkerchief and wiped the sweat from his throat. There was no longer any wind, and the night was hot. "When do you figure the runner from Molala will be here?"

Totton stroked the hollow of one cheek with a rigid forefinger. "Tomorrow or next day, I guess. Unless the river holds him up. Why?"

"Maybe there's a letter from Marion. Last one, eight weeks ago, she said the doctor was pretty bad. And the mails are so slow anything may happen." Bryce looked appealingly across the table. "Listen, will it be all right, Jeff? With you, I mean? I should have said something long ago, I suppose."

Totton carefully closed his two ledgers and laid one on the other. "I couldn't think of anything righter." He cleared his throat awkwardly. "Anything at all I can do, I guess you know me well enough. . . ." He rose stiffly to his feet, keeping his head bent to avoid contact with the net. "We can talk about it some more when you get your next letter. Good night."

"Thanks, Jeff, I'm going to sit up a little while longer."

Totton groped for the bottom of the mosquito bar and stooped under. The boards of the verandah creaked as he walked away.

Gene idly finished his cigarette and ground it out in a dirty saucer. His young, pudgy hands hovered undecidedly over the pile of letters and then fell into his lap. He knew everything in them. There was no point in going over the same ground all over again. . . . He pursed his lips to whistle, after a few notes tapered to a halt. The sound of his own voice suddenly let into his

consciousness again that vast, pervading voice that never ceased. Djombé River far away in the darkness seemed to fill the solitude with a sound as of the beating of immense gray wings. . . . The jungle night closed in on him like a huge and sweaty hand. With timorous fingers he gathered his things, took up the lamp and went into the house to bed.

Aloki, who lived in a tiny native settlement behind the hill, had a tin alarm clock which went off at five. Coming to the doorway of his hut, he blew three braying notes on a greasy buffalo horn, and the two white men at the bungalow, hearing it, awoke. At five-thirty Aloki brought coffee, fried yams, and bread to the verandah table, and the two men ate. Totton broke the silence.

"Look here, Gene. That messenger will probably show up sometime this morning, and you'll want to see your mail right away. Why don't you cut those small mahoganies above the falls? Then Aloki can run down and tell you when the boy comes. I'll make fast downstream. No use in your going so far."

"Thanks, old man."

Totton went into the house and came out with a ragged cork helmet on his head. His heavy boots clattered down the steps and crunched the earth of the path. In a moment he had gone down the hill.

Behind the bungalow the sun was rising and the darkness swiftly brightened to an orange glow. Bryce lighted a second cigarette and called for more coffee. It would seem strange, he reflected, to have Marion at the bungalow. If things should work out that way. He ran his fingers through his wispy yellow hair. Golly, it would seem funny.

Aloki brought the coffee in a crackled zinc pot streaked with wood smoke. He poured it and went away. Bryce leaned over to drink, and the warm steam rose into his face. He sneezed slightly, and his eyes dimmed. He kept his head bent. His lips trembled.

There was no getting round it, the

year at the bungalow had been pretty bad . . . with no fun, no girls, no one to talk to. . . . There was Jeff, of course. . . . Gene looked out into the clear morning. There wasn't a finer man alive than Jeff, but . . . but—an idea came to him. But Jeff had everything in order. He knew just what he was going to do. Maybe that was the great difference between them, the thing that kept them apart.

Bryce finished his coffee, found his helmet, and walked slowly along the narrow forest trail toward the falls. The jungle was so dense he could not see Djombé River until he thrust aside the giant ferns and grasses. But the sound of the rush and wash of the water where the swollen flood bent over black stones was so compelling that unconsciously he quickened his pace. One always seemed to come upon Djombé River suddenly, so gigantic was the snarl and shock of it. With lips parted and vaguely frightened eyes, he gazed at the sweeping yellow torrent between the high, still walls of green. He laughed ruefully.

Djombé River, too, had plans.

Totton's laborers, a shivering, sleepy group of negroes in dirty loin cloths, were waiting for him in the gloomy shadows near the river bank. Shapeless dark figures in the dark, they sat quiet until he had passed them, then rose and followed.

At this point Djombé River narrowed, and a trough-shaped bridge of woven vines swung high above the current. The structure was suspended from the branches of trees by myriad extensions of the liana ropes. One climbed up to it by a rough ladder of exposed roots. His hands holding the loose, sheerly sloping sides, Totton crossed until he stood above midstream. The negroes behind him, silent and unquestioning, stopped when he did, and the creaking swing of the bridge gradually subsided. At this hour the river, catching the reflection of the dawn, ran like molten gold. Absently, Totton tore off a strip

of withered bark and let it zigzag down. For an instant it seemed to hover reluctantly, then was seized and swirled away. His gray, quiet eyes followed it, and he made a slight gesture of his head, as if in friendly affirmation.

Old Djombé knew its business. There wasn't any stopping Djombé.

That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea . . .

The savor of the unspoken words lingered with a kind of fragrance in his mouth. He grinned slightly at the poem's irrelevance. There wasn't much weary about Djombé River, not up here in middle course. . . . Well, he was in mid-course, too. Fifty-one was nothing. If Djombé River's destination was the sea, so it was his . . . the sea and the lands beyond it. They'd worked together pretty well, and the partnership might as well go on farther . . . down to the sea. It wouldn't be much longer. A check-up of accounts the night before had shown that. There was nearly enough saved to get away. Enough really to start life on after thirty years of saving, waiting. He squared his shoulders smilingly, staggered to balance again, and continued over the bridge.

The timber trails all radiated from the river, none followed it; so to save time they kept along the bank, chopping through an entanglement of high grass, brambles, and stunted palms. Totton kept a little ahead, hacking viciously with a machete at tripping vines.

As the sun rose the jungle steamed; by ten the heat had blanketed the land with utter stillness. They saw a sleeping python wrapped in the branches of a sapling, ignored it, and kept on. Once a gorilla jumped screaming from concealment and flung away across a clearing into a bamboo brake. Sweat poured down Totton's cheeks, his shirt grew clammy, his boots squished with water. He was panting, and one forearm bore a long, red, oozing scratch. Yet he was filled with a sensation of immense well-being.

He hoped Gene's girl did come out, he thought. Be kind of interesting. He seized a vine overhead with one arm, with a grunt swung himself high into the air and safe across the bulk of an old fallen tree. Fifty-one was nothing! He'd like to see any youngster do better than that!

They reached the first of the clearings where the squared logs were piled. Djombé River had already crept a dozen feet up the sloping bank. Jeff swung his boot through the lapping shallows and a fan of silver water rainbowed in the sun. He smiled with grim friendliness. What a fierce old bastard of a river it was! Never let you forget it, never. It was fun to see who'd win.

Totton returned to Bungalow Hill—Lolill, the natives called it—in mid-afternoon two days later. Bryce, to his mild surprise, came hurrying down the yard. He called out when they were still twenty feet apart:

"She's coming, Jeff! . . . I guess I had a mental wave or something." His tone changed with sudden concern. "You look tired, old boy, have hard going?" His hand hovered to take Totton's arm, then dropped ashamedly to his side.

"You go to hell, young fellow!"

He sat on the top step, stretched out his muddy legs, and leaned back on his elbows. Bryce stood facing him.

"Get your letter?"

"Yes." He had lost eagerness. "Got a letter three weeks old and a cable seven weeks old. And, believe me, not any too soon, either of 'em. I got to start for Molala to-morrow first thing, Jeff. I ought to have started yesterday, but I didn't know where I could locate you."

"Get the logs down?"

Bryce stroked his hair carefully back from his forehead. "I got some of them, Jeff. But I've been kind of busy since I got the letters. I've been packing and—good Lord, any boss'll give a fellow a day off to get married!"

Totton nodded, eyes on his boots. "Sure."

Bryce fidgeted. "I'll have to take that falls gang as carriers down and back," he said. "All right? It'll only take me about a month both ways. You can get on, can't you?"

Totton nodded again. "How do you figure a month? You mean she's on her way now? Right now?"

Gene went into the bungalow and came out with the despatch box. He sat on the top step and took out a cable form. "Look at this."

Totton took it. "Am coming SS *Fernand Vaz* thank you Marion" it read. Curious to say "Thank you" in a cable.

"The letter," Bryce lifted a fat envelope, "got to Molala later, but she sent it long before, of course. Funny we should have figured it out so close." He stopped, gazing abstractedly into the shimmering brightness of the afternoon. "Well, anyway, her old man had been buried a week when my letter got there. Passed out from a hemorrhage in his head somewhere. She says," he wiggled the envelope in the air, "my letter came just at the right minute. She'd been to see their lawyer, and she'd found there wasn't any money. She wrote to say she'd take me up."

There was a pause. Totton still considered his boots. Bryce, dampened, got to his feet. "Well, as near as I can figure it out, the *Fernand Vaz* gets in in about two weeks. I'll just about catch it if I start to-morrow. Then we'll come straight back here." He stopped. The faint roar of the falls seemed to fill the pause insistently.

"Wish to God she'd picked another time of year. That river's getting pretty high."

Totton roused himself. "I guess you can make it. . . ." He craned his head around to look up into Bryce's face. "Look here, Gene." He slapped the boarding lightly with his palm. "Sit down another minute. Tell you what I'll do. I thought of something while

I was away. You remember the other day I said this was my last job? That I was planning to quit? Well, I've figured the money even closer and I'm settled in my mind now I'm leaving the end of the next Long Dries. . . . What I mean is, you can have my job. The pay's a little better, and you two ought to get on fine." He hesitated. "That's all the wedding present I'll be able to give you. You know why. I'm quitting."

Bryce began to stutter his thanks.

"Sure . . . If you're going in the house tell Alok I want a hot bath."

They stood in the dewy darkness near the hedge. The carriers were already well ahead along the trail. The two men shook hands.

"Any errands, Jeff?"

"Nothing I can think of. Give my regards to Judge Morin when you see him. You'd better let him marry you."

"I'll do that. So long."

"So long."

Bryce reached Molala at dusk the twelfth day from Lolill. The slovenly French traders and some officials of the port were already gathering on the latticed concrete terrace of the Hotel Grand. The pounding of a hidden donkey engine that supplied current to the festoons of electric bulbs mingled with the clink of glasses and the hum of voices. Bryce, footsore, soggy with sweat and the violent rain of the last afternoon, surveyed the scene with a vague smile of anticipation. He found the manager and was given a bleak, pink-kalsomined room under the tin roof. In an hour, shaved, bathed, and dressed in a suit of trunk-wrinkled whites, he came down and stood hesitant on the last step. The narrow open terrace, the bare bulbs, the faded people, the unsure, hurrying negro waiters, and behind all the looming shadow of the equatorial dark gave him a sense of deep excitement. He sought, self-consciously, for a familiar face.

A loud, unctuously rounded voice hailed him by name, and he turned to see a stocky figure disengaging itself from a confusion of chairs about a table. It was Jeff's friend Morin, Judge of the Molala Circonscription.

They shook hands. Bryce was swept into the circle and, while Morin's introductions alternated confusedly between French and English, he eyed the group with furtive curiosity. The men, apparently, were officials; the two fat women with sticky powder on their throats were obviously wives. The resolute looking blonde girl on his left, with the high cheek bones, red lips, and appraising eyes, he couldn't quite place. He took the chair someone scraped forward and examined her through the corner of his eye.

Morin caught the look. "Mademoiselle Nelly, Monsieur Bryce," he explained in a voice audible the length of the café, "you do not know, has been proposed for a ribbon of the Legion?"

"That so?"

The others paused expectantly. "For distinguished colonial service. She has kept more men in Gaboon than palm oil."

The girl, her smile undamaged, flicked Morin's cheek with a soiled handkerchief and spat a swift French sentence at him. The group laughed.

A hatchet-faced young man leaned forward. "Monsieur, you have come from the interior? Have the rains begun?"

Bryce nodded. "Yes, sir. They're early this year. I've never seen Djombé quite so high this time before."

The questioner nodded and relaxed.

Judge Morin explained again. "Monsieur is the Chief of the Marine."

The conversation flooded back into the more familiar tongue and left Gene stranded. In a moment the café boy brought a bottle of White Horse and a tall tumbler of ice. He poured and drank slowly to cover his awkwardness. After a whole year of no one but Jeff it made him clumsy-handed to be with strangers.

He became conscious that the girl beside him was eyeing him. Favorably, he felt. He turned.

"I spik English," she whispered.

Bryce bent nearer, his placid face flushed. Electric lights, ice, and a swell blonde!

"He says," she nodded with an air of tolerant proprietorship toward Morin, "that for one year you have been in the boosh? So?"

Bryce agreed, bracing his shoulders a little. She somehow made him seem romantic.

Mademoiselle Nelly leaned across him and sloshed his glass full. Her shoulder touched his.

"How hard it must be for a fine American boy all alone for one year?" Her hard blue eyes glistened, calculating.

"It is, sort of."

Morin was in full career and the rest were silently attentive. The girl put her hand on Gene's arm to silence him. She listened. Occasionally her fingers tensed intimately. Bryce, once more quarantined, attained the bottom of the immense tumbler of whiskey. A fellow, he told himself elaborately, had to be fit to get through a drink like that.

Morin finished and said to Gene in English, "I am telling them about our friend Jeff. What a remarkable man he is. How he has a fixed idea. That he has sacrificed all, women, pleasure, everything, that he may one day live. How relentlessly—how shall I say it?—he has postponed life. It is true, is it not? Yes?" Morin's voice had leveled, was streaked with somber envy.

"I guess that's so."

Bryce's head was swimming. They smiled at him and went on with their talk. The girl edged her chair closer. Her white-stockinged, muscular leg touched his.

"You stay in Molala a long time?"

He looked at her, striving to make each glance conquering. His eyes felt hot.

"Not so long. I just came down to meet the mail boat, then I'm going

right back. I sort of have to hurry home, now the river's rising. The trail keeps on crossing it. . . . I'm meeting a . . . a fellow," he added. He blinked. Why had he said that? Well, it was none of their business.

"The *Fernand Vaz*? It comes to-morrow morning! I am soo sorry," Miss Nelly murmured. Her head was so close he could feel her warm breath. Her reddened lips moved stealthily, with infinite suggestion.

He gaped at her, recovered himself, and they began to talk together in low tones.

A platter of sandwiches appeared, and Bryce ate with such stumbling greediness they laughed at him. Now and then, like a rhyme, the words "Marion, mailboat, to-morrow" would bubble through his mind, and with a petulant thrust he would put the matter away. There was plenty of time for that. The hours waned.

A phonograph played and a half-dozen couples dined between the tables, feet scraping sandily on the cement. Nelly had a fierce ardor when she danced. She alone among the women on the floor did not sweat greasily on forehead, upper lip, and in a slow rivulet down the groove between her breasts. She told Gene he danced better than any man in Gaboon. She smiled her admiration of the American gift for drinking whiskey instead of wine.

The gramophone at last gurgled to a halt, and the hotel manager ostentatiously slammed down the lid. One by one the people at the other tables finished their little drinks and went away. At eleven the string of bulbs dimmed to an orange glow, blazed to sudden whiteness, and went out. The pounding of the distant donkey engine wheezed to silence. A smoky lantern at the foot of the stairs that led to the upper rooms made a splotch of dim light in the darkness.

The curfew was accepted uncritically. The two wives had been yawning with stout abandon. They rose. All shook hands elaborately.

"Come to the Tribunal to-morrow," Judge Morin urged. "We will lunch together and talk." The deep shadows of the sleeping town enveloped them. The voices faded away. Feet crunched faintly in the gravel road between the bordering palms, then became inaudible.

Gene stood by the steps, swaying slightly. With vague confusion he realized Mam'selle Nelly still remained.

She took his arm familiarly. "You stay in this hotel, too, hein?" She kept one arm linked with his but stretched with the other, leaning back her head so the coarse bobbed hair hung in a massy silhouette behind.

"I am soo sleepy," she murmured. "Let us go up?"

An oily whirlpool swam round again in Bryce's head. They climbed the stairs. Caution was needed not to stumble. His heart beat with an insistent thudding. With meticulous care he wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead.

"That's the worst of these coast towns," he explained. "Up in the bush you get a good cool breeze in the evenings, anyway."

Mam'selle Nelly did not reply.

The narrow upper hallway was illumined only by a tiny night wick on a table. Gene reached the door of his own room, and by unflexing his elbow disengaged his arm.

"Good night, Mam'selle. I certainly appreciate having met you."

"You not kiss me?" She moved close to him. His pent-up breath released with a faint moan, and his arm went round her. Her mouth was soft, compelling.

She stirred against him with a motion that flung the blood booming in his temples.

"We make love, hein?" she whispered. "After one long year?" He closed her mouth with his lips, nodding.

The door was just behind. They turned and stumbled in.

Gene came drowsily awake at dawn. The patch of sky through the unglassed window was a radiant blue, and across it trailed rose-gray wisps of cloud. The subdued voices of the hotel servants came up from the yard. There was everywhere a sense of stir and joy and summer morning. His eyes opened and surveyed the yellowed, ragged mosquito net on its suspended frame.

Damn it, he thought. Forgot to put it down. What a fool trick. Have a shot of fever sure. . . . He stretched, conscious of delicious relaxation. In mid-stretch he remembered, with a jerk sat upright, and swung his feet to the floor. He glanced hastily around the room. She'd gone.

Good Lord! The clarity of the first waking instant grayed into confusion. His eyes dimmed with shame, self-pity, and, uncontrollably, his lips curled with pride. He found his watch amid the pile of clothes on the floor. 6:15. He jumped up.

God! there was no telling how soon the boat would be in. He went to the window and looked out. The harbor was hidden by the green tops of palms.

A cracked mirror hung over the washstand, and for a long minute he examined his flushed face and tousled yellow hair. The image smirked back reassuringly.

"Oh, what the hell!" he said aloud. The sound of his own voice made him redden. He bellowed into space for the house-boy to run a bath and bring breakfast to his room.

An hour later in a clean suit, his helmet wetly blue from fresh pipe-claying, Gene emerged in the hot morning sunlight of the deserted terrace. Two café waiters in white uniforms sat dozing against the stucco wall, their brown faces turned imperturbably toward the sun.

He hesitated, looking doubtfully down the shady road. A ragged negro passed with a wheelbarrow, then a fat little Frenchman in moist negligé shirt and *cloche* helmet. Gene found a cigarette, lighted it, and smoked it halfway through.

Then he flung it into the road and sought the manager of the hotel.

He arranged for a second bedroom. Under the circumstances. Only for a couple of nights, at most, he explained with needless care. He was expecting a friend, a lady. Djombé River was rising, and they couldn't fool around.

He left the hotel again and sauntered through the shaded streets toward the waterfront. The clerk of the steamship office was breakfasting behind the lattice of an upstairs verandah. In halting English he shouted down the necessary information. The *Fernand Vaz* had arrived off the bar at daybreak. The tug would reach the quay by nine.

Gene thanked him, followed a steep path that led between two warehouses to the waterfront and found a place at the end of the mail wharf where he could wait. A moored lighter cast a narrow patch of shade.

Except for the intermittent babbling of some negroes rolling palm-oil casks in front of a trader's factory and the splutter of an occasional auto, the waterside was silent. The low iron sheds, the moored dugouts, the rusty, mud-trapped lighters, and the withered palms seemed to shrink beneath the molten pressure of the sky. The tide ran out, and the river tugged and whispered at the loose piles of the wharf.

Struggling with a mood of depression, Bryce got up, walked over the coarse boarding and stood staring toward the sea. It was hard to accept that this was Djombé River, this flat, bright serenity that fanned out seaward through the dark lines of bordering mangroves. . . . Once Jeff, he remembered, had said a harbor was a river in old age.

A speck in the distance shaped out of the heat fog and grew. Gene removed his helmet and wiped his sweating forehead with nervous care. It was the tug. Marion was coming.

A colored clerk from the postoffice, dressed with slightly shapeless perfection in white drill, joined him on the pier. They engaged in desultory, mutually

wearisome talk. With maddening sloth the tug drew nearer. Soon they were joined by a half-dozen whites, the men lank, bearded, malarial, the women too fat, too pale, and powder-sticky from the heat. An amorphous, casual company of slinking natives soon filled the wharf. Waterside stirred in anticipation.

The squat tug came up and smashed creakingly against the piles so that the waiting crowd stumbled and nearly lost foothold. It drifted to position and, amid a deafening confusion of shouts, made fast.

Bryce moved forward. A gigantic, ruddy French official in khaki and greasy helmet stepped heavily to the dock and turned aside. Marion appeared behind him.

In an instant her hands were in his.

"Hello, Gene," she said.

"Hello!" He smiled with stiff self-consciousness. Good Lord, he'd forgotten how pretty she was. And she was an inch taller than he, of course.

Her eyes—he'd never properly realized before how darkly blue they were—sought his. Bryce's glance sped uneasily about them and he blushed hotly. The unfamiliar, noisy crowd seemed to stare and smirk. A gaping negro face came close to his for an instant. This girl who had come to marry him seemed a stranger like the rest. Her half-forgotten prettiness increased his embarrassment. A white French face leered at them and he stiffened.

"Aren't you going to kiss me?" she asked.

He pecked at her mouth, and was a little frightened at the clinging passion of her response. Someone brushed against them so violently they staggered. He acutely realized they were in the way.

Bryce became loudly, cheerily busy about the baggage.

No power on earth could have induced the moist *douanier* to question Madame's baggage. In a few minutes the formalities of the port were completed, and Marion's trunks were on their way to the hotel.

They stood facing each other, smiling fleetingly, suddenly alone. The heat, reflected from the iron wall of the customs barn, from the gravel road, from their white clothes and helmets, was like the throbbing exhaust from a great machine.

She was slenderer than he, he realized, and a little taller. About her mouth there was a look of mingled childish wonder, gaiety, and of an insubstantial fear. There were tired, careworn little lines at the corners of her eyes. Her hips were narrow, her white hands delicate.

A thousand things were crowding to her lips, but she made him speak first.

"Shall we walk around for a while or do you want to go up right away?" he asked.

Her eyes, wide with curiosity, drank in the scene around them. "No, indeed."

Bryce cleared his throat, on a note of gaiety which startled him by its unnecessary volume, and said, "I tell you. If you haven't anything better to do just now, we might take a walk up to the Tribunal and see a friend of mine." He took her arm. "I don't know what your plans are, but I'm going to get married!"

She smiled back at him. "I wouldn't miss it for anything. I suppose I'm invited?"

With wide, elaborate gestures, a mannerism unnatural to him, Gene began to point out the streets and buildings and to name the kinds of trees.

The Tribunal of Molala, a two-storey stucco building overshadowed by big trees smelled of sun on stone and rain-drenched leaves and ink and dust. Their feet clattered noisily in the deserted cement corridor. They reached an unvarnished wooden door marked with black letters, "*M. le Juge de la Circonscription.*"

Gene lifted his hand to knock. "All set?" he whispered. His voice shook uncontrollably.

"Wait a minute." She stayed his hand with her fingers. "Gene . . .

are you sure you want to . . . sure? You aren't just being sorry for me?"

He stepped back instinctively at the impassioned earnestness that overlaid her words. His shoddy, joking air fell miserably away.

"Question is, do you want to?" he said thickly. "I'm darned if I know why anyone should . . ."

"Oh, so much!"

"Here goes, then," he rapped smartly on the door.

"*Entrez!*"

Judge Morin in moist shirt-sleeves, a limp cigarette dangling from his mouth, sat at a hacked and ink-stained table. He rose with a stare of undisguised astonishment, recovered himself quickly, and greeted them. He ushered them ceremoniously to seats and returned to his own chair.

As they began to explain his look traveled slowly between them. He leaned forward, hands on knees, a stout, gentle, vivid little man with thinning hair. Now and again he smiled brilliantly at Marion, occasionally interpolated a questioning word until he had it all. He succeeded in drawing forth a far more elaborate history than they had at first intended.

At the end Judge Morin asked a question. By his manner he somehow robbed it of any rudeness.

"Mademoiselle, if you will pardon me, at the moment how much money have you? In an emergency what amount could you possibly command? In the whole world? I feel, please, that I should like to know?"

She blushed slightly. "Perhaps a hundred dollars, Judge Morin. No more."

He nodded briskly and got up. "Very well, then."

He got a dilapidated, cloth-bound book from a high shelf and indicated that they should stand up. Sand-dry termites' eggs trickled from the rotting binding as he turned the pages. He stepped into the gloomy, leaf-filtered light near the open window.

Judge Morin read in rapid French, then translated each passage freely into English. They responded confusedly. At last he closed the volume, returned it to its shelf, and looked at them.

"Very good. You are married, then. My best wishes and my congratulations. This is perhaps not entirely legal and in order, but I am in a position to make it so. You are staying at the Grand? Then I will call upon you this evening for your signatures to the proper papers." He took Marion's hands.

"We do things carelessly in Africa, Madame Bryce, but we get them done." He stooped, kissed her fingertips, then straightened up again. His kind eyes seemed unwilling to let her go.

"You have come to a difficult land, my dear," he said. "It is a country of great forests, great rivers, and for the most part very little human men. . . . Again my best wishes. And if at any time? . . . You understand me? I shall be here forever, I think. And always shall I be at your service."

He dismissed them with a bow. They shook hands, exchanged the trivial courtesies, and Marion stepped into the corridor. Morin detained Bryce with a touch.

The judge spoke in a precise, biting undertone, "Last night, my friend, I think you were a very dirty little pig. Good morning!"

The two café boys still sprawled dozing against the hotel wall. It was not yet eleven, and they had not stirred.

They climbed the steps in silence. The upper corridor, chill and echoing in the shuttered daytime twilight, was deserted. Bryce fumbled with a heavy key and opened a door.

"This is your room . . . I . . . I've got that one over there."

She looked at him steadily, and his face suffused a dull pink. He hurried on.

"I figured you'd be tired. And it's only for to-night. If you're willing I think we ought to start to-morrow. This is the beginning of our rainy season, you know."

Marion stepped past him into the room and pushed wide the shutters so the golden morning flooded in. For a moment she was silent, her back turned to him.

"I don't see why you think I'd be tired. I've done nothing for a month but sit still on that boat . . . but of course it's all right." Her voice seemed to hover between scorn and tears, but her face was averted and Gene, by the door, could not tell.

"Then how about starting up country to-morrow?"

"Of course. The sooner the better." She turned, leaned against the window-sill, and faced him. Pulling off her wide-brimmed hat, she tossed it on the bed. Her dark hair clung moistly to her temples. She stroked it back with her forefingers, kept them rigidly there for an instant as if to steady her eyes.

"Gene?"

"Yes?"

"After all, we have a job to do up there, haven't we?"

"Why, sure . . ."

"I mean—a job for me, too? Please, seriously." Her lips trembled. "If there's not, Gene, then I'm just a beggar and I'll die."

"Oh, for God's sake, Marion . . ." His hands lifted and he started toward her. An echo of Morin's words stabbed him and he halted clumsily. No, he couldn't touch her . . . not yet awhile. Something kept him rigid and impersonal. It was as if, illogically, the situation presented a problem of etiquette rather than emotion. Fellows at home were awkward in the presence of best girls. It was almost a tradition. He felt there must be exact and gallant things to say, if only he had not forgotten them. He elaborated lamely.

"Sure, of course. You'll be ever so much help to Jeff and me. You'll make everything different." It was difficult to see her face clearly as she stood there framed against the sky. He faltered, found a cigarette, and lighted it.

"Say, there's a German fellow I've got

to see about handling our logs when they come down. It won't take me more'n an hour. I guess you'll be glad of a chance to get your stuff unpacked and maybe wash up a little, huh?"

He broke a dull pause stutteringly.

"I . . . I tell you. We'll walk around town together all afternoon and see the sights. And shop. Might be a good idea if you bought some stuff, khaki and things, to make yourself some bush clothes when we get to Lolill. . . . You used always to be sewing."

They started inland in the middle of the morning, Bryce on foot and Marion in a pole chair carried by four men. There was no one to see them off. A departure for the hinterland has little glamour. It begins as it ends, merely a silent, trudging walk in the heat of tropic daytime.

A wide street intersects Molala and narrowing, stumbling a little, climbs a low hill behind the town. Turning, they looked for the last time down upon the white roofs and clustering trees of the port and out beyond over the shimmering mirror of Djombé River and the sea. The road dwindled to a footpath, and in another mile the sea and the town were a vague memory. The jungle had closed in. There was a flavor of rot and growth and everlasting summer. The air was gray-green; there were no sounds but the rhythmic pat-pat of the porter's feet and the far-away harsh cries of birds in the tops of trees.

Bryce, helmet pushed back, a folded handkerchief under the band to keep the sweat from his eyes, walked ahead, hands hanging. Perspiration streamed steadily down his face and dribbled itchy over his bare knees. He kept his eyes on the ground. The steady trudge, trudge through the steaming day left no energy or will for thought. . . . Far within his consciousness, hidden by the beat of blood in his cheeks and the hurt of his feet against the baking earth, was a sensation of gratitude at the postponement. For the time being. . . . Under

the circumstances . . . On safari it was too hot to finish sentences . . . or seek solutions . . . or to wonder.

Underwonder-underwonder-underwonder . . . like a drum, like a dry drum beat in sunlight, all thoughts resolved to empty words and words to stupid sounds. And the sounds beat time.

Marion's belongings had been repacked in six new tin boxes, each carried on the head of a Lolill porter. Four tall natives brought up the rear with the pole chair. She submitted to three hours of it but by mid-morning, feeling sore and giddy from the jerking, snapping motion of the seat, she stopped her men and got down. Grinning appreciatively, they hoisted the poles to easy balance on their skulls and trotted forward, the sweat glistening on their bare brown backs. She watched the play of their muscles and the twinkle of their thin legs until they vanished round a turn.

The sound of voices died away and loneliness, like a ghost, gathered huge and still around her. Now and then, somewhere in the green space, a leaf fluttered and there was a murmur like a living breath high overhead where the branches interwove. Lips parted, eyes shadowed with wonder, she stood still and savored it. An increased brightness up above was the only hint of sky.

She pressed her palms against her breasts, her face upturned. Here, she knew, she had come to beauty. Nothing, forever and ever, could rob her of that. After a moment, with a troubled, matter-of-fact little sigh she stuffed wandering bits of hair up under her helmet and began to walk.

At two o'clock they crossed Djombé River. A dugout canoe carried them, the porters, and the boxes over, three by three. A chain of twisted vines fastened to trees on either bank spanned the stream, a distance of more than thirty yards. A black ferryman stood forward in the dugout and dragged painfully hand over hand along the green, leaping cable, keeping the boat's nose upstream and sidling it slowly over.

Bryce, squatting in the bottom and clinging to the thwarts, explained:

"It's Djombé River, the same one that makes Molala a port. The damn' thing twists around so we have to cross it five times on this trip. And there aren't any more ferries after this one, either." His mouth weakly half-open, he looked apprehensively at the muddy water that rushed bubbling past the sides of the canoe. "If the rains haven't carried 'em away, there are some rotten native bridges, though."

The knotty black shoulders of the ferryman strained and heaved, jerked and heaved again. He sang a half-uttered, grunting song. Slowly the canoe edged over, keeling crazily.

"Our bungalow," Gene added, "is just by Djombé River. There's a big sort of cascade behind the hill and when you listen you can hear it always."

He fell silent. With wide eyes she gazed at the twirling, sliding water. The yellow river swept toward and past them with terrific force.

At the end of each day's march they stopped in native villages, huddled, secret little towns in forest clearings deep as wells and in the night as dark. Several families, with simple hospitality, would always vanish, leaving their beehive huts at the disposal of the travelers. Inasmuch as the diameter of a Gaboon native house rarely exceeded eight feet, it was found convenient to set up his cot in one and hers in another. By seven o'clock they had eaten their food and were asleep.

"Wait till we get to the bungalow . . ." Gene said.

And she, "When we get home."

They pressed on rapidly, starting early and halting late. There was real need for haste. Every afternoon dark clouds obscured the sun, the light darkened to dull green, and the sky poured down. Tiny dragged figures in the shining streaks of rain, they plodded on. The bubbling, tepid water, settling in the depression of the trail, fanned sloshing back from the push of their ankles. The

skin of their hands and feet puckered as from long submergence in a bath.

A week passed. Bryce always kept ahead, only mistily aware that Marion did not use her chair and walked alone behind the caravan. One fact, concise and terrible, filled his imagining.

The great rains of Africa had come. Never had he guessed they could be so violent. One reckoned rainfall at home by inches in a year, but here one measured by feet in a month. In each wet season water enough fell to cover the whole region to a depth of seven yards. That knowledge loomed in his mind with the hugeness of a fabled beast. And Djombé River, roaring toward the sea, was rising every hour. Four more times he knew it crossed their road. Then three times. Before this all personal things had insubstantial shape, seemed trivial. Later on there would be time.

The ninth morning he heard the rumble of it once again. The path crossed a native farm where burnt, felled trees, indeterminate and evil-shaped, sprawled in a black bed of mud and ashes. The sky was gray, and all distances were diffused in a fine drizzle.

The river lay beyond a clump of trees. When he had come through them he saw with a catch of the breath that the vine bridge, ordinarily twenty feet above the water, sprang and jerked as if it were alive. At one point in its natural sag the flood rushed through it inches deep.

Undecided, he peered into the dripping branches of the anchoring tree. Apparently the strands of liana were still firmly fixed.

When the file of porters came up he gestured vaguely and stood aside. The lead man, after one appraising look, picked his way up the root ladder, tested the bridge with one foot, and stepped out upon it. The rest followed. Gene watched, his fingernails forcing into his clenched palms. Midway the water lapped their knees, and the woven trough sagged dangerously. A few more paces and they had reached the other

side, were already walking on, quickly dwindling in the mist.

The four hammock men came up. Marion, her soaking clothes clinging to her body, was with them. They huddled uncertainly beneath the dripping leaves. The natives, puzzled, eyed the bridge and considered the awkward thing they carried.

"Do you want it?" Marion asked. Her voice was quietly practical. "Because I certainly don't. I hardly use it at all."

Gene wiped his hand across his mouth and shook his head. She nodded at the men. It occurred to Bryce that they had settled this matter long ago. The carriers hastily shouldered it, ran back down the path and, with a joyous heave, flung the thing into the grass.

He watched them stupidly. The lashing murmur of the river seemed to have dulled his senses. With a pang of fear and anger he realized Marion was already making her way over. The four men followed. He was the last to cross.

He was trembling and his face was red. Damn her, she didn't know the river like he did . . . it was her fault anyway, coming out without having sense enough to think of the time of year. . . .

A vision of her young body, her firm breasts, her slender hips, the shape of her thighs accentuated by the clinging cloth of her muddy dress, sprang into his mind and his veins throbbed. . . . No damn' use acting like a baby. He drew in his breath wheezingly. When they got to the bungalow . . .

His passion cooled. When they got to the bungalow, then he'd do anything for her. He sighed and flushed. What a stupid, embarrassed beginning they had made—that business in Molala, then the walk, and the rain, and the river.

He began to dogtrot, splashing and slipping through the muddy rivulets that drained across the path. He supposed he'd looked a coward, letting the others go over first. The next bridge was only an hour farther on. He resolved to get

there first and show her. Show 'em all he wasn't afraid. Not of a river.

He soon overtook the end of the procession. Subsiding to a hurried walk, he pushed past.

Marion stopped and stood aside inquiringly.

"I'm going ahead and look at the river. See if it's safe," he explained. With each moment the load upon him seemed to lighten. The trip was nearly done and they had come through it safely. There was only the one more crossing and that would let him recoup his pride before her eyes; in a way, before his own. These exhausting, defeating days after all had been mere prologue.

The first porters, a wet, brown-gray little huddle of figures, were squatting beside their loads in the high grass at one side. He strode on, head up, importantly. They rose silently and followed.

The crossing was the last except for the one just below Lolill. He had noticed it especially on the way down. At that point the river was narrow, deep, and incredibly swift. The straight banks were solid and on a level. A big tree had been felled so its prostrate length bridged the cut.

He whistled a few bars. Bound to be all right. At worst they'd only have the bother of chopping down another tree. It wasn't more than fifty feet. Easy to find a big one growing in the right position.

The sky had begun to thin and grow bluey luminous. The drizzle ceased. Everything was going to be all right. He'd show her.

The great black trunk was still there. Though the bank had been gouged out several feet and the surface of the water was only an inch or two under the log, it was still perfectly sound. When the carriers arrived he motioned them cheerfully to wait.

Marion joined him.

"This is the last but one," he told her loudly, "and the other doesn't count." He scrambled to the log, stopped, and turned his head. "Remember what the

judge told you—about rivers and men? Don't let him kid you. Watch this!"

Arms out, he began to run along the tree. Marion smiled wanly. A recollection came out of the years of a fat little boy on a picket fence—a high fence along a dusty summer lane. "Watch this!"

She screamed. A huge floating log appeared above the swirling surface and bore ravenously toward the bridge.

There was a terrific concussion when it struck, a fearful smashing and rending. The huge trunk writhed upward, vanished. Gene had shot into the air, splashed down and disappeared.

Marion groped for support, and her fingers found the coarse wetness of tree bark. The carriers had thrown down their loads and were running through the high grass along the bank. Queer, bird-like little notes of fright came back from them. In a moment they were gone. She moved to follow them, staggered weakly, and sat down.

She puckered her dry eyelids with an effort of memory. . . . Gene had run across the log. Halfway she had seen him hesitate, grow still with horror. In that instant a massive, derelict log had come like a battering ram around the bend and plunged against the bridge. There was not room for it to carry safely under. The impact had catapulted Gene into mid-torrent. The log, forced from its resting place on the far bank, had twisted, splashed, and swept magnificently away. There had been no possibility of hope. No one could live in Djombé River in the time of rains. . . . So Gene was dead. She was alone.

This was the end. Her eyes slowly dimmed with tears. The great adventure, then, had come to this. The bright dreams of the lonely years, the shining world, a man who wanted her, a man to help, to love—all these swept away in the gray, empty jungle rain by a river—by Djombé River. Long, slow moments passed.

A wood pigeon cooed faintly in a tree-top. The silence, the desolate loveliness of the woods pressed down upon her, an irony of immortality and peace.

She said aloud, "*Djombé River.*" What a quality of awe and everlastingness was there. She rose to her feet, went to the bank, and dropped upon her knees, letting her hands dangle in the water. How cool, how living was its touch. It tugged lightly at her fingertips and she drew them back, afraid. She gazed wonderingly up the dark cavern of the overhanging trees from which the river came. . . . Perhaps, farther on, farther on . . .

Farther on among the years there might still be a place or a task that wanted her.

She faced the gathering certainty of days. Gene hadn't. Not at all. He'd never touch her, never kissed her. He was just . . . being kind. Poor Gene. Sobs flooded her throat, tears her eyes, and she crumpled down, a lonely, weeping little figure in the high wet grass by the river. The wood pigeon cooed again. The raindrops pattered in a stir of wind.

An hour later the carriers reappeared. A mile downstream the trunk had foundered amid overhanging bushes and was held fast. But there was no trace of the drowned man. They were still whispering excitedly, re-enacting the accident with wide gestures. They stopped at sight of Marion.

The headman, a tall, middle-aged negro in ragged shorts, touched her gently on the shoulder.

"Mammy. We make bush house here for now. To-morrow we cut tree and go for Lolill. Old massa he wait for there. We no find young massa. He done finish. . . . Papa Djombé. . . . Black boy say they be . . . they be sorry." His lined brown face puckered with sympathy. "We be your boy now, Mammy. We go for Lolill?"

She looked up at him, slowly nodded.

(To Be Concluded)



THE DEAR OLD CONSTITUTION

BY CHARLES A. BEARD

ALL over this broad land young orators are preparing wordy encomiums on the Constitution of the United States; pedagogues, frequently under statutory mandates, are "teaching the Constitution," especially the parts bearing on "the duties and responsibilities of citizenship"; and patriotic societies are distributing by the thousands copies of that wonderful document. The youth of the country, above all the aliens in our midst, must "understand" it and respect it. And if the National Security League, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and similar lifesavers are to be accepted as high authority, an "understanding" of the Constitution will fend off innumerable evils, including Bolshevism, the passing of dividends, defaulting on coupons, and declines in the stock market. In view of all these activities, carried on with tremulous trepidation, it seems appropriate to seek for the anagoge of this mysterious instrument of salvation. What, in reality, is the Constitution of the United States?

No question could be more important. All that is done by the Government of the United States—Congress, the courts, the President, and the hierarchy of federal officials—is controlled by the Constitution, at least, is supposed to be authorized directly or indirectly by its provisions. State and local governments, of course, are also controlled by it. Our Government, therefore, stands in sharp contrast to the Parliament of Great Britain—King, Lords, and Commons—which, to use the language of the commentator, Blackstone,

"hath sovereign and uncontrolled authority," and can "do everything that is not naturally impossible." This fact colors all political life in America. Great public issues are not debated here solely on their merits, in relation to public welfare, convenience, necessity, or efficiency. With respect to every one of them the question is asked, "Is it constitutional, is it sanctioned by the historic document handed down by the Fathers?" If a proposal involves an amendment of the Constitution deep sentiments are aroused, especially among opponents of the suggestion; it is felt that something transcending the practical needs of practical life is at stake, something almost sacred. Indeed the American Bar Association reports that every true American citizen should declare, "The Constitution of the United States ought to be as actual a part of my life and my religion as the Sermon on the Mount." While other citizens might hesitate in placing the clauses of the Constitution on a parity with the "divinely inspired teachings of Jesus," nearly all would doubtless agree that it is not to be treated lightly or to be altered without great deliberation.

Hence there are substantial, as well as sentimental grounds for asking, What is this marvellous instrument—the Constitution of the United States? Perhaps nine good citizens out of ten will reply immediately that it is a written document, so simple in style that the wayfaring man though a fool can read and understand it. Unquestionably many passages in it are so plain as to admit of no doubt. "No person shall

be a Representative who shall not have attained to the age of twenty-five years. . . . The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each state. . . . [The President] shall hold his office during the term of four years. . . . The Congress may determine the time of choosing the [presidential] electors and the day on which they shall give their votes; which day shall be the same throughout the United States." If all the clauses of the Constitution were so precise and transparent, so definite and mathematical in terms, then it might be said with some warrant that a citizen who has a copy of the Constitution before him is in the presence of the whole instrument and can entertain no doubts as to what it is that confronts him. If this were true the present article might well stop at this point.

But unfortunately for any simple answer to the question, "What is the Constitution?" many of its provisions are not clear or, at all events, are composed of words susceptible of more than one interpretation. It is a lesson in humility to take the famous document and extract from it all the clauses that are not self-evident, that call for extrinsic aids in explanation. For instance, the Preamble announces among other purposes a design "to establish justice . . . promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." Article I stipulates that "direct" taxes must be apportioned among the states according to their respective populations and that duties, imposts, and excises shall be "uniform" throughout the United States. Article IV says that "the citizens of each state shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states." The Fifth Amendment declares that no person shall be "deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law," that is, by Congress; and the Fourteenth Amendment adds that no state shall "deprive any person of life,

liberty, or property, without due process of law."

What are direct taxes? What are the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several states? What is due process of law? Can intelligence, no matter how profound, can "natural reason," no matter how keen, find the answers to these questions in the Constitution? Such passages are meaningless in themselves; they can only be understood by reference to a great body of knowledge and practice outside of the Constitution. More than this, they are vague and indefinite and may be fairly and honestly interpreted in different ways by authorities equally competent and equally sincere in their quest for the truth in the matter.

If for practical purposes a large part of the Constitution is meaningless except when authoritatively explained elsewhere, the explanation itself must become in some organic way a part of the language of the Constitution when it is read; otherwise it is, in its indefinite provisions, a collection of empty formulas. In any case it is not a printed document at the end of a text-book that controls the political authorities in the discharge of their duties; it is a printed document explained by judicial decisions, precedents, and practices and illuminated by understanding and aspiration. In short, the real Constitution is a living body of rules carried into effect by living authorities.

II

Who, then, makes the Constitution an instrument of control, by answering the thousands of questions which it raises and leaves unanswered? According to the formula of the child's book in civics, it is the Supreme Court of the United States, or at least a majority of the judges, who "interpret" the Constitution. But even a superficial examination of the instrument itself reveals a fatal weakness in this contention. Federal courts are not instructed to interpret

the Constitution. They are given a field of work, a jurisdiction, and it extends only to cases in law and equity arising under the Constitution, the laws of the United States, and the treaties made under its authority, and certain other enumerated cases.

Now, all problems arising under the Constitution cannot be formulated into cases, or actions between parties, and carried before the Supreme Court. Moreover, the Court has repeatedly ruled that some cases are political in character and lie outside its jurisdiction. If for the sake of argument, however, it be admitted that the Supreme Court in final analysis answers all questions arising under the Constitution, then it is proper to ask, What Supreme Court? Judges die. Times change. New Presidents are elected and nominate new judges to fill vacancies on the bench. The Court under Chief Justice Marshall, an ardent Federalist, is not the same Court as that under Chief Justice Taney, an ardent Democrat. Sometimes new judges reverse the opinions of their predecessors, give an opposite meaning to the Constitution. Since this is so, it follows that nothing is settled definitely by saying that the Constitution is the document as expounded by the Supreme Court.

And, as we have said, that is not the whole truth. It is the duty of Congress also to interpret the Constitution. The Supreme Court has declared as a fixed principle that it will respect the interpretations of Congress and will overrule them only when they are clearly and palpably wrong. Furthermore, it has on more than one occasion cited a long line of laws enacted by Congress in support of its own opinions, to show that the Constitution means what Congress has assumed it to mean. With respect to many other matters which do not get into the form of cases in law and equity presented to the federal courts, Congress makes its own interpretation of the Constitution and establishes precedents of great weight. All the vast body of federal law—thousands of acts that have

never been brought before the courts, or if brought before them have been sustained—presents interpretations of the Constitution. And when a law of long standing is attacked in the courts, judges are loath to impugn its constitutionality. Its very age may turn the balance in the minds of doubtful judges and give it the sanction of a correct interpretation. Again and again bills assailed as unconstitutional in the House and Senate by lawyers of undoubted competence have been passed and made the law of the land. When we ask, therefore, Who interprets the Constitution? we must answer, Congress in its sphere—that changing body of members elected by popular vote.

Likewise, in his sphere, the President of the United States by his decrees, orders, and actions gives meaning to the Constitution. Many of his interpretations are “political” in character; and the Supreme Court will not inquire into their legitimacy. Others are discretionary, and these, too, the Court has said, must be left to his judgment. Does the Constitution authorize the President to have a cabinet and to consult its members as a collective body? The written document is silent. Precedents stretching from Washington’s time to our own settle that point in the affirmative. May the President, on his own motion, send troops out of the United States and wage war? Very explicitly the Constitution vests in Congress the power to declare war. Yet President Wilson sent American soldiers as far away as Russia in 1918, and in effect, whatever the theory, they waged war on the Bolsheviks, against whom Congress had not declared war. Many times Presidents have dispatched troops to Caribbean regions and to distant parts of China to wage war or to be in a posture to wage it without any express authorization from Congress. These precedents form an important interpretation of the provisions of the Constitution respecting the President’s powers, and it is not likely that they will be challenged by the

Supreme Court in any case of law or equity.

Strange as it may seem, the Constitution is given meaning also by men and women who hold no office in the Federal Government—by the leaders of political parties. Indeed, political parties are important interpreters of that document. Innumerable examples may be cited. The Constitution states that the Speaker is chosen by the House of Representatives; in fact, it merely ratifies the choice made by a caucus of the party having a majority of members in that body.

A still more striking illustration is that of the election of the President. It seems clear beyond doubt that the framers of the Constitution intended that the presidential electors, chosen as the legislatures of the several states may decide, should actually choose the President. Hamilton in the *Federalist* frankly said that it was desirable "that the immediate election should be made by men most capable of analyzing the qualities adapted to the station, and acting under circumstances favorable to deliberation." He added that "it was also peculiarly desirable to afford as little opportunity as possible to tumult and disorder" in connection with elections.

Yet, as everybody knows, in spite of what seems to be the plain intention of the framers, the electoral system did not function as the Constitution contemplated, after the retirement of President Washington; the electors have been reduced to mere dummies, without any will of their own, who vote for the candidate of their party for President, the candidate nominated by a party caucus or convention wholly outside the Constitution. Nor is it likely that this historic interpretation by political parties will be overturned by a ruling of the Supreme Court. Who decides what the party interpretation of the Constitution shall be? Those who look to the written document for illumination on this point will not find any.

III

Since many parts of the Constitution admit of more than one interpretation, and since public authorities and party leaders in their practices must determine in fact what the Constitution really is as a living instrument, it follows that, in adjusting their operations under the Constitution, they must seek the answers to many questions. What does it authorize? Is this or that action forbidden, commanded, sanctioned, or permissible? And, in their searching, how do the interpreters find the answers where the way is uncertain? By taking the words of the Constitution and consulting a dictionary? Although a justice of the Supreme Court has said that even the spirit of the Constitution "is to be collected chiefly from its words," the difficulty is not cleared up. The adverb "chiefly" leaves a great gap to be filled by some process other than a search for definitions of the words. It is true that the Court has on more than one occasion used Webster's dictionary in hunting for clues to the cabalistic symbols of the Constitution, but the enlightenment to be attained by that method is limited. Those whose business it is to interpret the Constitution have other and more important methods at hand—methods sanctioned by high authority and long usage.

Among the controlling principles of interpretation recommended by reason and custom is the theory that the "intention" of those who made the Constitution should govern. No other doctrine seems more rational and inevitable. It is expounded with great cogency by Chief Justice Marshall in the celebrated case of *Marbury vs. Madison*, and runs as follows: "The people have an original right to establish, for their future government, such principles as, in their opinion, shall most conduce to their own happiness." This, he says, is the basis on which the whole American fabric has been erected. "This original and supreme will organizes the government,

and assigns to different departments their respective powers." Then, in dealing with the authority conferred upon the judiciary, the Chief Justice asks about "the intention of those who gave this power." Although he speaks in another connection of what "the framers" of the Constitution contemplated, the underlying theory of his argument is that it is the "original and supreme will" of the people which is to be discovered and given effect in interpreting the Constitution. In American political reasoning nothing appears more axiomatic.

Yet in applying this controlling principle to an interpretation of the Constitution disconcerting difficulties arise. A search for "the will of the people who made the Constitution" leads into a Serbonian bog. Under this head must be included the members of the constitutional convention who drafted the Constitution in 1787, the members of the thirteen state conventions who ratified it, and the voters who elected the delegates to these ratifying conventions. Conscious of the difficulties involved in disclosing "the intention of the makers of the Constitution," judges of the Supreme Court have frequently, if not generally, limited their inquiries to the "intention of the framers," the aims of the men who drafted it in Philadelphia. The Constitution, declared Chief Justice Taney in the *Dred Scott* case, "speaks . . . with the same meaning and intent with which it spoke when it came from the hands of its framers."

If the inquest be limited narrowly to the intention of the framers of the Constitution the solution of the problem is not easy. Of course at the outset all the clauses, indeed, many fragments of clauses, must be treated separately and taken as items voted on in the constitutional convention. Some of them were carried by a narrow majority, and in such cases it is the intention of the particular majority that comes in question. Now, no stenographic minutes were made of the debates in the conven-

tion; our information as to what the members said about the various clauses is limited to fragmentary notes taken by James Madison and a few other members. On none of the clauses did all the members speak; on few if any did a majority speak. Since we do not know what all the speakers said on the respective issues it is impossible to discover what their "intention" was.

With respect to some propositions the members who framed them differed as to their meaning. This is especially true of the sections dealing with the judiciary.* As a matter of fact, Gouverneur Morris, in speaking of his work in shaping up the language of the Constitution, distinctly states that, owing to conflicting opinions in the convention over the subject of the judiciary, he found it necessary "to select phrases which, expressing my own notions, would not alarm the others or shock their self love." This is not all. Over the most fundamental of all rules of construction, two members of the convention who favored the Constitution took diametrically opposite views as to the intention of the framers, within two years after it went into effect. In discussing the constitutionality of the first Bank, Hamilton held that the Constitution should be construed liberally with reference to great ends; Randolph with equal tenacity maintained that it should be construed strictly with reference to its express language.

Nevertheless, those who are called upon to expound the Constitution continually speak with confidence about "the intention of the framers" and cite speeches, letters, and papers to prove one interpretation or another, even though their constructions are frequently opposite in upshot. Undoubtedly light can be thrown on the meaning of the Constitution by reference to the writing of the Fathers; but the intention of the collective framers, as to points susceptible of various meanings, re-

* Beard, *The Supreme Court and the Constitution*, pp. 15ff., 51ff.

mains about as mysterious as the Delphic oracles.

If reference is made to "the will of the people who made the Constitution," the mystery deepens. What, for example, was the intention of the several hundred men who composed the thirteen state conventions called to ratify the Constitution? In some cases only the most fragmentary notices of speeches made in those conventions have come down to us. In none of them were all the indefinite phrases of the Constitution fully expounded and agreed upon. What the majority in each case may have thought about many of these phrases, whether they thought about them at all is not known, can never be known.

When this quest is extended to the will or intention of "the people" the twilight deepens almost to stygian darkness. About three-fourths of the people entitled to vote did not take the trouble to participate in electing delegates to the several conventions. In some cases, New York, for example, a majority voted against ratifying the Constitution as submitted by the framers. How many of the people who did vote had read the Constitution and made up their minds as to their "intention"? History is silent. What was the intention of the people who voted against the Constitution and yet saw their elected delegates ratify it in spite of their "will"? It is useless to pursue this inquiry farther. Those who are given to exactness in the use of language will be chary about speaking of "the intention of the people who made the Constitution." Space forbids a treatment of the "makers" of the amendments.

IV

As a matter of fact, whatever the strict theory respecting the intention of the framers which binds us all, the courts, Congress, the President, the party leaders, and the laymen called upon to interpret the Constitution, to determine what it is in reality,

are not controlled by the results of a quest for that intention. When seeking to discover what can or cannot be done under the Constitution, they do not confine their studies to the words and purposes (if known) of the men who made and ratified the Constitution. They also resort to processes of reasoning, to psychological devices, and to a bewildering assortment of historical claims, assertions, and inferences. They cite history, both oral and written; they refer to their memory of what was done or intended. They make use of dictionaries, quotations from the Bible, and illustrations from preceding judicial decisions, acts of Congress, speeches by statesmen, and official documents by authorities presumed to be competent. In practice, therefore—and it is practice that counts—the Constitution is interpreted by psychological processes, which can be understood only through a study of the human mind, its nature, its laws, and its workings, and the interpretations are verbalized by the use of extracts from an ocean of printed pages and a maze of oral traditions.

Among the mental processes useful in discovering the meaning of the Constitution that of "logical reasoning" has been perhaps most commonly employed. At all events it is most prominent in the great decisions of the Supreme Court. Chief Justice Marshall was noted for his use of this instrument. He was sparing in his citation of precedents and speeches to prove his points. Nowhere is his method better illustrated in its strength and weakness than in the case of *Marbury vs. Madison*. Though he speaks of the intention of the framers and the people from whom the Constitution emanated, he does not cite long statements from them to prove his proposition that the Supreme Court has the power to set aside acts of Congress when it deems them unwarranted by the Constitution. He uses logic. "It seems only necessary to recognize certain principles," he says, "supposed [by whom?] to have been long and well

established [by whom?], to decide it." Here in brief is his syllogism:

Premise: The people have made the Constitution, established the departments of government, and assigned powers to each of them, and this Constitution is declared to be the supreme law of the land.

Premise: The Supreme Court has taken an oath to uphold the Constitution.

Conclusion: When an act of Congress (admittedly inferior law) conflicts with the superior law, the Supreme Court cannot enforce it but must declare it null and void.

On its face, nothing could seem simpler, but critics of the decision from Jefferson's day onward have been unable to accept it as inescapable. The logic of their interpretation may be formulated in this fashion:

Premise: The people have made the Constitution, established the departments, and assigned powers to each of them, and this Constitution is declared to be the supreme law of the land.

Premise: The President has taken an oath to uphold the Constitution.

Conclusion: When a decision of the Supreme Court (admittedly inferior to the Constitution itself) conflicts with the superior law, the President cannot enforce it but must declare it null and void.*

Hence it would appear that this "logic" which is so frequently employed in discovering the meaning of the Constitution is in reality not an instrument of inevitable finality, but a two-edged sword which cuts both ways. Indeed the experts in logic differ violently among themselves as to what their subject is. Some hold that it is merely concerned with words; others contend that it is an instrument of knowing or a way of discovering truth; still others maintain that it is concerned with both the form and the matter of thought and

cannot be separated from either. Whatever the upshot of their debate, it is certain that "logical reasoning" is only one way of discovering truth, at best a dim and uncertain way, and not the way most effectively used by science in making its amazing triumphs. Powerful minds, equally logical and, for practical purposes, equally informed, often arrive at different ends by the logical method. Hence its frailty as a reed of reliance.

Its inadequacy as an instrument of acquiring knowledge concerning the meaning of the Constitution has been recognized by the Courts and other authorities called upon to expound that document. Judges of the Supreme Court, in explaining the instrument, have frequently referred to the "nature of the system," "the spirit of the Constitution," and its "general spirit." Marshall remarked in the Dartmouth College case, with respect to a certain contention, that the framers of the Constitution "could never have intended to insert in that instrument," an idea "repugnant to its general spirit." Long afterward another judge maintained that there are certain limitations, though not clearly expressed in the Constitution, "which grow out of the essential nature of all free governments." A dissenting judge protested against this allegation, saying, "Courts cannot nullify an act of the state legislature on the vague ground that they think it opposed to a general latent spirit supposed to pervade or underlie the Constitution, where neither the terms nor the implications of the instrument disclose any such restriction." Other dissenting judges have filed similar protests, but still it remains a custom for those who undertake to interpret the Constitution to derive meaning from its "nature" and "general spirit."

Like the logical method, however, this process is beset with perplexities because two minds equally conversant with the nature and spirit of the Constitution may arrive at opposite conclusions as to what the nature and spirit

* See J. A. C. Grant, *American Political Science Review*, August, 1929, p. 673. Spearman, *The Nature of Intelligence*, chapter xviii.

authorize. In practice judicial reflections coming under this head embrace fragments from acts of Congress, groupings of several related provisions of the Constitution in one bracket with a view to making many phrases illuminate the particular point in question, extracts from the *Federalist* and other writings of the Fathers, and similar materials, more or less controversial, verging in the direction chosen by the expounding judge or authority.

V

Since, under all these methods of exposition, men of great logical powers and wide information often arrive at opposite conclusions respecting the meaning of the Constitution, it seems to follow that their conflicting judgments are due to something inside of their minds, that is, do not flow inexorably from the plain language of the instrument itself. What, then, is this mental force or substance that inclines the mind to one side or the other? Out of deep knowledge and long judicial experience, Justice Holmes made a satisfactory answer when he said, "General propositions do not decide concrete cases. The decision will depend on a judgment or intuition more subtle than any articulate major premise." This removes the explanation of differences of opinion concerning the indefinite clauses of the Constitution from the realm of verifiable exact science, which ordinarily proceeds by drawing conclusions from observing external things that have weight, form, and mass capable of precise description, and makes the operation of constitutional interpretation primarily emotional in character—a matter of feeling and sympathy.

Thus we are led to inquire, Whence springs the intuition or sympathy which inclines the mind to one side or the other? Is it inherited with the flesh and blood? Are babies from birth strict or liberal constructionists by inheritance? Or are these intuitions and sympathies acquired

from associations—political, economic, and cultural? If the issue is concretely considered there can be no doubt of the answer. With reference to interpretations of the Constitution by the President, Congress, and political leaders, it is openly admitted that their inclinations are connected with partisan sources—using the term in no invidious sense. Chief Justice Taney, a Democrat from the slave-holding state of Maryland, thought that the Constitution did not confer upon Congress the power to abolish slavery in the territories; President Lincoln, a Republican from the free state of Illinois, with equal sincerity, thought that it did. At one time a political party that believes in the strict construction is in power; at another time, a party that advocates the liberal construction. Thus the Constitution means one thing in one season; another in the next. With a change in parties comes a change in its nature. And changes in parties spring from changes in public opinion, in the conditions and beliefs of the people, or at least of the thinking and articulate section of the population.

Although none will deny that partisan considerations deeply affect, if they do not control, interpretations of the Constitution by the political departments of the government, many contend that the judicial branch of the government is not, or ought not to be, influenced by any such considerations. But this raises some interesting speculations. Judges are chosen by political branches of the Government, by the President and Senate. Do the appointing authorities, in selecting a judge, ignore his previous career, the decisions he has rendered, if he has been a judge in a lower court, the views which he has advocated as a lawyer at the bar? The correct reply is that they do not. The history of appointments, as far as it is recorded, makes this answer emphatic. It is true that Theodore Roosevelt once indicated that there was a large element of chance in the selection of judges, which is un-

questionable. When asked whether it would be possible in the United States to pass a tax law as radical as the Lloyd George budget of 1909, he replied laconically, "It would depend upon whether a Judge of the Supreme Court came down heads or tails." But in making appointments as President he took no such anarchic view of federal jurisprudence.

In a long letter to Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, written in 1902, with reference to filling a vacancy on the Supreme Bench, President Roosevelt explained the considerations which controlled him in making the appointment and which, he thought, should always be controlling in such cases. "In the ordinary and low sense which we attach to the words 'partisan' and 'politician,'" said the President, "a judge of the Supreme Court should be neither. But in the higher sense, in the proper sense, he is not in my judgment fitted for the position unless he is a party man, a constructive statesman, constantly keeping in mind his adherence to the principles and policies under which this nation has been built up and in accordance with which it must go on; and keeping in mind also his relations with his fellow statesmen who in other branches of the government are striving in co-operation with him to advance the ends of government. Marshall rendered such invaluable service because he was a statesman of the national type, like Adams who appointed him, like Washington whose mantle fell upon him. . . . The Supreme Court of the sixties was good exactly in so far as its members fitly represented the spirit of Lincoln. . . . The majority of the present Court who have, although without satisfactory unanimity, upheld the policies of President McKinley and the Republican party in Congress, have rendered a great service to mankind and to this nation."

With this preliminary out of the way, President Roosevelt then turned to the character of the man under immediate consideration for appointment, Oliver Wendell Holmes, of Massachusetts.

"Now I should like to know," he said, "that Judge Holmes was in entire sympathy with our views, that is with your views and mine, and Judge Gray's, for instance, just as we know that ex-Attorney General Knowlton is, before I would feel justified in appointing him. . . . I should hold myself as guilty of an irreparable wrong to the nation if I should put in his [Gray's] place any man who was not absolutely sane and sound on the great national policies for which we stand in public life." Then President Roosevelt added in a postscript, "I should know about Judge Holmes as soon as possible. How would it do, if he seems to be all right, to have him come down here and spend a night with me, and then I could make the announcement on the day that he left, after we have talked together?"

Besides taking this broad view of the function of federal judges as statesmen, President Roosevelt also referred to a particular matter—the attitude of the Court toward modern social legislation. Judge Holmes' "labor decisions," he remarked, "which have been criticized by some of the big railroad men and other members of large corporations, constitute to my mind a strong point in Judge Holmes' favor. The ablest lawyers and greatest judges are men whose past has naturally brought them into close relationship with the wealthiest and most powerful clients, and I am glad when I can find a judge who has been able to preserve his aloofness of mind so as to keep his broad humanity of feeling and his sympathy for the class from which he has not drawn his clients. I think it eminently desirable that our Supreme Court should show in unmistakable fashion their entire sympathy with all proper effort to secure the most favorable possible consideration for the men who most need that consideration." If "necessary" this letter was to be laid before Mr. Holmes.

In seeking for judges in general harmony with their views of large public policy, Presidents have often found it

necessary to choose men from their own political party. The Federalist President, John Adams, appointed to the post of Chief Justice, John Marshall, an ardent Federalist who had served his party as a member of Congress and as Secretary of State. His successor, Roger B. Taney, a Democrat who had held the post of Secretary of the Treasury, was chosen by a Democratic President, Andrew Jackson. When Taney died in 1864, the Republican President, Abraham Lincoln, put in his place, Salmon Chase, who had been head of the Treasury Department and was an aspirant for the Republican nomination for President in the very year of his appointment. Chief Justice Taft was a Republican President of the United States before he was elevated to his high judicial post by President Harding, a member of his political party. Exceptions serve to prove the rule; if President Taft gave the chief justiceship to Edward D. White, a Democrat, he chose a man whose public record presented no violent opposition to the general public policies of the party in power. After all, is it conceivable that the appointing authorities would select a judge who would so interpret the Constitution as to declare null and void significant measures of Congress which they deemed vital to the welfare of the country? In this there is nothing invidious. The fact that they espouse these measures is evidence that they believe in their constitutionality as well as their utility to public welfare. To work for them, and then choose judges to defeat them would be a strange procedure.

Indeed high and responsible political leaders have more than once taken the position that it is proper to use the appointing power to secure new judges who will reverse the decision of their predecessors on fundamental issues, reinterpret the Constitution, discover that it does not mean what it has been interpreted to mean. "We think the Dred Scott decision is erroneous," said Lincoln, shortly after the Court had

rendered its opinion. "We know that the Court that made it has often overruled its own decisions and we shall do what we can to have it overrule this." And the Democratic party, in its platform of 1896, criticized the decision of the Supreme Court holding void the income tax law of 1894 and declared that it would be the duty of Congress to make use of the power "which may come from its reversal by the Court as it may hereafter be constituted," with a view to enacting legislation similar to that recently invalidated by this tribunal.

It was after reviewing such indubitable facts that the great commentator, Judge Cooley, came to the conclusion that the Constitution is not a mere written document with a determinate meaning that never changes. "We may think," he says, "that we have the Constitution all before us; but for practical purposes the Constitution is that which the Government in its several departments and the people in the performance of their duties as citizens recognize and respect as such; and nothing else is. . . . Cervantes says: 'Everyone is the son of his own works.' This is more emphatically true of an instrument of government than it can possibly be of a natural person. What it takes to itself, though at first unwarrantable, helps to make it over into a new instrument of government, and it represents at last the acts done under it."

If this statement by Judge Cooley is true, and the authority for it is unimpeachable, then the theory that the Constitution is a written document is a pure fiction. The idea that it can be understood by a study of its language and the history of its past development is equally mythical. It is what the Government and the people who count in public affairs recognize and respect as such, what they think it is. More than this. It is not merely what it has been, or what it is to-day. It is always becoming something else and those who criticize it and the acts done under it, as well as those who praise, help to make

it what it will be to-morrow. Indeed an eminent authority, Frank J. Goodnow, recalling how difficult it is to amend the Constitution and how the courts show a tendency to block changes made imperative by new conditions, contends that criticism of the backward-looking decisions of the Supreme Court is necessary to force the continuous readjustment of the Constitution to new requirements. "In these days of rapid economic and social change," he says, ". . . it is on this criticism, amply

justified by our history, that we must rely if we are to hope for that orderly and progressive development which we regard as characteristic of modern civilization." And criticism is authorized by the Constitution, for that instrument makes clear provision in Article V for its own amendment by regular political processes. This contemplation of change is a criticism, a partial repudiation, or a confession that the original falls short of the ideal, at least, the ideal always in the process of becoming.

ICE STORM IN SPRING

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

WHAT hand strange and magical, or what cool breath
 Has touched this land? Like a white death
 Stiffening each bud and leaf, tracing each curve
 Of the drooping bough, and the soft delicate swerve
 Of the long dry grasses that bend beneath
 The weight of each icicle lying like a slim sheath.
 The round buds are haloed in glass translucent and clear,
 Each pine needle is topped with a bright crystal spear.
 Not a breath stirs, not the faint winged flutter of a bird,
 In this frosty stillness. But all unheard
 Under the whitened bark the sap rises and flows
 Like blood in a cool pulse, like water under the snows.

How mysterious is this swift invisible frost
 Molding intangible beauty. Nothing is lost,
 Even the mist from the river, even shapes
 The wind has blown on the water. Nothing escapes.

Walk not abroad on a night of sleet, or stress
 Of icy wind, or of still cold, unless
 Your breath and your words
 And the thoughts they bear
 Are fleet and beautiful.
 You will find them there
 When day breaks,
 Clear-shaped, lovely, apart,
 Or else like long cruel silver arrows
 To strike at your heart.



THE NEW SKIRT LENGTH

BY WILLIAM BOLITHO

IN FASHION is the only clue, I believe, to woman's mind, quite unconfused by conscious or unconscious imitation of men. There, anyway, we may be sure that we have something to study that is not some woman's repetition of what some philogynist man thought women ought to think.

In other words, I reject the explanation of the secret fashion caucus of Paris which raises or lowers skirt hems, clips or extends hat brims, starves or fattens the secondary sexual characteristics according to its members' simple business interest. You have probably heard of this fashion caucus through the deepest and most reliable business man of your acquaintance, because such men have a pure and primitive strain of poetry in them which draws them to make dramatic myths to explain natural phenomena. Ask them the name of the man who caused the Wall Street stock-quake. They will give it to you naïvely just as the hard-bitten hunters of the Stone Age sang of the elephant, standing on the tortoise, whose nervousness caused the earth periodically to shake. Minds near nature, alone adapted to success in the modern business world, naturally work out little pictures and personal cosmogonies. But ask them whether the same dictators who lowered skirts because they wanted to sell more silks and stuffs were in power when skirts first reached the knees, and what have they to say?

Paris and Lyons certainly enjoy the change in style; they felt out for it anxiously and eagerly. But before the moment was ripe for it, before the invisible forces working in womankind

gave permission, they would not have dared to set it going. The prestige of Paris herself could not support another harem-skirt fiasco. The day her fashions cease to attract, to make a contact (for there can be no attraction across a vacuum) with the unexpressed deeps of women's ambitions and desire, the game for Paris is up. The mere prestige of her name can no more set fashions than can the Queen of England.

The true reason why Paris, in fact, preserves her enviable monopoly in fashion, over all the determined, painstaking, and often wickedly unfair attempts of other capitals to supplant her, as both Berlin and London in the last decade found out, is not because the Worths and the Lanvins are better business people. They are certainly extremely dour and hard; probably, after the oil people, one of the hardest business groups in the world. But it is because they have themselves, in some degree, and employ others who have it even more, an almost infallible intuitionary power of anticipating the constantly evolving ideal of themselves that the collective subconscious of womankind contains. There is an absolute, a pure objective, that is, in their creations; and it is this in the "fashion" which is the value of a study of it.

Usually, by a perverse trick of the mind, going out of its way to find difficulties, people who embark on any consideration of the subject of fashion plunge straight away into the dark intricacy of morals. Short skirts immediately become an outward sign of sexual freedom, under any of its custom-

ary synonyms: looseness, "vulgarity," sin; any serious-minded ethical conservative will give you rapidly a thick thesaurus of them from his own sermons. The same people are rather slow to follow their logic into fervent praise of the new style, which overlaps the knees, if not the ankles. But let us say that that will come; that within a Sunday or two we shall hear the Paris devil given his due, and a brilliant counter-attack of good over ill put in all the communiqués of the Holy War. I am unable to believe a word of it.

That is to say, I reject the moral hypothesis as heartily as I do the big business one. Women's fashions do not follow any fluctuation in heat, any thermodynamics of sex. Those who believe that the revelation of knees was a gigantic, collective invitation have too lately come to town. They probably are *naifs* who also communicate in the touching faith of our very youngest writers in the chastity of Victorian times; and may learn quite a lot of worldliness if they would push their theory so far as one day to try to accost a bathing beauty on Deauville beach.

Perhaps the belatedness of preachers to hail the signal reformation in the long skirt may have a cautiously sensible reason.

The simple refutation of this interesting view, however, is to recall the concomitance of bobbed hair with the shortened skirt, and the distinct, obviously natural tendency of the coiffure to vary directly with the new length. How is this to be explained by those who regard the length of the skirt as an index of morality? Or is there anyone who dares to say that hair-cutting, too, is a sign of free love? Yet that cropped heads and short dresses, long hair and long dresses do have some indissoluble connection any pretty woman will assure you.

The fact is that the whole matter—as I started by saying indirectly—is the sex's own business, as mysterious, finally incommunicable and miscellaneous as that "business of Egypt" on which

George Borrow's gypsy heroes were always slinking through the world's horse fairs and heaths. Does a woman dress to please men? Do fishermen choose their baits to please the fish? Do poets take to writing to please women? Or millionaires found utilities to please their women? All of them trick questions, with the same catch.

For if women dressed to please men, the simplest way would no doubt be not to dress at all. I know there is a certain curious feeling to be found sometimes among men, a reaction of something like rage to nakedness. You find occasional manifestations of it in the correspondence columns of newspapers—men who are, I am prepared to believe, genuinely wrathful at the sight of little midinettes crossing their legs on the opposite bench of the subway car. Italian music-hall audiences, nearly all men, make quite ugly manifestations when an actress is too generous with, or careless of her charms. Southern men generally—it is one of the few indisputable signs of inferiority I can notice in them—are liable to this curious behavior, which, whatever it is, is certainly complicated. Sometimes, though rarely, it is the result of genuine ascetic feeling, more often it is base irritation at being tormented, or possibly, in the last resort, it is some men's normal treatment of a woman who appears even symbolically to yield to them. But such are abnormalities of sense and breeding, mere curiosities which need not distract our attention. The normal man prefers and is pushed by his instinct to desire the minimum of resistance in a woman, even to the quantity her dress opposes to his eager eyes.

It is no more part of the normal woman's interest to accord him this than it is for the fisherman to insure that the bait falls at the first nibble off the hook. Nor is the contrary, except to comic artists, true. The hunting metaphor is a dangerously shallow view of the attitude of either sex to the other, unless you are content to believe that the larger part of

the enticement of life is nothing but a sort of cruel practical joke, like the cheese in a mouse trap. The wisest words I have heard on the subject are those of a tough sergeant-major to a callow newcomer in one of those trench discussions with which we enriched the time. The youngster set out the proportionately huge total of all that he had ever earned that had been spent on women and started to complain. My philosopher, however, replied, "Well, what is there to spend on—except women?"

A profound remark if it is extended to include all effort, the tears of poets, studious nights, rich men's risking, soldiers' blood. The reward of these—and in almost all the really highest instances the more or less known motive—is the worship and hope of possession of an ideal woman; though, no doubt, many a man inferior to Shakespeare or Beethoven or Newton has got along with some more abstract goal. We are not concerned with them, for women do not dress for them.

It is, therefore, to satisfy this desire, and to supply this mark and motive, that woman—I am speaking in a vast generality, whatever may be true of the individual you may have in mind—dresses herself in fashion, as a part of her whole life attitude. Ungrateful man—she does not want to catch you but to give you something to hunt through the skies. And it obviously follows that this composition of an ideal is not only very much more than a vulgar sexual trap—as Bernard Shaw would have it—but has the very loftiest social, religious, even metaphysical implications.

II

It also follows that there are numberless chances of mistakes. The voice of instinct is sublime but often still and small, almost inaudible; and even at that—so infinitely complicated is the world of circumstances we have made—the voice of instinct is capable of error, I sup-

pose. Some such thing I guess to have been behind all "eccentricités" in fashion—curiously enough, a technical word among the Paris couturiers. Some of the excesses of the short-skirt era—the visible garter, the reckless maquillage, especially the brief appearance of a mode in purplish face powders and too dark lipsticks, seem to me to be a plain example of the *maladroit* searchings of an instinct which has momentarily lost its way.

For, in this bobbed-haired short-skirtedness it had undoubtedly lost its way. We shall see the reason later. As an ideal—passing over for the moment that it was composed under great and unexampled stress—it was too simple, too boyish, too unromantic (how should I put it, for it is radically connected with the whole *motif* of the age), too unimaginative. It prefigured, and here the moralizers were right, a companionate ideal. The girl of the epoch came closer to man, in the compassionate mood of the whole woman spirit. She was dressed to sit beside him in his airplane or racing car, those toys, to go with him to games, to dances he was too *tired for*, as well as to work in his offices and looms. To make up for the war, woman gave him something easy, so far as her immanently brooding wisdom ever allows her to give.

Though I dismiss as ludicrous the idea that the coefficient of seductibility, if it could be figured out, was any different in our age from what it had been in any preceding metropolitan age—except for certain small, if noticeable classes of women—still I hold that the ideal woman, prefigured in the bobbed-haired, short-skirted fashion, was specifically easy. She acquiesced in the decay of the whole ritual of politeness, the ceremonial usages which have grown up immemorably around her cult. And so by coincident necessity, the age of short skirts was the age of bolder men; the stupid and rough time of all after-war.

But though underneath, like the river Alph, subterraneanly ran this thread of

sex-compassion, there was another motive which doubled it, which was sufficiently strong in itself to have swept it away utterly, if instead of going in the same direction it had opposed it. This was the obvious economico-social motive. Coincident with the lowering of the male capacity for idealism was the entrance of women into self-support. There is a utilitarian as well as a mystical reason for the short skirts that cannot catch in a subway door, for the short hair that saves an hour's brushing nightly to tired stenographers.

Only when these twin factors are retained together in the mind does the reversal of the new style stand a chance of being understood for what it is, a development of social as well as of cultural interest. It is in part, that is, a sign of a change in woman's ideal of herself, a heightening of the standard for men. A few years ago she stepped down half in pity at the incapacity of the war generation, who showed their dispiritedness in their materialism, and at their discouragement, which led as a matter of notoriety in many of the more sensitive to abandonment of the woman ideal altogether. Now she steps up again onto her throne. The times have changed. Romance has come back. Woman takes back her ancient prestige.

And the second factor? How is the wage-earner to follow the fashion?

The answer is (and it leads to the most curious deductions) that she cannot. Will not, or cannot, it will come to the same thing. Let me venture to guess what will happen.

III

Last year—for it was last winter that the first signs of the change occurred in the evening gowns of the most fashionable—there was a hesitating feeling among women, as you will note if you look back through the files of their own columns and fashion papers, that long dresses, even trains, were the thing for this special use only. Of course the

signs of compromise and transience were very obvious at this moment. Only for evening, and only long behind. Much as the clerk puts on for occasions of ceremony the eighteenth-century tail coat and stiff shirt, so—if the movement had not been urged on by the deeper forces—might the long skirt have been stabilized as special wear in every girl's wardrobe.

But here it could not stay. And in the next stage there was an almost violent effort—resolutions, club feeling, and all the rest—to stop the fashion before it led inevitably to what the unleisured working woman most feared. And here we are at present. The Park Avenue parade, the stage, the natural leaders of the sex—that is, in "woman's business"—have verifiably adopted the new fashion, by day as well as by night; and I conjecture that its physical complements, not only long hair, and fuller forms, now made possible, will not be long in coming. But the working girl, to her despair, cannot follow it. Let us watch her for a few years desperately trying.

And then the most curious and unexpected result: it looks as if in a few years sumptuary distinctions which were practically killed by the mechanical revolution may come back for women; that for the first time for one hundred and fifty years the men of a city will be able to distinguish at a glance the lady of leisure from the rest, as easily as a Chinaman can tell a mandarin in a street.

I need not insist on the tragi-comic aspects of this strange reaction. It may well have some bearing even on the political developments of the future; for has not the central glow, the blue at the base of the flame in all revolutions been the fierce jealousy of women of the people for the jewelled and befurred fair ones of the rich? The whole movement of fashion up to this point had indeed been still farther to lessen class distinctions in dress. Synthetic silk stockings, simplicity of cut, standardization of ornament—all these were working in this way, which now an upheaval from

the depths of the fashion has wrecked. In the face of this, the philosopher has not to regret or praise, but simply to notice that whatever its effect, the fact is there. Justly or no, the woman of fashion, from courtesan to stage-star, has separated herself from the mass of her sisters in the way of her dress.

It is the premonition of this, it may well be, that is the cause of the bitterness with which the excluded have met the news of the new fashions. I cannot see what could be done about it, even if fashion were in the least degree influencible by reason. Only ten years ago executives tried to stop the short-skirt vogue among their employees by regulation and edict. Perhaps it is they who would be the decisive obstacle to any despairing attempt of their girls to let their hair grow, and to follow the beautiful, impracticable mode.

Leaving this rather sad side of the question, there remains the spiritual one. The fashion is, as I said, the expression of an inner ideal, which now changes. Is it that women, in their collective instinct, intuitively, now know that the

inferior age, the age that never produced a first-class poem, the hobbledehoy, mucker age of overgrown schoolboys, ruled with hands oily from their toys, the new machines, is over? That a new generation is coming of men who are not discouraged and sulky at the vision of woman with her whole prestige, but fired by it to efforts of the heart, imagination and will, that their elder brothers were incapable of? It may be so. I hope devoutly it is so. We were due for some reaction. I was afraid that it might have been pietistic, puritanical, like the wave that Victoria brought in after the grand days of the century, with her corsets and moiré silk. There is a chance, and it is my final reading of the new fashions, that we are to be given something better and finer: nearer, that is, to the only ideal which will ever satisfy philosopher and poet alike: the complement of the hero, the great lady in whom beauty and heart and head equiposed together, grace and distinction and a certain remoteness restore that imaginative prestige, not only to her sex, but to the whole life of men on earth.





THE EIGHT-DOLLAR PUP

A STORY

BY PHILIP CURTISS

THE Perriers had always given their dogs "real" names for, as Mrs. Perrier once pointed out, you would not call a child or even a faithful hired man "Spot" or "Dash." There had been, for example, Titus, the old Gordon setter whose almost centenarian existence had practically covered the span of the Perriers' own married life. Then, at various times, there had been Frank, the pointer, Emil, the dachshund, and Benjamin Cibber, a picturesque but not very responsive little Skye. There still was Charley, a big, mongrel police dog and, although the Perriers had never really gone in for the family idea, they had once had a broody little Airedale named Mrs. Harris. Names seemed to suggest themselves as a rule as soon as an animal walked on to the premises, but when the black cow dog appeared, there was a pained and uncomfortable silence.

It was Andy Payson, a vociferous and determined gentleman on the other side of town, who was really responsible for the cow dog craze in West Gosset; for just as a man who has been dining for weeks in the smartest hotels will suddenly have a craving for a doughnut and a dill pickle, so did Andy break out one evening:

"You know, I'm getting awfully sick of these German schnautzhounds and Popperdene terriers that are judged merely by the length of their ears or the number of wrinkles on their noses. What has become of what we used to call ordinary 'shepherd dogs' twenty years

ago? I don't mean collies, exactly, and I don't mean those long-haired English sheepdogs. I mean the kind of dog that you used to see in every farmyard, asleep under a lumber wagon. When I was a boy we had a dog like that, and I swear that he could do everything except read and write."

"I think I know where you could get one," replied August Perrier promptly. "There's a man in Vermont who has been advertising for years in the farm papers. He calls them just what you do—old-fashioned shepherds for driving sheep and cows. He'll sell you a male pup for eight dollars and a female for three."

The whole company burst into a laugh, headed by Molly Payson.

"But can't you just imagine," she hazarded, "what they would be like—at that price?"

"I'll bet," retorted her husband, "that they would be a lot better dogs than that little beast of an undersized Scotty for which you paid seventy-five last year. He didn't have a brain in his head and all he thought about was his own little self."

"Well, Scotties are like that sometimes," confessed Molly. "It's their temperament."

"But what I want," exclaimed Andy, "is a dog that will look up and thump the floor with his tail when I come into the room."

"Yes, I have noticed that trait in your makeup," replied Molly quietly.

"No, but I'm serious," retorted her

husband. "You telephone me that address, Gus, and I'll risk eight dollars."

He was as good as his word, and so was August Perrier. Within a week there arrived at the West Gosset express office an ordinary wooden box which was labeled, "Superior Baked Beans," but when the three crude slats were pried off the top, out stepped a dapper little gentleman whose composure and manners were so perfect that they brought tears even to Molly's eyes. "Ah, yes," his demeanor announced, "you are the people I have come to see. Now if you will kindly show me where I can wash my hands . . ."

True to his boyhood memories, Andy named him "Shep," and within a week he was the sensation of the village. Everybody seemed, long ago, to have known a dog just like him. He was black, in the main, but with a white nose, white collar, and fluffy white shirt-front. His legs and his jaws were faintly tinged with light brown, like autumn foliage, and over each eye was a single tan spot. As he grew in size, his tail became a great curving plume, and when he stood on a rock to gaze over the landscape he looked like a dog in a steel engraving of the year 1873. As Molly said, all he needed was three sheep, a sleeping child, and Melrose Abbey in the background and, underneath, the line "Man's Faithful Friend."

And brains? In the case of Shep it was libellous to say that he could do everything but talk. Given the key word and the right expression in your eye, you could make him wail up and down for minutes, like an old man complaining about his feet. Andy Payson, of course, was almost unbearable in his pride. He spent hours and hours teaching his protégé to walk at heel, carry newspapers, and open doors with complicated latches. About the only thing he didn't do was send him to Yale.

The next spring August Perrier himself caught the fever and sent his own check to the same address. What he got was—well, just about what he could

expect for eight dollars. This time when Mrs. Perrier saw the box opened all she said was, "Oh." Inside was a crouching black creature that might have been a young Newfoundland and then again might have been a trained seal. If Shep, so to speak, had come off the train putting on his kid gloves, this little fellow gave the impression of having a lollipop in each hand. One could see in his coat and his attitude the whole history of his night's travel, and the general effect was that of a very dirty baby with his spirit ruffled, his milk bottle gone sour, and his bib twisted under one ear.

If it is true that intellect and untidiness go together, this little fellow was certainly an illustration of the rule, for within a week it was obvious to the Perriers that he was like no other pup they had ever seen. He was a thinker, a hobbyist, an isolated and eccentric soul. If he had been a child he would shortly have begun to collect stamps or display an interest in mechanical drawing but, being what he was, he became that rather rare creature—a hermit dog.

He seldom played with other dogs, and the attempts which he did make were always followed by disaster. If there was a hole within two hundred yards, he would always manage to fall into it, and even when running by himself, his big back legs would suddenly cave in and go flop. When chasing another dog he would never seem to see the bush behind which the other dog had dodged, or else his ungainly frame could not stop in time, and he would go crashing into it. When, in his slow, tardy way he would try to wrestle with neighboring pups, it would be like watching a fight in a dream. All his muscles seemed to be made of fluid or sand; his pushes, somehow, would never reach home, and his barks would never detonate. But, strangest of all, no matter what happened to him, he never changed expression. Pushed down the cellar hole or rolled in the mud, his eyes would always remain thoughtful and acceptant.

As to his exterior aspects, alas, Helen Perrier had seen the whole truth when she had opened the box. An exact catalogue of his features might possibly make him seem worse than he actually was, but in general his appearance was that of an ebony sheep. His body was large and round, his head was small and pointed, and his coat was a sort of curly chinchilla. He seldom trotted from place to place, like other dogs, but almost any time one could catch him on the sky-line, going somewhere at a slow walk. He may have been a little farsighted, or else some of his ancestors had had hair over their eyes, for when you spoke to him he would lift his head rather higher than usual and gaze at you down the bridge of his nose, like a man with his reading glasses still on.

To name such a dog was naturally a bit of a problem, that is if one wanted a name that would really probe the depths. For a week or two he was called simply "Pup" or "Bub," but one day when Helen Perrier was watching him from the east terrace she suddenly called to her husband:

"August! August! I know what I'm going to call him. His name is Joel!"

Perrier appeared behind the screen door. "Why Joel?"

"I don't know," replied Helen, "but he *looks* like Joel."

Strangely enough he did and, as if he had only been waiting for this to be settled, he seemed to calm down from then on and live the part. He did not at once, of course, abandon all attempts to wrestle with dogs of the neighborhood, but more and more he apparently realized his limitations and proceeded to carve out a life of his own. It was not a great life, but then, as he would have been the first to admit, he was not much of a dog.

Sitting on a little hilltop just behind the house seemed to be one of the major features of this new and permanent existence. Just what he found there to interest him one could not imagine. Possibly he was hoping that some day there

would appear over the horizon some other dog who was interested in stamps. He had no bones there, no rabbit thickets, yet there he would remain for hours at a time. Frequently the Perriers would leave him there when they went out in the car after luncheon and find him still there when they came back late in the afternoon. At their appearance, to be sure, he would come galloping heavily to meet them at the garage door; but that could not have been the whole purpose of his lookout for, as soon as he knew that they were safe in the house, back he would go to his hilltop.

Then, little by little, he developed other occupations, mostly agricultural. For one thing he loved to watch anyone plant anything, such as beans or onions, where he could sit in contemplation at the head of the rows. When the worker came up to his end of the field he would give one short wag and then move over to the next row. In his relations to the Perriers themselves he could have been called neither affectionate nor unaffectionate and he did not seem to care a great deal about coming into the house. When patted on his coarse, curly head he would look grateful and would wag his tail, which meant in his case a slow, undulating movement of his whole hind quarters. On the other hand, he did not demand to be a part of everything, as when visitors came to tea. After such visitors had exclaimed and gushed over big Charley and put him through all his tricks, one of them might happen to glance out of the window and say, "Hullo! What's this?"

"Oh," one of the Perriers would answer, "that's our *other* dog."

Thus life drifted on for a couple of years, and so unobtrusively had Joel sunk into the background that the world failed to notice the day when the hilltop no longer remained his chief point of attraction. The Perriers' dining room was on the west side of the house, and one noon, at luncheon, Helen suddenly laid down her fork. Her eyes were fixed on the open window.

"I don't want to say anything," she remarked, quietly, "but I do believe that a bit of scandal is developing in the neighborhood. That is the third time this week that Joel has been up to call on Miss Craggs."

With the liveliest interest August Perrier followed her look, since it was the most extraordinary thing for Joel even to leave the yard. Yet there he certainly was, coming slowly down the road, with his sheeplike body and his pensive walk. Unlike any other dog, he did not stop to sniff at any side-attractions; he did not break into a frolic as he reached the gateway, or make any violent pretenses that he had not really left the place. Instead he continued straight ahead, with his calm, old-man's pace, and disappeared around the ell of the house.

"I thought there was something in the wind," continued Helen, "when I saw him walking up there the other day. At first I was going to call him back, but it was so unusual that I decided to watch him and see what would happen. And there's where he went, straight as an arrow. He turned in at the arbor and went up the front path, just as if he'd had a date."

"He probably had," laughed Perrier. "You don't suppose she has a Pekinese or something?"

"Not a thing," replied Helen, promptly, "not even a cat. I believe it's Miss Craggs herself that is the attraction. She came out to meet him yesterday as he went in."

"Well, by George!" laughed Perrier. "If they wouldn't be an ideal couple! They're positively made for each other. She's got lots of money, and he'd give her a certain intellectual tone. Can't you see them, in the winter, driving around in her limousine in New York?"

"To the life!" agreed Helen. "Their habits would fit to a T. Every morning she could drop him at the dog department of the Metropolitan Museum or some place where he could fuss around

with a few old manuscripts on 'Dog Life Among the Assyrians.' Or he could lunch with that new Russian dog who had just arrived from Mongolia where he had dug up the most fascinating prehistoric bones, proving that the gazelle hound was really descended from the zebra."

"And at night," chuckled Perrier, "they could go back to that old house of hers in Fifty-Seventh Street where they could sit in front of a fire with nobody but themselves and the servants. She could do lace work and talk about her rheumatism, and Joel could correspond with a few famous savants or write up the notes that he had made during the day."

"Of course," added Helen, "there would be a few old friends with whom they would dine occasionally. And two or three times a winter they would go out to some staid old opera like 'Tristan' or 'Die Meistersinger.'"

"But never," suggested Perrier, "to anything like 'The Follies' or Eugene O'Neill."

"Oh, never!" agreed Helen.

"As nearly as I can see," said Perrier, "Joel's future is settled. What do you suppose we ought to do to bring them together? Perhaps Charley ought to give them a tea."

"We'd better do nothing," said Helen emphatically, "if I know Miss Craggs!"

Having been a neighbor for at least twelve summers, it could fairly be accepted that Helen Perrier was an authority on Miss Craggs, but as a matter of fact it was shortly evident that no pushing on anyone's part was needed to forward the budding romance. Every morning, without looking either to right or to left, Joel would go solemnly up the road and Miss Craggs, meeting Helen one afternoon, confessed, almost blushing, "You know, I've never cared much for animals but I do rather like to have him around." In a week the affair was flaunting and open and in another week, due to Perrier's efforts, it was the talk of the town. Andy Payson, in particular,

seized on the idea and spent whole hours laying out great plans for what he called "the love life of the Joel Perriers."

"I think I'd like to have them married under the apple trees," he commented, one evening, "but considering the age and dignity of both parties, we don't want anything of a splurge—just, perhaps, a few of his colleagues from Harvard and the University of Michigan and a few of her oldest friends from Washington Square. We must have a bishop, of course, and I have no doubt that they'll get a cablegram from the Duchess of Kent."

"And as they come out to their carriage," suggested Perrier, "six handsome greyhounds should be lined up, forming an arch of crossed mutton bones."

None of these remarks, naturally, was allowed to come to the ears of Miss Craggs herself, for hitherto Miss Annie Craggs had not been an individual with whom West Gosset had taken many liberties. She was, as Perrier's comments might have implied, a person now well in the autumn of life, and her career in the village had been marked by that peculiar combination of a soft heart and a cantankerous manner that seems to be the unfortunate handicap of many wealthy old ladies. In her appearance, certainly, there was nothing very redoubtable but, possibly because she had lived all her life in the fear of being imposed upon, there had grown up around her a tradition of causticity that had resulted in her being left severely alone.

That this isolation might possibly be undeserved it had apparently remained for Joel to discover. How he had nosed out Miss Craggs's front porch in the first place could never be learned but, having once formed a habit of going there, it was easy to see why it was a place exactly after his own heart. There was so much neatness at Miss Craggs's house and such complete silence. There were no other dogs there to irritate him with their continual fighting and not even a cat to make an

occasional pass at his nose. It was so peaceful after breakfast to go up to that perfect piazza and sink down with a heavy thump. Or, in the long afternoons, there was no better place in West Gosset for a dog to sit, panting slightly and thinking of this and that. Even if Miss Craggs or one of the maids patted him occasionally or urged him to move, it was done with such timidity and hesitation that a dog had time to prepare his nerves.

For a time August Perrier half expected that Miss Craggs would offer to buy Joel, in which case he was prepared to toy with the idea of offering him as a gift. It was not that he didn't like the black pup but he could recognize destiny when he saw it and would never have been willing to stand in the way of a larger and finer career. Lacking, however, any such overtures from Miss Craggs, Perrier wisely refrained from taking the first step. Having sprung himself, from much the same New Englandish atmosphere, perhaps he understood the old lady better than his wife did. Any definite or final suggestion might very easily have frightened her into an attitude of resistance that would have ended Joel's summer then and there.

So matters rested, with great tact on both sides, until one lazy afternoon when Helen Perrier lay reading in a steamer chair on the terrace. Suddenly she felt a shadow cross the bricks at her feet and, looking up, saw an elderly parlor maid with a light cape thrown over her uniform.

"Please, Mrs. Perrier," said the maid, "Miss Craggs sends her compliments and she wants to know whether anything has happened to Joel."

Helen hitched up in her chair with apprehension. "Joel? Why, not that I know of. He was here for his dinner. I saw him not long ago."

"He wasn't up at the house yesterday," explained the maid, "and he wasn't to-day. Miss Craggs didn't know . . ."

If Joel was not at Miss Craggs's there

was only one other place where he could possibly be, and Helen rose hastily. Sure enough, there was Joel on his hilltop, his head on his paws and his back to the sun. Helen gave a shrill whistle, and Joel vaguely lifted his head. The signal was repeated and, realizing at last that it was really for him, Joel slowly rose, shook himself, and came down the hill. At sight of the maid he gave a guarded wiggle but that was as far as he went.

"Take him up now if you wish to," suggested Helen, and quite eagerly the maid urged:

"Come on, Joel."

Again Joel gave his little wiggle but he did not move from his tracks.

"Go on, Joel," added Helen. "Go see Miss Craggs."

For answer Joel turned his head and looked up at her eyes. "Is this an order?" he seemed to be asking and, when Helen assured him that it was, he waddled off in the wake of the maid. Yet, half an hour later, when Helen looked up from her book, there was Joel again at the top of the hill.

When Perrier came home his wife related the incident and, as a first guess, Perrier pulled up Joel's forehead to look at the whites of his eyes.

"Oh, he's not sick," broke in Helen, quickly. "I thought of that but he's eaten all his meals."

"Perhaps the chauffeur kicked him or squirted the hose on him," suggested her husband.

"Never in the world," answered Helen, "not that nice old Garrity. No," she insisted, "for some reason or other he's simply 'off' Miss Craggs. In some way she must have hurt his feelings."

"Poor Miss Craggs!" grinned Perrier. "Can't she even get on with the dogs?"

For about two days longer the mystery continued, then one morning Perrier burst into his wife's dressing room.

"I believe I've got it," he exclaimed, "—what's wrong with Joel! He's got a rival. He's simply jealous!"

Helen looked up with the fixed expression of one who at last hears the truth. "Not another dog?"

"Dog nothing!" said Perrier. "Another man. I just saw Miss Craggs going by in her car, and on the seat beside her was the foppiest little old gentleman with a very red face and a snow-white mustache."

"George Dallingham Smith!" murmured Helen. "I might have known it. I've heard that he's been trying to marry her for thirty years. He is the kind of man who would kick a dog—not nastily, I mean, but if the dog tried to jump up on him or lick his spats."

"They ought to go out in a field," suggested Perrier, "and shoot it out."

"But what a fool!" laughed Helen. "I mean Joel—to go off and sulk. As nearly as I can see, he has made more progress in two months than George Dallingham Smith has made in thirty years."

"Why don't you go and tell him that?" suggested Perrier, but his wife gave him a wicked little look.

"Is it ever any use," she asked, "to try to tell anything to anyone who's jealous?"

Nevertheless, between them they seemed to have arrived at a correct diagnosis as, from then on, the presence or non-presence of George Dallingham Smith in West Gosset could be fairly judged by the actions of Joel. It might very well have been that Joel never actually *had* tried to jump on George Dallingham's trousers or lick his spats, but there were plenty of other minds in West Gosset that could state emphatically that no household was ever the same after George Dallingham Smith was once in it. If Miss Annie Craggs represented the chill and cautious side of old Victorian life, George Dallingham Smith represented the sprightly. He was the kind of man who would spring about like a grasshopper all his days and then, at the end of them, would write his memoirs. He was probably the most endless talker that Heaven ever created

and he loved to joke at his friends with roars and chuckles. He was the kind of man who was always popping up to rearrange and suggest things and, if the truth were known, he had probably tried to show his appreciation of Joel by poking him with his walking stick or rolling him over by his ears. At any rate, whatever the facts, Joel made it perfectly evident that between Miss Craggs's piazza plus George Dallingham Smith and his hilltop minus that gentleman, he for his part preferred the hilltop.

If Joel had only been a little more intimate with George Dallingham Smith's private affairs he might perhaps have been more tolerant; for it was distinctly to the old gentleman's credit that while, for many years, he had been very eager to marry Miss Annie Craggs, it was only recently that it had become at all necessary that he should marry her. It was not George Dallingham's fault that he had been born with a sociable nature, a love for travel, and very little else, nor was it to his discredit that an income which thirty years before had been regarded as ample, not to say magnificent, had slowly shrunk into very ominous proportions. With his familiar world evaporating all about him, it was only natural that he should cling with greater and greater tenacity to the few friendly firesides which remained, and if he suddenly appeared three times in West Gosset in a single summer, it was only what he would have been glad to do thirty-five years before when, in his way, he had been quite a dashing beau, and Miss Annie Craggs had been principally known as a gaunt, reserved, and not very popular girl.

But all this Joel, naturally, had not quite the vision to see. All that he could grasp was the fact that George Dallingham Smith was a very noisy and trivial person, and that when he was present Miss Craggs's piazza was gone all to pot. When G. D. was out of town, with the regularity of clockwork, Joel

would go up again and live with Miss Craggs; when G. D. returned Joel would go back to his hilltop and, with that uncanny instinct which is one of the most mysterious facts of dog nature, he never mixed his dates.

The Perriers, for their part, scarcely knew with which one to side, for while Joel's point of view was obvious, yet, as the summer wore on, they found themselves falling into an amazing fondness for George Dallingham Smith. Unlike Miss Annie Craggs, George Dallingham could not spend a week in a given neighborhood without becoming on intimate terms with its principal families. He formed the habit of dropping in at all hours of the day and, seen thus at a closer view, his friendly, guileless little ways became most disarming. Underneath his pomposities and his affectations he really had a very kindly, simple nature and, as the tragedy of his situation became more apparent, the Perriers began to root openly for his suit.

It was, in fact, this sociability of George Dallingham's that in the end threw Joel completely off his stride and precipitated the climax. One afternoon, while Joel was napping lazily on his hilltop, Miss Annie's open car came out of her driveway and down the road with two figures plainly visible, the chauffeur at the wheel and beside him George Dallingham Smith. Now, if there is one thing that a modern dog learns sooner than anything else, it is to distinguish the sound of a familiar car from any other, and at the well-known hum Joel sat up with interest. Then, seeing who occupied the front seat, the light in his eyes grew suddenly dull. Slowly turning his head, he watched the car until it had passed a turn in the road and then he sank down again to his meditations. It is not actually on record that he said, "You little squirt!" but it might just as well have been.

Half an hour later the same familiar hum came back up the highway, and again Joel roused himself at the sound. This time, however, he did not merely

remain in a sitting position but, with a glad, incredulous bound, he rose to his feet. "Can this really be true?" he seemed to ask himself, for now the car contained but a single figure, that of old Garrity, the chauffeur. Previously this had meant only one thing and, still not believing his good luck, Joel watched the car in every inch of its progress, his ears drinking in each change in its tune as it shifted gears, turned up Miss Annie's steep drive, and passed around the other side of her house. When finally he heard a rumbling crunch as the garage doors rolled shut, it seemed completely conclusive. With a leap that was almost kittenish, Joel galloped up the road.

But George Dallingham Smith had not left town. He had merely gone to the railroad station to send a telegram, a telegram so exultant and so personal that he had sent it in French. Then, overcome by the splendor of the day and his own private happiness, he had been seized with the idea of walking home and, almost bursting with a boyish eagerness to confide in someone, he stopped in to chat with his new friends, the Perriers.

One look at his face told Helen the whole story. The merest hint on her part caused the honest old gentleman to babble forth the great news and Perrier rushed to the house for champagne. The Paysons dropped in before it was properly iced and, as the presence of a bottle of champagne on the lawn in the middle of the afternoon was a thing that called for explanations, they also were shortly in possession of the truth. One good bottle called for another; George Dallingham Smith was presently elected a member in full standing of the ancient and honorable community of West Gosset; and even when, standing up with his glass in his hand, he made a speech beginning, "My dear, good friends . . ." and recited forty lines from "Lucille," everybody cheered. Only when the party began to break up did Helen glance a little anxiously at the

guest of honor and suggest tactfully to her husband:

"August, you haven't had a bit of exercise all day. Why don't you stroll up the road with Mr. Smith?"

The lift of her eyebrow was not lost on Perrier, and most genially he agreed; but Helen's precautions had been entirely unnecessary, for the two men had not walked a dozen steps when Perrier saw that George Dallingham's flush and a certain dampness of the eye were entirely due to honest sentiment and not to Sillery 1914. At Miss Annie's gate the younger man was quite ready to turn back, but the blissful Romeo would not hear of this for an instant.

"Oh, come on, come on, my dear boy, come up to the house," he insisted, the note of the proprietor already in his voice. "My blessed Annie will be delighted to see you. I told her I was going to tell the whole universe and you *must* say a word."

Linking his arm boisterously into Perrier's, he led the way up the path, then, suddenly overcome with natural confusion, he began to hesitate. On the piazza sat Miss Annie Craggs in her favorite straight-backed wicker chair and at her feet was Joel.

"My dear—" began George Dallingham Smith, but at that moment Joel looked up. Before him he saw the human being he most despised on earth—and not only that, but arm-in-arm with a man whom, up to that moment, he had believed he could respect and trust.

"If it had only been any other dog," as Perrier said afterwards, "you might have known what to expect. Old Titus, for instance, would have leaped at his throat and Charley . . . well, Charley would have ordered another bottle of champagne."

But this was not Titus, the crusty setter, nor was it Charley, the prince of mongrels and friend of the world. It was only Joel, the hermit shepherd, and, without a look, without a turn of his head, Joel rose to his feet and walked slowly away. Not many times in his

life had Joel been called upon to express emotion, but he was certainly a master of sheer, cold contempt.

Half an hour later Perrier himself followed and at his own gate he found his wife waiting. She asked but a single word:

"Well . . . ?"

Perrier laughed in a confused, unsettled sort of fashion. "From somewhere out of a pious youth," he answered, "I seem to remember a sermon I once heard on The Prodigal Son. 'And amidst all the feasting and rejoicing there was one who had no gladness in his heart, who did not approve of the festivities and had no intention of taking part.' And you know," concluded Perrier, "it has always been the elder brother for whom I myself have had a sneaking sympathy."

"You have the gift of tongues," replied Helen, "but you still leave me hazy."

"It was Joel," explained Perrier. "He was there on the piazza when we arrived, and you ought to have seen his expression. He looked, he sniffed, and he folded his tents. Honestly, I thought he was going to hand me back his collar and license."

"Oh, the poor darling!" exclaimed Helen. "Where is he? We must find him at once."

Rapidly she led the way around the

house and, of course, there was Joel, again on his hilltop, his head on his paws, his nose toward Miss Craggs's house and the setting sun. As Helen came up the slope he turned one lusterless eye and gave his tail one thump in the dust, but, with a manner she had never yet used to this queer gallumux, Helen lifted his head and held it in her lap.

"Poor Joel!" she said, "I know how you feel. But don't mind, old man. At any rate, *we* love you and you still have us."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Perrier, looking down at them, "You know, I don't believe that we really *could* have given him up."

Gently parting the big, woolly ears, Helen leaned over and kissed the flat, chinchilla spot on the top of Joel's head.

"There now," she said, as she rose to her feet, "perhaps you'd like to be left alone."

"At a time like this," agreed Perrier, only faintly smiling, "I imagine that one does not exactly want to chatter."

He slipped his arm through his wife's and they started down the hill, but, when they were a dozen steps away, again Joel lifted his head and looked thoughtfully after them. Then, probably, he did the strangest thing that he had yet done in his life. Slowly he rose to his feet and followed them—straight into the house.



A BURGLAR LOOKS AT LAWS AND CODES

BY JACK BLACK

The author of this article was for twenty-five years a criminal and served several prison terms.
—*The Editors.*

“**WE** MUST all hang together or assuredly we shall hang separately.” Benjamin Franklin signing his name to the Declaration of Independence reduced to a sentence the working philosophy of every bunch of highwaymen and bank burglars. “If one slips we all fall,” they say, and build their code upon the cornerstone of loyalty.

In great crises the written law has always gone down before the unwritten. In flood, panic, earthquake, plague, human need abrogates all law. The necessity to survive dictates a new code—or a return to the oldest of codes. There is no time for fine distinctions. In the San Francisco earthquake and fire the community recognized but one fundamental law, the need to survive. They reverted to a simple primitive code.

In the criminal world every man lives always on the edge of catastrophe. Danger is the norm. Once having put himself into conflict with society, society’s rules cease to exist for him. He swiftly recognizes that his life and liberty depend upon the loyalty of his fellows and to get loyalty he must give it. Often it is his only virtue. If he hasn’t it he perishes—by one law or another.

The criminal’s code is based upon the same fundamentals as the social code: protection of life and property. Though the underworld code recognizes no obligation to the upperworld, within the limits of its own world it is absolutely inexorable. It pays its debts and its grudges on the minute. The crook, like

the business man, strengthens his position and credit if he meets his bills and discharges his obligations promptly. It’s in the book that the crook pays his room rent and his board, and it’s the part of safety to do so. The unpaid landlady may bring down the police, and the police may ask questions which will involve him and his friends. But also, to fail to pay the board bill is an admission that he is a “slow connector”; he can’t make the grade. In other words, he’s a failure in his profession; not a thief but a dead-beat. Sooner or later he winds up where he belongs, stealing milk bottles and doormats, serving short sentences in small jails, despised by honest people and shunned by “honest” thieves.

The upperworld knows nothing about caste as compared with the underworld. Crookdom is the most provincial of small villages, the most rigid in its social gradations. Honors and opportunity are apportioned on the basis of code observance. There is no more caste in the heart of India than in an American penitentiary. A bank burglar assumes an air with a house burglar, a house burglar sneers at a pickpocket, a pickpocket calls the forger “a short story writer,” and they all make common cause against the stool-pigeon, whatever caste he comes from. He jeopardizes the life and liberty of his own, which is the great unpardonable crime in the underworld code. He is the rattlesnake of the underworld, and they kill him on the “safety-first” principle as swiftly and dispassionately as you would kill a copperhead. Respect

for property in the underworld is as deep as it is in the upperworld. The fact that it is upperworld property which is involved makes no difference, for when property is transferred from the upperworld to the underworld it becomes sacred again.

The burglar who shoots his partner for holding out a lady's watch goes up in the social scale of the underworld. Like the clubman who perjures himself to save a lady's reputation, he has done the right thing in the sight of his fellows. Each is a better gentleman according to the code.

The crook has one yardstick for measuring the conduct of the upperworld, another for the underworld. If his attorney strips him of his loot, as frequently happens, he is supposed to whistle it off and take it out on the next citizen he meets. The attorney belongs to the upperworld, and the crook's obligation ends when he exposes him to his fellow-crooks. But if a thief's partner robs him of his end of the loot he must "regulate" him according to the code, or lose caste.

A thief chooses his working partners more carefully than does a business man because his life and liberty are at stake. A careful business man eliminates risky associates, and a careful burglar does the same thing—in his own way. I knew a safe-breaker who "eliminated" his partner because he fell asleep on the job. While he was inside doing the "blacksmithing" on the bank vault, his outside man, his lookout, opened up the next-door saloon, got himself a bottle of whiskey, drank it, and went to sleep in a hallway. When the preliminary work was done the "blacksmith" came out to make sure it was safe to explode the dynamite, and discovered his helper legless drunk. He made a swift survey of the street, went in and finished his job, then returned and finished the man who had staked their life and liberty against a bottle of rum.

If his reputation had not been unimpeachable according to underworld standards, his critics would have said

that he killed his partner to avoid splitting the coin. Instead they declared unanimously that it was "a proper pay-off." They knew him for a man who dealt the game of violence but wouldn't weaken if it were dealt to him. His end was appropriate. Disabled in a police battle, while trying to cover the retreat of his companions, he used his last cartridge on himself.

The code makes heavy demands on those who believe in it. The hardest year I ever put in in prison was the one in which I saw an innocent man going slowly to the gallows when one word from me would have saved him. It was the one word which, according to the code, I could not speak. I knew the guilty man and all the circumstances surrounding the crime. It was knowledge that had been confided to me. In prison I came to know the accused man. He was not of the underworld but just a helpless victim in the mesh of circumstance. As I came to know him and realized how much finer he was than the guilty man, my natural human impulse was to tell him the truth and shout it from the housetops. But I was of the underworld, and all that I had in that world was my "good name" as a thief, built up by years of playing the game in strict accordance with the code. That was to me what a business man's credit is to him. To sacrifice it was to become an underworld bankrupt. When one who is already a defaulter from society goes broke in the underworld he is like a half-breed Chinaman—there is no place for him. Within the limits of the code I made all the gestures possible. I did everything except name the guilty man, but to no purpose. I saw this innocent man go to trial, saw him convicted, sentenced, and taken away to the death house. When, three days before the date set for his execution, the governor commuted his sentence to life imprisonment, I was almost as happy as he was. After I got free I spent considerable time, my upperworld friends spent still more, and his lawyer spent five thou-

sand dollars of his own money, in an effort to free him. When we finally got him out his health was wrecked, and to compensate for ten years in San Quentin's jute mill, he had just ninety days of sunshine before he died.

According to the code the professional thief is supposed to take the tough breaks smiling, and the hard loser is no more popular in the underworld than in the upperworld. The gambler doesn't tear his hair when he loses his bank-roll, and the carpenter who falls off a scaffold and breaks a leg takes it all in the day's work. So the thief is expected to take with a smile even the grimmest jokes that justice plays on him.

The most companionable cell-mate I ever had was a man serving five years for a crime he didn't commit. He had committed plenty of others for which he hadn't served any time and he chuckled at the vagaries of justice all through his term. He was the renegade son of a fine family who began a criminal career as a house burglar. He was first arrested in a pawnshop disposing of stolen property; but at the trial his mother, an aristocratic old lady with gray hair, and his beautiful sister perjured themselves up to the hilt to provide an alibi which won him an immediate acquittal. Three months later he was arrested again on suspicion of another burglary and identified by a ten-year-old child who saw him leaving the house. The same lawyer defended him, and once more his relatives alibied him to the satisfaction of a second jury, and he was again acquitted. One midnight a week later he was on his way to call on a friend in a cheap hotel. As he passed through the hall there was a commotion in one of the rooms. The door was thrown open, and a man dashed past him and down the front stairs. The occupant of the room cried "Burglars! Burglars!" then blew a police whistle. Our burglar realized that it was a police case and this was no place for him. He dashed down the back stairs, up the alley, and into the arms of a policeman who was answering the

whistle. The policeman found a skeleton key in his pocket which fitted the lock on the door of the burglarized room and the occupant said, "He looks very much like the man." The same lawyer rallied to his defense, but this time no alibi was possible; and the jury found him guilty without leaving their seats. The veteran lawyer turned to his young client and smiled grimly, "Well, Billy, they're wrong again."

II

The more strictly a criminal adheres to the underworld code the greater will be his handicap if, and when, he decides to mend his ways. This adherence makes him friends, and he is proud of it; but these very friends help to anchor him in that life. The upperworld does not realize how great a part this plays in the lapses of offenders who are given an opportunity to reform. The backslider is charged with ingratitude, weakness, or deceitfulness. They don't realize that when he steps out of prison in his suit of bull's-wool, and squeaky shoes, he packs a heavy load of obligations. He doesn't realize it himself. The man who goes out of prison leaving no friends has fewer debts to the underworld, but he is likely to have fewer assets in the upperworld; for whatever kept him from making friends in one place will operate against him in another.

If a man could throw off the implications of the code along with his prison uniform, the road back wouldn't be so rough.

My most difficult problem has been to survive in the upperworld and pay the underworld debts that had accumulated in twenty-five years, without running afoul of the police. The police never regard an ex-convict as reformed until he is ready to empty himself of all his underworld information. The sad part of it is that so many ex-prisoners do just this.

It has always seemed to me that any man, whether he is in the upperworld or the underworld, must meet the obliga-

tions of his code. Many former associates had a right to expect and demand help from me, and of course they did demand it. In the fifteen years that I have been playing Society's game, I have many times had one foot in a jail as the result of trying to reconcile the underworld and upperworld codes. Coward that I am, I can't help being glad of a continent between me and San Quentin where the prison population includes many men who have a right to ask me for help of a kind I cannot give without jeopardizing my liberty and violating the law.

I have been asked to send pistols and explosives and narcotics into jails by men who had a right to demand them because they had done favors for me in the past. Fortunately I had influential friends in the upperworld who understood both codes and helped me to pay my debts in a legitimate way. The man who wanted a pistol was given a chance instead at parole or probation—a chance to make good in the upperworld. Instead of sending opium to the addict who supplied it to me when I was locked up, my friends sent him to a hospital where he could take the cure.

Some of my debts have had to be paid in kind, and no one could help me. I owe my life to a thief who risked his life to take me out of jail. He smuggled me saws to open my cell, then came in the night to cut the bars of the window and lifted me out through the hole when I was so weak from tuberculosis that I could barely walk. He sheltered me and fed me and finally sent me away where I was safe and free to get well. Years afterward, when I had cured myself of the dope habit, served my sentence, and won immunity from the law, and was just beginning to feel a little secure in my respectability, my telephone rang in the small hours of the night. A woman's voice asked if I was "Mr. Black" and said, "I have a message from Eddie and I'm leaving town immediately. Of course you know I can't give it over the 'phone." I knew a dozen Eddies. I ran

them all through my mind. "You don't mean Eddie who took me out . . ." "Yes, yes," she interrupted. "Hurry."

I didn't know what had happened but I realized that another debt was due. She gave me an address. Fifteen minutes later I found myself in a shabby, light-housekeeping room with the man who had taken me out of jail a bundle of bloody rags, lying desperately wounded on the dirty carpet. He needed medical attention and money, but more than that, he needed to be shielded from the police. What did I do? What would you have done? Could I turn my back on him and walk away to my secure, respectable position? I couldn't and didn't. He was hidden, nursed back to health, and sent away to safety.

I have always felt that I owed frankness to my respectable friends, the men who sponsored me. I kept them informed of every contact I had with the underworld. None of them offered a word of criticism.

Twice, on other occasions, I was taken to detective headquarters and accused of aiding fugitives and helping friends to keep ahead of the police. The Captain of Detectives solemnly read me the law from his code which declares: "It is a crime to conceal a crime." I had probably read his code oftener than he had, but he knew nothing of the other code. I denied the particular accusations against me but told him that I could see myself doing those things under certain circumstances. After seven years of fairly clean living and honest work, I was indicted over-night by a San Francisco Grand Jury. The police and the district attorney's office accused me of "flagrant obstruction of justice." They produced my police record, which was as long as a widow's clothes line, and not quite so clean, but neglected to include anything from the later pages of my life.

Judge Dunne, who had sentenced me to my last term in prison, Fremont Older the editor, my employer and chief sponsor, and many other professional men and women who knew more about

my activities than the police did, protested so vigorously that I was given a hearing by the Grand Jury.

I told them nothing but the truth. I admitted a technical violation of the penal code but pleaded in extenuation that, according to the obligations incurred under another code, I could not have done otherwise. As a result the indictment was not "handed up" and one of the Grand Jurors afterward said, "We didn't have the heart to put you in jail for paying your debts."

Many ex-prisoners who try to go straight become involved with the law in an effort to discharge their obligations. The underworld is always reaching out to them, and the more help they are in a position to give, the greater the demands upon them will be. To one who understands underworld people, some of the causes that put them where they are, and the almost impossibility of their getting out of it, and to one who has been helped by them in thousands of ways, the letter of this code is almost mandatory.

Few ex-prisoners have been so fortunate in the understanding of their upper-world friends as I have been and most of them would have landed in prison again for doing less in payment of their debts than I have done.

III

The evolution of my own attitude on law and code may have some significance for other people. Up to the age of fifteen, I believed in and followed the spirit and the letter of the law. Once having come into conflict with the police, my views changed over-night. When I found the first policeman wrong and the first crook right, I jumped to a boyish conclusion that all policemen were wrong and all crooks right. That was my first hook-up with the underworld, and thereafter for twenty-five years I sounded all its depths and shoals. I accepted the underworld code as unquestioningly as I had accepted the law. I operated under

the delusion that it was a higher code. I have yielded that belief with reluctant struggle. After fifteen years of operating, or groping, under the written law, I have come to the conclusion that if it isn't entirely wrong, it's far from being all right. Judged pragmatically it's a wash-out. It doesn't work.

Basically, law is the expression of the people's desire to get along together. It's a short-cut to fair dealing among members of society. Unfortunately, it has got off its noble base. It has become complicated, perverted, prostituted. Special legislation has made of it a cloak for all kinds of high-roguery. Specialized enforcement that penalizes one man and lets another brush by for a like offense has brought it into disrepute. Every unenforced law brings all law into contempt. The non-enforcement of a constitutional amendment affecting the whole people may destroy a nation's allegiance to the whole legal fabric.

The rule-makers for all games except the game of life are continually trying to simplify the rules. If the rules governing baseball were as complicated as the income tax law, the world's series would rival "*Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce*." Laws make lawyers and lawyers make laws, and this makes a sinister circle that grows larger and larger. The fewer and simpler laws a country has, the more apt they are to be obeyed. If there are too many of them people begin by ignoring the pesky little ones and end by questioning them all.

Prohibition and automobiles have brought hundreds of thousands of people into conflict with the law and its tactless or corrupt enforcers who have never been involved before. Many a man who has been locked up over-night for a violation of a petty ordinance would not convict a burglar the next day if he were called on the jury. His first glimpse of the legal machine has made a rebel of him.

The backsliding of the habitual criminals who are going the rounds of the penitentiaries is of small consequence

because they are a small minority. There are fewer habitual criminals in prison to-day in proportion to the prison population than ever. It is a new type of offender who is now crowding the prison cells.

There is no longer a sharp line of demarcation between the upperworld and the underworld. The deadline has been obliterated. Instead there is a growing, nebulous, shadowy anyman's land, populated by men and women who pay allegiance to no code—no law.

It is this group that is congesting the court calendar until the district attorney's office is so crowded that he puts a premium on a plea of guilty from the petty burglars and highwaymen to get them out of the way. He needs the time to prosecute indicted judges, politicians, bank examiners, bank presidents, cashiers, tellers, and messengers; doctors, lawyers, druggists, and ambulance chasers; crooked brokers and bucket shoppers, and the multitude of other offenders who are the by-product of bootleg.

"Get yours and get it quick" was once a thieves' notion. Now it seems to have spread to all walks of life. The legitimate ways of "getting it quick" are very limited, and more and more people seem to be taking the illegitimate or semi-legitimate. Men who have repudiated the law but still wear the cloak of Bradstreet are stimulating the crime wave and profiting by it.

Jimmy Hope, the most famous bank burglar of fifty years ago, took a million dollars in bonds out of a Boston bank and couldn't market them. The law meant something then. Jimmy dickered and haggled with Mother Mendelbaum, the fence, in her dingy dive, but she would have none of them. To-day he could step into a luxurious office and meet a man behind a polished desk who would grubstake him to pull off the burglary and take the bonds off his hands at fifty cents on the dollar the morning after.

More and more brains are going into

the underworld—seeping through from the borderland group. Brains register anywhere you find them, and as the percentage of morons in the criminal world decreases, the problem of crime prevention and detection becomes more difficult and complicated. This change is so marked that it has led Russel A. Algire, vice-president of the National Surety Company, to declare that "an underwriter of crime insurance must combat brains instead of nature."

The crack of the gunman's pistol is nowadays only an echo from the higher ramparts of graft and corruption. When the bank president smashes his bank from the inside, and the State bank-examiner, chief-of-police of the banking world, turns "outside" man for him, to cover his looting, it's not surprising that the small-salaried clerk goes wrong. Rather is it surprising that so many go right. After reading the criminal news in any issue of a New York daily, it is a simple matter for a pay-roll stick-up to rationalize his activities. As a retired highwayman, I can understand how a highwayman becomes what he is, but this growing body of higher-larcenists defies any analysis from me. Lawless—and codeless—they seem to me to constitute a greater menace to the established order than the journeymen highwaymen and pay-roll stick-ups who are circulating through space with their big pistols.

When death comes the underworld turns its face to the wall and dies mute. A criminal punished for an infringement of the code, no matter how treacherously he is dealt with, almost invariably refuses to name his killer. He so hates the law, and the brass buttons and stars which to him are its symbol, that even in death he won't "turn copper." And when the man from the district attorney's office, with pad and paper in hand, prepares to take his dying statement, he most frequently gasps, "Get to hell out of here!"

The borderland criminal, who has neither suffered at the hands of the law

nor accepted the code, often dies differently. X was a brilliant and successful criminal lawyer and one of the crook-est men that ever flourished in any profession. He boasted that he could put a man in prison or take him out, according to the way the money lay, and proved it on numerous occasions. He was hated and feared by the bench and the bar because he repeatedly doubled-crossed them both; and no victim ever got out of his clutches with a nickel in his pocket. Like all crooks, he carried the pitcher to the well once too often. He was shot to death in his office by a man whose legacy he had stolen and whose family was on the verge of poverty. Under his stiffening hand was a blood-soaked scrap of paper which bore the line, "Clancy shot me."

IV

The strength of the underworld code, bad and bloody as it is, lies in the fact that crooks believe in it absolutely and enforce it impartially. The evil of that code lies in the fact that it is very special legislation, by which a few, a very few, survive and thrive at the expense of the many. In contrast we find the legal code breaking down because the people are without faith in it.

Why have they lost faith?

First, because the legal code is devious, complicated, slow-moving, and unnecessarily interfering, instead of being direct, simple, and swift. This leads to "racketeering," which is an unconscious attempt to get back to direct dealing between people; to brush away the red-tape and the run-around. People submit to racketeering as a direct short-cut because they are worn down by the circumlocution involved in getting the necessities through legitimate, legalized channels. In the modern city few things can be accomplished honestly and legitimately and at the same time quickly. When a thoroughly competent automobile driver has wasted six mornings waiting to pass a driving test, he's

rather susceptible to the suggestion of the bystander who says, "Go over and see Pete—over there by the radiator. Slip him a couple of dollars. He'll fix you up." So we end by all "fixing one another up"—extra-legally.

Second. Many people have lost faith in the law because it is not impartially written or impartially interpreted. Too much of it is written by and for special groups no more entitled to special legislation than is the underworld to its narrow code.

Third. Many people have lost faith in the law because they have lost faith in its administrators. The weakness, the partiality, the corruption of too many of those entrusted with its enforcement lead the average man to look upon the judge and the policeman as oppressors rather than protectors. The police-experience of one black sheep will often turn his respectable family and his neighbors against the law and line them up on the side of the code. I knew a woman in San Francisco who had never done a dishonest thing in her life. Her boy was locked up and given the third degree and a beating, in an effort to get a confession from him. Failing, the police sent for his mother and offered her her son's freedom if she would persuade him to give up the names of his companions. In a voice that the whole jail could hear, she said, "You keep your mouth shut, Joe. If you turn policeman and give them one name, I'll disown you and discharge your lawyer, and you'll not get another bite of food from me so long as you're here." Joe kept his mouth shut and shared his home-baked pies with the rest of us. The code had entered this woman's soul so completely that she would rather have seen her son in prison than a stool pigeon lined up with the police.

Every time a judge swings the legal blackjack, he ties the underworld tighter to its own code. I have seen two thousand men in prison embittered by a single decision. "Woodenface" Jimmy was serving two ten-year sentences in

Folsom. He claimed that one of the sentences was invalid, and the prison "lawyers" after thrashing the case out pro and con decided that he was right. Jimmy saved every nickel he could beg, borrow, or steal, and when his first ten years were served the prisoners took up a collection and got him a lawyer. On a writ of habeas corpus the lawyer took him back to the up-state county seat where he had been sentenced. A new judge on the bench heard the writ and after much deliberation decided that Jimmy was right, that one of the sentences was invalid, but—he had already served *that* sentence and he must now return to prison and serve the valid one. The lawyer refused to carry the case farther without more money, and Jimmy could never get another hundred dollars together, so he went back to prison and did the second ten years.

In America the law is on trial, and its

case is weak because it does not come into court with clean hands. Between the underworld crooks and their upper-world competitors, American lawlessness has become an international joke. And with all the unenforced laws on the statute books, lobbyists—and legislators—are spinning more laws to breed more contempt for all law. Americans are so inoculated with law that they are coming to feel themselves immune from all law. When this noble rage for legislation—and lawlessness—has passed, a period of sanity may set in out of which we can hope for the emergence of a new ethic upon which to build a better code: a code which will not permit one group to thrive at the expense of another but will deal out the widest justice to the most people.

Some such code, at once simple and sound, would justify itself on sight—like the multiplication table—and be equally respectable and enforceable.

A WILD THING

BY WITTER BYNNER

Y*OUR will was lighter than a wing;
 You were purposeless with song.
 And so I asked you not to sing
 But only to belong—
 And so I asked you not to be
 The wild thing I love . . .
 What in the world was the matter with me?
 What was I thinking of?*



ON THE PRACTICE OF SMOKING IN CHURCH

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

DURING a short stay in the United States last winter I had a couple of queer experiences. The first one occurred when I was stopping over Sunday with an old acquaintance who lives out in the country. Like myself, he is nothing of a drinker. He has a fine taste in wines and liquors and knows a good deal about them in a theoretical way, but it seldom occurs to him to take a drink. Some of his ancestors, however, must have leaned up against the rail once in a while, for when he inherited the property he came into a large cellarful of goods that date back to the Mexican War or farther; and all during his ownership this noble stock has lain under lock and bar, practically undisturbed.

On my second evening there he asked me if I would like a drink with my dinner. I felt an odd lack of enthusiasm about it, but I assented, so we went down cellar together and rummaged around in the primeval dust and cobwebs, emerging finally with a bottle of such wine as one seldom sees nowadays. In fact, I had never but once in my life come across anything so good, and that was in Europe two years ago, when I had a taste of the same mark and vintage, and I well remembered what my sensations were on that occasion. But those sensations did not recur. The wine was perfect—nothing could be better—but after the first taste I really did not care two straws whether I touched it again or not.

The second experience was when I went to hear a concert in one of our large industrial towns. The concert

was given under the auspices of the local women's club, by an ensemble of ancient instruments that I had often heard in Europe with such delight that I was keen to hear it again. The occasion was perfect, as far as anyone could judge—program perfect, performance perfect, and the audience almost portentously quiet, attentive, receptive. Nothing could have been improved upon, and it should have been an occasion to mark with a white stone among one's musical memories. But in spite of all that, I could not warm up to it or really enjoy it. Several times I even caught my attention wandering; it seemed no trouble at all to think about something else while the performance was going on. Something was missing, something, evidently, that takes more than a perfect program, perfect performance, and attentive audience to produce. A friend of mine once went to the Brussels opera to hear the "Tales of Hoffmann," and he said that for the next two hours after Antonia's trio with Doctor Miracle and the Picture, "I couldn't have told you whether I was a red-licker Democrat or a bootleg Prohibitionist." Just *that*, whatever it is, was absent, and one could no more get worked up to any such degree of absorption over the performance than one could over listening to a man sawing wood.

These incidents seemed worth thinking about. There was manifestly nothing wrong with the wine or the concert. There was nothing wrong with me either, and I had already elsewhere sampled the same wine and the same ensemble and knew just what was what.

Hence the insulation, whatever it was, that in both cases had cut in against my getting results seemed due necessarily to circumstances. But what were they, and how did they operate, and what useful practical conclusions, if any, could one get out of analyzing them?

II

Returning to Europe, I went almost immediately down into Touraine. The summer travel season was setting in, and I presently began to notice the vanguard of tourists from the United States on their way around the Châteaux country of the Loire. They made the same agreeable impression on me that American tourists in Europe have invariably made in recent years. In respect of good manners, good nature, and good temper, I stand up uncompromisingly for the maligned and derided body of American tourists, especially by comparison with those of other lands, and more especially considering the appalling discomfort and fatigue that they elect to endure. When I think what my frame of mind would be if for one week I went through what they go through week in and week out, I feel like starting a subscription for some kind of permanent memorial to their excellent qualities. Very seldom indeed of late years have I seen an objectionable American tourist, or one who did not show himself considerate, kindly, and courteous. This is of course only one person's experience, and one cannot flatly generalize on the strength of it. Besides, I have been very little in Paris, London, and Berlin, where the more objectionable elements in our tourist traffic would perhaps mostly congregate. But my experience has been large enough to make me think it is fairly representative, and as such I stand by it.

One thing, however, which I notice about American visitors in Europe is that they do not seem to be having a really good time. When they approach the best that Europe can do for them

their spark plugs seem to get gummed up with the same sort of carbon which shut off my ignition at the concert last winter. Not knowing the first earthly thing about a motor car, I have to take a chance on this figure of speech being technically correct, but the point is clear—some sort of insulation gets in and obstructs the spiritual current so that nothing happens; the engine of the emotions goes dead and will not turn a wheel. I notice too, in such conversation as I have had with our visitors, that they know really almost nothing of what they have seen. They can give names, localities, dates—they are usually good at those—but as for “what about it,” upon which the release of imagination and emotion so largely depends, they are not at all good, but quite the contrary. I notice this particularly in the so-called “educational” tours that I see passing through the Touraine. They are intended to attract—and I suppose do attract—the more intelligent element in our travelling public. I have seen several of these parties and, judging by their general attitude and behavior, and by overhearing their conversation among themselves, they seemed to have almost no knowledge of what they were seeing; and consequently their play of imagination and emotion was very light and superficial.

A pleasant gentleman who chatted with me affably the other evening may serve as a type. We had a long talk. He was from one of our Western states, over here for a nine months' tour with his wife (he had already served out six months of his term), driving his own car and proposing to cover all Western Europe, including Scandinavia and the British Isles. As far as I could discover, his imagination and emotion had made no play whatever upon anything he had seen or heard, nor could I get a word of intelligent appraisal out of him concerning a single item of his itinerary in Italy, Austria, Bavaria, Switzerland, and southern France. He did say that he thought the Swiss Alps were sightlier than the

Rockies, but that was all the comment he made, except that the French people struck him as unprogressive. When families stayed rooted in the same spot from generation to generation they clung to back-number business methods, and things got stagnant. Thus it was that by easy stages we came around to two topics upon which he spoke with real knowledge and real enthusiasm. One of them was motor cars. He knew everything there is to know about motor cars. I believe he could build one, probably a good one. The other topic was salesmanship. He had made his fortune out of something he had devised and put on the market rather adventurously, I gathered, but with great success. I remarked as a curious fact that he said nothing about his product, not even telling me what it was or what it was supposed to do, but only about the problem of marketing it.

Let it not be thought for a moment that there is the slightest hint of disparagement in my use of this gentleman for purposes of illustration. On the contrary, I have every respect for him and intend shortly to place myself side by side with him for exactly the same purposes. What I am driving at is this: In every civilization there is a dominant spirit or idea which gives a definite and distinct tone to the whole social life of that civilization. It determines, almost always positively, and when not positively then negatively by way of reaction, the individual's line of approach to life, establishes his views of life, and prescribes his demands on life. If an individual goes into another civilization and tries for the time being to change his native approach, views, and demands to correspond with those set by the spirit of the alien civilization into which he goes he finds that he cannot possibly do it. That is a matter of a good deal of time and of very special conditions which need not be discussed here. Almost invariably his own native approach to life, his views of life, and his demands on life continue to

control him, and must do so. He can suppress them for the moment, as most of us do, if we are wise. If we have a definite errand in an alien civilization, as when an invalid goes to Karlsbad for treatment or as when the great financier goes to Paris in behalf of the banking business, we can get our affairs transacted as quickly as possible and then return, meanwhile keeping our native views and demands in abeyance. But when we try to exercise the views and demands that are established by the spirit of our own civilization we are bound to get unsatisfactory results.

Here, I think, was the trouble with my touring acquaintance from the Golden West, and here, I think, is the reason why most of the visiting Americans I see, even those who patronize the educational tour, do not seem to be getting the full flavor of a good time, but on the contrary, seem to be taking their pleasure in a rather subdued fashion. The dominant spirit of their civilization, which finds its highest expression, perhaps, in the enterprise of Mr. Ford and the social ideals of Mr. Hoover, has determined their line of approach to life, their views of life, and their demands on life, and they are now in a country where a different spirit finds expression in different views and demands, and where consequently the line of approach to life is also different.

For example, in the city of Tours, where I am now writing, all the stores close at noon—as indeed they do in all French towns—and stay closed until two o'clock, and nothing can be done about it. I might tell a shopkeeper that I would pay the whole national debt of France if for one day he would keep his shop open until twelve-fifteen, and he would merely reply that all such matters were the concern of the Government, and that I should see M. Poincaré about it. As for himself, he was engaged to drink coffee and play dominoes in the café that noon with his excellent friend and neighbor, M. Haricot, as they had done every Monday and Thursday noon

for thirty-two years, except during the War, when they were comrades at the front. Abridging that game by fifteen minutes was something that simply could not be thought of, even though the national debt were never paid.

Again, the merchant here is just the opposite of my tourist acquaintance in being less interested in making a sale than in knowing his stock and being sure of what it is good for and not good for. Moreover, he does not seem over-anxious to extend his trade. The "quota" system would be foreign to him. If he does about as much business this year as last or as the year before he is satisfied. He knows he cannot get all the money in the world and, if he has enough, life is too pleasant and interesting to fritter away in worryment over how to get more. One of the largest and finest restaurants in Paris shuts up tight as a drum for a whole month every year at the height of the tourist season, and row after row of small shops closes during August.

The dominant spirit which expresses itself in these ways, and in many others that are analogous, sets the tone of a whole social life here, just as the dominant spirit of American civilization does there. Nobody escapes it or can escape it. In America the spirit which the Germans call *Fordismus* does not set the views of life and the demands on life for certain individuals and classes only; it sets them for everybody. To demonstrate this would be merely to go over again the ground already traversed by Mr. James Truslow Adams in last July's issue of this magazine, in his article called "A Business Man's Civilization." *Fordismus* marks out the approach to life, not only for the Chambers of Commerce and the Rotarians, but for the whole American press, pulpit, forum, school, college, political party, or what you will; it marks it out for every profession as well as every trade. It is a mistake to think that Mr. Lowell Schmalz and Mr. Babbitt, or Mrs. Schmalz and Delmerine, are in any sense special products of *Fordismus*.

Mr. Adams has shown that it just as strictly determines the view of life and demands on life of President Lowell and Professor Carver; and there is not a man, woman, or child in the country but who, willy-nilly, consciously or unconsciously, has his views and demands determined by it. Just so here in France there is no person, young or old, from the least to the greatest, but has his views and demands determined by a different spirit dominant in his civilization. I am not raising any question of superiority; any question whether either spirit is better and more meritorious than the other. All I say is that they are quite different. My whole point is that in consequence when an individual passes from either civilization to the other he is all the time played upon by spiritual ether-waves which powerfully affect his capacity for enjoyment.

III

A prevalent new wrinkle in modern literature, I believe, is to "analyze one's own reactions," so the recurrence of the personal pronoun in this article probably needs no apology. Although as I have said, I am an abstemious person in a general way, doing little with liquor, cards, or any of the vices usually related to them, I "take it out" on tobacco. I might almost say with Mark Twain that I came into the world asking for a light; and since that was a great many years ago, I begin to fear that I am no candidate for the ministrations of the Anti-Cigarette League. I shall probably smoke on, and smoke out, and then doubtless smoke forever.

But although the force of this inveterate habit is strong, there is one place where it is seriously interfered with by some occult but very powerful influence, and that is in church. I believe I have no superstition whatever about church buildings. Having been raised Christian and Protestant, I certainly should have none about a Mohammedan temple, for instance. Yet if I visited one, and the head

muezzin or effendi or whatever he is called, should tell me to make myself at home and smoke all I liked, I know I should decline even though I felt the urge. I have never tried smoking in church, but I can imagine the situation perfectly, and I know I should not enjoy it. Ask me why, and I could give but a vague and unsatisfactory answer. Long habit, plenty of desire, first-class tobacco, free opportunity cordially extended, no vestige of superstition in the way—everything seems all right enough, yet I am sure I should take a puff or two and then give up simply because it did not taste right.

Here was precisely the trouble with me at the concert last winter. I was trying to enjoy smoking in church, and it would not work. That is to say, I was trying to enjoy something towards which the dominant spirit of the civilization around me was either inimical or indifferent. The immediate circumstances, as I have said, were most favorable, but that is nothing; they could not prevail against the pervasiveness of the general spiritual atmosphere that surrounded them. A thunderstorm will sour milk in a refrigerator where the immediate circumstances are as favorable as possible. I recall now, though I had not thought of it before, that it is long since I have heard any music in New York, where it is said that the music is now the best in the world. If I am in New York with nothing to do of an evening it never occurs to me to drop in on a concert. Not for seven years have I heard opera at the Metropolitan. I know and appreciate its excellences and admit its immeasurable superiority to the Brussels opera, for example, in every respect but one, which is that when you come out of the Metropolitan you are always able to say off-hand whether you are a red-licker Democrat or a bootleg Prohibitionist. This cannot always be done when you leave the Brussels opera, as my friend remarked; and the same is true of opera in other European centers. A musical acquaintance of mine, a well-

known artist who tours the United States every year, once said to me that "America is a place where one goes to deliver a finished product"; and I imagine many artists feel that way about it, whether they so express themselves or not. The dominant spirit of *Fordismus* prevents it being anything else than this, as Mr. Adams has so ably shown. Well, in getting a finished product one gets a great deal, probably; but it is what should go with it that one does not get, and that counts most. A great artist once looked at a picture submitted to him for criticism, and said, "Composition right, light right, drawing right, everything absolutely right, no fault to be found with it anywhere, but"—with a great snap of his fingers—"but, dammit, man, it hasn't got *that!*"

Now let us turn the matter around. Suppose I were in the position of my Western countryman whom I met here in Tours, with the line of my approach to life established by *Fordismus*, and interested in motor cars and in the principles and practice of salesmanship. I should be having a tedious time of it in Europe. That poor brother was putting in nine solid months of trying to smoke in church and get some real exhilaration out of it; and the thing simply cannot be done. There is no æsthetic, romantic, or quasi-religious exaltation over motor cars anywhere in France, as far as I can see; they are bought pretty strictly as a means of getting around, by those who need them for that purpose. Nothing more poetic than that. As for salesmanship, it is but languidly appreciated. There is not much doing with the two principles which Mr. Adams points out as of the essence of *Fordismus*: first, to keep the public's attention continually occupied with *things*—things that can be manufactured and sold at a profit—and, second, to keep continually creating and stimulating new wants for new things. The French seem to need what for us would be surprisingly few manufactured articles to get on with, and they get on very well, apparently, with what

they have. Really fine, high-grade, artistic salesmanship, therefore, leads a sort of hole-and-corner existence, and must perforce suffer seriously from repressed emotions. The French, moreover, are indisposed to having their attention engrossed by things; they distribute it around among other interests as well. Indeed, it often seems that they derive their chief pleasure from pursuits and occupations which require no apparatus at all: out of conversation, for instance, and strolling, and commune with grasses and flowers in their season, with birds and dogs and cats. Even such apparatus as they use is inexpensive and durable. Probably M. Haricot and M. Perigard are playing to-day with the same set of dominoes that they began with thirty-two years ago; and the fringe of patient fishermen which lines both sides of French rivers every Sunday uses tackle that is cheap and good, largely homemade, and that looks as if it had been used before.

So if I were in my Western friend's place I should have the same sensations here, I believe, that I had at my concert in America last winter. Of course, a good stiff sales-resistance is an interesting challenge—but only in a civilization that regards it as interesting. What price glory if there be no one to applaud? Suppose I used up two hours of first-class salesmanship on M. Haricot and finally succeeded in getting him to buy something that he did not really need or want, M. Perigard would have no fellow-feeling for me or admire the achievement as an American would, even an American competitor. He would merely wonder why his old friend did not throw me out of the store.

So, as I consider my Western acquaintance, and the hundreds of his ilk who pass this way from week to week, I would give the coat off my back to know what they are here for. I can understand the lure of a supposititious Continental laxity and naughtiness; but these people are not that sort. They do not come down here bent on drinking

the Touraine dry of "the Septembré juice," but on the contrary are abstemious and quiet. Why do they come at all? I have put this question many times and never yet got a competent answer. Above all, why do Mrs. Dodsworth and Mrs. Schmalz and Delmerine come? Having offered my coat, I would throw in a shirt to know that, for after having seen them literally in hordes, after listening to their conversation, sometimes talking with them and taking note of their "reactions," I have been obliged, like Lord Dundreary, to lay the problem aside as "one of those things that no feller can find out."

The most I am ever told is that there are wonderful things to be seen in Europe, and that one should have curiosity to see them. This is all very true on the face of it, but one must discriminate. I sincerely believe there are few more wonderful things on earth than Henry Ford's factory. But I have neither undergone the discipline nor do I possess the information necessary to appreciate it if I should make a visit there. It would be about four years' steady work for me to prepare myself so that a due sense of that gigantic enterprise would really "soak in." Hence if I went through the factory now, my curiosity (which I admit having) would not be an intelligent and justifiable curiosity, but the mere blank curiosity of barbarism. I should idly clutter up Henry's premises awhile and then return to the civilization of Europe which is not dominated by *Fordismus*, and where what I had learned, if anything, and what exhilarations I had brought myself to feel, if any, would go for nothing. I cannot see but that my Western acquaintance, Mrs. Schmalz, and her little group recruited from around Zenith, Delmerine, and her cronies from school or college are in exactly that situation.

In a word, then, "aren't we all," as Mr. Lonsdale's attractive old hero puts it at the end of the play, "aren't we all"—not damned fools by any means,

no, far from that—but aren't we all more or less overworking the fatuous business of smoking in church? I think so. I with my wine and concert, my Western friend snorting around Europe in a motor car for nine months, Mrs. Schmalz and Mrs. Dodsworth trying to extemporize an appropriate sensibility by aid of some trifles of extemporized information gained from guide-books and tourist-conductors, Delmerine with her expression of spoiled and drooping discontent, semi-blasé, semi-imbecile, and wholly barbarous—"aren't we all?" Again I say, I think so, and really, does it pay? I cannot find that it does.

IV

"*Koosh!*" yelled Abe Potash, as he charged into the cutting-room where a couple of his designers were humming the Brindisi from "*Traviata*." "Either you would be opera fellers or either you would be designers, but you can't be both—leastways, not in this store." There is a great deal of good sense in that. I should like to make a little frank man-to-man dicker with Dodsworth and my Western acquaintance over the futility of this enterprise of smoking in church. Let us agree to stick by our own, and do our smoking where we can really enjoy it. I want to see *Fordismus* go the limit as a national principle for whatever there is in it, and I know Dodsworth feels the same way about the dominant spirit of European civilization. That being so, I will agree not to smoke in his church any more if he will agree not to smoke in mine. When business calls me to the United States, I shall get it through as soon as I can and meanwhile strictly lay off concerts, fine wines, and the like; and he is to play the same game with us. I saw a remarkably clever cartoon the other day of two American ladies—I think perhaps Mrs. Dodsworth and one of the neighbors, though I am not sure—surveying the architecture of an old European town; the stouter lady re-

marking to the other that "it's being exotic like this that we don't do in America." Precisely so; it is not done, should not be done, and trying to do it means an awful fizzle. Also, it's being exotic like America that we don't do in Europe; nor, by the same token, should we; and any confusion about it merely makes a mess.

So I should like to put this proposition to Dodsworth, strictly on the level, and perhaps get him to talk it up with Mr. Schmalz and Mr. Babbitt and a few of the boys, more or less confidentially, next time he is out Zenith way. I hope, too, that he will be particular to tell Mr. Schmalz, please, for God's sake, to head off Mrs. Schmalz and Delmerine from coming over here any more. If Schmalz has to take a run of typhoid in order to keep them at home, he will be a martyr in a truly noble cause, a sacred cause. Nothing against the ladies, of course; they are lovely—lovely—but think, just think what Chicago would be like if Mme. Haricot and Mme. Perigard and Zizi came down on the State of Illinois every year in droves, with all the money in the world to spend, and their own notions of spending it! Why, the Boul' Mich' would be one solid row of filthy little hybrid catchpenny layouts of what a particularly low and sordid type of American thinks French people ought to want; or rather, all aimed at what he thinks is the lowest common denominator of French taste and decency. That is the size of it; and I believe the Chicago people would feel the same way about it as the people of French cities are feeling now. I never liked Paris, in spite of its being the most beautiful city in the world; but when I first knew it, twenty years ago, it was sinful enough, perhaps, but at least not vulgar. It is now; and I am afraid that Mrs. Schmalz and Delmerine have indirectly and innocently done most to vulgarize it. There has been money in this for a certain order of Parisians, but generally, and all things considered, it has cost more than it comes to; and all French

towns except a very few have more or less shared the fate of Paris.

Perhaps Dodsworth and the boys and I can come to an agreement if we stick closer to our knitting, physically as well as spiritually. There is a great deal of internationalist talk just now about the benefits of free intercourse between peoples, and that is quite all right and true enough; but this is just the thing that never happens. For all the intercourse my Western acquaintance had with Italians, Czechs, Slovenes, Austrians, Bavarians, and so on he might

as well have stayed at home. So there is nothing in that from our present point of view, except theoretically. But I do not press the wisdom of each sticking closer to his own social order and its particular dominating spirit; I press its agreeableness. After all, life was given us to enjoy, so why should Dodsworth and I keep on with this forlorn experiment of smoking in church, which never works, when we can both smoke jocundly and with fullness of delight under the most favorable circumstances possible by merely staying where we are?

BLACK AND WHITE

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

B*LIND to our prism
Is the owl
That sleeps all day
In his hooded cowl.
Violet, indigo, blue, and red
Are not in the rainbow that runs through his head.
Orange and yellow and shades of green
He knows as shadow, he knows as sheen.
Satin of poplar, steel of sedge,
Plush of moss, and the knife-blade edge
The moon can whet on an iron-wrought hedge,
The sparkle of dew, and the glint and the glimmer
And dapple of orchards, the silver shimmer
Of mist that sifts, the gossamer fog,
The breath that is breathed from an ice-cold bog,
The pitch of a pine root, the creamy froth
That a mill-race curdles from inky broth,
Filigree frost, and the crest and the curl
Of a snow wave frozen to mother-of-pearl—
These he sees,
And who shall say
That he is not wisest
Who sleeps by day?
That he is not wisest
Who saves his sight
For a rainbow running
From black to white?*



RAT PIE

AMONG THE BLACK MIDWIVES OF THE SOUTH

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

"**T**AIN'T nuthin' so good fer that as a fried rat," declared Aunt Quintilla solemnly as she propped her crooked little brown body on one elbow and eyed us with her bright, searching eyes.

"Ceptin' 'tis a rat pie," countered Pleasant Blizzard.

They were not discussing food values, these two colored women with picturesque names. They were comparing methods of coping with a vexing weakness of infancy.

"A fried rat nebber fails," insisted Aunt Quintilla, unwilling to be routed by a girl young enough to be her grandchild.

"Mebby so, mebbly so, but my ole granny allus tol' me rat pie was de bes'."

Aunt Quintilla held her free arm aloft and with a calm air of authority defended her position as a midwife of omniscience and infallibility. She had been "kotchin' kids up an' down dat holler" for nearly half a century, "de bressed Lawd our Marster" having called her to the service in a vision; and if she didn't know what was what in midwifery, who did? please tell her. Since Aunt Quintilla had "de gif" straight from on High, she was not merely removed from the realm of error, but the babies she "kotched" were famed far and wide for their beauty, health, and intelligence.

She had not wanted to be a midwife at first. She was a happily married young woman, content with her lot of wife and home-maker. But one night the Lord appeared to her in a bright

light, showed her a woman in labor, and told her she must go to the sufferer's aid. This was disturbing. Everyone knows it isn't safe to ignore such summons, but she wanted to "live private." So she took a chance, told no one of the vision, and tried to put it out of her mind.

If Quintilla had only kept abreast of the newest wrinkles in psychiatry she would have known from the start that she could not down this secret even though it were tucked away in the darkest reaches of her subconscious. It would get her sooner or later.

"Den I had anudder call," she went on reminiscently. "I was washin' de clo'es on de back po'ch, and de suds pile up lak de clouds in de sky. All in a minnit I seen a bright light an' a han' come right up outen de suds hol'in' a fiery sword an' a voice says, 'Quintilla, why ain't you obeyed de call?'"

She saw at once that this was no trifling matter. Her easy home life was a thing of the past. But in the twinkling of an eye she had been vested with a power that would bring happiness and fame, to say nothing of fees. She rushed into the yard jumping and screaming, tearing her hair and clothes while she cried out for all to hear, "I'se got de call. I'se got de call." And thus her husband, friends, and neighbors found her, a full-fledged midwife ready for action.

Mrs. Bennett and I had driven many miles to see Aunt Quintilla in the course of a round of official visits through some

of the southern counties of Virginia. Mrs. Bennett is the Inspector of midwives in the State Department of Health. Our visit to Aunt Quintilla was even a richer experience than we had hoped for. The bandanna of red, green, and yellow fashioned into a turban on her kinky hair; her deep glowing eyes that habitually looked past us as though into a world beyond our vision; her uplifted hand and exalted bearing as she described her calling combined to give her the air of one who unquestioningly believed herself anointed of the Lord. And not only she, but also her large clientele trustfully relied upon the power and protection that came to her from on High, and through her to those in her keeping.

But if Quintilla was impressive in her reverence toward the charms and rites she employed in plying an old trade in a new age, even more so was her visitor, Pleasant Blizzard, who was the embodiment of advantages and education enjoyed by negroes to-day. She was young and slim and pretty with her tan skin and large velvety eyes. Her nearly straight hair was modishly bobbed, and she wore a smart black satin frock with a long string of pearl beads, "French nude" stockings, and patent-leather slippers.

As Aunt Quintilla extolled the virtues of fried rats, hog's foot oil, and wild boars' teeth I watched this modern young woman out of the tail of my eye as she sat there quiet and aloof. I fancied I knew what amused and patronizing thoughts were passing through her mind as she listened to this description of superstitions and black magic employed by her grandmother's friend and contemporary practitioner. After we had seemed to cover all emergencies that might overtake a young mother and her baby, Pleasant Blizzard floored me by asking gravely what I believed was the best way of getting rid of "de ebil spir'ts." I was sure she was ridiculing us until I saw the intensity and seriousness of her eyes. They were as old as

the ages and had no relation to her bobbed hair, pearls, or French nude stockings. She was in deadly earnest about a matter of tragic importance to her. I was so completely taken unawares that I countered her question by asking what she advised.

She assured me with tragic gravity that the "onlies" way to get rid of "de ebil spir'ts" was to place the troubled woman upon her knees on the hearth before leaping flames and ignite a clean white cloth on the outside of the hearth so that the woman knelt between two fires. She had gone through the experience and knew. The spirits had tormented her for three days after her baby was born, and every effort to drive them out or propitiate them was met with increasingly vicious activities on their part. Finally, as she humbly knelt between two fires at the open hearth, with smoke rolling up on either side, the spirits left her forever.

I had thought that such lore would be preserved only if one got it from the trembling, leathery lips of the old midwives who are rapidly passing away. But this modern young colored woman, with a high-school education, proved to be a well of information and testified solemnly to the value of charms and methods that must have come down by word of mouth through the centuries. It was she who put her faith in rat pie in preference to a rat that was merely fried.

I found that Aunt Quintilla and Pleasant Blizzard more or less epitomized the attitude of colored midwives toward childbirth and its hazards. They are entirely respectful and courteous about modern methods and entirely willing to obey the Department of Health Rules. More than that, they are so eager to serve their patients well that they follow instructions with surprising faithfulness. But no amount of training, education, or laws will quite uproot their faith in the ancient remedies that, to them, are tried and true. Therapeutic measures such as regulation of diet and other newfangled things are doubt-

less all right if the authorities say so. But for real service in an hour of need, give a colored midwife the left forefoot of a mole any day! It is understood, of course, that the foot must have been cut from a live mole, and fresh warm blood allowed to flow before the paw is put to its salutary use.

II

It is the task of Mrs. Bennett and her aides to protect Virginia mothers and babies in remote districts so far as is possible by supervising and instructing the midwives who attend them. In the course of teaching twentieth-century cleanliness and preventive measures to the aged negro practitioners, dreamy eyed with superstition and mysticism, the nurses unearth age-old procedures strangely at odds with modern methods.

The recurring drama of childbirth, the states of young maternity and dawning life have always been involved with religious rites and festivals and associated with the supernatural. The colored midwives of Virginia—and elsewhere, for that matter—follow closely in the steps of midwives of other lands and other days when they place not their trust in princes but invoke the aid of divine powers, charms, and incantations.

As late as 1554 Bishop Bonner in England decreed that: "The midwyfe shall not use or exercise any witchecraft, charms, sorcerie, invokations or praiers other than suche as be allowable and may stand with the lawes and ordinances of the Catholike Church."

Many of the beliefs and measures that Aunt Quintilla discussed with all reverence were strongly suggestive of early tribal rites and superstitions, not only among Africans, but other peoples as well.

For example, there is widespread and age-old belief in the purifying powers of running water, fire, and smoke. Accordingly, at every turn one finds the old midwives using these agents to propitiate or ward off the unseen powers who

may do good or ill to mothers and their babies. The midwives may work by something akin to craft; sometimes by a semblance of sacrifice or by the employment of suitably placed symbols.

The open fireplace serves somewhat as a sacrificial altar to vengeful spirits; and various disasters that they might work are averted by the timely use of fire and smoke. A blue flame produced by throwing a handful of salt on an open fire will usually rout the most daring and malevolent spirit. Sometimes a handful of hen feathers is thrown on a bed of glowing coals and slipped under the bed of a woman in labor to hasten the advent of a tardy child. This is reminiscent of the ancient rite, persisting into our own day, of killing a chicken over a dying person. Thus, in the devout and anguished minds of the loved ones the death bed of to-day is converted into a semblance of the sacrificial altar of long ago.

To sidetrack the "hants" that are so troublesome to young mothers it is often enough to drive three nails into the threshold. Whether the magic lies in the number three, in the suggestion of the Holy Trinity, or in the idea of a new birth it is hard to say. But there must be three nails and they must be new. An addition, however slight, may be made to the house; a new board may be nailed up over the door; the door may be taken down and turned around, or a new sill may be laid to symbolize a new life or a new order of things within.

Since it is well known that the spirits enter and leave by the door, the communications, whether reverential or in the nature of a prank, are placed at the main portal. A "sifter" hung over the door or on the knob will keep out "de ebil spir'its" because a spirit must go through each hole in the sieve before passing the door and is so tired and discouraged long before finishing this task that he goes away in disgust and never comes back. The same end is reached if mustard seed is thickly strewn on the doorsill, for the meddling spirit must

pick up every seed before he can get in. This is a task that discourages even the doughtiest, as the Virginia midwives well know.

One always has to keep a sharp eye out for witches, too, for they play havoc with young mothers and babies. A witch on mischief bent will often shed her mortal skin before starting out on her sinister missions. The way to deal with her then, once and for all, is to find that skin, wherever it may be lurking or however it may be disguised, and rub it thoroughly with salt on the inside. The process of returning to this well-salted hide is too excruciatingly painful for even a witch to endure. So, finding herself without a skin, she simply shrivels up to nothing and finally ceases to be. While no one directly admitted that she personally had found and salted a witch's skin, all claimed acquaintance or kinship with someone who had. And I was told breathlessly by a whole roomful of midwives, tumbling over themselves and their words in course of the tale, about a man whose foot had been cut off in early infancy by a witch who had outwitted them all.

The young mother is often protected by laying a knife and fork under her pillow, provided they are laid in the form of a cross. Or the husband may call off the "hants" by donning a black hat, turned inside out, and walking forth into the darkness.

If the helpless woman has been "cun-gered" the situation is serious indeed, and calls for heroic measures. A "cun-ger bag" containing snake bones, a dried hop toad, and some of the enemy's finger nail trimmings, slipped under the doorstep in the dead of the night, will cause the victim to fade away and die unless powerful aid is invoked. A good plan is to give the conjured one a tea made of "gourd seed and black mastes" and make her vomit out the invading spirit. Old Aunt Judy, on the other hand, trusts only Divine aid in exorcising malevolent spirits. "Ef you sets down," she says, "en reads de Bible

backwards to de good Lawd, our Mars-ter he will drive out de ebil spir'its and won' let um come no mo'."

They are likely to set great store by interest and protection from on High, are these strange old people. Aunt Elizabeth, for example, is an aged midwife whom we traced over potato patches, through twisting lanes and around corn fields to a tiny cabin almost lost behind sunflowers. Here she had returned after being up all night "kotchin' a kid," who promptly died.

Although the withered old woman was nearly spent by her night's work, she did not start the long trudge back to her cabin until she had straightened out the tiny body and placed a saucer of sugar on the chest, "to keep um from purgin' atter death," she solemnly informed us. She had instructed the bereaved mother to bury the baby with a bottle of "God-f'ey's Co'djul en turketine" at its head. This would prevent any babies later born to this mother from dying of colic.

As Aunt Elizabeth talked she steadily chewed tobacco, and the juice as steadily dripped from her mumbling lips. Her hands were bony and wrinkled, ending in long black nails that made them look like the claws of some huge bird. Mrs. Bennett took the whole matter seriously and told the old woman she would have to stop practicing or go to jail. But Aunt Elizabeth was accustomed to transacting her affairs at headquarters. "No, Honey, I kain' stop 'til Jedus tells me," she observed calmly, chewing and dripping the while. "I'se too ole and blin' for airy wu'k but kotchin' kids. And 'sides, I wants ernuf money to buy me jes' a leetle meal en w'ite bread fo' brekfus." She could get "near about six dollars fo' ketchin' one bebbby," and that would last a good while. She had been inducted into service by a vision but was further equipped by an old blind woman who "learnt me all I knows." When I asked about her methods of practice she shifted her quid and replied, "Honey, I don' do nuttin'. I jes' lights my pipe en waits."

The universality of this practice of non-interference doubtless explains why more negroes don't end their careers nestling against turpentine bottles, under tiny tombstones, with saucers of sugar on their chests.

III

The first step toward controlling the midwives, good, bad, and indifferent is to round them all up in class and then briskly winnow them out. A printed notice from the State Department of Health, at Richmond, telling when and where a class is to be held, is an important document, cherished among valuable possessions. One midwife took her notice to her clergyman, who gave it suitable recognition by reading it aloud from his pulpit the following Sunday morning.

The midwives make a day of it when Mrs. Bennett holds a class. They are brought by sons and husbands from all over the county in unbelievably varied vehicles. Two-wheeled carts drawn by little mules, spring wagons, buggies, Fords of many vintages and a good sprinkling of up-and-coming cars, bearing proud names and recent dates. Others make the pilgrimage astride their old gray mules.

It is no mean task, this ferreting out of something like five thousand midwives who are scattered throughout the state. They come from the cities, towns, crossroads, back roads, woods, and "hollers." The women are instructed to bring with them their permits (if they have been registered) and bags of equipment for inspection and possible approval. At the early classes these outfits are of every size, shape, and color and range from well-worn purses and tobacco pouches to large satchels and carpet bags. Or they may be parcels made of crumpled newspaper or gaily colored bandannas.

The prospective pupils, many of them already aged practitioners, are dressed in their best. They are likely to come swathed in black and hung with all the

rusty old crêpe, beads, earrings, gold spectacles, and other adornments they have been able to accumulate for the occasion. In warm weather they may be decked out in the floweriest of calicoes or filmy garments that strongly suggest the "front room" curtains. Broad-brimmed, flower-laden hats frequently perch upon turbans or mobcaps with ruffles hanging down about their ears.

The aged pupils usually make a valiant start by wearing shoes to the "settin's." Often they are stiff and new, very shiny, and tightly laced. But one by one the shoes are surreptitiously removed until by the time the class is well under way the pupils are a picture of contentment—barefooted, chewing snuff, or puffing dreamily on their old clay pipes. Unless someone has had the foresight to provide cuspidors, there is from time to time a soft pad-padding of bare feet across the floor to the doorway.

One of the "settin's" that Mrs. Bennett called was held in The Morning Glory Church. After the lovely strains of "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Steal Away To Jesus" had melted away, Easter Cherry, swathed in black, rose stiffly to her feet and announced reverently, "I'se a chile ob de Lawd," and in her deep, resonant voice invoked Heavenly aid: "O, God, come stately steppin' in yo' sanctuary. And Lawd, bress de teacher. O, God ob Dan'el, step out on a fleecy cloud and fill her mouf full of Hebбенly argymints."

Before resorting to "argymints" Mrs. Bennett undertook to verify permits and ages, inspect bags, and learn what she could of the midwives' fitness to practice and the length of time in service.

Aunt Georgina beamed proudly as she displayed her equipment, consisting of a small shining vanity case sent by her daughter from New York at Christmas. It contained a tiny mirror, pink compact, a medicine dropper, and a bottle of murky looking fluid which she explained was April snow water for the new baby's eyes. "Ain't nuttin' bet-

ter," she said, "fo' babies' eyes dan Ap'il snow wattah. Mah'ch snow is good, but Ap'il is de bes'." One old crone produced from a capacious pocket a dried everlasting plant such as is sometimes pressed into service to amuse children on a rainy afternoon. This constituted her complete equipment for practice. When she arrived at the bedside of a labor patient she put the dried plant into a bowl of water, lighted her pipe, sat down, and watched the fronds unfold. They gave her full information about the child's progress on its journey into this world. If the leaves caught on one another or opened unevenly she feared trouble and resorted to action. The value of this charm was far-famed, and because of it she had a large and respectful clientele.

Many of the old women claimed to have practiced forty or fifty years and never to have lost a patient. If a mother or baby died they explained it was foretold in "de book" which says plainly that "this generation shall be wiser and weaker." Who could go back of that, they'd like to know?

A little confusion arose in connection with one woman named Harris whose "mit" bore the name of Lewis. She accounted for this by explaining that she had married the Lewis husband at the age of fourteen and had borne him ten children. She did not think it respectful to his revered memory to take the name of her more recent mate. Aunt Judy announced coyly that she was going to "gib up de mit." "I'se bin down hyah wid dese yere fo'kes all my life," she said, "en when dey gits in distress en dey calls fer me I'se bin bleeched ter go. But I'se come to de pint now when I kain't go no mo'. I'se bin eighty t'ree my las' but'day. And my second reason is dis. I'se gwine git married, en my second husban' he don' wan' me ter wu'k."

Professional jealousies, bids for practice, and undercutting of competitors are found among midwives just as they are in higher walks of life.

Two enterprising young women who went to the State Institute to equip themselves to give better service to their patients completely lost their practices because the older untrained midwives circulated the report among childbearing women that the younger midwives would "trick em" if allowed to attend them in childbirth.

The ability to "trick em" or "cun-ger" is regarded with profound respect, and many patients employ a midwife thus endowed for fear she will trick them or pray them into the next world if they employ anyone else.

Aunt Martha was a victim of this belief. She was "called" in a vision at the early age of fourteen, and "Jedus taught her all she knowed." Her practice grew and flourished for many years, to the wrath and envy of the less successful midwives in the neighborhood. Then one night her bitterest rival, Sally Brisby, came bearing a dish of steaming, savory 'possum. Unsuspecting, Aunt Martha retired to the chimney corner and feasted eagerly on the tender meat. All went well until she reached the bones. These she sucked—to her complete and instant undoing. In a flash all about her turned deep green, and the evil was done, for Aunt Martha was a "tricked 'oman."

For two years she was idle and helpless while her enemy prospered. Finally one night she made a mighty effort to rid herself of her hateful bonds. She walked forth with her face uplifted in the moonlight and prayed fervently throughout the long night to be freed from the power of her enemy. At the first faint streaks of dawn a great peace descended upon her. She returned to the house, lay upon her bed, and entered into a deep sleep. Late in the day she awoke, conscious that at last she was free. Then Cindy came to tell her what she already knew. Sally Brisby had died in the night.

As to professional fees—they would make the average urban obstetrician sit up. Fifty cents seems to be a common

charge, but one woman varied things by saying that her last patient had given her an apron. The one before had promised her a jug of molasses but, to date, she had been unable to collect. Of course, Aunt Elizabeth and her ilk come high because of having been called in a vision. One faithful old soul told with great humility of having accepted two dollars and fifty cents upon one occasion. She usually charged fifty cents, but one night during a blizzard she was routed out at two in the morning and had to battle her way for miles along a trail down the valley to usher a resisting infant into the world. The hour, the distance, and the storm justified the extortion, she hoped. But her conscience pricked none the less.

Like all other old stagers, the ancient midwives complain that things are not as they used to be and that the new generation is "wiser en weaker." In the opinion of one veteran, "young fo'kes won' take up dis hyere wu'k kaise dey is too skeered to lay out a corpse," thus conveying a somewhat disconcerting idea of her conception of midwife practice.

During periods of transition, resulting from Mrs. Bennett's persuasive teaching, there is at times some confusion of ideas as the midwives give up the old and take on the new. Midwives at first look askance at prenatal care. But at least they are open-minded and struggle with it. Aunt Rebecca was all in favor of the advocated diet, rest, and exercise. But copious drinking water was different. "I tol' dat Lizzie," she said, "Gal, ef yo' don' watch out yo's gwine drown dat chile." Her progressive neighbor, on the other hand, subscribed to the practice, if not the theory, of abundant drinking water, for she declared, "I allus makes my patients drink a plenty o' watah fo' I'se dun made up my min' dem kidneys is gotta float." One conscientious old party groping around in the field of sterilization and asepsis solved the problem of scissors to her complete satisfaction.

"I wants to tell yo'all what I dun," she announced triumphantly during a discussion. "T'ree year ergo I bo't me a pair o' bran' new scissors en befo' I ebber used um I biled um a good fo' hours en I ain' nebber had to stur'lize um sence."

If there is one thing that no midwife will be without it is gunpowder. To one accustomed to more gentle measures the liberal use of this high explosive sounds rather lively. But to their way of thinking full duty has not been done to the laboring woman until she has swallowed a good big spoonful of gunpowder. They'd like to see any hesitating infant hold out against that! "Quilling" too is effective, and no wonder, since it consists of blowing red pepper through a goose quill into the helpless woman's nostrils. And a good whiff of snuff is always worth while.

As a general precaution, the careful midwife will start out by hanging a string of bears' teeth about the patient's neck, making sure that the woman has already donned her husband's soiled shirt, and has placed some article of his clothing under her pillow. If there is one of his old black hats handy for her to put on, so much the better.

Scarcely anything can come amiss to the soon-to-be-mother about whose wrist is bound a small piece of earth taken from under the left corner of the third step just outside the door. A pan of water placed under the bed is always beneficial, but to sweep under the bed is simply flying in the face of Providence.

Tea made of a mud-dauber's nest found under the eaves of the barn or of soot from the fireplace wards off trouble, while raw red onions are good for almost anything that may threaten. Some midwives with an eye to color give black pepper to their dark-skinned patients and buttermilk to white women to speed up the tempo of labor. Others accomplish this by arousing the patient's anger in a quarrel or by rapping her sharply over the nose. The merest

tyro knows, of course, that it is unfailingly efficacious to burn the sole of an old shoe or chicken feathers under the bed.

Some of the gentler old women rely upon the effect of a hornet's nest hung in the corner of the room, but the radicals assert that for quick results you must set fire to the nest and toss it on the bed.

One visualizes a scene of brisk activity when a childbirth is presided over by an old-school midwife—what with the patient decked out in her husband's hat and shirt, with bears' teeth and old trousers around her neck, feathers burning under her bed, a hornet's nest smoldering above, while red pepper is blown down her throat, and she is rapped sharply over the nose. No wonder the baby comes along to put a stop to it all. If by chance this baby is coming into what is for him a fatherless world, a goodly part of the curse is removed by laying a pair of trousers across the foot of the bed as he makes his entrance.

After the baby is safely launched new and different activities begin. There are at once two beings to consider. Concern for both mother and baby relate not alone to physical welfare, for the midwife must keep her watchful eyes well peeled for the distressing attentions of "hants" and "spir'its." For the baby there is in addition his character to be molded. But the midwives have tricks up their sleeves to meet every need, present and future.

That dread scourge, puerperal fever, that strikes fear to the heart of the ablest obstetricians holds no terrors for the old midwife, for she knows just how to cope with it. The act of binding about the patient's neck a piece of fat hog meat, liberally dusted with pepper, and immediately blowing sulphur down her throat, produces an enviable sense of security. The importation of a flock of busy little bedbugs is an invaluable aid in preventing or curing fever—unless by chance the bed is found to be already well colonized.

For cramps in the legs it is usually enough to cross a pair of shoes under the bed. But in obstinate cases one's unquestioning faith may be pinned to the effect of a well greased eel skin wrapped around the leg below the knee, or to black wool that has been thoroughly impregnated with sulphur. When "dem atter pains starts rappin'," as they surely will, the attentive midwife slips stealthily into the room with a newly ground axe hidden behind her skirts. This weapon is slid under the bed, sharp edge up, "all unbeknownst to de 'oman." If she suspects what is being done to "cut off de pains" the jig is up. But a nice sharp razor or an open pocket knife may be slipped into the bed very easily and "unbeknownst," and of course their efficacy in cutting off pains is an established fact.

IV

The vexed question of infant feeding doesn't bother the midwives much. They realize that Nature's food is the best and let it go at that, adding, as hors d'œuvres, cabbage hearts or a long strip of bacon fat or hog meat. The latter must be tied to a stout string so that it may be retrieved and restored to service in case the greedy baby swallows it.

There is such a wealth of remedies for colic that in their judgment no baby need suffer long. Teas, made from a bewildering variety of agents, unquestionably lead in a popularity vote. Soot from the fireplace, flagroot, catnip, colt's foot, powdered eggshell, slate, mud-dauber's nest, Devil's snuff, snake-root and lady slippers gathered at certain seasons and dried, are all useful. Nutmeg and chicken gizzards "grit fine" are good, or "ba'm en nutmeg." Milk through which tobacco smoke or snuff has been blown is an excellent remedy, but for quick action smoke a hornet's nest with a pipe that has not been defiled by tobacco, puff the smoke through milk or water; and give to the baby to drink.

For relief of general unhappiness or distress in the baby, as evidenced by persistent crying, one repeatedly comes across trails of belief in the powers of fire and running water. Even under normal conditions it is a fairly common custom for the young mother to take her thimble, the first time she leaves the house after the baby's birth, fill it at a well or spring, carry it back to the house without spilling a drop and give this fresh water to the baby to drink.

If the aid of fire is invoked to quiet the fretful baby, the mother lays the little body across the doorsill, steps over it without touching, and goes to the wood pile for an apronful of fresh, new chips. Returning, she again steps over the baby on the doorsill and burns the chips of wood in the open fireplace. The midwives were very serious about this, for to them the chips of wood in some way represent the Cross, and it is important that the baby's body form a cross with the doorsill.

Another interesting method of securing benefit for a troubled baby is for the mother to go into the woods and gather nine different kinds "ob leebes 'at don' die in de wintah," and give the baby to drink freely of the tea brewed therefrom. The significance of the everlasting life or evergreenness of "leebes 'at don' die in de wintah" seemed very precious to the old midwives.

The baby who is struggling to achieve his first teeth has more than incisors, bicuspid, and molars to battle with if the midwife is on the job. There seems to be no end to the things that must hang about his neck to help those teeth through the sore and swollen gums. He wears threaded new needles; necklaces of Job's tears, the eye teeth of dogs, bears and boar hogs; nettle-briar berries, gall berries, or the vertebræ of a dog fish.

But here, as in other situations, some of the more positive and confident practitioners waste no time on half-measures. The way to bring that baby's teeth through is to rub the

gums with a rabbit's brain that has been boiled until it is hard. That always works, they argue, so why waste time on other things? "Cep'in'," says one of the veterans, looking very far off, "Cep'in' yo' uses de hog's knowlidge en a rabbit's foot." Not being up on the subject of hogs' knowledge, I looked puzzled, so they hastened to explain:

"De hog's knowlidge is a bone our Lawd en Marster set in de hog's haid all by hees se'f whar de knowlidge is. Yo' breaks off de two li'l pints and ties de bone wid a mole's foot roun' de baby's neck, en yo' ain' nebber gwine hab no trouble wid dat baby."

Tricking the baby out like a Maypole with all these garlands and knickknacks is only part of the story. No matter how eagerly he might wish to admire his reflection, in all these trimmings, the baby must not be allowed to look in a mirror before his teeth are cut. If he does, even the rabbit's brain and hog's knowledge will be unavailing to avert disaster.

If the baby is feverish the remedy is a split herring with the back-bone carefully removed. The fish should be soaked for two hours in vinegar then bound on the baby's abdomen with the inside to the body. The fish must be removed before sunset and buried deep in the earth. The fever will be interred with it, and the baby will recover at once.

As for earache—Nature seems to have created a special little wood bug for the express purpose of relieving that excruciating pain. There is just one drop of blood in the bug's entire makeup. With a quick, deft twist the bug's head is tweaked off, and this one drop of healing blood is dropped into the painful ear. If it is not possible to track down one of these specially designed bugs, of course one may grind up earthworms, cook them in hog's foot oil, and drop this mixture into the ear. Either is a sure cure.

For anything in the nature of a wound dressing Nature has set a number of

agents right at the midwife's elbow. Soot from the back of the fireplace is valuable for either mother or child in almost any hour of need, as are spider webs and hog's foot oil. Worm dust, scorched flour, nutmeg, Devil's snuff, dust from flat heads, various fungus growths are all tried and true household remedies. And, of course, a fragment snipped from our old friend the battered, black felt hat will heal up the most sluggish wound.

Sometime during early infancy the baby must be laid on the floor, trash thrown over him, and the whole lot swept between the mother's feet out into the door yard. This will help him to walk early, but it is wise to help things along by anointing his feet with bear's oil. You cannot expect the baby to talk plain, ever, if you cut his hair before he has attained the twelfth month and even then he must not be barbered in March or he will not live a year. And, inevitably, he will be overtaken by death if his clothes are shortened in the month of May.

To forecast the child's future bent these people need no laboratory tests nor graphs. They simply distribute among the four corners of the room a pint bottle, a silver dollar, a book, and a pencil. The baby is placed in the center of the floor, and if he makes for the bottle, he has taken his first step toward a drunkard's grave. Choosing the dollar means riches; the book predicts a legal career, while manifestly any baby who sidles up to the pencil will be a writer of note. What could be more satisfactory than that if one wants to take a look into the future.

V

After some days of contact with the older midwives, in their cabins or newly established classes, I finally went with Mrs. Bennett to a class that had been under instruction for some time. The days just past had been so filled with witches, hants, rabbits' paws, and hogs'

knowledge that I had a feeling of having been hurtled swiftly down through the centuries as I entered that last classroom.

The rows of pupils with tidy heads and hands, immaculate in their wash uniforms, might have been the staff of any visiting nurse association. There were no leathery, rheumy-eyed old cronies. Only alert young women. Their bags, with washable linings and appropriate contents, conformed to State Department of Health requirements. They were evidently put to practical use and were not merely for exhibition. The quizzing and responses were intelligent and practical and showed that the midwives in that group had a good working idea of what could and should constitute their service; and more important still, under what conditions they should summon a doctor and what they definitely could not do for their patients.

This astonishing contrast to some of the other classes was due to certain qualities in Mrs. Bennett and in the midwives, directed and backed up by intelligence and wisdom in the State Department of Health in the person of Health Commissioner Ennion Williams.

Mrs. Bennett has an uncanny ability to simplify and hand on to the women who care for other women, the essentials of care calculated to rob childbirth of its greatest hazards. So far as midwives are concerned this consists chiefly of cleanliness, watchfulness, and restriction or limitation of practice. It has been possible to teach simple but important matters to these women partly because of their burning eagerness to serve their patients helpfully.

Even so, the problem which Mrs. Bennett faces is a reminder of the amazing fact that in the United States we are to-day some fifty years behind England in the matter of midwives. This problem, so often and so mistakenly called the midwife question, is a problem of mothers and babies in which the midwife is one factor—and an impor-

tant factor—that steadily and inevitably operates for or against the welfare of these patients. Ours is the only civilized country in the world in which the training and restriction of midwives is not accepted as a matter of national importance.

We provide training facilities for doctors and nurses and enact laws to regulate their activities; but in most parts of the United States any untrained old woman who chooses may discharge, without restriction, the combined functions of doctor and nurse at the time of childbirth.

We still have the questionable distinction of having almost the highest maternal and infant mortality rate on record and these deaths are largely from demonstrably preventable causes.

The last word in safeguarding mothers and babies, in this country, will not be said until in every state in the Union there is adequate provision for training and controlling all who attend these patients, no matter by what name they are called, nor until it is made impossible

for untrained, incompetent practitioners to care for maternity patients “habitually and for gain.”

At the moment, there is not a single state in which such adequate provision exists. Sporadic efforts at training and supervision are being made here and there with excellent results, but only in the states of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, North Carolina, and Virginia is there anything approaching satisfactory, state-wide control of midwife practice.

Whether or not there is a place for midwives in the fabric of American society, the only intelligent course at the moment is for us to face the staggering fact that there are not far from fifty thousand of these women practicing in the United States, and that each year they preside at approximately twenty per cent of our births. Rat-pie midwifery may often be picturesque to the student of folk-lore, but what a commentary upon our national public health is its continued existence in this twentieth century!





IF RAMSAY MACDONALD WERE AN AMERICAN

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

IT IS hardly an exaggeration to say that no other living person could have achieved the personal success which was Ramsay MacDonald's on his official trip to the United States. There are perhaps Frenchmen as eloquent who could repeat the achievements of René Viviani during the War; but their inability to speak English would make it impossible for them to reach more than a fraction of the millions who read, heard, and understood MacDonald. There are other Englishmen, like Gilbert Murray, who would indubitably win the regard of all who heard them. But MacDonald's superb personal presence, his wonderful speaking voice, his downrightness, his frankness, his depth of feeling, and above all, his sincerity, form a combination which moved his audiences to an extraordinary degree. This was true of ordinary business men who usually are not interested in visitors from abroad, and it was especially true of one great audience which included many former diplomats, lawyers of great distinction and equal cynicism, and men of affairs who usually decline to admit any connection between ideals and the business of the world. It seemed to me that in nearly thirty-three years of attending public functions I had never seen men of this type listen as intently or admit as freely that the speaker had reached the wellsprings of their emotions.

To those of us who knew MacDonald in the dark and dreary days of the War and the making of the peace of Versailles there was a romance about his arrival

in this country as Prime Minister of Great Britain which exceeds anything of the kind that we have ever experienced. Not that his case is without precedent. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman opposed the Boer War and became very unpopular, yet within three years thereafter was Prime Minister. Lloyd George during the same war had to escape in a policeman's uniform from one mob—from the Birmingham Town Hall—and he also became Prime Minister. Profound as were the passions engendered by the Boer War, they were naturally equalled by those aroused by the World War. Ramsay MacDonald was in 1914 a conspicuous figure as leader of the Independent Labor Party, the radical left wing of the Laborites. He was offered a most important place in the inner circle of the Coalition Cabinet if he would go along. He refused. He opposed his country's going into the War and said so on the floor of the House of Commons. Replying to Sir Edward Grey, he declared that, "There has been no crime committed by statesmen of this character without statesmen appealing to their nation's honor. We fought the Crimean War because of our honor. We rushed to South Africa because of our honor. The Right Honorable Gentleman is appealing to us to-day because of our honor." He added that whatever might be said about him and his party he and it would say and continue to say "that this country ought to have remained neutral because in the deepest parts of our hearts we believe that that was right and that that alone

was consistent with the honor of the country. . . ."

Moreover, MacDonald spoke and wrote against the War while it was going on—not as often as Mrs. Philip Snowden, wife of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, who during the four years of strife made five hundred speeches against it (only a few meetings being interrupted)—but sufficiently to let everyone know where he stood. His former Parliamentary associates stood aloof from him; the jingo press denounced him. The Government sent a beautiful *agent provocateur* to try to trap him into communicating with the enemy; he was easily defeated for reelection to the House of Commons in the "Hang the Kaiser" election. So he arrived in Paris early in January, 1919, as an itinerant journalist, eager to earn the few pounds he could while observing the formulating of the peace. Few of the British peace delegation would speak with him. It was only at Berne, late in January, at the meeting of the Second Internationale, that he had a chance to show his stature, and to state how he thought the peace should be made. I wrote from there at the time that: "The rather noisy hall grew still whenever Ramsay MacDonald spoke. This was not only the instinctive tribute to his superb presence, but an appreciation of his steadfast opposition to the War, maintained at so great a cost," and that he spoke "with great force and real eloquence." Yet as late as 1922 he probably could not have obtained permission to enter the United States, for here he was considered a dangerous alien, a Socialist, and pacifist. Certainly, as we saw his situation in Paris in the winter of 1919, no one could have been so mad as to prophesy that MacDonald had any political future whatsoever, much less that, within three years of the meeting of the Peace Conference, he would be leader of His Majesty's Opposition and within five years would be chosen the first Labor Prime Minister of Great Britain, without in the least degree recanting his political beliefs

or abandoning his peace views. No portrayal by a novelist of a similar career would carry conviction of its possibility.

II

Now the important fact for Americans in this amazing rise to the highest office in England of Ramsay MacDonald, the despised pacifist, the man charged with standing aside when his country was in mortal peril, is that it could occur in Great Britain, and probably in other countries, but that it could not take place in the United States. To a remarkable degree MacDonald's case invites a comparison between American and British political institutions, their comparative flexibility, and the relative opportunity they give to the political dissenter, to the holder of unpopular views, who is ahead of his times, to enter political life, to retain his position if he wins a place in the congress, to make his influence felt after he is there, and to take a prominent part in the government of his country.

The advantages are, it is plain, largely, if not wholly, on the side of the British system. Thus the intending candidate for Parliament does not have to stand in the district in which he lives, as is the case usually in this country, where few have ever—like Congressman La Guardia to-day—lived in one district and represented another. He does not have to go hat in hand to a party boss for permission to run; nor does anybody ask him how large the check will be which he intends to contribute to the party's funds—not merely in campaign times, but annually. He can look over the entire political map of Great Britain, choose the most likely district in which to offer himself and, if he has the means, can set up his candidacy as an independent all by himself. If he is allied with a party he must, of course, present himself to the party's committee in that district and be "adopted" by it; that is, he must show that he has parts and promise if he is new to the political world and that he is

of good character. After that the road is clear.

Sometimes the candidate deliberately chooses a district, as did Malcolm MacDonald, the son of Ramsay, in which the odds are heavily against him and settles down to years of steady canvassing of the electors. He does not have to promise jobs, any more than if elected he has to busy himself with distributing seeds or free government films, or doing departmental errands for his constituents. He must convince the voters that he has something to offer in the way of ideas and leadership, and even then he must often wait until there is a ground swell in favor of his party. Once he is elected and takes his seat, it depends entirely upon himself as to how rapidly he can progress. He speaks in the greatest forum in the world. If he has talent, ability, and something to say, he can at once obtain an attentive hearing, not only from those in front of him but in the press. A single brilliant speech is certain to impress his personality upon the leaders of his party whether they form the ministry or the opposition. Pitt the younger entered Parliament at twenty-one and was Chancellor of the Exchequer at twenty-three. Charles James Fox was elected to Parliament at twenty. He was a powerful figure and a member of a government at twenty-one. Gladstone left Oxford at twenty-two, entered Parliament at twenty-three, and was an important member of Sir Robert Peel's government at twenty-six. Winston Churchill entered Parliament at twenty-six; his ability compelled his inclusion in a government six years later. Ramsay MacDonald had only to be returned to Parliament to be in a position to exercise great influence both as an individual and as a party official or leader. Whether a man is hated or liked, trusted or distrusted, he is listened to there if he is not a boresome "dinner bell" and has really something to say. He won a difficult seat from the Conservatives in 1922.

Mr. MacDonald was, of course, extremely fortunate in retaking his place as

leader of the Independent Labor Party. But the point is that he was in a position after his reelection to impress his powers upon the Parliament and the Party. If there were those who had doubts about his availability when he first became Prime Minister, and still others who revolted against his leadership when his ministry fell in 1924 (because of the Zinovieff letter), in June, 1929, there was greater unanimity of support for him in his own party than ever before. He had again stood the test of the House of Commons; he had had nearly five years more of almost daily opportunity to demonstrate his character and abilities at close range. There is no deceiving people under these circumstances. Beyond doubt Winston Churchill is one of the two or three ablest men in Parliament; many think him the ablest debater. Yet I can hardly find anyone who believes that he will ever become Prime Minister. If he does it will only be because his party can produce no one else. He is far abler than Stanley Baldwin; but men who have wintered and summered with him in Parliament do not feel that his character or his stability is such that it will be possible for him to head the Conservative Party. Yet he has had the same opportunity to win the highest rank that was MacDonald's. A career in the Commons is a fair and open contest for reputation and leadership, and no one who fails can blame his failure upon party bonds, or the rules of the House of Commons, or restrictions due to procedure, or anything else. It is his own fault. It is true that a new and prejudiced Prime Minister may fail to choose for a ministerial office some talented and deserving person who has really earned it. That does not vitiate the statement that there is no fairer forum for a public career in all the world than St. Stephen's.

III

How different is the situation on this side of the Atlantic! An American

Ramsay MacDonald with a similar war record would never again have been given a Democratic or Republican party nomination for the House of Representatives. The case of the Socialist Congressman Victor Berger, who was re-elected after having been sentenced to prison for twenty years for obstructing the War, was an exception which proved the rule, and so does the record of Senator La Follette. They were both elected in a State which deeply resented the War; in another commonwealth in which there were only a few German-born citizens they could never have returned to public life any more than could Miss Jeanette Rankin. Senator George W. Norris voted against the War, it is true, and then convinced Nebraska that he had been true to his conscience, and that he had helped to carry on the struggle after it began. Yet his, too, was an exceptional geographical situation. The fact remains that whoever offends against party regularity either in peacetime or wartime is pretty sure to find himself forever without the breastworks, just as Congressman La Guardia was once compelled to run independently in order to return to Congress and gradually make peace with his party leaders.

For this the domination of the parties by their bosses is largely responsible, as it is for the decadence of the quality of the Representatives from all sections. Throughout several decades no Republican from New York City could have a Congressional career who did not do the will of Thomas C. Platt. No Democratic Congressman from Manhattan Island can seek reelection to-day if he has offended the leaders of Tammany Hall, especially if he has failed to make a financial contribution. I once knew a Democratic Congressman of some parts who admitted to me that he yearly sent a check to Boss Murphy for twice the amount of his annual salary as a Representative. No new aspirant for Congressional honors from New York City can hope for nomination to-day if he does not obtain the consent of a party

boss—the Socialists have not been able to retain the district which once sent Meyer London to Washington. This fact alone is, I think, responsible for the extraordinary decline in the character and ability of the men who represent in Congress the Manhattan portion of the greatest city in America. Here are the present Representatives: Samuel Dickstein, Christopher D. Sullivan, William I. Sirovich, John J. Boylan, John J. O'Connor, John P. Carew, Sol Bloom, Fiorello H. La Guardia, Royal H. Weller, Anthony J. Griffin—together with an able woman, Mrs. Ruth Pratt.

Of these, only Mr. La Guardia, by reason of his recent candidacy for Mayor, is known to all the city, though he has been a hard-working and independent Congressman who dared to say that his soul was his own. The rest of the list is proof positive that in Manhattan men of parts, of independence, of self-respect will not consider a Congressional career, at least not through the dominant parties. What a contrast it would be to compare with this list a similar group of men who represent the city of London through the three British parties! As it is, the New Yorker of integrity and independence who desires parliamentary honors is practically as barred from a Congressional career as if he were residing in American Samoa or in the Philippines. What is true of New York City is true also of Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, and our other important cities, and of many rural districts. The local party machine is almost everywhere the enemy of an efficient House and permits no representation worthy of that institution and the country save in exceptional instances.

Let us suppose, however, that an American Fox or Gladstone did by accident enter the House. What would be the chances for him to rise? Let me answer the question by asking another. Who are the few Congressmen whose names are known to the country at large? They are without exception old party hacks who have risen to eminence largely

by legislative longevity. Take Speaker Longworth. He has been a regular of regulars. Entering Congress by favor of a corrupt boss, he has represented a safe district ever since 1903, with the exception of two years. He served inconspicuously until, because of his longevity, he was in a position to aspire to the Speakership. Take the majority and minority leaders. They hold their positions similarly because of their length of service. No one will maintain that such legislators as Gilbert N. Haugen of Iowa and Louis T. McFadden of Pennsylvania are conspicuous because of their brilliant abilities; nor is John Q. Tilson of Connecticut a man of exceptional oratorical or intellectual ability. Yet they are all-powerful factors in the management of the House and of some of its committees.

Our young Fox or Gladstone would probably find himself addressing empty benches, and would find his way into print only if he made a sensational attack upon some person or some group. He might enunciate the soundest sentiments with true and brilliant eloquence. This would advance his personal fortunes not at all. The leaders would compliment him, but his progress would be no faster. He could not aspire to a Cabinet position, at least not until he was nearly fifty and had reached the chairmanship of some important committee. Even then he would find that his claim to a secretaryship rested upon his having been a personal friend of a new President or his being a political power in a pivotal section. The Congressmen who have entered the Cabinet since George von L. Meyer became Roosevelt's Secretary of the Navy could be counted on the fingers of one's hands. Thus the Congressional aspirant usually finds that Cabinet honors go to distinguished men not in political life, like Charles E. Hughes, or to undistinguished persons in private or business life, or to politicians pure and simple—or rather often impure and extremely complex in their relationships.

In other words, the House of Representatives is in no sense a career leading

toward a place in the administration of our country, yet practically every member of Parliament aspires to a corresponding goal; a few, like Richard Cobden, persistently decline high office. For this difference several things are now responsible, whatever may have been the case in the earlier days of the Republic. The first is the committee system. Volumes have been written tracing the development of the committee. If there is a good deal to be said for it as a means of getting Congressmen to work, of expediting business, and preparing legislation, it has, none the less, played a great part in reducing the House to its present state, which is such that our chief parliamentary reporters, the special Washington correspondents, rarely if ever take the trouble to look in on the House while it is at work. If a budding Demosthenes would usually go unheard there, a Ramsay MacDonald who came back after a defeat for his pacifism would also find himself assigned to the least worth-while committee. For example, at the close of his long service, Victor Berger could obtain no more important assignment than to the committees on Enrolled Bills, Invalid Pensions, Public Lands, and War Claims. Let a new member win the ill will of the Steering Committee, and he may find himself assigned for years to the Committee on World War Veterans Legislation, or to Insular Affairs or Flood Control.

Another special cause for the decline of the House as a debating body and an avenue to national fame is, curiously enough, something that the unthinking regard as one of its desirable features—the limitation of debate and the complete control of its procedure by the little clique of party leaders who dominate the House. Our young Demosthenes might inveigh against this all he pleased. It would get him nowhere, for the House wears its shackles gladly. It is quite content to pass such a bill as the present lengthy tariff bill after only three or four days of debate and then to see the offspring of its Ways and Means Com-

mittee torn to pieces in the Senate. This may be efficiency in legislation, though I hold not; at least it prevents public abuse of the House for being as talkative as the Senate. But the net result is that the Senate is the only real debating body left in this country; it is the only forum in which a new member can make his influence felt; from which a single speech can carry widely over the country; in which wrongs can be aired and necessary official inquiries started. It is the only body which puts the fear of punishment and retribution into the hearts of office holders in high places. It is, moreover, altogether significant that when Vice-President Dawes sought to change the rules of the Senate in order to limit debate, the best men in the corps of Washington correspondents were emphatically against him. They insisted that gag rules there would reduce the Senate to the level of the House, which is now just a machine to register the will of the leaders of the majority party.

When the House was physically made over a few years ago by the removal of the desks, and the members were seated according to party on semi-circular benches, it was fondly hoped that the House would regain its position as a debating body. These expectations have not been realized. The House does not develop great debaters. Its virile members aspire to the Senate or, after a while, go back to private life because they tire of waiting for dead men's shoes, and are too independent to be guilty of that complete subservience which is the surest way, when coupled with constant reëlection, to party leadership. Can anyone claim that the House of Representatives offers a tithe of the chances for distinction of those which present themselves in the House of Commons?

Finally, it must be pointed out that our Congress is far more affected by sectional issues and considerations than is the House of Commons. Despite the differences between Scotch and Welsh and English and Irish, the Commons, especially since the settlement of the

Irish question, is far more harmonious than our Senate. There is nothing in England to compare with the clash of interests between our manufacturing East and North and the agricultural West and South; nothing that an American can espy which suggests the creation of blocs. But this sectionalism has always had a profound effect upon the development of our House and upon the careers of ambitious members.

That the Senate does offer more of an opportunity to a newcomer and to the political dissenter—once he arrives there—is obvious. But how difficult it is to win an election to the Senate if one is in rebellion against the established party order! There are obviously few States in which it is possible; usually they are small and in the Middle West. The high hopes once held that Oregon, Washington, and California would be highly progressive have gradually faded away. It seems as if the descendants of the pioneers had not inherited the spirit of hardihood and independence which marked their ancestors; a reactionary immigration from the East has also played its part. It is, of course, true that the Senatorial primaries make it possible for a man of ability with the necessary friends, or means, to fight his way into the Senate. Smith W. Brookhart is an example of this. He campaigned long and vigorously, won a seat, was defeated, came back again. But there also the fact is that his State is Iowa, an agricultural community. What chance would he have had to win in Mr. J. Henry Rorabeck's Connecticut, or the Maine of the Power Trust, or New York?

If a young and unfettered Senator does find his way into the Senate, his position much more nearly resembles that of a Ramsay MacDonald in Parliament. Take the younger La Follette, for example. It depends entirely upon himself how far he will go in the Senate. He won his reëlection on his merits and showed himself a cool and able campaigner. He has the respect and regard

of all his colleagues, he is improving the quality of his speeches, and continually demonstrates the increasing wisdom of his judgments. He is not, however, really eloquent; nor does the passion for justice as yet burn so fiercely within him as to find vent in stirring words. He suffers from the lack of schooling necessary for the statesman and from inability to cut himself wholly loose from party bonds and shibboleths, like the tariff, and to let his political future go hang if need be. The other younger Progressives are in much the same situation. Ramsay MacDonald, as I have pointed out, had a party behind him when he reëntered Parliament. These men have none. They win not because of the party machines, but because they are what they are, and because they champion some mild measures of reform, or insist that the farmer shall get his share of the Treasury swag which is paid out to the beneficiaries of our tariff system.

Unlike Mr. MacDonald, our Senate dissenters, except Mr. Borah, whom it is increasingly hard to classify as a Progressive, have played no role in our foreign affairs—partly because of the committee system again; partly because their constituents, being inland, rural people, are little, if at all, interested in foreign policy; partly because they themselves are ignorant or inexperienced. Such as they are, the country may well thank fortune for them. One has only to consider the complete, dull regularity which would prevail in Washington were there not a handful of nonconformists in the Senate, to appreciate their worth whatever their shortcomings. But for them Congress would to-day be a mere device for recording a President's wishes whenever he had a majority—something that the Founders of the Republic certainly never desired of the Congress.

IV

When we consider the road to the highest office in the United States and that which leads to the Prime Ministry in

England, the comparison between the two systems becomes all the more striking. Thus the King had no hesitation whatsoever in sending for Ramsay MacDonald in 1924 despite his war record and his pacifism. He was quite ready to intrust to him the conduct of the army and navy and the foreign affairs of his country. MacDonald himself was chosen within his party to lead it by a general consensus of opinion that he was best fitted to lead. Thus he stepped directly from leader of the Opposition into the highest office in the gift of his nation.

In this country the varying procedure of choosing a President is familiar. Certainly no pacifist with MacDonald's record could aspire to the White House. The lightning strikes curiously. When Warren G. Harding was picked in a room on the fifteenth floor of a Chicago hotel in the dead of night by certain Senators and representatives of big business, he was certainly not selected because of a successful career as a Senator. In that august body he had not made one speech worth the printing. Had Mr. Harding lived, Mr. Coolidge would never have reached the Presidency. It can hardly be maintained that his career in Massachusetts entitled him to our highest honor.

Mr. Hoover's case is somewhat different in that he had an international reputation. Yet it is an indisputable fact that he won the nomination only by the most persistent pursuit of it, coupled with the activities of an extremely well-equipped press bureau, and also because there happened to be no outstanding candidate on whom the opposition could unite against him. As a reporter of the Kansas City convention, I can testify that there was little enthusiasm for the man himself, and that most of the influential delegates would have been delighted had someone else been selected. When it came to the campaign, some ten millions of dollars had to be gathered to put Mr. Hoover into the White House; and we now know that one of the con-

tributions to that campaign was the sum of a million dollars from the manufacturers of Pennsylvania raised by the industry and ability of one Joseph R. Grundy, a fact which can hardly please Mr. Hoover to-day as he views the damage done by Mr. Grundy to the pending tariff bill.

There are those who believe that William E. Borah could have forced his own nomination for the Presidency had he, when at the height of his prestige as a Progressive, really cut loose, thrown down the gage of battle to the Old Guard leaders, and declared himself the leader of the liberal forces. In 1923 he apparently seriously considered this, for he made a Fourth of July speech, to which he received a tremendous response, attacking both the political parties as recreant to their trust. But something invariably prevents his taking the vital plunge. He has never bolted, not even when Roosevelt ran; and all Washington observers are agreed that his inability to see anything through to the bitter end has steadily handicapped his progress, has denied him the leadership of the Progressive group which should be his, and has made his opponents certain that they have his measure. As I write, he has shown more disposition to accept the responsibility for an opposition leadership in the matter of the tariff bill than in any previous contest. But even if such a man commanded, like Theodore Roosevelt in 1912, large campaign funds and a great personal following, he would still be a long way from winning a regular nomination or being elected. His very independence would rouse the regulars and make them take the field against him.

How fortunate by contrast is the British Prime Minister! All he has to do is to win his own seat in Parliament and make as many speeches throughout the entire country as possible, provided his party wins. It is true that the British parties also have to raise campaign funds; but had one of them wished to take money from interested sources compa-

rable to the associates of Mr. Grundy, its leaders might have found themselves face to face with an extremely rigid corrupt-practices act. As it was, the Labor Party's reliance was chiefly upon the unpaid enthusiasm and devotion of the young party workers who gave their time, their labor, and often their money without thought of personal reward. A ten-million-dollar campaign fund would seem impossible in England, though political rewards, titles, etc., have been known, precisely as with us, to be bestowed on the magnates who send large checks to campaign funds.

The American politician is among the most timid of men. Usually very vulnerable himself, he searches the record of the party candidate; if there is the slightest taint of irregularity upon it that candidate is dropped. This extends, of course, to many other subjects than issues of peace and war. Religion plays a far greater part in the United States than in England. A man of strong agnostic views with us would have to suppress those views entirely or renounce any political aspirations—witness the career of Robert G. Ingersoll. Again, with the glorious exceptions of John Quincy Adams and Grover Cleveland, when an American President lays down that office he is supposed to be finished and shelved for the remainder of his days. Cleveland became President a second time after four years out of office. John Quincy Adams is the only one who was willing to go back into Congress, where he labored for seventeen years. In the days when the House was a debating body and a man could make his mark in it, he constantly plunged the House into the most exciting debates and stirred the whole country. One single remark of his caused three days of the most violent debate and discussion, all of which would never have taken place had his opponents permitted him to finish what he was saying! Colonel Roosevelt is also, in a way, an exception, because he tried to reënter public life.

A British Prime Minister goes back to Parliament as a matter of course and stays there, whether he does or does not again become Prime Minister, until he no longer has the health to carry on or until he transfers to the House of Lords. With the English the career of statesmanship is usually a career for life. The action of the three members of the recent Baldwin Government who retired from politics and went into business after the defeat of their party last May has called forth wide comment in the British press, both for the unusual character of the act and for what it connotes in relation to Great Britain's changing political life. So far, however, incidents like this only emphasize the high standards which still control.

V

In one other aspect the British governmental machinery is far superior to our own, and that is in the ability of a Government when defeated or seeking reelection after the expiration of a Parliament to get a single issue before the country. Mr. MacDonald's first service as Prime Minister came after an election which turned upon the question of protection. His government fell because of the Zinovieff letter; the "Hang the Kaiser" election hinged upon the War issues, and so forth. True, the British Labor Party has an elaborate philosophy behind it—indeed, the whole Socialistic creed; its supporters are well aware of its general program and seek to propagate the faith. But in the last contest Mr. Baldwin was defeated because of his Government's record in foreign affairs, and because of a general feeling that it was narrow, stupid, and inept rather than because of the Labor Party's program. If no single issue seemed from this side of the water to stand out, there can be no question that great numbers of those who swung to Labor did so directly because of dissatisfaction with the Conservative mis-handling of foreign affairs.

With us, our parties take the field encumbered by large platforms made up of dozens of planks on all sorts of questions. Of this the Bull Moose platform of 1912 is the classic example; it was really a new code for social legislation. That was, however, largely ignored; the fight was waged over Mr. Roosevelt's personality, his disloyalty to the Republican Party, and the most radical plank in his platform, which was the recall of judges. There were forty-four planks in the La Follette platform; those his enemies seized upon particularly were the proposed curbing of the Supreme Court and the government ownership of railroads. Looking back over a long period of years, it can truthfully be said that not since 1896 has there been a Presidential campaign really devoted to a single issue. The first Bryan candidacy revolved about the question of free silver. Should Ramsay MacDonald fall in Parliament because of the disarmament plans which may result from the coming five-power conference in London, he would be able to ask the voters' approval of that policy alone. It is practically impossible in this country to bring forward one dominating issue, unless it should be possible again to put the tariff to the front, as Cleveland did in 1888. In 1900 great efforts were made to ascertain the will of the people regarding our imperialism in the Caribbean and the Philippines, but the issue was hidden by a multitude of other questions. Similarly, it is impossible to obtain a clear-cut vote on the restriction of immigration, the question of a large fleet, our entry into the League of Nations, prohibition, etc. The only hope seems to be the establishment of a national referendum as urged by Bryan, Wilson, and others. But no party, or politician, is advocating that to-day.

There remains the question of tolerance. I stood for a time near Ramsay MacDonald at a King's Garden Party at Buckingham Palace in 1926. There were many glowering looks cast at him.

I heard some people muttering angrily about "that man's presence" and his attire. The Conservative die-hards indubitably still feel that England is going to the dogs because a Socialist is Prime Minister. Many doubtless still recall his war record and hold it up to scorn. But in the main the British public lives and lets live and is delighted to let MacDonald, the Dissenter, have another try at helping England in her present distress, owing to the great unemployment and the depression of industry. In part this is due to greater tolerance than is to be found in America, in part to a realization that when the Labor Party was last in power the King was not exiled, nor the landed gentry beheaded, nor their estates and the Bank of England sequestered. In other words, the English democracy is evolving naturally and non-violently; and the British voters know it. In MacDonald's case he has, of course, made things much easier for himself and his party by his own personal charm and his clear demonstration that in his oratory, his broad vision, his power, and his leadership he clearly measures up to—where he does not surpass—the high standards of British statesmen in the past.

It is not easy to believe that the American people is at bottom less tolerant. The difficulty is that it is so much harder in this huge country of ours for a man in public life to impress himself upon the public and to obtain the opportunities he needs to tell the people just what his ideas and desires are and to defend any radical positions. The English voter is much more eager to hear both sides of a campaign and he insists upon his historic right to take part in a meeting by questioning and heckling the speaker, whereas the inter-

ruption of a public meeting in the United States is usually considered a sensational newspaper story. Nor is it as hard in England to obtain publicity for the unpopular side, though in both countries the extremely conservative dailies are always ready to try to kill a new issue or new leaders by ignoring them. It stands to reason, however, that the British public is less inclined to follow its press than is ours. How else is it possible to explain the rise of the Labor Party and of Ramsay MacDonald, so recently hated, despised, and dubbed a "traitor," when in all England labor has had the unqualified support of only one daily newspaper—the *Daily Herald*? That is a phenomenon which could not be repeated in the United States.

Finally, the lesson of Ramsay MacDonald for America is the old one that he who dares to be true to his principles and himself may count upon eventual recognition and reward if he can make himself heard, and if his principles are wise and "fortressed in conscience." MacDonald spoke as a true prophet on that fateful third of August, 1914, when he said solemnly and with deep emotion: "I have been through this before and 1906 [the victory of the Liberals and pro-Boers under Campbell-Bannerman] came as part recompense. It will come again. We are going to go through it all [again]." His election as Prime Minister in 1924 was more important in the history of Great Britain than the events of 1906. Once more can it be exclaimed with Lowell:

"Men of a thousand shifts and wiles, look here!

See one straightforward conscience put in pawn

To win a world! See the obedient sphere
By bravery's simple gravitation drawn!"



OFFICE HOURS

A STORY

BY ROLAND ENGLISH HARTLEY

THE house seemed very empty and the days very long now that Cora wasn't here. Before, when he was not busy in the office, he could go back into the other rooms and talk to her—see her, at least, or hear her moving about; hear her singing sometimes. Now that she was gone, the house was woefully empty and still.

He couldn't blame her for going. He knew that it was his own fault; if he had been more of a success she wouldn't have wanted to go. But her new happiness hurt him, now that she had found a work and a life in which he had no part. She looked so much younger and fresher these last few months; her smile was so much brighter; she had a new sure poise of her head. And it all said to him, "You couldn't do this for me; but see, I have done it for myself!"

They had come into this flat immediately after their marriage. He had been out of dental college only a few months then, and this was his first office. He remembered how proud they had both been of the gleaming sign on the wooden pillar at the head of the steps. When it was first put up they had gone out hand in hand to look at it. "Dr. Howard Burney, Dentist."

"It makes me feel as if I had a *famous* husband," Cora had whispered proudly. And when they came in she had taken his face between her hands and kissed him.

The sign had had to be replaced once since then. It had grown tarnished beyond the redemption of polishing, and the screws that held it had rotted away.

In those days very few dentists had offices downtown. It was mostly neighborhood practice. People liked young Doctor Burney, and he had done fairly well. Of course, he and Cora had their anxious times. "We have to expect that at first," they told each other; and they laughed together over the economies they had to practice. Life was very good, with its hopes and its faith.

Before many years he began to plan his move downtown. Larger office buildings were going up; street-car service was better; people didn't think anything now of the trip downtown. In fact, they began to think that a man who kept his office in the neighborhood must somehow be a little less valuable than one who had to be approached by means of an elevator and whose windows looked far down on crowded streets.

It was slow work saving for that move. The longer the move was delayed the slower the saving for it became. Each year Doctor Burney thought, "If only I had made the move *last* year!"

After ten or twelve years it was clear that he couldn't take this old chair and instrument case into a shining new office. He would have to have a wholly new equipment. That made the move an even more serious problem.

After another few years the furniture in the back parlor began to grow shabby. He would have to have new things for the waiting room too.

Now, at forty-nine, Doctor Burney thought that perhaps he himself was a

little too old and worn to fit in with the brightness and briskness of downtown. He smiled a little wistfully to himself when he thought of equipping an up-to-date office, with "Dr. Howard Burney" written across the door, and then having to provide a new alert young fellow to take the place of the man, rather gaunt and gray and stooped, whom he saw when he looked in the glass.

Cora had always been very patient. "Oh, what would we do with a million, anyway?" had been her heartening slogan through all the first years of struggle. Then when things settled down into a meager but sure competence she began saying, without the gaiety now, "Don't worry. We're getting along." That was when they still talked of his going downtown. They couldn't relinquish the idea that all this was a transitory phase, that more brilliant things certainly lay ahead.

It was only in the last five or six years, perhaps, that they had given up hope. They didn't talk about it. They scrupulously avoided the subject. But they both knew, now, that the move would not be made.

For his part, he had grown reconciled to the neighborhood practice. There was nothing exciting about it, to be sure; but nothing arduous, either. There were many hours with no claim upon him at all. Often a whole half day. He could go out into the back garden with Cora and putter around. They could hear the bell out there. If it rang they both hurried in. He would go into the office before Cora opened the front door. Then he heard her bright voice and heard her lead the way along the hall to the door of the back parlor, his waiting room. He would wash his hands and for a few minutes move instruments noisily about on the glass-topped table. Then he would push open the folding doors and look into the waiting room, where the light had to be kept burning at midday. "Good morning," he would say briskly. "Will you come right in?"

There were a few of the old neighborhood families he could depend upon. He had worked for the young people when he first came here, and now he was working for their children. Sometimes these friends sent him newcomers in the district. He was getting along all right. For one thing, the rent was low out here. And he and Cora lived simply. They were getting along.

He couldn't understand it at all when Cora said she wanted to find something to do. After the first moment of astonishment, what he felt chiefly was indignation. It was like a criticism of him; and he had always done the best he could for Cora. Lord knows, he didn't spend anything on *himself*!

"But it isn't just the money, Howard," she tried patiently to explain. "I just feel that we're getting into a terrible rut. And now's about the last chance to climb out. In a few more years it'll be too late."

He murmured something about the possibility of a move to a downtown office next year.

"Yes, yes," she said quickly. "I do hope you *can*! But meanwhile I've got to do something for myself. I can't stand this *emptiness* any longer!"

He went into the office to think about it. Whenever there were anxieties he could best come to grips with them here. He sat on the little chair by the table with the mirror in the corner, where the ladies sat to tidy their hair before going out. He leaned his elbow among the scattered combs and brushes, and tried to think the thing through.

Of course Cora was younger than he. She had been such a child when they married! And she had kept her youth miraculously through these years. There was gray in her hair now, but her skin was warm and fresh and clear. He was proud of Cora. She was so fine-looking! And what a poor life he had given her. Shut up here in this dreary flat. "Emptiness," she called it. Well, it was, in a way. For him, she had filled it and made it completeness. But

evidently he couldn't do as much for her. . . . His eyes grew a trifle moist. He sat there a while longer, then he went out to Cora in the dining room.

"I feel badly about it, Cora," he said gravely. "I feel as if it were my fault. . . . But of course, you must do just as you want."

She laughed gaily. Already the glow of the adventure was upon her. "It's nothing to be so solemn about! Why, *half* of the women are working at something nowadays."

Even in the anxieties and humiliations of those long days of haunting employment agencies, and interviewing prospective employers, and being found wanting in this and that—even then Cora exulted in the contact with a world of vigorous life. She brought home the color of her days into the grayness of their evenings. Their meal hours, that had often been silent and burdened with monotony, were times now of a brisk reliving of events. Cora was happier, and that made him happier too.

He couldn't understand her difficulties in finding a place. To think of anyone not wanting Cora! She explained the handicap of her lack of office training; but it didn't seem to him that this should weigh at all against her intelligence and general desirability.

When the place was found he didn't think it worthy of her. But she was delighted. She was to be in the office at one of the women's clubs. Her work would be mainly answering telephones and keeping minor records. "But don't you see," she said, "I'll be coming in contact with all sorts of interesting people. It's just exactly what I want!"

Certainly she responded to the new work and the new manner of living with a warm expansion of her personality. She was once more the Cora he had known so many years ago. Their life together was gay again. Only, through the long hours of the day, the house was still and empty, and there was nothing to keep him from thinking that if *his* life had been more successful he could have

given Cora the things she needed to make her gay and happy and yet have her here with him, too.

She always asked at night how his day had been filled. But what he had to tell of taking an impression for Mrs. Lorensen's crown, pulling a wobbly front tooth for the Evans boy, sitting for hours trying to read the professional journals—all this seemed meaningless against her bright chatter of the important women whose comings and goings had filled her day. He hurried quickly over his account, in a low voice, almost as if these were things to be ashamed of; and he soon got into the habit of saying, with his slow smile, "Oh, *nothing* happened here, of course." It wasn't long then before she stopped asking.

Something new was coming into her manner toward him, too: a certain crispness of speech that often hurt him; a way of hearing what he said as if it had little importance; an air almost of condescension toward him. And through the days he had so much time to think about all this. It came, he thought, the new manner, largely from her daylong contact with women who were brisk and busy and important, women whose lives were set apart from failure. It *must* be hard for her to come home from that to *this*. He would sit for hours thinking about it. He rarely went out into the garden now. And it was hard to read when one's mind was so full of distressing things. He sat beside the little table, with his head resting on his hand, and thought.

Cora had been working for about six months, and for at least two of these he had known what he wanted to say to her. But it was very hard to speak. Often when they sat for a few minutes at table after dinner, he would think, "Now I am going to say it." Then his heart would beat quickly and he would grow a trifle dizzy; Cora would begin some merry account of a happening of the day, and he would sink back in his chair with a limp sense of relief.

Perhaps it would be easier at night,

when he didn't have to look into her face. One night when he heard her stirring slightly beside him, he said, "You aren't asleep, are you, Cora?"

"No."

"I just wanted to say . . ."

"Yes?"

"I've been thinking . . . I haven't been able to do very much for you . . . I haven't made much of a success of things . . . and if you think . . ."

Again he halted, and after a moment she said impatiently, "I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about."

"It was just that . . . if you wanted to get a divorce . . ."

"Well, what in the world . . . !"

Now that he had spoken thus far the rest was easier. He sat up beside her. "I can see now, by the way you've been getting along with your work and all, that I've kept you back a lot, Cora. You had it in you to make something of life . . . and I've sort of . . . I don't know just what's been the matter with me . . . but I couldn't seem to get anywhere. . . . And now if you think you . . . could do better without me . . ."

The ring of impatience was sharper in her voice now. "*Please* don't talk so foolishly!"

But the flood of waiting words would not be checked. "I guess divorces are pretty easy to get," he went on slowly. "I don't know just how people go about it. But I wanted you to know I'd . . . help, any way I could. I've thought a lot about it, Cora, and I'd understand. I'd know it was best for you. You're getting into a better kind of life now, and I don't want to hold you back."

Part of his dread of speaking these words had been the fear that she would be moved to something like compassion, that she might even feel he had made a sentimental appeal to her pity. He wasn't at all prepared for her anger.

Her voice was harsh when she turned around to him. "That's just what's the matter with you, Howard! Don't you suppose that *that* might have a lot to do with your 'not getting anywhere,'

as you say? You've always been so sort of apologetic, so afraid of yourself, as if you weren't as good as other people. *That's* what's kept you back! And now, for goodness sake, don't talk that way to me!"

After a little while she said, more quietly, "And what in the world do you suppose I want a divorce for?"

"I just thought you'd be a lot freer . . . for anything you wanted," he explained fumblingly.

"You don't think I'd want to marry *again*, do you?"

He didn't hear her laugh, but he knew that she must be smiling. And hadn't there been just that faint note of scorn on the "*again*"? He didn't say any more. Very soon she turned away from him.

"Let's get to sleep now. Good night."

"Good night, dear."

When her breathing was slow and quiet and he knew she was sleeping, he laid his hand gently on her shoulder. It wouldn't disturb her now. He didn't want to do anything to disturb her. He loved her so much. . . . His eyes were moist again. A man grew shamefully weak, having these hours and hours to think, and no goal for all the thinking.

But it wouldn't do, he told himself the next morning, to go on this way. This was the way a man could go to pieces, quickly—letting go of things, thinking too much, feeling that nothing was worth while. It comforted him to know that at least he wasn't too far gone to see the danger of the situation. He would try to get hold of himself now. Perhaps Cora was right, about his having always too slight an opinion of himself. He would hold up his head and keep busy.

But keeping busy was another problem. He went to the door eagerly every time the bell rang, but usually it was only an agent or a peddler. A dentist couldn't go out onto the street and round up the passers-by and herd

them in to have their teeth repaired! How he envied the people who went hurrying by the house each morning, on their way to work somewhere, who came back weary at night—without having had too much time for thinking.

He began searching the flat for tasks he might undertake. If he could do a little of the brushing up from time to time, Cora wouldn't have so much to do on Saturday afternoon and Sunday. Then maybe they could go out together somewhere once in a while. He never told her what he had done until she was about to do it. Then he would say shyly, "I happened to have a little time and I attended to that." And even if there was a note of laughing scorn in her voice when she said, "But what did you do *that* for?" still he was happy about it.

He began, too, trying to have things nearly ready for dinner when she got home. At first he just had the table set and the water boiling for tea. Even this was a help when Cora came in late and tired.

Then he tried preparing things for their evening meal. After all, why shouldn't a man be able to make a bit of salad as well as a woman? The fact that the task was unfamiliar and took much more time than it should was only another point in favor of doing it.

He remembered how he had once enjoyed cooking, on the camping trips they used to take. Over a gas range it ought to be easier than over a smoking open fire. He experimented with things for his solitary lunches, and if they turned out fairly well he had them ready for Cora's dinner.

"My, you're getting to be quite an efficient housewife!" she told him. He felt the sting of it, but it didn't go so deep as his satisfaction at *doing* something, and doing it for Cora.

She didn't always come home to dinner. Sometimes when everything was ready the 'phone would ring and she would say that she was having dinner downtown with some of the people from

the office. Then, first of all, he would clear away the things in the dining room before he had his own meal on the corner of the kitchen table. If there was something quite special he had prepared, something he was rather proud of, he would put it aside for the next day, hoping that it wouldn't lose in the keeping.

More and more these new tasks of his became an important part of his life. At first he had gone out rather shamefacedly on shopping expeditions. In the tones of the tradesmen's deference, he thought he heard them saying, "Well, Doctor Burney, this is a strange thing for *you* to be doing!" But now, after a good many months of it, he rather liked it all. He didn't feel any longer that it was something to be ashamed of. He even talked jestingly with one or two of his patients about his "household cares." "Now that Mrs. Burney is a woman of affairs, you know," he would explain playfully.

It was Mrs. Lorensen who understood most fully. She laughed gaily at his jesting accounts, but with a hand on his arm to show that she understood.

Mrs. Lorensen had been a patient for many years. She was a short, plump, rosy little woman. She looked so sturdy and yet she was always complaining that she couldn't stand pain. Her dental work always dragged out month after month. "Just do a very little to-day, Doctor," she would beg. "I feel as limp as a rag after a few minutes in this chair." And when the day's bit of work was finished, leaving almost everything to be done another time, she would sit for a long while in the little chair by the mirror. "You don't mind, do you, Doctor?" she would say. "I dread going right out onto the street. I feel sure that people can tell by looking at me what I have suffered."

While she sat there, and he occupied himself with putting his instruments away, they talked of many things. And when she went, she often said, "It's such a comfort to talk to you, Doctor. You're the very best friend I have."

Mrs. Lorensen liked to hear him tell of his household tasks and triumphs.

"Mrs. Burney doesn't know how lucky she is!" she told him. "Do you suppose I could ever get *my* husband to do anything like that? Why, he'd sit there in a house full of food and starve to death without lifting a finger if I wasn't there to fix it for him!"

Perhaps, she admitted, it was because Mr. Lorensen wasn't at home enough to learn any useful accomplishments. He was a salesman for a coffee and spice establishment and "on the road" most of the time. "He just drops in about once a month," Mrs. Lorensen used to say with a slow wink, "just to see if I'm still there."

There was something a little "crude" about Mrs. Lorensen, Doctor Burney sometimes said to his wife; but still he couldn't help liking her; her smile was warming, and she made one feel that she was truly interested in all that one said.

And now, in these long lonely days, it was a real relief to have Mrs. Lorensen coming. Her work shouldn't have taken very long, but as usual she wanted it broken into small fragments and spread through many days, to save her nerves.

"I hope you *won't* feel that that's taking too much of your time, Doctor," she said, with her serious round-eyed gaze upon him.

He thumbed over the almost blank pages of his engagement book. "Why . . . no . . . I believe I can manage it, all right."

"Oh, I'm so awfully glad! You know, Doctor, I'd *hate* to have to go to anyone else. My sister-in-law goes to a dentist downtown, and I keep telling her they're all for show, down there, and I wouldn't trust their work a *minute*, compared to yours."

He mumbled out his appreciation. He knew that he did do careful, conscientious work. Better work than most of them. But he didn't often hear it praised. Praise, for anything, was

not very familiar to him. It warmed him now. He did like Mrs. Lorensen.

She wanted to help any way she could with his household problems. "You just tell me whenever you're up against it," she said heartily, "and I'll see if I can't help you out. Jim's away again, and I've got plenty of time on my hands."

He laughed when he told Cora about this offer. "Whenever you get an especially good salad," he said, "you can know that Mrs. Lorensen made it."

Cora didn't laugh at all. "I hope you'll have better sense than let her come out *here!*" she said sharply.

His smile faded. "I think you might trust me that far," he answered quietly.

Cora was away from home more and more now. A course of evening lectures had begun down at the Club. Well-known people stood on the platform and told the ladies what to think about various matters. Cora found these lectures "very stimulating." She was sorry that Howard couldn't attend them too. There *were* some men in the audience. But of course he had his evening office hours, she knew, and it wouldn't do to neglect them.

Once in a while, too, she wanted to go to the theater. Down there among those women, one had to keep up with things. She could always find a companion among her fellow-workers, but several times she asked Howard, "Don't you want to go? It isn't likely that anyone will be coming in to-night. And it would do you good."

But he didn't want to go. He felt shabby beside her, nowadays. Much of her earnings went into the maintenance of her wardrobe, and it had been very long since he had been able to achieve a new suit. He liked to see Cora smartly dressed like this; he stood at the window in the morning to see her go down the street to the car. But he would feel uncomfortable beside her downtown. They might encounter some of these important new acquaintances of hers, and then Cora might not be

able to keep him from seeing that she wasn't wholly proud of him, and that would be very hard to bear.

But it was seldom that anyone came at night for dental work, and the evenings when Cora was downtown were very cheerless. Sometimes he sat in the office without even lighting the light. The street lamps sent in a little radiance that touched bright spots of metal in the room. People passing on the sidewalk talked and laughed happily. There was a constant hum of motors, taking people somewhere. . . . He sat until it was almost time for Cora's coming. Then he would light the light and take up his book.

When he told Mrs. Lorenson about Cora's evening lectures, she seemed to know at once what they meant for *him*. And when she was putting on her hat, bending close across the table to the mirror, she said, "I don't see why I can't have my work done evenings. With Jim gone, I've got so much time on my hands I don't know what to do with myself. Afternoons, I can go to the movies; but I don't like to go there alone by myself at night."

He didn't answer at once. He felt strangely excited.

"What evening can I come, Doctor?"

Mechanically, he picked up his limp gray engagement book. Even though the spaces under the dates were so nearly blank, still there was the same formula to be gone through. "Let me see. . . . Wednesday? No; Friday. How would Friday do?"

Mrs. Lorenson gave a little laugh. "Is Friday one of the lecture times?"

"Why, yes, I believe so," he muttered.

"You see," she explained, "if Mrs. Burney is home I don't want to take you from *her*. You have so little time together."

"I . . . I think . . . Friday will be all right."

She was ready for the street now and she came across the room to him. Her eyes were very bright and merry. "It sounds just like a conspiracy, don't it?"

But why not? I guess we're entitled to *some* fun as well as the rest of 'em. If they want to leave us alone all the time, I guess that's up to *them*."

He wasn't aware of walking with her to the door. He found it hard to look into her face. His heart was beating disquietingly.

At the opened door she pressed his hand warmly. "Friday evening then, Doctor."

When she was gone he paced back and forth through the dim hall until it was almost time for Cora to come.

He didn't tell Cora about the change in the time of Mrs. Lorenson's appointments. Cora always laughed at the way her work dragged out. "You must be fond of each other's company," she had said once or twice, with her short laugh. And he wouldn't want Cora to say that now. It would make him feel uncomfortable. He could imagine himself even saying something extravagant in Mrs. Lorenson's defense. For though she fell short in many ways of the higher standards, at least there was *warmth* in her; and warmth, he knew, was a precious thing.

On Friday evening when Mrs. Lorenson came a great constraint was on them both at first. He hovered over her uncertainly when she was in the chair.

"Let's see . . . what were we doing last time?"

"It's terribly sensitive, Doctor. Will you be just as easy as you can?"

It wasn't long before she announced that she couldn't stand any more this time.

"There now, it feels better already," she said when she got up from the chair. "You *are* very gentle, Doctor."

They stood facing each other a moment. Then he turned quickly to his instrument case and she went over to the mirror.

"I guess I shouldn't wait *too* long to have that tooth finished," she said after a moment. "Had I better come tomorrow night, Doctor?"

"Why . . . I hardly think . . ."

"Or will Mrs. Burney be home?" There was no laugh in her voice to-night, but a quaver of earnestness.

He was fumbling with his book again. "Let's see. . . . Saturday? Mrs. Burney often goes to the theater on Saturday. I could 'phone you. . . . But perhaps we'd better say Monday."

She put down the comb that she had been running through her hair and got up to come over to him.

"I want to come to-morrow," she said. "I'm very lonely."

He tried to look away from her, but she came close to him and took his arm, and he had to look down into her eager upturned face.

"You're lonely too," she went on swiftly. "Don't you suppose I know? Don't you suppose I can see it? People who aren't lonely don't have eyes like that. And why shouldn't you be lonely? Why should you be ashamed to say so? I *tell* you I'm lonely. But you don't have to tell *me*!"

He couldn't look away now from her eyes. Something in him was drawn deeper and deeper into them. He was quivering slightly.

"Do they think we can stand it forever?" she burst out rather wildly. "Jim comes strolling in whenever it suits him and thinks I ought to be all ready and waiting to make a great big fuss over him. What does he care about *me*? He has his other women here and there on the road. I'm just one of them. The one he's had the longest. The one he's surest of. . . . I'm sick of it. I'm lonely, I tell you. I want something else."

Her eyes were wet now, and she was pressed close against him. His arm went awkwardly about her shoulders. He didn't know what to say to her. Cora never cried. Cora was always very sure of herself. He found himself wishing that Cora would cry and he could hold her close to him like this. Then he might think of the words to say.

"Let me come to-morrow night,"

she was whispering. "'Phone me if I can come. I want to so much."

He kept his arm about her shoulders as he walked with her to the door. She hadn't worn a hat to-night. She lived just around the corner.

"We've got to be good to each other," she was murmuring. "If they leave us alone like this we've got to be good to each other."

The doorway was dim, and when she went out she lifted her face to kiss his cheek, warmly and moistly.

In the morning he wondered nervously if Cora would say anything about her plans for the night. He couldn't ask her. He knew there would be a betraying shake in his voice. Just as she was going out she called back, "I'm staying down this afternoon to do some shopping."

"How about dinner?" he managed to say.

"Oh, I'll be home by *then*!"

Halfway down the steps she turned back once more. "But I'm not sure about to-night."

"I see." He smiled down at her and wondered if it looked as strange as it felt.

When she came home to dinner, she told him that she was going to the theater with one of the girls from the office. They had been informed that this play was very fine. "I knew there was no use asking *you* to go," she said. "You always think you have to be here. Is anyone coming to-night?"

"Yes," he said, "someone is coming."

She didn't ask who it was. She seldom asked about his work any more.

"I'm afraid I *won't* have time to help with the dishes," she said when they were through with their meal.

"No; you'd better run along. There aren't many anyway."

He tied one of her aprons about him and carried the dishes to the sink, while she hurried into the bedroom to dress. He hadn't finished the dish-washing when she came out. He turned about

to her. Cora looked very lovely these days. Especially in some of these new bright things of hers.

She stood before him. "Am I all right?"

"You're very beautiful, Cora."

There was something in his voice or his glance that seemed to move her to compunction.

"I feel sort of *mean*, running away and leaving you to *this!*"

"Oh, I don't mind doing this. . . . And I guess that play *will* be fine."

She came over toward him.

"I can't touch you," he said. "My hands are all wet."

She took his face between her hands, just as she used to. The zest of the evening's outing had put a sparkle in her eyes and a warmth in her voice.

"You're a dear good husband, Howard!"

He had to turn quickly away from her as soon as she let her hands fall.

"You mustn't think I just take it for granted," she went on, "all the things you do for me. I know I don't say much about it; my mind is so full of things; but I do appreciate it just the same, Howard. I *think* about it, *lots*. You're a dear, and I love you."

He felt her quick kiss fall on his hair behind his ear.

"Now I *must* be running! Don't come out. I can get my coat."

A moment later he heard the front door close. He finished washing the dishes, dried them carefully, and stacked them away in the cupboard. Then he went to the telephone, in the dark bend of the hall. When he had given the number he listened tensely to the faint buzzing that came back to him from the other end of the line.

"Mrs. Lorenson? This is Doctor Burney speaking." His voice grew surer and brisker as he went on. "I'm afraid we'll have to postpone that appointment till Monday afternoon. . . . Yes, afternoon. . . . No; I'm going down to the theater with Mrs. Burney this evening. . . . Well, any afternoon next week. Good-by."

He stood there a moment longer at the 'phone. Then he turned slowly and went into the office. He didn't light the light. With Cora's radiance still in his eyes, all this would look very shabby and outworn to him now. He sat there in the dark. Perhaps, he was thinking, perhaps—next year—it might be possible . . . the move downtown.





THE RELIGION OF A SCIENTIST

BY FLOYD H. ALLPORT

EDWARD, aged five, stood gazing upward at the Ferris wheel as its great rim of cars with their motionless passengers swept, in gigantic silhouette, across the sky. He did not ask his aunt to take him for a ride but seemed lost in wistful meditation. "Auntie," he said at length, "if I was to go up in that Ferris wheel, do you think God would reach down and slap my mouth for swearing?"

This incident will seem to some, no doubt, an evidence of the deep religious conviction of our race. Others may regard it merely as a jocose fantasy of childhood. To me (I am Edward's father) it affords neither pious reflections nor amusement, but a serious question. There has been, I fear, some false teaching somewhere in the child's brief past. But surely modern church schools (and Edward has attended some of the best) no longer present the picture of an irate Jehovah. It seems equally certain that it was not portrayed to him by his mother's relatives. Yet the fact remains that he has been taught something; and this is what his little brain has made of it. We are careful in our secular education that there shall be impressed upon children only the most authentic masterpieces of art and literature, and the most carefully tested facts of science and practical experience. What perversity makes us crown this fine structure with a mass of superstitions? The fact that we have intended only to make a difficult subject clear to children does not mitigate the evil. Regarding the more practical, but less significant, questions of life we have

learned, when confused or ignorant, to keep our silence. Why can't we be silent before children about God?

Many religious persons will pass over this episode with the remark that it is an unusual case, representing an aspect of religious education which we are trying to overcome. Religion, they will say, like anything else, has to be taught; and we cannot shirk our responsibility merely because the task is difficult. Most ministers assert that there can be no fundamental disagreement between religion and science. I have heard distinguished scientists say the same thing; and somehow I feel it should be so. But in proportion as I have tried to reconcile, intimately and in detail, the findings of laboratories with the creeds of churches, I have met with difficulty and discouragement. I have begun to suspect that the religion which people refer to as harmonious with science is not any actual faith at present known or practiced. It is religion *as such*, an abstract perfectionism under which is classified everything in life that is worth while. Since science is a noble pursuit, it *cannot*, therefore, be contrary to religion. This argument, a common one among clerics, cuts the ground from beneath one's opponent and leaves him speechless. It is a far cry, however, from religion defined as the ideal to that which is actually formulated and taught; and we shall never get anywhere until this distinction is recognized.

Then too, I suspect that the vigorous assertions that scientists and religionists can have no quarrel, at least none which should be aired, are gestures of conven-

ience proceeding from men in high places. No doubt, in avoiding this issue they do so with excellent intentions. Peacemaking is a desirable quality, and it entails certain practical advantages for all concerned. The trouble is merely that, remaining as these men do, within the confines of a single field, they do not see what happens to the thinking of those who set out boldly into both. The churchman, who does not venture far enough into the laboratory to find that research means a rejection of revealed authority, readily assimilates the laws of nature into his system as the "will of God." Not understanding the scientific point of view, he sees no conflict. The scientist, engrossed likewise in his own work, is content to let natural laws be so assimilated because he has too little appreciation of the churchman's thinking to realize what this implies. The "will of God," in so far as it is anything more than his generalizations about nature, is, to the pure scientist, not worth bothering about. It is, of course, impossible to quarrel with anything which one does not take seriously. Coming down to essentials, however, we see that the scientist's understanding of nature is based upon his descriptions of the way in which natural objects behave; to add anything more would spoil the picture. The religious view of nature, as represented by the average churchman, is causal, progressive, and fraught with a spiritual purpose. To say that these two notions are in clear and workable harmony is to fly in the face both of logic and of fact.

Alas, then, for the mere layman, who, in his modest way, must live a part of his life in each field. When these two points of view are brought sharply together within a single mind their antagonism is felt in all its poignancy. "Science" and "Religion" as institutions are at peace; but the individual is torn with doubt and conflict. Those who cannot live by bread alone will shun authority upon either side and will fight their way toward some honest solution.

Many, however, will take the easier course of dividing their world into compartments. In one of these, the church, the clergyman with his personal God will reign supreme. In the other, that of technology and practical life, science will be the deity. The compartments of such a life are logic-tight. One can make assertions in one of them which are flatly contradicted in the other. In this sorry condition, in which, though directed by science in many things, one is in the last analysis ruled by a fear which no science can dispel, any sustained intellectual growth is impossible. One's science cannot be wholly brave, nor one's religion be wholly true.

II

Most discussions of this question proceed upon the assumption that our task is to reconcile two great fields of reality known as Science and Religion. The conflict is externalized and regarded as taking place between two bodies of objective and impersonal truth. This, I believe, is a mistake. Both science and religion are based ineradicably upon impulses within ourselves. They represent our personal struggle to conceive the world in two different ways; and beyond our own experiences we have no authority for the validity of the doctrines in either field. Since our experience is continually changing and our horizons widening, science and religion as systems of fact have, at any moment, only the most ephemeral and precarious existence. The science of to-day is so different from that of two centuries ago as to be recognizable only in name; and the science of to-morrow will discredit much of the science of to-day. Religions also are changing, though in a more gradual fashion. Only the inner impulse, or spirit, of those two quests remains. Although no one can say that either the God of religion or the laws of science are at any one moment true, we can affirm that mankind in all ages has been, and will probably continue to be,

both scientific and religious. The realization of this fact will simplify our problem and bring it into sharper focus. Instead of concerning ourselves with conflict between two abstract and largely erroneous systems of thought, we shall consider only the human urges which inspire the building of such systems, and the possibilities for their complete and harmonious expression.

The occasions upon which we leave the sphere of our bread-and-butter interests and catch for a moment the deeper meanings of life seem to me to reveal three fundamental and distinct forms of experience. These are the scientific, the religious, and the æsthetic. The supermundane ideals to which they correspond, and upon which philosophers have built elaborate systems, are, respectively, the True, the Good, and the Beautiful. As to the possibilities, however, of their externalization we are entirely ignorant and unconcerned. We only know (and the knowledge is sufficient for our purpose) that human beings can, and do, approach their experience in these three different ways. Through the scientific approach we deal with events in a disinterested fashion. We are concerned with them only in and for themselves. We seek to discover the parts of which things are composed and the general statements, or "laws" by which we may describe their composition and behavior. The æsthetic attitude is one in which we seek and enjoy in the facts of life a sense of harmony, proportion, and balance, and that delicate precision of form and content which is the delight of the true artist. In the religious approach we deal with the same facts and events, but in a different manner. We arrange them in a scale of moral values, we think of them as right or wrong; and we feel in human living an aspiration from the ignoble to the noble, from baseness to righteousness. (Should someone question whether the religious point of view is anything more than that of ethics, which is based entirely upon our regard for the welfare of others, the

point may be granted without affecting our discussion.)

I do not contend that these three attitudes are the only channels through which we can sense the full meaning of life. Other possibilities may be thought of. It does seem clear, however, that they are universal and important. Probably everyone has within him some measure of each; though I will agree that individuals differ widely in this regard, and in the relative emphasis with which the three modes are reflected in their personalities. These forms of experience are, moreover, closely related in certain ways. If each is given free play, uninhibited by the others, they produce a certain poise and harmony and a broadening of one's sympathetic understanding. Henri Poincaré, himself a fine example of this versatile appreciation, has written as follows:

. . . Yet truth should not be feared, for it alone is beautiful.

When I speak here of truth, assuredly I refer first to scientific truth; but I also mean moral truth, of which what we call justice is only one aspect. It may seem that I am misusing words, that I combine thus under the same name two things having nothing in common; that scientific truth, which is demonstrated, can in no way be likened to moral truth, which is felt. And yet I cannot separate them, and whosoever loves the one cannot help loving the other. To find the one, as well as to find the other, it is necessary to free the soul completely from prejudice and from passion; it is necessary to obtain absolute sincerity. These two sorts of truth when discovered give the same joy; each when perceived beams with the same splendor, so that we must see it or close our eyes. Lastly, both attract us and flee from us; they are never fixed: when we think to have reached them, we find that we have still to advance, and he who pursues them is condemned never to know repose.

. . . The Greeks loved the intellectual beauty which hides beneath sensuous beauty, and this intellectual beauty it is which makes intelligence sure and strong.

. . . This disinterested quest of the true for its own beauty is sane also and able to make man better.

When all has been said concerning the kinship of these three aims, there remains, however, an essential difference between them. Poincaré has merely pointed out the likeness of their operation, and the fact that the realization of one is conducive to the realization of the others. They are, nevertheless, fundamentally distinct; and a well-rounded life consists no less in preserving their uniqueness than in harmonizing their differing expressions. No one of them can be adequately described in terms of another, any more than purple can be seen in its true quality by one who is color-blind to red. In the building of a cathedral there is given considerable play to the artistic impulse of the builders; yet in and through the work there runs the deeper theme of aspiration toward God, which molds the æsthetic creation and makes it subservient to the religious. The artist, on the other hand, who paints the nativity or life of Christ feels in his work a certain religious inspiration. But there is something more—that indefinable thing called beauty—without which the Christian story would have no meaning for his art. The scientist, pausing to contemplate the new vista of the universe which his labor has revealed, may look upon it with the wonder of the religious mystic or with an eye for its awe-inspiring beauty. The moment, however, that he assumes such an attitude his approach as a scientist ceases; nor can it be restored until, detaching himself from poetic or religious values, he descends again to a disinterested curiosity about objects within his immediate domain. These three approaches, then, are roads which diverge. We can never get on to one of them by merely following along another. The experiences to which they lead are irreducibly unique. It may be that deep within us they emerge from some common wellspring of our personality; but that source, if it exists, is completely hidden from us, and is evidenced only in the living of a full and well-ordered life.

We have now a broader basis from

which to discuss the development of a philosophy of living. To be ultimately satisfactory such a philosophy, it seems to me, must give play to each of these three attitudes, the scientific, the religious, and the æsthetic. Each must be realized in such a manner that its expression does not dominate or obscure the expression of the others. Any working conception which fails to accomplish this must, in that measure, deny or frustrate a portion of life. Keeping this criterion before us, what can we say of various attempts to solve, from special points of view, the problems of science and religion? And what promise can be held out for a solution based upon these three tendencies of human nature? Our first concern will be with those who declare that the only true and sufficient guide is to be found in the scientific attitude toward life.

III

It has been frequently observed that those persons who are the loudest in their claims for an omnipotent science generally have the least understanding of what science is. They forget that our natural laws are not eternal verities, but only temporary resting places, and that true science is self-abnegation and adventure into the unknown. Even more deluded are those who confuse the scientific attitude with its by-products, applied science and modern technology. Following the great luminaries, little known to the public generally, comes a horde of lesser men, bearing dimmer lights. These are the inventors, who place ahead of the desire to know, the zeal to apply, to harness, and to exploit. Most people seem to regard the great scientists as lovers of mankind, motivated by an incessant desire to solve humanity's problems. There is, of course, no denying that all great men have their altruistic interests. But to insist, as many do, that without having in the background of their minds the possibility of making the world a better place

to live, scientists would have no genuine zeal for their work, is to betray a purblindness which shuts out a whole kingdom of the human spirit.

The basic fallacy of the science-worshippers is the notion that the laws of natural science are causes of phenomena, or that one event can "cause" another to happen. The scientist does not pretend to know what "makes" phenomena behave as they do, or whether, in fact, anything can make them. This problem is at present insoluble for both religion and science. We can merely observe the manner and sequence in which things do happen, and describe as accurately as possible what we see. Natural laws are descriptions of events, and nothing more. To ascribe "forces" to them is not the work of the scientist, but of the engineer, or of the pious, but exultant tyro who believes that God has placed all things under man's feet. I know of no greater presumption than the belief that man has learned to control nature. We have learned merely to place our machines at the crucial points, or crossroads, of natural events—happenings which go on in sublime indifference to human purposes. Any further claim for the power of science is a vain boast, the crowing of a chanticleer. Man's Conquest of Nature! The scientist smiles at this phrase as he proceeds in his quiet laboratory, analyzing, shifting conditions, recording, and thinking, until at last he learns one more secret of that universe of unfathomed beauty, before which our skyscrapers and our locomotives crumble as so much worthless dust. Bankrupt, indeed, is he who, thinking that the world is to be saved through science, invests his claim to happiness in its technological applications. He has sold his faith for a false reward. The science which he espouses is not true science at all, but in comparison with it, dross. He has betrayed not only his ethical feeling but his scientific impulse as well.

But granting that we take the humbler and truer view of man's intellectual achievement, are not the predictions of

scientists so successful in all fields that to ignore them for another guide would be sheer folly? Here again the champion of authoritative science oversteps the mark. As I sit at my desk two raindrops are coursing down my window. Both cling to the glass, both move in an irregular manner downward, and both come to rest upon the sill. But how different have been their courses. Each had its own startings and stoppings, its quick runs and periods of arrest, its own zigzag pattern of descent. Hundreds, thousands more raindrops come, and the result is the same. No two are alike in their course. Can the scientific method explain *this*? Let us see.

Certain generalizations come readily to mind concerning the flowing of raindrops. There are the laws of gravitation, inertia, friction, surface tension, and cohesion. But it should be noted that we have here precisely the same laws for every drop. How, then, can the *differences* of their pathways be accounted for? The scientific approach can predict only uniformities in nature; individuality is overlooked. Still, it is only the uniformities, some will say, which really count. This, however, is too narrow a view. If I, myself, were a raindrop, and my existence depended upon reaching the window-sill before being evaporated by the sun, the individual vagaries of my course might seem of profound importance. The same principle may be applied, less fantastically, to human beings. The make-up and career of a personality, no less than of a raindrop, is an apparently fortuitous combination of elements, which, though incapable of being formulated under any natural law is, nevertheless, of the utmost human significance.

Someone may object that we can explain the raindrop's course quite readily by looking at its history. The eddies of the wind which brought dust particles against the pane, checking the flowing of the drops, were obeying natural laws. Certain natural conditions, also, were present in the factory

where the glass was manufactured, giving it irregularities of surface and polish. All can be explained by scientific laws if we study what has gone before. But is this true? To produce a present raindrop's pathway the events of the past, or the laws they illustrate, must have acted as causal forces. It is as though they were human hands, reaching forward in time and molding the occurrences which are now before us. To conceive of natural laws in such a fashion is to destroy their meaning. But even if we were to waive this consideration, we should still be at a loss. We can understand how the dust particles were deposited upon the pane, and how natural conditions in the factory led to imperfections in the glass. But why did this particular pane, from a certain factory, happen to be in my study window at the time of this very storm, and just following a particular gust of wind, out of millions of possible gusts, which deposited upon the glass certain dust particles, out of millions of possible particles? Any attempt to explain the course of one raindrop by the historical working of natural laws must involve us in an infinite regression, touching ultimately upon every fact in the universe. An explanation so broad as this explains nothing. It shows, perhaps, that nothing happens contrary to natural laws, but it does not explain why, out of a million of things which *might* happen in conformity with these laws, only certain things actually do.

It is in the spheres of the good and the beautiful, where our religious and æsthetic impulses hold sway, that the problem of the unpredictable pattern is seen most clearly. No natural laws can enable us to appreciate the "good life" as seen by the Stoic, the Christian, the Moham-medan, or the Yogi of India. Each of these patterns of moral feeling, though it may have something in common with others, is unique; and no element can be transferred from one to another without altering its significance. The assertion that codes of ethics are plain common

sense, our racial achievement in learning to get along with our fellow-men, is true, but it does not cover the ground. Why have we so many differing systems all classifiable as ethical codes? Science is no more successful in explaining this than in accounting for the unique pathway of the raindrop.

One student of behavior has treated religion as a pure matter of conditioning. Just as the dog in Pavlov's experiment is trained to secrete saliva at the sound of a bell which is rung at the time of his feeding, so the child is trained to react with awe, reverence, or love in the presence of "sacred" words and objects in connection with which these feelings were originally evoked. This account is probably true. The question remains, however, why certain words were originally selected as stimuli for such conditioning rather than others, why certain responses, rather than others, were associated with these words, and why so apparently useless a practice should be perpetuated through unnumbered generations. The laws of natural science, in other words, state the process or method by which habits are transmitted; they do not explain the particular content of those habits. All habits are probably acquired, physiologically, in about the same manner; why then should there develop a group of "ethical" habits differing in content from other groups?

A moment's consideration should convince anyone that we do not live by science alone. The practical decisions which we have to make every day, dealing, as they do, with personal preference, moral values, and a feeling of proportion, lie entirely outside our scientific interest. One act, from a purely scientific standpoint, is as good as another, provided it involves no misconception of natural laws. Yet we are called upon continually to make a selection in our own conduct and in that of others. When we study the science of child-training, we speak in terms of conditioned responses; but when we actually train a child we exhort him to be *good*. Both formulations are

useful but for different purposes. One has scientific validity; but the other suggests to the individual a certain definite and useful orientation toward his social world.

The scientific attitude, then, is an important and profoundly interesting approach to the facts of life; but it is not the only approach. We have, in addition, the urges toward those ideals which we call the beautiful and the good. To deny or suppress any one of these attitudes, by exaggerating another, is to go contrary to our natures. Of those who overvalue the scientific aim, to the defeat of the ethical, many have but the poorest notion of science itself. They confuse the exploits of engineering with true research, and set up man as a demigod in the midst of nature. Some also are blind to individuality and the problem of culture, while substituting for the appreciative phase of life a one-sided intellectual formulation. These are errors, not of the scientific method, but of those who refuse to admit that they view their experience in any other manner. In avoiding the superstitions of too narrow a religion, the science-worshipper falls a victim to a misunderstanding of himself.

IV

Just as the name of science has been used by persons not fully understanding it to exclude the other values of life, so the term religion harbors many who undervalue the æsthetic and scientific approaches. The word religion has retained from our early teaching an almost universal and cherished significance. The beliefs of some persons are admittedly crude and rudimentary; but every human being, even the atheist, is commonly regarded as having a religion of some sort. Now a word which can be stretched from the limits of orthodoxy at one end to those of atheism at the other cannot help but produce a lethargy of thinking. Views having the most violent contrasts can be smuggled in unchal-

lenged, issues obscured, and conflicts left unresolved. Let us, therefore, draw our lines more sharply. Waiving the question of whether everyone has a religion as dependent entirely upon our definition of the term, we may briefly consider two types of thinking with regard to this problem.

The exponents of the first of these views I shall call the *strict religionists*. For such persons religion is a settled system of beliefs and practices, ramifying both in their everyday conduct and in their conception of man's relation to the cosmos. It is not a tentative search for the best mode of living, but an accomplished fact, the one way to salvation, laid down by the author of the universe from the beginning of time. According to this view the ultimate reality, God, is synonymous with righteousness. To attain salvation, an interest in the world of nature and art, though perhaps helpful, is wholly secondary; we must strive toward *moral* perfection. This scheme limits religion squarely to the expression of the religious impulse. Since God is regarded as a transcendent being, an all-seeing and all-powerful creator whose nature is the good, the search for scientific truth and beauty can be valued only when they are subservient to the quest of goodness. A philosophy which treats all approaches to life as of equal value is here denied. Life is cast strictly in the religious mold. Strict religionism has been the traditional view in the orthodox Christianity of practically every denomination. It is taught also, I believe, by the large majority of Christian ministers to-day. A few leaders and congregations have broken away, but they are conspicuous exceptions.

In contrast with strict religionism is the position of those few whom I shall call, for want of a better name, *religion-seekers*. This group has arrived at no conception of human conduct which can be logically related to the structure of the universe. Religion, for them, is not an accomplished plan of salvation, but

something which they are continually seeking. It is not established truth, but a relative, dynamic affair, wrought out in the course of living and ever changing as life brings deeper insights. The religion-seeker has, to be sure, the same ethical impulse as the strict religionist; but, unlike the latter, he is unwilling to base his system upon that impulse alone. Salvation for him can be accomplished only by obtaining an *equal* satisfaction for his yearnings for the good, the true, and the beautiful. His religion must be a philosophy of life rather than an elaboration of the ethical impulse alone. What this ultimate unity of life may be, if indeed it exists at all, he has at present no inkling. Should it be found, however, it must permit him not only to aspire to it as noble, but to admire it as beautiful, and to investigate it disinterestedly as natural law. Without once altering its nature, he must be able to feel its reality in all three modes of his experience. No conception of God as yet formulated by mankind has fulfilled for him this requirement; and certainly the Hebraic conception as handed down through Christianity from the Old Testament is wholly inadequate. He is, therefore, seeking. And if it must still be said that he has a religion, then his religion consists in this search itself, in a humble, tentative, and inquiring mode of life.

With the religion-seeker science, as I understand it, has no conflict; for his entire position rests upon the complete freedom to pursue every mode of our experience, with no one mode given greater claim upon reality than the others. The strict religionist, on the other hand, seems prone to the same errors as the worshipper of science. His method, only, is different. For whereas the latter contemptuously denies moral and æsthetic values, the former accepts art and science, and then destroys their identity by absorbing them into his own scheme. In a recent admirable article, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, though far from a strict re-

ligionist himself, betrays this type of thinking. An authentic religious experience occurs, he says, whenever we encounter any goodness, truth, or beauty to which we feel we should give ourselves. Now self-observation tells me that my religious experience is *not* the desire to give myself to truth or beauty, but something *sui generis*. It is the aspiration toward *goodness* alone. If I were to define my scientific interest and my love of beauty as religious experience, and try to feel them as such, I should rule them out almost as effectively as if I denied them altogether. I suspect, therefore, that what Doctor Fosdick is really talking about is not religious *experience* (for we have no experience unifying all three approaches to life), but an unknown "something" behind these diverging streams, for which the religion-seeker is ever groping.

To admit this interpretation will bring us at once to the determining issue of our controversy with the strict religionist: What is to become of our notion of the deity? Most of us have advanced beyond the crude superstition of the earlier Old Testament to a view characterized by greater refinement and beauty. Upon the scientific side, however, the qualifications are more difficult to meet. Even the modern picture of God as a Spirit, omnipotent, omnipresent, yet personal and benevolent, will not satisfy one who values the scientific experience. The conception of the universe to which scientists have progressed has nothing in common with the notion of a personal God ruling in and through the laws of nature. Spirituality, benevolence, force, and power are concepts derived from our observation of ourselves and other human beings. To project these attributes as the basis of an order so vast and baffling that scientists themselves are beginning to despair of its comprehension appears, to the man of science at least, to be both futile and presumptuous.

The strict religionist will doubtless reply that scientists, by their own confession, are unable to solve these ultimate

problems. It is the function of religion to assume the task where science must leave it. Hand in hand the two have run their course; but science comes to an end, and beyond its outposts stands faith. Now he who makes this answer, if he makes it sincerely, must be willing to put it to the test. If religion is to be a cohort and not an enemy of science, the religionist must be ready to go patiently with the scientist, step by step, to the borders of our present known universe. Before donning his super-scientific spectacles, he must see intimately what Pasteur, Maxwell, and Einstein have seen. Appreciating their view, he must then build an extension logically and coherently related to the structure they have reared. And the true scientist, on his part, should welcome the whole-souled aid of such a faith. Serving as an extension at the end of his microscope and his telescope, it would reveal the deeper realities of the things before him.

But the achievement of faith, applied in this co-operative manner, would, it seems to me, be less assuring than if the religionist had never made the journey. He who has looked through a telescope with understanding is never the cocksure man he was before. And the description of the deity which he would give us would probably be nearer to the language of Spinoza or Professor Whitehead than to that of the Christian Bible. Though God might be posited as a receptacle for all the logical possibilities of the universe, scarcely a single positive utterance could be made about him. Most religious leaders of the present era, not having made this journey, would probably not be content with so bare and cold an outline. We must "symbolize" the reality, they would say, in words which are clearer and more vital for human life. Since we cannot know about God directly, let us picture him as an Omnipotent Person, or Spiritual Force, making for progress in the material universe. But these symbols, diverging from the road of science, are easy shortcuts through a region hidden from its

view. Faith is no longer an extension upon our telescopes, but one barrel of a pair of badly adjusted binoculars, through which we can gain a quick and rosy view of the universe—if we but close the other eye.

The zeal of the strict religionist to usurp the scientific program not only results in untenable conceptions, but offends against the scientific part of human nature. There is no given picture of the universe which is precious to the scientist; for he is continually revising or discarding his own. Nor does he insist that scientists are the only ones who can discover truth. It is rather the freedom of investigation which is his fundamental interest. The scientist, no less than the religionist, has a working faith; and this faith maintains that it is possible patiently to explore farther and farther into nature, and in exploring to enlarge continually our grasp of truth. The ultimate, all-inclusive law he may never reach; and this he does not ask. His faith points only to the validity of his method and his purpose to follow it consistently and sincerely. It is, therefore, only the denial of his method which can cause him genuine concern. And such a denial comes about through one cardinal error, namely, leaping ahead of research and setting up a final picture of the universe in terms satisfying to the emotions but devastating to the search for knowledge. The image of a deity who, though pictured in concrete terms, is regarded as unknowable, is the arch offense against the scientific spirit. Unapproachable by science, this holy of holies recedes ever farther as we advance. It is always transcendent and beyond—the goal of faith, but the death-knell of scientific adventure. Immune to research it, nevertheless, drapes itself in the language of our natural world, thus prohibiting the investigator even within his own sphere. Transcendentalism is a scientific pretense which has betrayed its own method, a primitive nature-legend which, being an outcast from among scientists, has taken refuge

under the guise of religion. The words which it uses are those used by science; but the manner in which it puts them together is jargon. There is, as I see it, no escaping this issue. The religionist must look at the cosmos with the searching humility of the scientist before he invests his deity with the attributes of the scientist's domain. Until we turn this corner, sharp and painful though it be, there will continue a conflict, not merely between Science and Religion in the abstract, but between two fundamental impulses of human life.

V

To project a transcendental, monistic God of any positive sort, whether personal and ethical, scientific, or æsthetic, therefore, seems to me to be a denial of one portion of our lives by the deification of another. From these flights into the empyrean we must return, broken and incomplete, to that universal mystery which lies within ourselves. When we no longer externalize them, our urges toward truth, goodness, and beauty take on a new significance. We see them not as incompatible deities, each claiming the entire allegiance of the human soul, but as divergent yearnings of our nature. Fully to realize the possibilities of a religion in which transcendental elements are effaced, we must give fresh consideration to the role of the symbol. Words and objects used to suggest realities lying beyond our senses are signposts pointing in two opposite directions. They point, on the one hand, toward some intangible being thought to lie behind them and to be somehow fused with them. Upon the other hand, they direct us backward to the human emotions, the source from which symbols arise. And, here, as an enrichment and quickening of the religious and æsthetic feelings, we find their logical and enduring value.

A rose which we perceive in our garden does not seem at all times to be the same object, but varies with the mood of the

observer. Through seeing, touching, and smelling, we describe its properties in a scientific manner. Continued observation of this sort will disclose a certain grandeur and beauty. Such beauty, however, is not that of the rose, but of the natural order to which, scientifically considered, the rose belongs. On the other hand, we may love and admire the rose itself rather than the natural laws revealed in its composition and growth. We may enter through it a realm, not of material nature, but of the spirit, and see it as manifesting the goodness and beauty of its creator. A moment's thought will show why these two approaches are so different. The flower awakens in us two distinct forms of response: that of seeing, touching, and manipulating on the one side, and that of our emotions upon the other. Now, while both these experiences, the scientific and the æsthetic, are, so far as we know, responses to one and the same object, it seems otherwise to us at the time. The rose of the scientist we can touch, smell, and handle; and our senses themselves are a sufficient witness of the reality of that which they experience. The rose of the artist and the religious nature-lover, however, cannot be fully evidenced by the senses alone, for it embraces also our *feeling* about what the senses give us. The rose is "out there"; its *beauty* is within ourselves, that is, in our way of responding to it. For this feeling, since it is dependent upon our inner organization, we can see no sufficient outer source. Logic, however, seems to demand that there be one, just as there is a cause, in the rose itself, for the scientist's experience. We, therefore, *project* a world of transcendent causes, or values, which will make our religious and æsthetic responses seem more reasonable and significant; and in this process the object with which we started, the rose, becomes a "symbol" revealing to us these intangible, spiritual essences beyond. The rose now seems to partake of a divine perfection which it expresses to man. Symbols are, therefore, the eyes of the

emotions. The reality which they see, however, is not a miraculous outer realm, conflicting with the world of nature, but an image projected by a light from within ourselves.

There are probably those who will declare that this explanation of symbolism would, if accepted, destroy the value of the symbol. A religion, they will say, without a Superior Being of some sort is unthinkable. As regards my own feeling, however, and that is the only basis from which anyone can discuss religious experience, I am convinced that this is not true. To me the rose is just as beautiful when it leads me to "feel as though" a beautiful and perfect God exists as when I say there *is* such a God, and he reveals himself to me through the rose. When I say that God is my way of explaining my own desire to do good, I am in no way lessening this desire.

Judging from my own case, I feel that those who can accept symbolism in this manner will be able to retain a rich and poetic religious background while at the same time escaping the pitfalls of transcendentalism. The Bible and the rituals of the Christian churches are to me storehouses of symbolic expression, the legacy of centuries of experimentation in this field. I have only to divest them of their cosmological and authoritarian setting and treat them as the poetry of aspiration. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper would seem to me to lose none of its vitality or beauty if we were to regard it as a confession to ourselves of bafflement and of failure to live out our ethical impulses amid the conflicts of life. Throwing ourselves open more completely to the feeling of wanting to do good, we allow it, for a time, to permeate and order all our emotions. In this manner our urge toward right living becomes released, and we start life anew refreshed and with a feeling of being made whole again. How could this episode be better pictured than by the allegory of partaking of the very substance of the Perfect Being? William James has interpreted religious conversion as the

sudden luminous realization that the thing we have been seeking for a long time is at last accomplished. The impulse struggling within us toward the good has been blocked and thwarted owing to some attitudes we have never squarely faced. Spurred now to greater humility and honesty with ourselves, we gain new insight into the reasons for our dilemma, and the barriers are broken away. Brought suddenly face to face with a tremendous fact we have never before realized, namely, that we want with our whole heart to do good, there is little wonder that this feeling seems a visitation from above, a cleansing through God's Grace, a new heart within us.

That these are valid and precious experiences of humankind few, indeed, would question. But in order to benefit by them it is unnecessary to regard their symbolism as a signpost of the supernatural. We do not need to believe that we are actually "saved" by the merciful act of a personal and righteous God. The state of salvation may be merely that in which our ethical impulses are so potently released that we feel we can best picture it as the act of a Divine Power. The phenomenon we have described is of deep significance to the individual; but who shall be so presumptuous as to think he can fathom it by a symbolic formula, or set the symbol of this formula up as the ruler of the universe? When we wrest the symbol from its context in the language of the heart and place it in the sky, it is in danger of becoming a menace, rather than an aid, to our integrity.

Many will maintain that it is only by this childlike, concrete presentation that we can reach the untrained minds of the masses. This argument, however, strikes me as being based more upon convenience than upon fact; and in proportion as our present scientific education progresses, these conceptions will have to be discarded. Unless my son, Edward, shall basically reconsider his notion of God—it will not be enough

merely to change it from that of a mouth-slapping ogre to a benevolent Father—the potential scientist within him will never reach fulfillment. To teach that the sacred elements are effective not only because of the contrite state of the participant, but through a virtue entering them from on high or transmitted from Christ through the Church, though it may increase the prestige of the cleric, does not, in my opinion, add one iota to the religious value of the sacrament. The same may be said of the evangelist's assurance that in every conversion God looks down and numbers one more sinner among those who are to enter paradise. Such formulas seem to me to be perversions and corruptions of the symbol. Far from enhancing, they diminish its value as an expression of religious life. They turn the universe topsy-turvy, placing in the heavens that which really belongs in human feelings. Instead of a poetic phrasing of our inner aspiration toward the good, God becomes a transcendent ruler and protector, a term for ecclesiastical conjuring, for controlling emotions and for fortifying institutions.

I like to recall the story told by Robert Louis Stevenson of how, in his travels with a donkey, he once spent a night sleeping in a wood. He felt so refreshed and exuberant upon waking in the morning that, before he departed, he scattered pennies about the spot in grateful payment for his night's lodging. Absurd from an intellectual standpoint, this act meant that, in order really to express his joy from this health-giving contact with nature, it was appropriate to behave as though there were someone to whom his thanks could be returned. This fancy was, however, the pure projection of his emotions—and as such he accepted it. Superstitiously to have injected a proprietary deity into the scene would have ruined its spontaneous charm, and would have stifled gratitude under the cloak of obligation. Just so, it seems to me, we should regard that power which "lets no sparrow fall" without its notice. Providence should

not be thought of as a Being operating through nature in ways, now kind, now unaccountably malignant. It is a symbol which we use for bringing our feelings into accord with natural laws, an expression of the joy of healthful living when that joy is ours, or of quiet resignation in adversity. It is an experience of the fellowship of man with nature, of which he is an inseparable part.

Many of the pitfalls of symbolism can be avoided if we but recognize the dual character of language. Words, for the scientist, must be exact descriptions of events; to the poet and the religious leader, however, they are stimuli for arousing feelings in their auditors. The latter, therefore, seek in language not exactness, but artistry. Their goal is helping the individual to achieve religious and æsthetic self-expression; and the manner in which they talk about their symbols must not be mistaken for statements of sensuous realities. Scientists as a rule are sensitive to the dangers besetting such a confusion. For this reason the unrestrained phraseology of the strict religionist often disturbs and offends them. This does not mean that they are lacking in the religious or the æsthetic spirit, but that the symbols of art and religion must, for their use, be purged of scientific connotations. A fine portrait of such a character is presented in Mr. Sinclair Lewis' *Arrow-smith*. The austere old scientist, Gottlieb, is portrayed, remarkably enough, as a man of prayer. But the prayers he uttered were couched in language intelligible to no man. I venture that they were a quiet inner ordering of the deeper impulses of his nature, which, during the day's cross-purposes, had become choked and thwarted in their expression. To speak out that which must be felt can never give a true appreciation of the feeling, but only a distortion. Formulating religion in words is not religion, but theology; just as the discussion of the beautiful is æsthetic criticism, but not art. The good and the beautiful, to be truly known, cannot be talked

about: they must be experienced directly by living.

It is in this scheme of things that the religion I am seeking must fit. Those symbols which help to focalize my impulses toward good and beautiful living I will gladly employ. But I will use them for what they are. However valid they may appear as guides of my own feeling, I will place upon them no unwarranted cosmic preëminence. Unless they fulfill the scientific approach they can never occupy in my life the place reserved for the investigation of the natural world. What is beyond the symbol—if anything is beyond it—I may never know. I only know that upon this side, and given formulation through the symbol, lie the strivings and urges of my nature. The eyes of the emotions give us necromancy when they view the stars; but they descry, through symbols, a true revelation of that which is within ourselves. Much, indeed, does such a religion leave to be explained. Many will doubt whether it can be called a religion. But though less lucid than the doctrine of the churches, it is more satisfying to me; for it affords me a broader appreciation of what life means.

VI

At this point the strict religionist will be likely to raise a twofold objection. He will say first that, far from simplifying the problem, I have built up compartments in the human soul, where there should be a singleness of purpose. Second, the unity which he sees in life, he will affirm, is precisely what he means by religion. To this I reply that I myself have established no divisions, but have only tried to recognize those which are actually there. I have merely described my own experience in a direct and immediate fashion. On the other hand, if we fail to appreciate this *inner* diversity for what it is worth, we shall be deluded into setting up false partitions in the world about us. In facing any given event we shall then lose the liberty

of choosing whether we shall view it in a religious, an æsthetic, or a scientific manner. Our religion will be reserved for the churches and our science for the laboratory and the material concerns of the day. This is compartmentalism indeed! The separate approaches, however, when recognized within ourselves, are not logic-tight, but transparent. No one of them can bottle up the facts of life so that they cannot be illuminated by the others. They are glasses through which we can look, and which we can change at will, permitting the events we see to assume the greatest variety and richness of meaning.

And what can be said of those who assert that "revealed" religion leaps all barriers, and pervades and unifies the whole of life? Merely this, that they are probably self-deceived. Such a view may seem reasonable to them, because, in their own lives, the scientific and æsthetic values have been woven unobtrusively into a pattern which is essentially religious. What they regard as the "wholeness" of life is really an exceptional aspiration toward the good. Admirably fitted to religious workers, such a conception is deficient in elements which are vital to others. For this reason strict religionists, though highly social in their desire to do good, often appear unsocial in the narrowness of their sympathies.

I think the most profoundly religious experience of my life was when the idea struck me, not long ago, that Jesus was a minister. Most people probably do not think of God as religious: to do so might seem both a sacrilege and a paradox. And throughout my early years of meticulous training I had somehow carried the notion that Christ, being a God who had assumed human form in order to show people how he wanted them to act, was of course perfect and, therefore, in need of no religious impulse. His nature was not an aspiration toward the good; it was goodness itself. A feeling of estrangement had therefore grown up within me toward a Being who was so

totally different from myself that he seemed to belong in another world. But that was not all. As I grew old enough to feel an urge toward the exploration of the world about me, other dogmas of deification, such as the virgin birth, the miracles, and the atonement, became so repelling, scientifically and æsthetically, that with one sweep I tried to put the whole of Christianity out of my life forever. Not only the supernatural dogmas, but the ethical side of Christ's teaching, I felt, had to go. I had not reckoned, however, with my own nature: I still wanted to live a good life. Yet I could not admit this fact to myself; for to have done so would have been to become a Christian, the slogan of an intolerable slavery of the spirit. The inner conflict to which I was subjected was intense. But now all this was changed by a burst of illumination which not only dispelled the fog of orthodoxy, but gave me insight into myself as well. I realized that it was possible to regard Jesus as endowed with a religious impulse similar in kind, though not in degree, to my own. I saw him as a man who, following an urge as old as the race itself, was trying to do good and to encourage others to do likewise. He was not righteousness itself, but a minister of old time who had a genius for showing people the goodness in their own hearts. By removing from the symbol of Jesus all traces of transcendentalism the offense against my love of truth and beauty was thus erased; and when this was done, the impulse toward righteous living for which Jesus stood, no longer combated by the rest of my nature, was given a sudden and complete release. I found him to be like myself instead of totally different. I went back and re-read his words with a new awareness of their meaning, and with a sense that these words were expressing something which, in myself, had long been crying for utterance.

This experience is of course a personal one. Yet I cannot help thinking that something like it is occurring to many

young people to-day. In so far as this is so, the situation is a challenge to all ministers of institutional religion. They must look closely to their assumption that the religion they are preaching expresses and unifies the whole of life. It is not that I question their sincerity, but only that they have become so engrossed in their own vision of the world as a moral situation that they overlook the existence of other yearnings which are demanding an equal fulfillment. Had they been aware of these yearnings, it would have been impossible for them to have set up symbols of a transcendent order which, however satisfying to themselves, would become the graven images of idolatry to others.

The issue when rightly seen cuts deeply. The trouble which beset my own religious training was not merely that I had been taught the wrong kind of religion, but that any religion known to man would have been too narrow for the role in my life which such teaching was made to play. If the quests of the true, the beautiful, and the good are irreducibly unique in our own lives, and there is no way of experiencing their unity, how much less can we conceive of a God who embraces and solves this mystery within himself. And if it be objected that that is just what God is—a mystery—we should reply that we ought humbly to regard him as such. Few religionists would maintain that in the average church service God is represented as an Unknowable Something whose salvation for humankind is as fully realized by science and art as by faith and the pursuit of righteousness. If this were so, transcendentalism, the apotheosizing of the moral segment of our natures alone, would be impossible. To claim that any religion yet discovered, or any God yet conceived, really ministers to the whole of life seems to me to be purely gratuitous. It is lip-service, not the experience of a well rounded life. The strict religionist stretches the moral part of human nature over the other portions in such a way as to imbibe their

prestige without allowing them independent expression. His vision is myopic, his frame too small to fit the picture.

If the personal view which is here expressed should be found to have a fairly general application, we should face the necessity of a complete reconstruction of institutional religion. Religious leaders would either have to declare the old transcendentalism to be purely the language of our emotions, or abandon it altogether. The names and objects now held sacred, though still loved, would no longer be set in the firmament. They would remain as media for the expression of our religious feelings, not as idols toward which such feelings were due. They would serve us intimately in the release and ordering of our impulses and the resolution of our inner conflicts. Here indeed is a field of genuine service for the churches, a work more limited in power and prestige than their traditional role, though in my opinion more helpful for truly religious expression. To perform this service it would be necessary only to admit that institutional religion ministers to a part of life and not the whole, and that, being a work of human symbolism, it shares our common ignorance regarding the existence and nature of God. Can religious leaders find within themselves this measure of humility?

As for those who must launch out in quest of new adventure, I would gladly join their company. The old distinctions of good and evil, matter and spirit, God and man, we would now approach at a more basic level. Both poles—man's aspiration and the symbolized God toward whom he aspires—are swallowed up into a larger unknown. Transcen-

dentalism collapses, dissolves, and disappears in the sea of our self-effacement before a profounder mystery; while theology appears as but a paltry allegory, a clear but specious legend, running its course upon the sands of time. Into this plural mystery, embracing not only the universe but those unique strands of life we call ourselves, it may be that we shall never look. For the religion-seeker this ultimate principle (though there may be more than one) is within or behind the universe, not outside and above it. It is comprised not in a transcendent Being who pulls the world his way, but in the distinct, unfathomed strivings within ourselves. It is a moving, not an unmoved, mover. It is not perfect but dynamic; not ruling the universe, yet expressing it to us as divers forms of our experience. In the poetic figure of Mr. H. G. Wells, it is a still small voice, and yet an unseen king.

To forsake, for such a prospect, the assurance of an established faith requires sincerity, humility, and courage. To many the religion of this new quest must seem an inarticulate and truncated affair. It affords neither solace nor the warmth of personal devotion; and he who pursues it is condemned never to know repose. Still, it does permit us to be honest with ourselves, to retain a sense of proportion, and to preserve a habit of detached and humble inquiry. Though we may be destined never to reach the goal, we shall have added to the zest of the adventure the satisfaction which is derived from the fullest and richest experience that life can hold. What more has any religion to offer?



INFANTILE PARALYSIS

BY GEORGE DRAPER, M.D.

WHENEVER a great catastrophe, like an earthquake, tornado, or pestilence descends upon people who live in one corner of the world, those who occupy other corners indulge themselves for a delicious instant in a comfortable sense of security. But then in a flash, countless little devils begin whispering to them. One says, "It's nearer to you than you think; have you forgotten that your son is traveling in that fatal corner?" Says another, "Yes, but it's almost impossible to quarantine against that sort of plague; you know the doctors haven't found out about it yet. It may attack your little boy, or you yourself." The luxurious instant is gone swiftly, grimly replaced by fear. This fear grows stronger, it becomes unbearable, like panic. Something has to be done about it. Well, the best thing to do is to ask someone who is supposed to know; then it will be all right. What we need is to be told about it by someone. We must find out, for there are certain specific situations like this when ignorance is the opposite of bliss. Somebody must tell us, then it will be all right.

It was always that way, I remember, when I was a child. When you couldn't make out what the rumbling noise was or the menacing white shape in the dark bedroom which terrified you you just asked some grown-up. And when they told you that it was the ice cream freezer in the cellar or the sewing woman's "dress form" covered with a sheet, everything was all right, and you went to sleep.

When we have children of our own, however, pestilence or epidemic disease

may be, for example, so far as your child or mine is concerned, either a sheet-covered "dress form" or a stern, crippling, or fatal reality. If possible we must find out which of these two it may be. The mind is relieved whenever medical science is able to say finally of any given disease, "this has now become a sheet-covered dress form; fear of it is no longer justified." But, unfortunately, there are still many afflictions of human flesh which cannot be thus happily dismissed. On the other hand, to balance this rather grim realization, there is at the opposite end of the list a group of well-known maladies, such as mumps and measles, which do not alarm us much, even though the germ or virus which causes them has not been discovered. But notwithstanding the continued presence of this unknown factor in these diseases, experience has shown that nowadays among civilized peoples they rarely maim or kill. So when we hear that someone has the mumps we are apt to smile.

Between these two extremes—one in which the fear element is inevitably greatest, the other where it scarcely stirs at all—is found another large group of diseases wherein the fear factor varies, but may rise to an intense degree. Such ailments are those about whose nature a good deal but not all is known, and which also under certain circumstances may seriously injure or destroy the sufferer. It often happens that when diseases of this middle group appear in a community the fear-producing factor is so high that it causes more distress in the public mind than is perhaps alto-

gether justified by the actual peril. The trouble is that this excess freight of fear, like all other kinds of excess freight, must be paid for. The coin in this instance is emotional energy, and the tax so heavy that the critical judgment with which the laity views the menacing situation is diminished. So long as this emotional supercharge is levied, the seeds of panic will continue to germinate in the rich fear soil within us.

II

There is no doubt that the disease which to-day best illustrates this situation is infantile paralysis. The very name strikes terror to the heart of parents. But if we return to our original thesis and ask how much of this terror is justified, and how much is excess fear freight, we find at once that the layman's general knowledge about the disease is so scanty that unless he informs himself he is justified in all his fears.

In the first place the term infantile paralysis is a misnomer. The disease is not limited to the age of infancy, though it is more common then than in early childhood. Certain young adolescents and not a few adults indeed may succumb to infantile paralysis, but the greatest number of cases is found between the ages of three and fifteen. To offset this rather disquieting aspect of the problem, it is encouraging to realize that only a certain percentage of the total incidence of the disease ever develops muscular weakness at all. Reports from observers in different epidemics give figures for the paralytic groups which vary from twenty to sixty per cent. Not infrequently the question is asked, "How common is this disease as compared with the other more usual diseases of childhood?" This is a difficult question to answer because of the peculiar circumstance that many of the non-paralyzed cases are not recognized and, therefore, are not included in the census of the afflicted. But physicians

who have been through epidemics of acute anterior poliomyelitis (the proper name for the disease, but also in some respects a misnomer) generally agree that it attacks the population at about the same rate as does scarlet fever. From a statistical standpoint, indeed, it is most surprising to discover, even in such a severe epidemic as that which occurred in the summer of 1916 in New York, how small was the number of cases in relation to the total population. Thus, for example, in 1916 the population of New York State numbered slightly over 10,200,000 persons. All the cases of infantile paralysis reported during the summer aggregated 13,200, and of these 3,300 were fatal. In other words, for every thousand of population there were one and one-third cases of the disease and one-third of a death. Consequently, there was a risk for any given person, let us say, during the great epidemic, when the general panic had reached an intensity not often experienced, of slightly more than one in a thousand of taking the disease, and of one in three thousand of dying of it. In the face of such figures, one naturally wonders why the fear factor, which in certain localities amounted to a veritable reign of terror, should be so high in respect of this particular malady.

The reasons, I think, are not far to seek, and two of these are especially clear. One arises from the curiously swift and stealthy manner in which paralysis overtakes the patient, who has apparently been perfectly well until a few hours before the blow falls. The other flows from the bitterness of disappointed hopes and increased family responsibilities which follow in the wake of permanent disability and helplessness. But beyond these two considerations, the encouragement which may be technically drawn from calculating our children's chances, even from favorable statistics, is completely wiped out by the vivid and terrible mental picture of our children's paralyzed arms or legs, which

our all-too-active imaginations paint for us during an epidemic period.

The great difficulty is that in the case of infantile paralysis our first acquaintance with the disease was made, as it were, at the wrong end of the story. Clearly there could have been nothing more inconceivably brutal and mysterious than a natural or unnatural force which, without warning, in the night struck a clandestine blow, and left a mute and helpless child to greet the day. Yet such was the picture which under the graphic name of "The Paralysis of the Morning" was first described in 1835 by an English physician named Underwood. He observed several cases among the children of his town whereof the strange story was told that the child went to bed apparently well and awoke the next day paralyzed. The paralysis was there for all to see, shocking, ominous, horrible. Yet notwithstanding the overpowering fact that paralysis was the outstanding feature of the malady, it is greatly to Underwood's credit that he recognized the possibility of a contagion. But this excellent physician's short account of the disease was quickly lost in the files of the medical journals. Then in 1860 Jacob von Heine, an orthopædic surgeon of Stuttgart, wrote an admirable and extensive discussion of the paralyzes and his method of treating them. Thus again the emphasis was laid on the paralysis. It is true that Von Heine, like Underwood, mentioned his belief that there was in many cases a short period of temperature and malaise which preceded the onset of the paralysis. But the lasting impression which Von Heine's excellent book leaves with the reader is that the disease is pre-eminently of a paralytic nature.

Then followed another stage in the history of the disease.

Just as the old, crippled, and twisted condition of the limb brought the disease first to the attention of the orthopædic surgeon, so did the fact of the paralysis then arouse the interest of the neurologists. Thus for a time the disease be-

came the subject of the most painstaking neurological studies. The changes found in the delicate tissues of the spinal cord were clearly and beautifully demonstrated. Furthermore, a great variety of methods for treating the paralyzed muscles with electricity, massage, and exercises were devised. But still the swift, stealthy blows fell upon the children. It was as if the physicians were left to try to patch up as well as they could the damage wrought by an unseen force which struck and vanished. And so knowledge of the subtle nature of the disease, the real heart of the problem, remained stationary at that point until the Swedish physician Medin, studying the great epidemic in his country only a little over twenty years ago, showed quite clearly its contagious and epidemic qualities. Moreover, he pointed out that there was a definite and essential preliminary stage of the disease which preceded the onset of the muscular weakness. This early phase was characterized by all the classical symptoms of every acute infection, fever, malaise, headache, and usually vomiting and diarrhoea. Such symptoms as these were of course commonly found in the simple, unimportant, transient ills of children. Consequently they had not previously been associated with so startling and definite a catastrophe as paralysis. Yet this discovery of Medin's was the entering wedge which ultimately moved the center of gravity of our conception of the disease's nature from the smaller percentage of latter-end paralyzes, to the ever-present, early, and significant stage of general symptoms.

III

At about this time further outbreaks of acute poliomyelitis began to appear in other parts of Europe, and in America. The natural effect of this was to give a renewed impetus to the study of the disease, and it became a matter of the first importance for experimental purposes to reproduce it in animals. For, as

is the case with almost all human ailments, it is more convenient, and indeed often only possible, to study them successfully in the experimental animal. But this transfer was not so easy in the case of poliomyelitis as it had been, for example, in the case of pneumonia or tuberculosis. It appeared that very few, if any, of the usual laboratory animals, such as rabbits, mice, and guinea pigs, were susceptible. Monkeys alone were found capable of developing the malady; but even in their case it was no easy task to produce the first transfer. This was finally accomplished, not long after Medin's work appeared, by Doctors Landsteiner and Levaditi at the Pasteur Institute in Paris. But they were unable to carry the infection on from monkey to monkey.

This next and highly important step in the development of the experimental disease was accomplished shortly afterwards by Doctor Simon Flexner at the Rockefeller Institute. As soon as this point had been gained it became easy to carry out experiments of all sorts designed to demonstrate how the virus entered the body and from what parts or secretions of the human case the virus could be obtained. Soon it was shown that the infecting agent was to be found not only in the central nervous system, but likewise in other tissues of the body. Moreover—and this was of especial importance from the standpoint of contagion—it was found in the secretions of the nose and throat and also in the contents of the bowels. These disclosures went far to explain how, like other contagious diseases, poliomyelitis could easily spread by direct human contact. But there came to light through these investigations also the extraordinary fact that the virus was present at times in the nasal secretions of perfectly healthy persons, who, like nurses or parents, had been in close association with a case of infantile paralysis. Such individuals were known as "carriers," and naturally, like the famous "Typhoid Mary," moved about as unrecognized menaces in the

community. Clearly this discovery did much to illuminate many of the puzzling problems presented by the epidemic behavior of the disease.

Several links, however, are still missing in the chain of evidence which is nearly welded to prove that acute poliomyelitis is spread entirely by human contact. From time to time an instance of the disease still appears in a situation of such geographical isolation that no possible contact with a case or carrier can be demonstrated. Various other hypotheses have been advanced to explain this puzzling experience, as for example the recent "milk route" epidemic reported from Vermont and the fly carrier. Without doubt these possibilities must be given the utmost consideration and thoroughly investigated. But as yet proof of their responsibility for the spread of the disease has not been produced. There is, however, no doubt that the virus is present for a short period of time in the nasal and throat secretions of patients ill with the disease, of recovered cases, both paralyzed and not, and also of apparently healthy carriers. These facts alone explain a great deal, especially when one thinks how easily and carelessly such secretions are passed from one person to another in the course of our daily comings and goings. There is a superb opportunity provided by our great American handshaking fetish, so often executed just after interrupting a sneeze or blowing the nose through a dainty handkerchief; or indeed after the unbelievably frequent neglect to wash the hands following circumstances which might result in transferring intestinal content to others. Food handling from this aspect is especially menacing. There is no doubt that this was the route by which "Typhoid Mary" slew her dozen. And it must not be forgotten that the virus of infantile paralysis likewise is found in the dejecta.

In view of these known facts, it begins to appear that there may be something more effective which can be done toward preventing the spread of polio-

myelitis than the wild, panic efforts made during the great epidemic of 1916. At that time in some places men armed with shotguns patrolled the approaches to the villages, stopped every passenger-bearing vehicle, and refused entrance to any child under sixteen years of age; nor would the railroads carry an adolescent whose birth anniversaries had not reached that mystic number. No one has ever quite clearly explained why sixteen was chosen, unless it were because of remote recollections in official minds that at that tender age, called sweet, the first buds of maturity are supposed to develop. Such futile maneuvers, however, were an accurate measure of the excess freight of fear carried in the popular mind during that terrifying experience.

As further knowledge of the disease was gained it became clear that during all the great epidemics there were many children who developed general symptoms precisely like those preceding paralysis yet who never showed any sign of muscular weakness. Could it be that there were two epidemics going on at the same time, or were all the children suffering from the same infection? If the latter were true, then it looked as though the malady had two phases—the general preliminary one in which all the patients suffered from fever and vomiting, and a second less general one during which paralysis might develop in some of the cases.

The answer to this perplexing question was gradually answered by increasing experience. For example, it was a common circumstance to note that three or four children in one family on the same day began to show signs of illness. All of them would have fever and feel drowsy, achy, and irritable; and usually there would be nausea and diarrhoea. Then perhaps two or three days later, when three of the children were almost well again, the fourth would be found unable to move an arm or leg. Not infrequently the existence of preliminary, general symptoms would be at first

flatly denied by the nurse or mother. But it usually turned out after careful questioning that for a day or so before the leg went limp little Jim had been "off his feed" or heavy-eyed and not like himself.

Now in order to make it clear how this peculiar double thrust can be delivered first on the whole organism and second on the delicate, closely guarded tissues of the central nervous system, the reader must turn his thoughts for a moment to the structural and physiological relationships which exist between the main mass of the body and the isolated, highly specialized brain and spinal cord. For illustration let him visualize a glass globe, filled with a clear solution, and within which is a tube reaching diametrically from wall to wall. The ends of the tube are hermetically sealed against the inner surface of the globe, and the walls of the tube are made of a substance which has the peculiar property of permitting certain substances from the globe's fluid to filter through to its interior. The tube's selective filter action is further capable of preventing certain extraneous and undesirable substances in the globe's fluid from passing into its lumen. At the moment, let us suppose, there is a pale-blue fluid in the tube. Now imagine that through an opening in the wall of the globe a small quantity of red dye stuff is introduced. At once the main body of solution in the globe becomes tinged with the red color. But due to the resistant wall of the tube, no trace of red passes through into the pale-blue fluid within the tube. Now suppose that owing to some fault in the construction of the tube wall or to some injury which it might sustain, its selective resistance is abolished. At once the red dye stuff of the surrounding solution passes through the tube wall, and the pale-blue color changes by the admixture to purple.

In man the brain and cord are surrounded by a tubelike covering whose walls are capable of such selective filtration. Furthermore, this living sheath

contains a water-clear fluid known as the spinal fluid. Outside the tube in the blood vessels of the general circulation is the red blood of the body. Through the specially adapted walls of this sheath appropriate nutrient and chemical substances filter back and forth between the spinal fluid and the blood. But should an inappropriate, extraneous substance, the virus of infantile paralysis, for example, be circulating in the blood, the resistant sheath refuses it passage and so protects the nerve tissue—so keeps the pale-blue fluid of our illustration from becoming purple.

Usually the selective powers of the sheath are sufficiently discriminating to deny admission to the virus of poliomyelitis. Under these circumstances the patient suffers only from the preliminary or general symptoms, and the delicate nerve cells in the spinal cord which control muscle power are spared. But if the sheath resistance fails, then the virus passes the barrier, diffuses through the spinal fluid, and so is washed into contact with the nerve cells. Fortunately, however, this passage of the barrier requires a certain amount of time, which may vary from a few hours to two or three days. It is just in these moments of delay between the primary general and secondary paralytic phases of the malady that our greatest hope of preventing the paralysis lies. If the penetrating virus could be intercepted on its way to the nerve cells and rendered innocuous by some neutralizing substance, these tiny vital structures would be saved.

Perhaps no part played by the monkeys (and they have played a supreme one) in the quest was so thrilling as the demonstration that, following the disease, their blood serum had produced a substance which actually did neutralize the virus. Moreover, it was found that if such serum were injected into the spinal canal of an experimental animal before inoculation with the active virus he was spared. Here, then, was an effective interceptive agent, but its

available quantity for human use was too small. Could it be that the blood of recovered human cases held the same property? It was not long before this question was answered affirmatively by the demonstration that the blood of patients who had recovered likewise neutralized the virus and protected infected monkeys.

Following this lead during the past ten years, many children suffering from infantile paralysis have been treated by the injection of recovered serum. But not all observers are convinced that paralysis is prevented by this procedure. In a disease which has such a variable proportion of paralyzed to non-paralyzed cases, and in which the recognition of the malady in its first undifferentiated phase is so difficult, no one can prove by statistics that human serum will protect. Nevertheless, those physicians who have used the method consistently are convinced of its efficacy. But its success is contingent upon two factors. First of all the correct diagnosis must and can be made in the preliminary general phase; and second, a sufficient quantity of the serum must be injected, both into the spinal fluid and into the blood stream, during that priceless period of delay before the virus has passed the barrier.

IV

It is at this stage in our growing knowledge of the disease that we find ourselves at the moment. Because the supply of human serum is necessarily more or less limited, and often difficult to secure, it is to be hoped that the next step will be the development of a strong neutralizing serum from the horse or some other large animal. But the possession of such a serum will be of little value unless the diagnosis is made before the virus has passed the barrier. To treat the paralysis after it has appeared is no longer all that medicine can do. If indeed the virus can strike swiftly and stealthily, medical knowledge, now fully awakened to the subtle

mechanism of the disease, can strike back with at least sufficient speed and vigor to make it most unlikely that paralysis will occur. The successful treatment of the individual case undoubtedly is a most fortunate and happy experience. But the final solution of the problem is not achieved by this accomplishment. As in all other diseases caused by an infecting agent, complete mastery in the conflict is reached only with abolition of it through prevention.

It should be quite clear, therefore, from what has been said that, like diphtheria and scarlet fever, infantile paralysis is not a disease which has been almost completely overcome. In the case of the two former maladies it is true that means are now fully at hand both to prevent and cure. But doubtless for a long time to come there will be occasional fatal cases both of diphtheria and scarlet fever. The factor of average human failure—that unknown item of the human equation—which at the psychological moment may be blind to the true nature of the situation will account for these few tragedies. In the case of

infantile paralysis almost as much is known as of these two controllable illnesses. Indeed a good deal may be definitely said of this ugly paralytic visitor. Actually he is not a frequent guest in our houses; of his victims only a portion become paralyzed; and if an early diagnosis, which is usually possible, is made, even this disaster may be averted. Although indeed there is not yet full proof, still experience points strongly to the efficacy of human serum obtained from recovered cases. In the light of these facts, the fear factor becomes an increasingly disproportionate load, and consequently the tax upon the emotions of the community is exorbitant. For this reason the mere mention of the name infantile paralysis produces a lowered morale in the popular mind. But such an attitude should not persist much longer. For with the knowledge already won we can look forward confidently to a time, perhaps not far distant, when it will be possible to say of this much dreaded disease: "For the most part the infantile paralysis specter is 'a sheet-covered dress form,' a ghost measuring our excess freight of fear."





THE LOVES OF ORCHIDS

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

UNLIKE most animals, flowers usually possess both sexes and could, therefore, reproduce their kind without assistance from any other plant. But the enriching of the individual by giving it the varying qualities of two distinct parents is so important in nature's economy that we find the most elaborate precautions against self-fertilizing and the most ingenious schemes to secure cross-fertilizing adopted by nearly every flower in the world's garden.

Every child knows that, since a plant cannot go a-walking to meet its mate, it is dependent very often upon the assistance of insects, so that pollen can be carried to and fro and the necessary mating achieved. Bees, butterflies, moths, flies, sipping nectar and gathering honey, are, all unknown to themselves, making the continuance of the vegetable world a possibility; for while they are busy with the sweet drink provided for them, their heads bruise against the pollen grains or their hairy legs get entangled in yellow dust to be dropped later into the heart of another waiting flower.

Thus a flower is at least three different things: first, it is a mass of color and scent delighting human beings; second, it is a barrel of good liquor delighting insects; and third, it is a being fulfilling the duty of all life to secure the survival of the species. The biologist studying a primrose has to explain how, in the course of ages, these three things have come about. It is not true to say of him,

"Primroses by the river's brim
Dicotyledons were to him
And they were nothing more."

He may not find it necessary, as do most poetasters, to turn all flowers into pretty but brainless young women; but he uses them to stimulate his imagination to far more exciting things. The reason why the flower delights human beings he will probably leave to the psychologist, and even so he has a task difficult enough.

In the first place he has only two little clues to guide him on his way: he knows that all living beings reproduce their kind, but that the offspring always vary in all sorts of ways from their parents; and in the second place he knows that there are always a great many more individuals born into the world than there is room or food for. A dandelion or a daisy or a thistle could cover the earth in a very few years if all its offspring lived and reproduced.

With these two clues he looks at a bank of flowers as a detective looks at the evidence of a crime and he asks himself if he can reconstruct the history through countless ages of those masses of color, those delicate forms. Here, he says to himself, is a flower; for ages back it has had parents more or less like it but never exactly like it; for ages there were always too many children so that most of them starved to death, pushed off the earth by weeds and waste places.

Clearly, he thinks, this may be the explanation: millions of years ago very simple plants lived, they had offspring, too many of them for comfort, like the old woman who lived in a shoe, and only those best fitted to live could find a way of continuing to live. And so of the offspring of these simple plants, all

rather like their parents, but all varying in one way or another, only those which varied fortunately lived; the others died. The survivors had offspring in their turn, the successful varieties lived, the others died; and so on for countless generations. Probably the simple plants fertilized themselves; a lucky chance enabled some of their progeny to attract insects; cross-fertilization, thus accidentally discovered, was such a success that those who adopted it survived still more frequently; more lucky chances improved the machinery until to-day the most complicated and subtle plans, traps, and devices summon the insects, all unknown to themselves, to the office of entrepreneur for the loves of the flowers.

Everyone knows that this is the Darwinian hypothesis of natural selection as a means of evolution. It is an explanation which is valuable only if it explains all the facts, if it "saves the phenomena" as the medieval scientist would say. Does it "save the phenomena"? Some people think that it does not.

To begin with, there are the Fundamentalists; they do not think that Darwinism explains the facts. It does not, for example, explain the fact that the Word of God says that Creation took place in six days according to the Book of Genesis; and they are perfectly right—this fact is not explained by Darwinism. And it is, therefore, no use to argue about Evolution and Fundamentalism as if the dispute between them were a scientific problem; for the dispute depends entirely on whether the fact of the Fundamentalists is a fact at all, and that is clearly a matter of theology and not of science. In passing, one may observe that neither Augustine nor Aquinas ever believed in the literal interpretation of Genesis, and that no Catholic in later times would ever in all likelihood have done so but for a Spanish Jesuit named Suarez, while Anglo-Saxon Protestants probably derived the true strength of their belief from the overwhelming force on the Anglo-Saxon imagination of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

But, Fundamentalists aside, there are those who feel that Darwinism and its more orthodox relatives do not "save the phenomena" and that other clues must be added before a reasonable picture can be constructed. To understand their doubts we must examine for a while the loves of an orchid.

II

Besides his best known books, Darwin wrote a fascinating study of the Fertilization of Orchids, in which he described minutely the way in which all their structure is adapted to attract insects and to ensure the carrying of pollen from one flower to another.

Take a typical common orchid—not one of those fantastic, almost obscenely shaped objects which wealthy men give to idle women—but a simpler variety to be found in any June meadow. To us it is quaintly pretty, a worthy thing for a vase, something to look at and admire. To itself it is very different; it is an elaborate machine without a superfluous part, without a useless member or patch of color. Everything that it has is an invention for securing the attention of insects.

The extravagant lower lip, pouting sensually and seductively, is a platform on which the visitor may alight; the spurlike extremity hanging down behind is a nectary down which he must thrust his head in order to suck up the nectar. In a position which makes it certain that the insect's head must knock against it as it noses down for the nectar, is the seat of the pollen grains. An insect alights on the landing stage and probes into the spur for nectar; the top of its head touches the pollen, and this becomes attached. Thus while going about its own business the insect is coaxed into transacting the business of the flowers.

All this has come about, according to the most reasonable scientific explanation, by countless generations of plants varying haphazard and without plan;

some of these lucky chance variations were in the direction of a better platform for insects, or a more certain position of the pollen to ensure its being carried away; and these have "survival value"; that is, their being more useful to the plant which had them than the chance variations of other plants enabled it to survive and have offspring inheriting them. Let us make this quite clear: there must have been ancestors of the orchid which had no way of attracting insects, and these must have fertilized themselves or increased by growing more roots, and then one day a "mutation," a change, took place, nobody knows why; a seedling grew to maturity with a longer lip on which an insect alighted, carrying away pollen to another flower, and this new way of fertilizing was so superior that the offspring of that seedling and others like it pushed the self-fertilizers off the face of the earth.

That is remarkable enough in itself, but we are only at the beginning of the loves of the orchids. It is not a question merely of providing an insect with a landing stage and letting it go off with a pollen grain: the machinery is far more subtle. Let us look for a moment at the pollen. It is seated, as we have seen, in the ceiling of the spur in such a position that the head of the insect must strike against it. It is a very complicated affair, moreover. At the end of the stick containing the pollen grain is a little knob so formed that when the insect touches it its covering breaks in pieces, revealing a lump of liquid cement which hardens on contact with the outside air. In the course of ages chance variations have brought it about that certain plants, by luck and not by cunning, have developed a spot of cement, which has the property of hardening when its cover is split by a visiting insect's head. Even that is not all: suppose this insect with a pollen stalk firmly cemented to its head goes off to another orchid and thrusts down its head for nectar, what good can that do the second plant? All

that will happen is that the pollen brought from abroad will be pushed against the pollen already possessed by this flower, and no good can clearly come of two male elements being brought into contact. Even if what we have so far said has seemed altogether credible, what will the reader make of what follows?

Just as the male pollen hangs from the ceiling of the spur, so does the female ovary, but from a spot rather lower down. How does the pollen brought by the insect come into contact with it? If we could have seen the insect as it left the first orchid, we should have found the pollen on its stalk standing erect and stiff; but, by the time it has reached the second flower, a special hinge has come into operation bending the grain through an angle of ninety degrees forward over the insect's nose. In this new position it is ready to touch, not the pollen, but the ovary of the next flower visited, and fertilization takes place.

Nor is that all; as we have seen, successful fertilization requires that the pollen shall stick to exactly the right spot on the insect's head; supposing it thrusts its nose down into the nectar sideways everything will be void. And so we find that orchids have special revolving shutters which, when the insect visits the flower, twist round and hold its head in exactly the right position.

We could easily complicate the picture still more but enough has been said to show that the orchid is a complicated mass of machinery for inducing an insect to carry pollen from one plant to another. Darwinism asks us to believe that this machinery consists of many parts which arose by chance and were assembled by chance; that they "happened" and proving useful continued. It is as if motor cars, instead of being intelligently made, resulted from nuts, screws, pipes, tanks, pieces of steel of every shape, all in infinite variety, being fitted together haphazard for countless years by someone who had never seen a

motor car and had no idea of a use for one, until finally one such fitting together happened to work.

III

The orchid has not yet revealed all its secrets, however, and we may use it to stimulate our imagination a little farther. Darwin, whose patient observation enriched us with all these wonders, was sorely puzzled by one difficulty. Here was a marvellous, indeed, an incredible machine for securing the visits of insects, a perfect trap in every particular but one: many kinds of orchids seem to have forgotten to give the insects any inducements at all to come to them. In fact Darwin, try how he would, could not find the least drop of nectar in the nectary. Honey, the *quid pro quo* which any insect would demand, was altogether lacking. That was a fact which needed a great deal of explanation.

A German botanist solved the matter by giving the flowers a magnificent name, *Scheinsaftblumen* or sham-nectar-producers and suggested that they grew false nectaries in order to get the insects there on false pretenses; "that is," said Darwin, "he believes, for he well knows that the visits of insects are indispensable for their fertilization, that these plants exist by an organized system of deception. But when we reflect on the incalculable number of plants which have existed for enormous periods of time, all absolutely requiring for each generation insect agency; when we think of the special contrivances clearly showing that, after an insect has visited one flower and has been cheated, it must almost immediately go to a second flower, in order that impregnation may be effected we cannot believe in so gigantic an imposture." In short, the insects are surely not such fools as this.

In some cases the mystery has been solved since Darwin's day by the discovery that the insects bore into a closed bag and sip the liquor which they find there; but only a year or so ago a far

more surprising discovery was made, which may be guaranteed to astonish even those readers who have not been astonished by the facts so far described. The discoverer was a Frenchman, and when we have heard the nature of his discovery everybody will agree that it is the sort of thing poetic justice requires that a Frenchman should discover.

This Frenchman spent many patient days observing certain North African orchids and trying to find out what insects visited them and why. These particular plants were of the type which so closely resembles an insect that popularly they are known as "Bee Orchis" or "Fly Orchis." The whole flower is easily mistaken for an insect at rest.

Careful observation showed that these orchids resemble the female of a certain kind of insect, and that every year the males of this kind of insect emerge from their chrysalis state two weeks before the females; that finding themselves in a he-infested world, they buzz about blindly looking for their unborn better halves, until they see a flower which deceives them into thinking it is the lady love for whom they seek. The passionate bachelor races off and embraces the phantom, then, disappointed, zigzags through the glade; again he sees the lady of his dreams, only, when clasped, to prove a second phantom. This sort of thing goes on for two weeks until the rightful brides are ready; meanwhile the bachelors sowing their wild oats serve the orchids' purpose by transferring pollen from one flower to another. Put in terms of orthodox biology, this means that some plant by blind chance varied sufficiently from its parent to become like a female insect and thereby survive by attracting insects under false pretenses. Blindly and entirely by chance, this variation took the form of an insect whose females always appear two weeks after the males; and a final stroke of luck is that during the millions of years that must have passed before this particular piece of luck happened to turn

up the insect in question did not happen to become extinct.

These facts, sufficiently wonderful in themselves to interest the layman, become doubly important for the light they throw on recent biological thought; but before we consider their general importance to scientific theory we must add one or two further details to an already complicated picture.

When Darwin made his great attempt to "save the phenomena" by his theory of natural selection he assumed that all the little variations he saw around him, in shape of leaf, or color, or time of flowering, or whatever else in plant or beast did vary, could add up in course of time to become a valuable variety and a new form of life. But it was soon found that most of these variations never added up to anything, that, for example, a plant with a slightly longer leaf than its parents did not have offspring with longer leaves still, but that the length oscillated backward and forward around a mean which was always more or less the same.

In the second place it is quite clear that little variations gradually adding up to something important could not possibly result in a plant resembling an insect for its own purposes. It would have been useless for a plant to be rather like an insect, and for its offspring to have been a little more like and so on: it had to be all or nothing. Once the plant was sufficiently like an insect to induce insects to come on visits, there would have been no sense in becoming more like an insect still; and until the plant was sufficiently like, no insect would have come. In either case the variation would have had no "survival value," and the plant would not have survived any better for its chance existence. It had to be "all or nothing" because just "some" would not have served any useful purpose.

And so we are to believe that quite by chance one bright morning an orchid bud "just grew" into a flower like an insect so completely unlike its parents

as not to be recognizable as their offspring, so like the insect as to be mistaken by it for its bride. As a matter of fact such "mutations" or sudden big changes do occur in nature, but infrequently, and never in a significant way.

But a final point must be considered in this strange story: the whole assumption of Darwinism is that these great changes, these brilliant but chance adaptations which reach the last word in complicated invention in the orchid, have come about because they are valuable to the plant or animal as making them fitter to survive. And yet it would seem that the orchid's astounding adaptations are failures, so much so that orchids are very rare compared with many simpler plants, and that those which do exist more often than not increase their numbers not by fertilized seed at all, but by division of their roots. The whole thing is love's labor lost; and a flower like the dandelion which simply fertilizes itself and lets the wind blow the seed where it lists gets a far wider place in the sun than the too clever or too lucky orchid.

Bluntly, all these facts would not give any reasonable man a favorable view of evolution and natural selection as a means of explaining them; rather, they seem more simply solved by assuming a special creation, but then—lest I give comfort to the Fundamentalists—the creator could not have been the god of the Fundamentalists, but a cheery sort of individual with a Gallic sense of humor.

IV

Modern biology is said to be in revolt from Darwinism, and it is true that old-fashioned Darwinism is very nearly dead. But this does not mean a return to Genesis or to any mythological reading of creation; it means that just as the physics of Newton do not completely "save the phenomena" of celestial motions, so the biology of Darwin does not save such phenomena as those we have considered about the loves of the orchids. And if the old ideas no longer

seem quite sufficient, it is interesting to know what is being put in their place. It is interesting, but not wholly possible, for the sufficient reason that the Einstein of biology is not yet born.

To see the sort of approach which this unborn coördinator will take is not so very difficult. What we have been considering about the loves of the orchids can give us the clue; for it is an example of the sort of phenomena that are not saved by Darwinism, and we can ask ourselves what kind of additions to Darwin's underlying ideas would be necessary in order to explain it. We have seen that Darwin used two clues: first, that the offspring of plants and animals, although like their parents, vary in different ways from them, and second, that as there are always too many living things born for the food supply, any varieties which make their owners more able to snatch their share would survive and be transmitted. The value of such a scheme was precisely that it got rid of the current ideas of a supernatural creator creating all sorts of things with a definite purpose, namely to help and comfort his pet creation, mankind. For all sorts of reasons this theory did not "save the phenomena," and Darwinism was important and took the form it did because it "saved the phenomena" left out by the older theory of special creation. And Darwinism did this admirably, it explained all sorts of things hitherto not capable of explanation, it got rid of a "purpose" in the universe, which had become unpopular for reasons many of which had nothing to do with science, it substituted blind chance and showed that nothing more was needed to explain the facts of evolution as they were then known; it banished mind from the multitude of living things and merely put it in as a sort of afterthought which has begun to emerge very late in the evolution of animals. But it was only because of its valuable results that men could blind themselves to its deficiencies; such an advance was it in man's struggle for freedom from medie-

valism that these were unnoticed for a time.

Now there is one curious thing about Darwinism and it is this: that, although it is a theory about life and living things, you could construct the whole of it from visits to a museum and from the pages of a collection of dried plants; that is, from entirely dead material. Put in another way, we can say that the whole trend of modern biology has laid more stress on what a thing is than on what a thing does, on its structure rather than on its function; and this has led to the very logical assumption that what a thing is, its structure, is what is important and that what a thing does is dependent on it.

It might just as well be assumed that the opposite is true; that, to put it technically, function determines organism and not organism function; and if this were true it would mean that the variations of offspring from their parents instead of being the product of blind chance are in some way or other dependent on how the parents' organism functioned; that is, on something which was in some way in the control of the living being. If this is true, it means that mind has more to do with evolution, and chance less, than Darwinism teaches although it is quite probable that we shall have to enlarge our definition of mind before we can understand exactly the significance of this new idea.

V

We can see to what an important revolution in biological ideas this leads if we leave the orchid for a moment and follow the bee, which has unconsciously been acting as our orchid's "best man." Let us watch it wandering among the various flowers on the bank, not only orchids, but flowers of many other varieties as well. Sooner or later it finds a particularly good supply of nectar and returns to the hive. What does it do there?

Whatever it does we soon see the re-

sult of it; for, whenever a bee finds a particularly good hunting ground, very soon a swarm of other bees will arrive to profit by the discovery. We might assume that the first bee guides them back personally; but actually this does not prove to be the case. On arrival at the hive it settles on the comb and proceeds to waltz round in a circle, performing an unvarying dance. When the other bees see this, they immediately approach their comrade, smell it in order to get an idea of the sort of scent to look for, and then go off to search for flowers with the same scent. When the flowers do not happen to be scented, they are led to the right spot by the scent left by the first bee in the flower itself; for whenever a really good store of nectar is found the bee squirts it all over with a special scent-producing organ, thereby making the scene of its discovery perfectly clear to the scent-detecting organs of the others.

After a time the treasure has all been garnered, and then the returning bees do not perform their dance, a signal to the rest not to sally forth any more from the hive. Apparently Professor K. von Frisch, the painstaking observer of these facts, has been able to prove also that a quite different dance is executed to inform the hive of the discovery of a valuable store of pollen.

Let us apply orthodox Darwinism to this: the dance, the spraying of scent, the recognition of scent, the whole astonishing behavior of these bees are habits which happen to have come into existence purely through chance; a bee one day danced for the first time and, since it proved helpful, the dance had survival value and the next generation of bees also danced—a complicated matter, since the bees, being neuters, could not directly influence any offspring, could not pass on their habits themselves; so that we have really to assume that a queen bee suddenly developed a tendency to have offspring which danced or understood when one of their number danced and, this proving valuable in the

struggle for existence, that particular queen bee's hive survived. But the dance, which one must assume was caused by the action of the nectar on the body of the bee, although nectar had never had that effect upon the body of any other bee, was not the only new thing suddenly arriving at the same time; an ability to search out flowers and to compare scents, to refrain from dancing when the nectar was gathered, and all sorts of other things all rushed together by mistake and produced a complicated instinctive behavior, inheritable by other bees, without purpose, mind, or memory. It is impossible to pretend that it is any easier to believe this than to believe in special creation.

How, then, are we to "save the phenomena"? There is only one way and that is by limiting the power of "blind chance" and assuming the dominance of "mind" and memory in all these strange happenings; in believing, in short, that an animal has the organism and uses it in the way it does because it remembers from past experience, when, instead of being itself, it was its ancestors, that just that organism is useful, and just that way of using it the best.

The first man who popularized this idea that mind and memory are clues which have to be assumed as well as the other two clues before the phenomena of evolution can be explained, was Samuel Butler. He pointed out that a day-old baby can do a great many things which it has obviously not learned in its present twenty-four hours' existence. "Shall we say," he writes, "that a baby of a day old sucks (which involves the whole principle of the pump, and hence a profound practical knowledge of the laws of pneumatics and hydrostatics), digests, oxygenizes its blood (millions of years before Sir Humphrey Davy discovered oxygen), sees and hear—all most difficult and complicated operations, involving a knowledge of the facts concerning optics and acoustics, compared with which the discoveries of Newton sink into utter insignificance? Shall we say

that a baby can do all these things at once, doing them so well and so regularly, without even being able to direct its attention to them, and without mistake, and at the same time not know how to do them, and never have done them before?"

The baby does them instinctively, that is, it knows how to do them so well because it has done them such countless numbers of times before, when it was its father, grandfather, and so on back to Adam. And so with all living beings: the bees dance and spray scent, not because they have been taught, but because they already knew how before they were born. When the living being is faced with a given situation it behaves as it did when it last found itself in that situation. What happens when it meets a new situation? Either it dies because it cannot think of anything to do or it makes some necessary alteration in its organism to meet the new situation. Its offspring remember in their turn what to do and change their organism in the same way, and we have what we call an inherited variation, the product of mind and memory working out sensible solutions to the problems of life. The existence of some sort of unconscious memory would account for the fact that, although there is so much variety about, yet species do remain fixed—a fact just as surprising as the fact that new and different forms arise out of old ones; the living being is forced to behave as it remembers behaving before, except when a new line of conduct becomes necessary. And to memory must be added the ability to think for itself, that is, to vary and to act upon its thought so far as environment will permit. The orchids, then, are not lucky but cunning, and the story of their loves is a story of a million years of intrigue rather than of blind throws of dice or spinnings of the wheel of fortune. It happens also, as we have seen, that the orchids have been too clever by half, and wasted much ingenuity with no result worth having.

It is probable that the future Einstein

of biology will look at the loves of orchids somewhat along these lines and that by including memory and mind among his clues he will succeed in saving the phenomena; but a good deal will have to be done before such a view can become scientifically satisfactory. In the first place, psychology will have to show us the machinery whereby the living being remembers what its own ancestors did. We already know that every living cell of a man alive to-day is actually part of the cells in his earliest ancestor's body; are these cells stamped with the memory of everything that has happened since Adam? If so, not until demonstrable evidence is found that this is so, can it be accepted as scientifically proven. This does not of course mean that we must be able to see the evidence, any more than a physicist is expected to see an electron, but we must be able to test it by controlling its results and prophesying future results; for the only way of proving the "truth" of a scientific hypothesis is by predicting that something will happen as a consequence of assuming that the hypothesis is true.

Hitherto biologists have been in a peculiar position; their labors have been rather contemptuously regarded by those who work in physics or one of the other "exact" sciences and yet they certainly have not allowed themselves the flights of imagination which are everyday occurrences among the physicists. While the exact scientists have proved the futility of the human senses, biologists are determined to see only what lies in front of their noses. They are perfectly right not to risk the Fundamentalists' slipping in by a back entrance; but sooner or later they will have to be bold and advance a hypothesis, which may of course be misunderstood and misused, namely, that whether or not the universe has a purpose, life most certainly has, and that life in the present is bound by memory of a sort to life in the past, and by forethought to life in the future. Mere faith in blindness cannot lead us far enough.



The Lion's Mouth



A PLEA FOR THREE-PARTY MARRIAGES

BY B. K. SANDWELL

IT SEEMS to be generally admitted that there is something wrong with marriage. This does not mean that people are ceasing to practice it. Rather, they are practicing it too often. But they are not practicing it so successfully. The technic of the game is going off. We have better auction bridge than we had twenty years ago; we have better tennis, better hockey, and much better aviation; but we do not have better marriages. We have more and poorer. They are weedy; they do not survive as they used to. Their infantile mortality is way up, and as for their death-rate in their 'teens and twenties, it is something terrible.

I do not claim any originality for making this discovery, but I do claim originality for a theory concerning the reasons for it. I think I have hit upon one highly significant fact which has been overlooked by all my fellow-investigators. This is the fact that marriage in those parts of the world in which it is supposed to be declining is practically always carried on by organizations consisting at the outset of two persons—no less, and no more. This is not the case in the Mohammedan world, or in Central Africa, or in remoter Polynesia. There may be some doubt whether it is the case in Hollywood or in Greenwich Village.

But, broadly speaking, the rule prevails in North America, Western Europe, Australia, South Africa, and all the other parts of the world where hydro-electric power, Christianity, and battleships indicate a high state of civilization. It is in these parts of the world that marriage is reported to be declining. I hear no complaints about it from Central Africa or Polynesia.

Now as soon as one notices a fact like this, one is naturally led to speculate as to a cause or connection between the two things. At first sight it may be objected that while the two-party marriage and the decline of marriage may be coincident in space, they are not coincident in time. The two-party marriage flourished in Europe and North America for hundreds of years before anybody detected a single sign of a decline in marriage as an institution—flourished throughout those periods in which we are taught to believe that marriage was at its best and brightest. This is true; but was the two-party marriage of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance and the Industrial Revolution and the Victorian Period the same thing as the two-party marriage of to-day? I propose to show that it was very far from being the same thing, that indeed the marriage of our ancestors was vastly less two-partyish, and that there is a very close coincidence between the rise of the genuine two-party marriage of modern times and the decline of marriage.

Let us consider the pertinent facts. Marriage in that portion of the world which we are now considering has for thousands of years been a partnership between two human beings. But—and here is a vital point—throughout all but the last quarter-century or so of those

thousands of years one of those two human beings has always been much more of a person than the other one. If we conceive of the family as a sort of committee, the voting power has always, until the present century, been distributed between the two members in the proportion of one vote to the woman and anywhere from ten to a thousand votes to the man. Now this distribution of the franchise, however unsatisfactory to the married female, was eminently conducive to the efficient working of the committee; for it ensured a majority vote being obtainable in all divisions, and indeed made it hardly necessary to call the minority party to attend meetings.

But, as we are all fully aware, no such distribution of the voting power exists to-day in any of the areas where marriage is reported to be in a decline. The powers of the two parties are absolutely equal; either of them can veto any proposal put forward by the other. It may be true that the change is more a matter of public sentiment and economic development than of law, that it has advanced much farther in sentiment than it has in law—which is merely the slow crystallization of sentiment and often lags several decades behind it. But the vast majority of men are governed in such matters by public sentiment rather than by law; and there are few who will resort to the courts to obtain the majority vote which might still be awarded them there when they know that public opinion has definitely made up its mind that a wife is as good as her husband, that the “obey” in the marriage service means “cherish,” that bribery is the only reliable means of securing a working majority in the matrimonial committee, and that alimony is merely the penalty for failure to secure it.

Now nobody in his sober senses would ever constitute a committee consisting of two persons with equal voting power. It is the worst possible form of governing body. Any even number is objectionable because of the possibility of

equal division; but if the number is large the equal division will not occur very often, and can be overcome without serious injustice by giving a casting vote to one member. But with two people no difference whatever is possible without a deadlock, and to give one member a casting vote would simply constitute him or her a permanent majority. Marriage is, therefore, in its present form the worst possible organization for conducting the affairs of the family. Why be surprised that they are ill-conducted?

Having isolated the cause of the present decline of marriage, we should now find it a simple thing to propound a remedy. Obviously there is only one thing to be done. It is to introduce a third person into the matrimonial committee—a person who will be reasonably neutral as between the male and female members. This is a difficult requirement. It is obvious at the outset that no human being can satisfy it. A human being may be neutral between capital and labor, and thus be qualified to act on a Board under an Industrial Disputes Act. A human being may be neutral between France and Germany, and thus entitled to serve on an arbitration. A human being may be neutral between New York and Boston, and may, therefore, referee a ball game. But a human being cannot be neutral between a man and a woman.

Now a benign Providence, at the very moment when marriage began to be threatened with collapse as a result of the equality of man and woman, has presented us with a “person” which is neither male nor female, young nor old, beautiful nor ugly, proud nor humble; which has only one object, namely the making of money; which has only one way of making money, namely the performance of such services as are required of it. The nineteenth century created, the twentieth century has perfected, the incorporated company. Let us introduce the incorporated company into marriage.

The most suitable kind of company seems to be the ordinary trust company. It is already prepared to act, and is in the habit of acting, in any capacity into which a trust deed can put it. It will, for a small consideration, be a father and mother to the orphan, an uncle to the youth whose parents are on the other side of the world, a schoolmaster to the ignorant, a chaperon to the old-fashioned, a guide to the traveler, and a father confessor to the conscience-stricken. It will be almost anything except a husband or a wife. Why should it not be the matrimonial third party of whom we are in search?

Under the system that I am proposing, every marriage will unite not two persons only, but two persons and a trust company. The duties, and the remuneration, of the trust company will be set forth in the marriage law and can be supplemented by the deed of settlement. In the ideal marriage, in which no dispute ever arises, the trust company will never have anything to do, and will presumably get nothing after the original fee except perhaps a very small annual retainer. In the opposite case, it will be summoned to a committee meeting every second or third day, and will put in a bill accordingly. I suspect that the rising totals of these bills will have a salutary influence in inducing dissident spouses to compose their differences and save money. Disputes so interminable as to lead to a demand for separation or divorce would of course come into the courts in the usual way, and the records of the trust company would then be of great value to the court in assessing the responsibility of each party. But the abler trust companies would do all in their power to prevent their marriages from coming to this unhappy conclusion, which would be to some extent a public evidence of the company's failure to perform its job.

My own firm belief is that the mere knowledge that a settlement of any matrimonial dispute is available by the simple process of telephoning to the

trust company will in itself enable the disputants to settle most of their quarrels themselves. As things are, they go on for weeks and months and years, simply because no settlement is possible except by the surrender of one party. They are like feuds in Kentucky—every victory for one side is an additional grievance for the other. What they need is an impartial referee with power to bring about a decision. That the decision would not always be right (since no trust company is infallible) does not appear to me to be a serious objection. It is surely better for a matrimonial row to be ended wrong than not to be ended at all.



THE GOOD OLD CITY AIR

BY FREDERIC L. SMITH, JR.

I HAD spent the day lolling in the sunshine, dozing in a cretonne porch chair which seemed to possess narcotic properties. George and Mary Temple are the perfect specimens of the perfect week-end host, for theirs is the God-given talent of turning you loose on the premises and leaving you entirely to your own devices. Golf, swimming, riding, and tennis are available but in no way obligatory. You are not branded as an inferior being if you choose to bask on the flagstone terrace of Mulberry Lawn, and gaze drowsily across the Connecticut hills.

After dinner, at the bridge table, lassitude descended upon me like the impact of a sandbag. Several times I caught myself nodding. Had the ace been played? I didn't know. How many trumps were out? It was a baffling calculation. What had George led? I'd lost track. I trumped my own heart trick and yawned, a racking, cavernous yawn.

"H'm," said George, looking across the table at me, "it gets you, doesn't it?"

"Terribly," I admitted; "too much fresh air, I guess."

"Exactly," George promptly assured me; "that's just it. The air is too darn fresh out here." His expression was that of an orator casting a verbal bombshell into the ranks of the opposition.

"It's an idea of mine," he went on, laying down his cards, "something I've been studying quite a while. Don't think I've got anything against living in the country, because I haven't. It's great; I wouldn't live in town again on a bet. Here's the idea, though—the country air hasn't got any kick."

"Hasn't it?" I said. "It seemed to kick me pretty hard."

"All this stuff about country air being so stimulating and peppering you up," George resumed, "is the worst sort of bunk. Look at yourself. You can't tell the ace from the four spot. I'll bet you don't know what's trump. You're ready for bed right now, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said, yawning again, "I certainly am and I'm not ashamed of it, either. If you don't mind . . ." I started to rise from the table. George laid a restraining hand on my arm.

"Just a minute," he said.

"Perhaps Harry wants to go to bed," Mary suggested mildly.

"I've got to explain this to him," George rejoined somewhat petulantly, "then he can go to bed if he wants to."

"It's this way," he continued. "The air we get out here in the country is pure, fresh, unpolluted; that's exactly the trouble with it. It's like distilled water, everything taken out of it. There's something missing, something your system ought to have. Now, if you were in town, you'd be going strong, wouldn't you? You wouldn't be even thinking of bed." He glanced at the clock; it was twenty minutes to nine.

"No," I conceded, "I suppose I shouldn't."

"When you're in the city," he explained farther, "you think you're breathing foul, unwholesome air; people are always yelling about it, wanting smoke consumers put on the factories and apartment houses. As a matter of fact, it's darn good air. Full of things? Of course it is—things that pep you up, keep you on your toes. Look at the traffic cops. You don't see them dozing off at twenty minutes to nine, do you?"

"That's different," I began.

"Not at all. City air is a stimulant. Out here every breath you take acts like a depressant, like paregoric. What about the farmers? They're in bed at eight, most of them, and I'll tell you why. The air they breathe hasn't got the ingredients necessary to keep them awake. It's perfectly logical."

"Nonsense," I said and laughed.

"You think so," he remarked solemnly. "I tell you, Harry, I know."

He leaned back in his chair and studied me with an almost professional interest.

"In your present condition," he informed me blandly, "you're a splendid subject. Of course you'll go on record that you are tired, sleepy, hardly able to keep your eyes open—dying on the vine, so to speak?"

"Gladly," I assented.

"Come upstairs." He turned to Mary and George Junior.

"This won't take long," he said. "I'll fix Harry up and then we'll finish the rubber."

Silently he led me to the third floor, through the billiard room and into a little alcove beyond equipped like a workshop with a carpenter's bench, a vise, and a tool cabinet on the wall. There were several curious accessories on the bench, an electric toaster, a fan, and a row of discolored mason jars. A kitchen chair occupied the center of the room; it was, I observed, securely bolted to the floor.

George opened a window.

"Stick your head out," he commanded; "take a good whiff. Now, what do you smell?"

"Clover," I said.

"The same air you've been breathing all day," he rejoined, "the air that's ruined you. Sit down in that chair."

He moved to the work bench and switched on the toaster and the fan, focusing the latter so that I received a fifty-mile-an-hour gale full in the face.

Producing a pair of tongs from the tool cabinet, he plunged them into one of the mason jars and withdrew them, dripping with a sticky, black substance; having held the tongs over the toaster until the gummy material bubbled and burst into sooty flames, he transferred the smoking implement into the path of the fan.

"Breathe way down deep," he instructed me; "you'll get a better effect."

The smell of fresh tar monopolized my olfactory arrangements.

"If you close your eyes," George suggested, "it might work better; but of course you don't have to. They're tearing up the pavement in front of your house and putting it down again. Get it?" He waved the tongs gently in front of the fan.

"Perfectly," I concurred.

"You're breathing tar smoke most of the time," he explained; "it's one of the most valuable ingredients in the city air. Feel any better?"

"A little," I admitted. It was the truth. For some curious reason my eyes now remained open of their own accord.

"Don't forget to breathe deeply," George reminded me. He probed another mason jar with the tongs and extracted several strips of grayish material which he laid across the coils of the toaster. Then he seized a nail and drew it across the window pane with a screech that made my scalp tingle.

"Just to make it more realistic," he remarked casually. "Smell those brakes burning."

The fan deluged me with the aroma of charred rubber. I inhaled it deeply. By George! I was beginning to throw off that heavy feeling.

"Watch out for your eyes," George cautioned me. He held his hands cupped above the fan and allowed a thin stream of blackish dust to drop into the blast.

"Real apartment house soot," he explained as my face assumed a negroid tint; "got it the last time I was in town. Take a good breath of it. If I were a doctor, I'd look into the effects of soot on the human system. They're on the wrong track. It gives you just the amount of carbon you need."

He turned to his work again. I felt my head rapidly clearing; it was like coming out of an anæsthetic.

"Your office is near Leiter's drug works, isn't it?" he asked. I nodded.

"Then get a lungful of this." He placed several brownish pellets on the toaster coils. I was overwhelmed by a tempest of horehound vapor.

"Ummmmm." I absorbed it avidly.

"You don't get that in the country," George commented significantly.

From the top shelf of the tool cabinet he took down a mason jar larger than the other containers. He cautiously unscrewed the lid, held the open jar in the path of the fan for an instant, and clapped on the top again. I experienced a sense of exhilaration. I filled my lungs to their utmost capacity. Suddenly I became clear-eyed, clear headed. I was myself again.

"Delicious," I almost shouted; "what was it?"

"Carbon monoxide," replied George; "you don't get that in the country either. Puts you right back on your feet, doesn't it? How do you feel now?"

"Wonderful," I exclaimed. In the presence of a miracle words failed me.

"The good old city air," said George, a trifle wistfully, I imagined; "it's what everybody needs. Let's go down and finish that rubber."



CURING INSOMNIA

BY "A. A."

THERE must be almost as many cures for insomnia in this country as there are people. Nearly everyone you meet has some infallible method of winning sleep, about which he will start in to give you full advice and instruction as soon as pick up a ten-dollar bill. In some cases far sooner.

Sipping hot lemonade or cold water are favored remedies; sipping warm whisky is of course even more popular. Eating a dry biscuit is another; so is sniffing hops. . . . Heaven alone knows whether these people ever really attempt their precious cures. Probably not. Probably their Aunt Arabella once told them about it when they were little tots only so high, and they have remembered it ever since and insisted on passing it on to their friends with all the fervor of the man who must recommend something he has heard about to someone who hasn't.

For, after all, none of these methods seems really practical. I should imagine there's nothing more likely to keep you awake than sitting up in bed every few minutes in order to drink little tots only so high, even of warm whisky. And as for eating dry biscuit! *Dry* biscuit, mark you, not wet biscuit. Wet biscuit is fatal to sleep. If you're such a sap as to eat wet biscuit you'll be awake all night. As a matter of fact, you'll be awake all night after dry biscuit too. The crumbs get in the bed.

And as for sniffing hops, it's ludicrous. A lot of people don't know a hop when they see one, and would only sneeze like a thunder-clap every time they sniffed it. Apart from the fact that there's a close season for hops, and anyway they're all wanted for some other purpose, which at the moment escapes me.

Then there are people who talk largely

about counting sheep jumping over a gate and insist that you can get a good night's sleep that way. Impossible. To begin with you've got to imagine the sheep, and that takes a bit of doing. You imagine a field with a good big flock of sheep (white ones with black faces) and then you take your eye off them for a minute to imagine a nice easy gate, and they all turn into porcupines or Great Uncle Rogers or something else which certainly can't jump a gate.

This is annoying. So you drive the porcupines (or Great Uncle Rogers) out of your field and concentrate on the gate first. You get quite a nice gate, a white one with "Credit Balance" painted on the top line, and then you tackle the sheep again.

After some time you get another flock (black ones with white faces), but can you get one to jump that gate? You cannot. It is apparently a flock of undetachable sheep. They just revolve solidly in the field, surging round and round (at which point you must be careful you don't lose them and get a whirlpool instead), but not one single sheep will come unstuck and make the jump.

However, you persevere. You feel that if only you can get one over, the rest, being sheep, will go too. So you make a mighty effort and in a sense they do. For the whole flock jumps the gate in one indeterminate huddle and arrives in a similar field with a similar gate. This one they also jump *en masse*—into a third similar field with a third similar gate. Away out in the distance you can now see field after field and gate after gate, and next minute you will find the flock is bouncing at an increasing speed field by field away out of your control—quite possibly becoming a large india-rubber ostrich egg as it reaches the horizon.

If you are wise you will now go right back and start all over again. When a flock of mere sheep gets above itself like that, it's best to ignore it completely. So imagine a third flock of sheep (green with red faces they will probably be, but

you are beyond bothering about details now). And make it a flock of ten only, then if the whole bunch take the gate again you can let them go and imagine another flock of ten. In this way too you can at least keep some sort of count of the numbers that have jumped—which after all is what you set out to do.

Quite possibly, though, by imagining them in line and putting them together you will at last be able to secure a good flock of detachable sheep. Detach one at once and bring it close up to the gate. It is of course the timid one, the one that doesn't *like* jumping, the one that looks sheepishly at you and says he's never *learned* to jump. Don't waste time on him. Let him turn into Great Uncle Roger and hobble down to his club for a cocktail while you detach another. Try calling for volunteers, if you like; there may be a real good jumper among them. Or let them practice a bit first among themselves. But don't allow them to begin pole vaulting. The most promising flock of jumping sheep I have ever known once got away from me like that. It started up an athletic meeting with track events, discus-throwing, putting the shot, and an obstacle race for the younger lambs. After that they weren't interested in gates.

Well, get your next sheep along and make him jump. He will probably sail over the gate and on up some miles into the sky, where as like as not he will begin

to twinkle. Don't worry about this: say "One!" in a firm voice and have up the next. You must concentrate on just getting them off the ground at first; later on, when they are rising nicely without supervision, you can attend to their landing on the far side. But whatever happens, don't allow them to bounce. If you permit this they become footballs at once.

Round about forty or sooner the jumping should become mechanical, and you will feel more at ease. But beware lest it become *too* mechanical. In the first place they will start to flicker through so fast you can't count, and second you will find that you have lost your sheep yet again and that it is really cinematograph film of which you are trying to count the separate pictures at sixteen a second.

Exercising all due care and bearing in mind what I have said, there is no reason why you shouldn't get well into the hundred thousands. Possibly they will be Great Uncle Rogers by then, but anywhere after fifty thousand this doesn't matter.

About then two things will happen. Either you will be distracted from your task by the dawn, or else you will at last fall into a slumber of such utter exhaustion that nothing and no one can wake you before two p.m. next afternoon. Which is too late in the day to wake if you don't want to find yourself just as sleepless the next night.



Editor's Easy Chair

RICHES, NEWS, AND CURES

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

SOMEBODY'S chauffeur said that at the garage where he kept Somebody's car there were nineteen cars for sale and nineteen chauffeurs looking for employment.

Such are the fruits of stock slumps; but we must look on the bright side, discerning in this case that traffic is overcrowded in New York and that the transfer of some private-car locomotion to the public vehicles will, on the whole, operate on the side of relief.

But the multiplication of private cars in town is only one detail of the inconvenience of having too many people have too much money, an inconvenience which the stock panic does seem likely to diminish a little for the moment, in spite of President Hoover's efforts to the contrary. A certain amount of money seems almost always beneficial to almost anyone who is not crazy. Struggle and famine may be necessary for the progress of some souls; but the general sentiment of our times is strong for the comforts of life to everyone in sight and some out of sight, as for prisoners.

When you get used to persons having just about enough to scrape along on and count on them to function on that level, to have them hit the stock market or a legacy and go whooping up into superabundance may be quite upsetting, even if one does not admit it at first. For it is a fact that when families with five, ten, or twenty thousand dollars a year blossom out into incomes of forty, sixty, or one or two hundred thousand dollars

a year it usually compels a readjustment of relations with them. Without changing at all in affection, where there was affection, relations may change in intimacy because of relocations and new habits. You do not live on quite the same terms with a house that is run by two maids as with a house that has a butler, a second man, several chauffeurs, two cooks, and half a dozen housemaids. You don't associate with them on the same basis. Your relations with a Ford are not exactly like your relations with a Rolls Royce and, though you may like Ford relations better, and two-maid housekeeping better for small families than housekeeping with a retinue, if you run into superabundance it won't respect your preferences nor your old-time habits. That is because a lot of money is power, and if you have power, there is a moral obligation to do something with it and, indeed, live up to it.

So there may be people who are not pleased to have a pot of new money dropped in their laps. If they are old enough to have settled habits, they may not like to have them changed. If they have had a pleasurable excitement for a good many years over making both ends meet, they may be none the happier for swapping it for considerations of what to do with a superabundant income. After you get old enough to contemplate disassociation with the material world as something just outside the door, you may lose the passion for accumulating material objects, like pictures, jewels, or

even cows. What you may want most at that period of life is agreeable and interesting thoughts. You may not want to be bothered with any more anxieties than you can help, and especially not with anxieties about valuable possessions. You like things that amuse you and help to give you good thoughts and you dislike things that bother you and keep your mind hooked up to concerns that for you at least are out of date. You may prefer to continue to be contemplative rather than turn administrative. So if you are going to have a lot of money at all there is something to be said for having it early in life, before all your habits are formed, and while the appetite for things and doings and travels and even public services still goes strong.

THERE was Charles V who quit, and there is John D. who kept right on and seems to enjoy the distribution of superabundant means. But possibly Charles V got out of health. His liver or his digestion may have failed, and quite likely he became concerned about his soul. For souls annoyed people a good deal in his day, and they took very curious measures to medicate them. But John D., after exhausting his health in the pursuit of superabundance, got it back in the same astonishing fashion with which he got other things that he tried for and, having been intensely administrative all his life, it seemed not at all to trouble him to continue in that line. But he is a wonderful man, and not the least wonderful thing about him is his lively enjoyment of life in its advanced stages. Charles V is not in his class at all.

Notwithstanding the inconvenient possibilities of superabundance, most people like a change and are willing to dare them all to get it. The desire to be rich did not have much to do with the Bull Market, which was just a game that people got into because it was going on. It was a great big gamble and, of course, almost everyone likes a gamble, and if they indulge only moderately they get a good deal of fun out of it. The trouble

is that big gambles, like the Bull Market, disturb the judgment of a good many people so that they don't know where to stop. They get to think they are financiers, whereas they are really geese. They do not realize the truth of what, long since, a character in one of Anthony Hope's novels observed—that there is more difference between having nothing and having three thousand pounds a year than there is between three thousand pounds and all the rest of the money in creation. After you get enough income to enable you to live in moderate physical and mental comfort and to do what you want to, if you can find out what it is, instead of what you must, all the rest of the money in existence is just so much frosting on the cake. It does not make a vital difference how much of it you have. The trouble in the Bull Market was that too many people bet their cake to get more frosting.

Perhaps the panic, the great panic, is, like the Great War, a part of the process which seems now to be going on of persuading people that spiritual things are the real stuff, and material things no more than the shadows of them. Everything has to exist in the mind before it can show up in matter. Everything must be thought before it can be done. Money, like other material objects, represents thought. It may be that the really important people are those who produce the thoughts and not necessarily those who clap hands on the resulting money. Nevertheless, money is power, and people who are skillful in handling large masses of it are by no means to be sneezed at. Never more than in these times was there due basis for a high opinion of the usefulness of great fortunes operating under the direction of practiced intelligence. Our government is rich and does some things well, but it is restricted in what it may attempt and in the details of its performance, whereas private wealth has a freer hand and a much livelier imagination.

THERE are those who regret the passing of the football season because the literature of it made such easy skipping in the newspapers. There is so much in the newspapers that individual readers can hardly read the whole of it, especially on Sundays. Accordingly, if there is some large branch of information that they can pass over unnoticed it helps them with the task. The papers print a great deal about football while it lasts, and that means a large area of print which, by a large number of readers, can be ignored.

Something of the same sort has resulted from the stock market flurry. As long as the general public was in the stock market a vast deal of space was devoted to quotations and remarks about them, all of which could be skipped by persons not interested in the subject. The number of such persons has greatly increased, though even now stocks take up treble the space in the papers that they did ten years ago, and if one is content to skip them all or almost all he gets substantial relief. So one may skip the society news, the dramatic news, and the sporting news and still get plenty out of the newspaper to justify attention to it. For outside of all these departments there is news, big and little, continually transpiring, of crime, of accidents, of achievements, of politics, religion, discovery, invention, arrival and departure, storms, catastrophes, and climate, that has a valid claim upon attention.

The more one knows, the more interesting the news is, because the more possibilities it suggests. Thus, when Mr. Hoover in his latest message recommended this, that, and the other thing, and a somewhat stiffer enforcement of Prohibition—"a little more grape, Captain Bragg"—it was interesting to notice that though we have been so constantly assured that Prohibition is the very cornerstone of our prosperity, yet our President thought it necessary to speak also of something else, and Mr. Ford, a great prohibitionist, thought it a timely thing to supplement the still sur-

viving Dry Law with some increase in wages. Of course, one blessing, however widespread and penetrating, ought not to be expected to do the whole job. So Mr. Hoover is for reducing taxes, getting up a new tariff, cutting down military expenses, and so on and so on, so that the great panacea of the Drys may have company.

But, as said, the more you know or know about, the more interesting is what is left in the papers after all the eliminations have been made. There is the case of Chancellor Magnes of the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, who has got the Zionists in his hair by advocating a binational status for Palestine with equal rights to Jews and Arabs. W'ot'ell! say the Zionists. What becomes of our Zionist policy of a Jewish homeland in Palestine? But what will they say when they come up against the British-Israel conviction that the Anglo Saxons and Celts, and Heaven knows who else, are the Lost Tribes of Israel and all entitled to sit down in Jerusalem, if they can find seats, and say "This is our home"? Most of the Jews we know about are (partly) of the Tribe of Judah, but they are not the whole family of Israel. If there is to be an inheritance, representatives of the other eleven tribes are certain to make appearance. The Arabs, too, as descendants of Abraham, though not of Jacob, have a fair claim to standing room, at least, in Palestine.

The United States and others invited Russia and China to stop fighting and save money, and Russia said in effect, "What business is it of yours?" Russia has a mind to go her own gait undeterred by outsiders. Russia and China, vast countries, are the great reservoirs of unrest in the contemporary world. Keep an eye on those countries.

As for Italy, the Pope says Mussolini and the Fascists are crowding the Church, especially about education. He complains quite bitterly. He is apparently the only man left in Italy who dares complain of Mussolini. As between having the Pope manage education in

Italy and having Mussolini run it, which would you choose?

FOR a week or two lately there was an immense rumpus in the Boston district over cures made, or alleged to be made, at the grave of a pious priest in Malden. The excitement, which was enormous, seems to have been due chiefly to the activities of the Boston newspapers. They are credited with starting expectations of cure which resulted in crowds of hundreds of thousands of people in all weather and in all states of health at this Malden grave. When it became sufficiently evident that that was not wholesome, Cardinal O'Connell stepped in and checked it. Then began the work of trying to discover what really happened and what cures, if any, were made. Whether there will be a shrine at Malden as there is at Lourdes and other places remains to be seen. But perhaps the Malden incident will be useful in the study of psychic healing.

For psychic healing does happen. The interesting thing about it is to discover how it happens. What is the force that does it? Psychic cures in old times were miracles and were supposed to be outside of the laws of cause and effect. But they are no longer miracles in that sense. If it is found after due scrutiny that they are facts, inquisitive observers will want to know by what means they were effected. We think nowadays that nothing is outside of the great laws, and when we see something we do not understand or cannot account for, we search at once for the law of its operation. That is the important thing. If faith can move mountains, we want to know by what means it moves them, what is the force that does it and whence derived and how directed.

Consider Dakin's book about Mrs. Eddy, as to which there has been so much contention. The important thing about Mrs. Eddy is not so much

her personal peculiarities as what she did and how she did it. Very likely she did not know; but there seem to be plenty of facts in Christian Science, and a certain, or perhaps uncertain, control of health and of physical well being, and also of mentality. Christian Science thought seems to be on a different basis from ordinary thought. Clouds obscure all these matters. Perhaps some day we shall understand them better.

Dr. Charles Mayo, of Rochester, Minnesota, is quoted as saying that "miracle cures" remain cured as long as they continue to be objects of public wonder. Of the Malden excitement, he says, "many persons with uncontrolled emotions only think they are sick. While they are objects of wonder they will remain better, but when they have to work again their disabilities return." That doubtless is true of many cases, but the evidence seems ample that there are also many cures of various diseases done by means outside of present medical knowledge. There are healers who heal. They seem to do it by a power that goes out of them and into the patient. Apparently the work is done by vibrations which the healer can direct, but usually such healers can't explain how they do what they do. They only know that they can do it.

Some of the scientists nowadays are getting along to a point where they seem likely to understand such cures and the means by which they are accomplished. Many interesting things were said at the meeting of the psychiatrists in New York in December. Dr. Constantin von Economo, of Vienna, declared that man's brain is getting better all the while, and that there is no limit to the development of cerebral functions that may evolve in time. That is about what the theosophists have in mind when they talk about the sixth race whose advent is now proceeding.



Personal and Otherwise



THOUGH he is not yet twenty-eight, **John W. Vandercook** has two excellent books to his credit, *Tom-Tom* (a study of the bush negroes of Suriname) and *Black Majesty* (a life of Henry Christophe, the one-time negro emperor of Haiti), and a third one approaching publication (*Fools' Parade*, a collection of stories, several of which have appeared in **HARPER'S**). The setting of "Djombé River" is based on no mere book-knowledge of Africa; Mr. Vandercook and his wife have twice visited West Africa and have spent weeks at a time penetrating the jungle, stopping overnight in native villages or with white residents such as the characters of this new two-part story.

Last month **Charles A. Beard**, former professor of politics at Columbia and author (with his wife, Mary R. Beard) of *The Rise of American Civilization*, discussed the question, "Whom Does Congress Represent?" Now he brings his exceptional knowledge of American governmental history to bear on a document which school-children are urged to "understand" but which seems to baffle the understanding even of the most mature and hard-headed specialists.

Two or three years ago, readers of the New York *World* began to notice the name of **William Bolitho** attached to exceptionally able dispatches from England, and found that it belonged to a South African journalist connected with the London office of the *World*. Mr. Bolitho had written a brilliant volume of essays, *Leviathan*; he has subsequently written *Murder for Profit* and *Twelve Against the Gods*, and has come to New York, where in the intervals between his labors for the *World* he is able to watch the fashion parade and speculate on the inner meaning of the styles. This is Mr. Bolitho's first appearance in **HARPER'S**. Incidentally, if you think of discussing him with your friends, his name is accented on the

second syllable (which is pronounced as in *lie*) and the *th* is soft.

The applause which met **Philip Curtiss's** "The Honorable Charley" when it came out in the June issue was punctuated with calls for more dog stories. Mr. Curtiss is the most obliging man in Norfolk, Connecticut; hence "The Eight-Dollar Pup." Admirers of "The Honorable Charley" (the story, if you have forgotten, about the Governor's dog which invaded the legislative chamber) will be glad to hear that it will be brought out shortly by Harper & Brothers in book form.

To those who are curious to know the full story of **Jack Black's** life in the underworld we recommend his book, *You Can't Win*, published two or three years ago. He was a burglar and a jailbird for twenty-five years—until, some fifteen years ago, Fremont Older, the California editor, took an interest in him and helped him to build his life over again. At present Mr. Black is living in New York. At a time when the public is exercised over questions of law and lawlessness and of crime and punishment, his testimony seems to us of unique value. He gave us some of it last June in "What's Wrong with the Right People?" Now he speaks plainly on the contrast between the code of the underworld and that by which the rest of the community professes to live.

Only the newest readers of **HARPER'S** need to be reminded that **Albert Jay Nock**, one of our most engaging contributors, was formerly one of the guiding spirits of the *Freeman*, is the author of a life of *Thomas Jefferson*, of a volume of essays, *On Doing the Right Thing*, and of a life of *Rabelais* (written with C. R. Wilson), and nowadays lives most of the time in Europe. His latest **HARPER** appearance was in our December issue with "Officialism and Lawlessness."

In a recent article by Mrs. Bromley entitled "What Risk Motherhood?" readers of

this magazine learned how appalling were the results of our failure to control the practice of midwifery in the United States. **Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom**, one of the most widely known graduates of the Johns Hopkins School for Nurses, has been a pioneer in the struggle for the improvement of standards in this practice; she was the first nurse in the United States to take out a midwife's license—which she did in order to be in a better position to study conditions at first hand. Miss Van Blarcom is the author of *Obstetrical Nursing* and *Getting Ready to be a Mother*. In "Rat Pie," which embodies the results of a recent tour of investigation, she reveals amusing and amazing facts about the strange ways of colored midwives in Virginia.

Oswald Garrison Villard, for many years editor and owner of the New York *Evening Post*, and now editor and owner of the *Nation*, has long been an intimate friend of Ramsay MacDonald.

Another new contributor arrives in the person of **Roland English Hartley** of San Francisco, who is responsible for "Office Hours."

Floyd H. Allport, professor of social and political psychology at Syracuse University and author of *Social Psychology*, a standard book in its field, looks at the great religious problem of our day from a point of view quite different from that of Doctor Fosdick and other recent commentators. Professor Allport will be recalled (with enthusiasm by the feminists) as the man who wrote "Seeing Women as They Are" in our issue for last March.

"The Loves of Orchids" reminds us that **John Langdon-Davies**, the young Englishman who wrote *The New Age of Faith* and *A Short History of Woman*, is a botanist, even though his recent articles in HARPER'S have dealt with subjects as remote from botany as English lecturers (whom he defended) and Spanish women (whom he did not defend).

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Among the poets of the month, **Katherine Garrison Chapin**, a newcomer to HARPER'S, has contributed verse to many other magazines; she is the wife of Francis Biddle, Philadelphia novelist. **Witter Bynner**, of Santa

Fé, author of several volumes of poetry, has written frequently for us during the past year or two. **Margaret Emerson Bailey** of New Canaan, Connecticut, teaches at Miss Chapin's School in New York and has appeared in HARPER'S both as a short-story writer and as a poet.

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This month's Lion's Mouth contributors would make a good nucleus for an English-speaking union. **B. K. Sandwell**, author of *The Privacy Agent and Other Modest Proposals* and professor of economics at McGill University, is an English-born Canadian. The initials A. A., which stand for Anthony Armstrong, are familiar to readers of *Punch*; Mr. Armstrong is of course an Englishman. The contribution of **Frederic L. Smith, Jr.**, who has lately forsaken the city air of Detroit for the country air of Summerville, South Carolina, is the United States's bid for parity in this Department.

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The frontispiece of this issue has a special interest in view of the Naval Conference. **Norman Wilkinson**, the English etcher (known in this country chiefly for his fishing scenes), made it when *The Lion*, Admiral Beatty's flagship, was about to be towed off to be scrapped as a result of the Washington Conference. The proof which we reproduce by permission of the Harlow, McDonald Company has been autographed by Admiral Beatty.

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In Mary Heaton Vorse's article, "Gastonia," in the November issue, reference was made to the "Bedaud efficiency system" as one of the causes of the recent labor troubles. The Magazine regrets that an invidious reflection upon the Charles E. Bedaux Companies might be construed from this statement. The "Bedaud principle" is a natural and desirable development of scientific management in the textile industry, and has been adopted by many progressive cotton mills of the South, in some cases at the request of the workers themselves. Mrs. Vorse had reference only to those cases where some efficiency system has been unfairly applied by mill

owners, and not to any system or practice of the Charles E. Bedaux Companies.



Every available inch in this Department was devoted last month to a recital of the aftermath of Mr. Duffield's article on "Mussolini's American Empire"—which left no space for rejoinders to several other November articles which attracted unusual attention, notably Mr. Tunis's on football and Mr. Elmer Davis's on New York. But there were so many sharp replies to Mr. Langdon-Davies' paper on "The Spanish Woman" (several of them asserting that he had misunderstood the significance of the play, "Don Juan Tenorio") that it seems as if space ought to be given now—if belatedly—to at least one of them. It comes from Estér Pérez de King of Chicago:

John Langdon-Davies is not the first brilliant writer who has tried to interpret a country entirely different from his own by applying his natural prejudices and standards, drawing hasty conclusions, and making sweeping statements.

Spain does not lend itself to dispassionate studies; it is a potent stimulus, which moves the visitor to lyrics or revulsion, so that he seems to see either a land of castanets, bullfighters, and enchanted romance, or else a hopeless land of half morons. Neither of these views is true. More than any other, Spain is a country of the most contradictory aspects; to take one to the exclusion of others is to give us a view distorted beyond recognition. The Spain I know is a country of cool interiors, almost impossible for a stranger to penetrate; and the great sin, or perhaps the great strength of the people who inhabit them, is the aloofness with which they follow their individual destinies, equally indifferent to praise or to blame.

Havelock Ellis, in his book *The Soul of Spain*, has penetrated with intuitive sympathy the wall of proud reserve with which the Spanish woman receives the male stranger, and has seen beyond the placid features, the steady gaze, not "atrophied muscles" or an "empty head," but the poise of self-possession, and the strength that comes from a calm philosophic acceptance of whatever life has to offer.

The Spanish woman, in spite of antiquated civil codes that have very little to do with the moral code of any country, has never had to shout about her rights, for she has not yet shed the robe of her ancestor, the Roman matriarch, supreme ruler of

her home and affairs, and with old-world wisdom keeps the vanity of the male unimpaired, leaving to him the misleading spotlight, while she pulls expert wires in the dark.

The Don Juan type is as prevalent in Spain as in other Latin countries; the Spanish woman, as well as her northern sisters, sees in him the perfect lover and the worst of husbands, turning to him in her reckless moments because he will always stir poets' and women's imaginations.

The drama "Don Juan Tenorio" is as classical on All Souls' Day as Hallowe'en tricks are in America; it is chosen as a good spook drama and not for its romantic dialogue, which is satirized by every young Spaniard who can wield a pen. The English writer, along with some hopelessly sentimental girl, was probably the only one in the audience to take it seriously.

Illiteracy is a rather frightening word, but it doesn't imply a lack of knowledge, and civilizations greater than ours have flourished under it. The Spanish woman does learn to read like every other Spanish citizen, in her childhood; but so busy is she in maturity, manufacturing household goods, tilling the land of her ancestors, providing the country with a promising younger generation, that she finds no time to read sensational city news, or stories of false sentimentality in popular magazines. In forgetting the trick of reading she follows the example of her men, for the Spanish peasant is loath to believe what comes to him in the form of print, and prefers to spend his leisure hours deftly playing an instrument, or carving a kitchen stool, rather than to peruse a printed page that has very little to do with his life.



Here is an exhibit of Fundamentalism at its most picturesque. It is an epistle forwarded to us by the treasurer of the American-European Fellowship for Christian Oneness and Evangelization, with the comment that he is sure "every member of our Board, as well as those who are supporting our work . . . would voice their appreciation of this protest."

In lending your pages to scoffers through which to propagate their ignorance and error you have placed yourselves in an anomalous position.

The educated, cultured, self-satisfied ignorance of God and of His revealed Word in the writings of Fosdick, Huxley, Katharine Fullerton Gerould and other contributors to your periodical outstrips that of the blind who see nothing in the masterpiece of the world's greatest artist.

Their confident arguments, based on negative evidence, are robbing men of their faith in the Book,

stained as it is with the tears of millions of contritions, that has transformed human fiends into angels of light, that is a beacon warning men of hidden dangers and pointing the way home, the Book that is the joy of little children, that breathes forth a message of hope to the aged as they enter the valley of the shadow, the only Book

"That glimpses to our sight
Through present wrong
The eternal right."

They have also undermined the respect for the authority of God which will be closely followed by loss of respect for all authority. They have fallen into line with Bolsheviks, Communists, Atheists in their offensive against the most benign influences this world has ever known; and who could have conceived it possible that HARPER'S MONTHLY could have been an accomplice in the crime!

Go to it! You are not the first determined upon such destruction. The shattered hammers of ages lie at the foot of God's anvil which stands and shall stand without a scar to show the fury of successive attacks. . . . Now the Modernists are riding for a fall from their high horse and HARPER'S MONTHLY is in the line-up. Shame! Shame!

"Though Evangelical Truth, by common consent of *neo*-logians, journalists, educationalists is dead, buried and consigned to a rock-hewn tomb sealed with seven seals, its Easter morning is not far distant, for the written word like the Risen Word, refusing to be dealt with in that manner, will yet emerge—a great burst of coherent life and power."

In conclusion may I add that it is only right and fair to your many Fundamentalist subscribers that you give this protest as wide publicity as you have given to the irrational ravings of destructive critics.

Your disappointed reader,
BERTHA CARR-HARRIS.

T T T

Here is one of many letters called forth by Mrs. Bromley's birth control article:

May I add a fervent word of appreciation for Dorothy Dunbar Bromley's article on "This Question of Birth Control" in the December HARPER'S?

It is both pertinent and timely. As a medical social worker in one of those nine New York hospitals which have birth control clinics, I can vouch for the truth of what the writer says. The social as well as medical benefit to those who attend the

clinics is without question, but, alas, how few these people are compared with the numbers outside the reach of these clinics.

Last week a mother of four children came for advice. As her husband earns only \$35 a week she has felt she could not properly support more children. Consequently she had had eight abortions, and every cent of savings regularly had gone to some physician or midwife who would perform such operations. She is a physical and nervous wreck.

"If I had only known before of such a clinic as this," she said.

In cases like this where the husband selfishly and ignorantly refuses self-control or medical advice, the result is invariably a broken home or mismanaged children, unless there is a knowledge of birth control.

On the other hand, here is the X family with eight children. The mother will not come to the clinic because the priest forbids it. Her husband is an unskilled laborer with irregular work. The children are all undernourished. The older ones run the streets, play hooky from school, and are in fact potential reformatory material. "The Lord Will Provide" should be hung in wreathed lettering over their broken cook stove. He does, occasionally, when Mr. X has been jobless several weeks, through the Charity Organization Society.

I thoroughly believe that if the knowledge of birth control could be more widely disseminated among the families whose incomes are less than \$40 a week, there would be a great decrease in physical and social evils in this present generation.

T T T

The Fascist League of North America, to which Mr. Duffield made frequent reference in "Mussolini's American Empire," was disbanded late in December. A few days later Secretary Stimson formally expressed his appreciation that the League had dissolved itself, and announced that the investigation which he had ordered as a result of Mr. Duffield's article "has not revealed any activities on the part of any resident in this country of Italian extraction or on the part of any Italian officials which were directed against this Government or against its institutions." We think it perhaps significant that this announcement of the results of the investigation did not appear until after the League had been disbanded.





Gerald K. Geerlings

OLYMPUS

By Gerald K. Geerlings

Courtesy of the Kennedy Galleries



Harper's Magazine

GOD WITHOUT RELIGION

BY ELMER DAVIS

THESE are hard times for the pilgrim who tries to find his way about in the debatable ground where the frontiers of science, theology, and morals meet, inquiring what we shall do to be saved. That there are a great many such persons, unable to swallow orthodox theology but repelled by materialistic nihilism, is proved by the immense sale and wide influence of such a book as Mr. Walter Lippmann's *Preface to Morals*, which creditably represents one version of the humanist answer—the answer of the people who say that man must work out his own salvation unaided. On the other hand are the superhumanists, who do not like to be called supernaturalists—the Modernists, Christians or Jewish. One of the most conspicuous of these, Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, discussed Lippmann's book and other humanist manifestoes in the December HARPER'S, under the title, "Religion Without God?" It seemed to at least one reader that he shot a good many holes in Lippmann's platform—but Lippmann's book, also, shot a good many holes in Fosdick's

platform. Lippmann shoots holes in Fosdick, Fosdick shoots holes in Lippmann; but what is there in all this for the inquiring layman? Nothing but distress. He eagerly frequents doctor and saint, and hears great argument about it and about, but evermore comes out by the same door where in he went.

Fosdick and Lippmann are both men of intelligence and good will; more important, they have an apostolic power to inspire and guide people of intelligence and good will, who cannot accept the orthodox answer but are not willing to do without some answer; who want to live the good life, and are seeking patterns of good conduct that will work. If Fosdick and Lippmann play each other to a scoreless tie, these their parishioners are no better off. Nobody profits but the extremists at either end of the scale—the irreligious libertines who care nothing about good conduct; and the bishops, local or ecumenical, who hold that the pattern of good conduct was unalterably fixed two thousand years ago and entrusted to the bishops for interpretation and enforcement.

We need not worry about the irreligious libertines; they are unlikely to get the upper hand, and if they did their victory would carry the seeds of its own defeat. Such a society as is depicted in *Point Counter Point*—in so far as that book was objective reporting, and not the outcry of a distressed sentimentalist—is psychologically unstable. The normal human mind cannot long tolerate aimless vacuity. People revolt against it; the more excitable revolt all the way, and throw themselves into the arms of the bishops. And a victory of the bishops (not the numerous reasonable men who happen to hold episcopal office, but those prelates, Catholic, Anglican, or Protestant, who regard themselves as trustees of eternal Truth) would be a grave, perhaps an irreparable disaster to civilization.

II

So the layman feels as laymen must always feel when doctors disagree: whoever is right, whoever is wrong, he knows who will be the victim. He may be excused, then, if he tries to diagnose his own case; if he searches the pronouncements of the great and the wise in the hope of discovering, not what is true, but—a much more modest aspiration—what is credible, in the present state of human knowledge.

Canst thou by searching find out God? No, but you can find out certain things that He pretty surely is not. Science is imperfect; much of its present truth will turn out to be only half truth; certain fields of consciousness do not yet, and may never, admit of scientific description. Nevertheless, we must use the ordered body of human knowledge as far as it goes and for what it is worth. The senses and the mind are the only tools we have; if we are going to ignore their witness we had better stop thinking and stop trying—either eat, drink, and be merry, or surrender ourselves to the infallible Church.

True, there are many respectable persons who argue that you can believe

whatever you want. The great logical weakness of Modernism is its great psychological strength—the implication that whatever is comfortable must be true. Says, for instance, the Reverend J. V. Moldenhawer of the First Presbyterian Church, New York, “Any man can believe anything that he needs to believe in order to hold his life steady. I will go farther and say that any man has a right to believe anything that he needs to believe, in order to hold his life steady.” These sentences, removed from their context in a brief newspaper report, may put the matter more baldly than their author intended; but they are the epitome of the Modernist creed, however its champions try to disguise it. They are also, curiously enough, the doctrine of Mr. James Branch Cabell, whose body of writings is one long brilliant argument that a pleasing illusion is more satisfying than the realities of this vale of tears. That is a valid doctrine for the artist; but for the philosopher it is intellectual suicide.

Man has a thinking machine, however faulty, and he cannot always and forever believe what is comfortable. I could hold my life much steadier if I could believe that I write as well as Mr. Ernest Hemingway, but the evidence forbids it. There are residential establishments populated by people who believe whatever they need to believe to hold their lives steady in their own eyes; and we call such places insane asylums. It is a pleasure to note that Doctor Fosdick seems to be abandoning this untenable position. A few years ago he was rather disdainful of the “obdurate and joyless heroism” of people who try to live this life decently even if they have no hope of a life to come; but he treats them more respectfully now, and he no longer props himself on such valorous phrases as “God must care,” “We cannot accept,” etc., etc., which made his *Adventurous Religion* such a trumpet blast of faith.

Lippmann left theology out of his book, apparently for tactical reasons;

he was trying to outline an ethical scheme that would work whether you believe in God or not. But, says Fosdick, "The universe is not negligible. . . . The cosmos is not neutral in dealing with man. . . . The attitude of non-chalance toward the universe is a pose which cannot be permanently maintained." Pose is a harsh word, but Fosdick's argument is sound. Mr. A. Hamilton Gibbs, lately advocating in the *Forum* a courageous humanist ethic, said that the question is not whether we need a new God, but whether we need a God at all. But if God is, you cannot argue Him out of existence by saying that Gibbs does not need Him, any more than you can conjure up the sort of God that Fosdick needs merely to supply the demand.

However, it is a view at present popular that recent scientific discoveries make it impossible to disbelieve anything. Explorers of the atom report that in its interior the law of cause and effect no longer operates. This seems to open the way, as Eddington puts it, to the return of the savage's demons, working their irresponsible will. But, as Mencken points out, this may mean only that certain laws of intra-atomic behavior have not yet been discovered. Even if you reject that as wishful thinking, the scientists have not abandoned cause and effect. The laws of nature, they hold, are not unvarying patterns but statistical probabilities. You cannot tell what will happen inside one atom; but anything perceptible contains billions of atoms, and among so many you can reason with confidence. We may no longer, says Eddington, call certain beliefs unscientific superstition; but they are still bad science. The tools are not perfect but they are fairly good—and they are all we have. We may at least, then, make a start toward separating the credible from the incredible.

Well, the bulk of the old-time religion is incredible, if the human mind can be trusted at all. Not to speak of such matters as the six-day creation, the

geocentric universe, and a God enthroned somewhere in the vicinity of the Heavenside layer—the Fall-and-Atonement drama which is the core of traditional Christianity has had to go overboard. Millions of people still profess to accept it, and accept the achievement of the human mind as well; but they can do that only by "reinterpreting" the essence of Christianity into something that would have been unrecognizable to every Christian leader from St. Paul to Bryan, or by holding that somehow contradictions are reconciled in a Higher Synthesis. You do not accept a faith by thinking about it? No, but you can accept the faith of the fathers only by resolutely refraining from thinking about it as you think about everything else.

The code of conduct that had been unwisely tied to an obsolescent theology fell with it; unless men lose heart and surrender themselves to the bishops, that particular Humpty-Dumpty can never be put together again. But science has not abolished the need of a code of conduct, though it suggests the wisdom of basing it on experience rather than on *a priori* deductions; and so far from abolishing God, modern science—astrophysics in particular—comes near abolishing atheism.

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork—such handiwork and such glory, as could not have been conceived till the telescope and the spectroscope had enabled man to search the depths of space. Science gives man this minimum beginning, not only credible but inescapable: There is an Order in the universe, and it is dynamic, not static. We see it enigmatically, in the mirrors of the great telescopes; we may never see it face to face; its fullness may be incomprehensible to the human mind. But there it is—an immense and ordered Creation, working out its destiny under the Law, which implies (perhaps rather is) a pervasive spirit or intelligence so tremendous that it seems impertinent to try to adumbrate it by any human

language. You may call it God, or Nature, or Law, or (with Shapley) "the fundamental Drift, essentially unidirectional." But it comprehends all that man used to conceive in God as Creator, and more.

But where is the God who pitieth them that fear Him like as a father pitieth His children? Several thousand years of observation of human affairs have discovered virtually no evidence of His workings; nor can we find it in the skies. It seems ridiculous to suppose that the Immanent Order of an organism whose cells are thousands of light-years wide is greatly concerned whether, on the microscopic satellite of a remote and inconsiderable star, kings rule justly, or Methodists dance. There may be a God who cares about such matters, as many individual scientists believe; but science as such tells us nothing about him, whereas to the God of Everything—or The God Who Is Everything—it bears clear witness.

If there is no God but this Cosmic Order, the confusion of theology and morals has been the gravest of human errors. (Theology, not religion. Theology is the study of the nature of God, religion the feeling of a relation between God and man. On this hypothesis it is doubtful if such a relation exists.) But we still need a theology—a new theology which is more than science, but must in certain directions be limited by science; we need a new and a more rational code of morals.

To keep these things separate may be the beginning of wisdom.

III

That God is indifferent to human doings is no new idea; it was the essence of Epicureanism. The idea that Creator and Creation are the same thing under different aspects is also ancient; but the great prophet of both doctrines is Baruch Spinoza. Modern physics has given him such amazing corroboration that so high an expert as Einstein can

say flatly, "I believe in Spinoza's God." Instead of Spinoza's static universe we discern a Heraclitean universe in constant flux—but under the Law. Modern physics has abolished the old distinction between matter and energy; they are only modes of a common substance. Matter becomes energy; energy, if Millikan is right, turns back into matter; but it is always, ultimately, the same stuff. This makes it easier to believe, with Spinoza, in a Macrocosm which is the universe as its extension is apprehended by the senses, and God as its order is envisioned by the mind. The order may have been imposed from outside; but what "outside" means in such a case is a little hard to conceive. The idea of God as the Law of the Universe involves no such gratuitous perplexities; it fits what is so far known.

This is not proof, of course; you have hopped off the solid ground of scientific certainty for a flight into the conjectural. Eddington has undertaken to define the difference between the things that can be proved by science and the things that cannot, as a difference "not between the concrete and the transcendental, but between the metrical and the non-metrical." The things that lie beyond science are just as real; but they cannot be counted, weighed, or measured. How will you grasp them, then? By faith or by metaphysics, according to taste. Faith is emotion; you cannot argue with it. Metaphysics is thinking, however inexact—an endeavor, however hampered, to find what is there, not what you would like to find. It is open to the objection that it must use the human mind as a measure, and this may be an inadequate foot rule. But it seems preferable to the elastic tape measure of faith, which can be stretched to cover as much as you want. Metaphysically I believe the balance of probability favors a Spinozist God who, in Einstein's phrase, "reveals Himself in the orderly harmony of what is." But what has this Ancient of Days, pavilioned in unimaginable splendor, to do

with man, man's destiny, man's notions of right and wrong?

Nothing, said Spinoza, and Einstein agrees with him. Worse than nothing, says Fosdick; if there is no other God than this orderly but indifferent harmony, His inexorable workings will ultimately bring man and all his aspirations to an end in a hopeless cinder heap. Fosdick does not like that prospect, and neither do I. What are we going to do about it? Well, there are only two things we can do about it. We can make the best of it, whether we like it or not (St. Paul, and the people Aldous Huxley writes about, would say that is nonsense—we had better eat, drink, and be merry); or we can maintain that there must be some other God. The Modernists choose this latter exit.

But why the "must"? The Modernists have two arguments. One is purely formal but hard to refute, though I believe it proves something else than they imagine; it can be postponed for a page or two, as they have not made much of it till lately. Their common approach is emotional: We cannot believe that God does not care about us. As Bruce Barton puts it, God must be at least as good as Bruce Barton. The logical necessity of this is not apparent, but it makes a good sales talk. As against the Spinozist, the Modernist usually argues that the inexorable laws which will some day leave this earth a desolate cinder are one thing, and God is something else—a sort of enlarged John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; a Being of considerable power and a high sense of social responsibility, who is willing to contribute to the endowment of any worthy cause provided its adherents raise an equal sum by their own endeavors.

This is a very respectable concept of God; but I cannot see any evidence to support it.

IV

To which the Modernist may properly reply, Is that so? Who cares what you can see and what you cannot? Do you

know more than Millikan and Eddington, our Moses and Elias?

Obviously not, about science; but I know the logical fallacy called *petitio principii* when I see it—the assumption as a premise of the thing you are professing to prove; and I do see it, in Millikan's *Evolution in Science and Religion*. With ninety-nine per cent of that book, I suppose, Spinoza or Einstein would concur; but the other one per cent carries Millikan a long way, and carries his uncritical disciples still farther. Millikan acquired great repute among the faithful by his resounding denunciation of atheism; but his definition of an atheist is a man who denies "the Spirit of natural order and orderly development" to which science bears witness. Most Modernists, I suspect, would regard Spinoza and Einstein as atheists; certainly all the orthodox would do so. Science gives us, says Millikan further, "the conception of progress in which we play an important part." So it does, for this inconsiderable planet. But if it is God's will to turn the sun, as you read this, into one of those exploding stars that astronomers call novæ, man with all his achievements and aspirations will vanish in a puff of flame eight minutes later, and will play no part in any subsequent progress which the cosmos may accomplish.

No scientist expects that to happen as you read this, or within uncounted millions of years thereafter; the statistical probabilities are against it. Still it might happen; and the possibility reflects some doubt on Millikan's statement that science has brought forward evidence for the belief that "Nature is at bottom benevolent." Any such evidence seems to have eluded the well-read Fosdick, whose hope of escaping the ultimate cinder heap appears to rest on something quite distinct from what he calls Nature, and Spinoza calls God. Few scientists would agree with Millikan (as scientists) that there is evidence for Nature's benevolence toward the human race; and even Millikan offers little com-

fort to the individual. "Concerning what ultimately becomes of the individual in this process," he says, "science has added nothing and subtracted nothing." Nothing? It has subtracted virtually everything that the old-time religion offered as help and solace. Subject to that considerable qualification, you may perhaps believe anything you like; but you cannot damn the man who disagrees with you as an atheist.

Millikan is doubtless used to the disintegration of elements in his laboratory; what is uranium to-day may be helium and lead to-morrow; so it is no wonder if he uses the same word with two different meanings. Atheism does not mean to him what it does to the ordinary Christian, and neither does religion. Science, he said in an interview given to the *Daily Princetonian* on January 10th last, is not incompatible with "the essential purpose of religion, which is to develop the consciences, the ideals, and the aspirations of mankind." Science, one may add, encourages such a development by suggesting that the achievement of man's ideals and aspirations depends on himself. But why call it religion? Humanists—agnostics or downright atheists—have been some of its most distinguished leaders. "One of the world's supremest needs," Millikan goes on, "is essential and not dogmatic religion. Individual religions or branches of religion often contain this essential and much that is objectionable." In other words, what we need is not the religion that most Christians actually have, but something else that Millikan chooses to call religion, which is equally open to infidels. The devout may take what comfort they can from that.

As for Eddington, not everyone that says to him, "Lord, Lord," has taken the trouble to read Eddington, or to follow his scrupulous discriminations. "Religious writers," he says, "who welcome the intrusion of natural law into the spiritual domain we regard not as scientists but as pseudo-scientists. The natu-

ral law is not adapted to the unseen world beyond the symbols. . . . We do not want a religion that deceives us for our own good." Eddington has intuitions of a personal relation to something that he calls God, and he finds nothing in science that forbids him to consider this as real as a laboratory reaction. But what Eddington finds in his laboratory Einstein can check in his laboratory; Eddington can be proved right or wrong. You cannot check Eddington's intuitions. Einstein and Jeans, scientists as reputable as Eddington, have no such intuitions; and the science which they share with Eddington gives them no reason to believe in Eddington's God, though of course it gives them no right to deny Him.

Jeans and Einstein are merely deaf to intuitions, not tuned in on a broadcast that is waiting for them? Maybe, or maybe not. You cannot prove anything about intuitions. Dr. Henry Seidel Canby summarizes Eddington thus: There are three truths, equally valid—sensory, scientific, intuitional. "This trinity is in all probability a three-in-one; three manifestations of an indissoluble unity." But while all three truths may be equally valid, only two of them admit of verification. Consider, for example, a brook in India. The sensory truth is that it is wet; any man can verify that by putting his hand in it; if he says that on the contrary it is dry, we call him crazy. The scientific truth is that it consists of H_2O (doubtless with some infusion of putrescent organic matter); any chemist can verify that; if one chemist, against all the others, insists that it is H_2SO_4 , we call him a bad chemist. But the truth of intuition? To Kim's Lama this was the River of Healing that he had sought all his life; and nobody could check up on that.

The realities of intuition, alas, are individual; every man must roll his own. It is hard enough to equate two people's intuitions even as roughly as it may be done by ideas expressible in words. The most elaborate and success-

ful attempt to organize intuitions—*i.e.* to provide that all persons present in a certain place at a certain time shall feel the same thing—is found in Wagner's music dramas, where words, melody, orchestration, action, and setting all work together to create a unitary impression. As you listen to the music you experience certain emotions; if you know the text, or understand the singers, you recognize (let us hope) that these feelings are in general apposite to what is going on. But you do not intuitively perceive that, for instance, a certain descending sequence of notes on the trombone is the Loyal-Observance-of-a-Contract Motive. You know that is what it is because you have read it in a book. It is a convention that has been agreed on to make things run more smoothly; just as we agree to suppose that the black marks on this white page represent sounds, and the sounds ideas.

Theological dogmas are an attempt to organize intuitions about religion; the better they organize, the more they do violence to individual intuitions. Trinitarian doctrine, however meaningless to modern thought, was in its day a serious endeavor to grasp and formulate something which men felt to be as real as the food they ate. Athanasius had an intuition about it, which was erected into a dogma, binding on all. But of the uncounted millions who have professed acceptance of his intuition, the immense majority must have felt about it very much as you and I feel when we learn that a descending sequence of notes on the trombone refers to the loyal observance of a contract. The idea is at first rather surprising; but we accept it because persons in authority have told us, and because it is a convention which heightens and speeds a train of thought which we are following.

Eddington belongs to the Society of Friends, a sect virtually without dogma; Millikan calls for "essential," not dogmatic, religion. It is their intuition against yours or mine, and nobody can say which (if any of us) is right. All

Modernists have a healthy distrust of dogma; but a purely intuitional theology as evidence for a God of love is a very sandy foundation for so pretentious a skyscraper. Whereas to the God of Spinoza and Einstein the whole ordered and verifiable body of knowledge bears witness.

Well, what of it? The Modernists are good people. They want to do God's will; and if, like most religious people, they identify God's will with their own best intention, what harm is done when their intention is so good? Only this—if it happens that God's will is something else, we must either give up our best intention or recognize that human history has been, and must increasingly be, a rebellion against God.

V

This may be a perverse and gloomy idea, but it is not a new one; it informs many of the Greek tragedies, though Æschylus and Sophocles were devout persons who tried to justify the ways of God to man, without much success. If you call it not rebellion against God, but the struggle to conquer Nature, even the Modernists will be proud of it. But they contend that as Nature seems certain some day to conquer man, it cannot be God. God must be something better, kinder, more righteous. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?

Certainly—right in His own eyes. That He does not do right in the eyes of man appears from the fact that apologetics—the defense of God—is an art at least three thousand years old. Scores of the world's greatest thinkers have spent their lives trying to explain the fact that God does, or permits, what man considers horribly wrong; trying to maintain, despite the evidence, that God is at least as good as Bruce Barton. I should like to believe He is; but I see no reason why God should be good at all, by Bruce Barton's standards or mine. I suspect that God is concerned, as Jeans suggests, with "other and more stu-

pendous purposes" than the regulation of human affairs; and that to impute to Him what I call goodness is disproportionate and absurd. So thought Spinoza, too: "what our reason pronounces bad is not bad as regards the order and laws of the universe, but only as regards the laws of our own nature." Surely this is not only the most rational, but as yet the only rational solution of the problem of evil. Man has vainly tried to reconcile the contrary dogmas that God is omnipotent and that God is just. God may be both if we concede that His idea of justice may be utterly different from ours.

But here the Modernist brings up his really formidable argument, which Fosdick used with effect against Lippmann. The Modernist who takes it seriously must abandon much of his own doctrine; but the Spinozist who flatly denies it lays himself open to the charge of being governed by his emotions, not his reason. Concisely it is this: Man is part of the universe, however infinitesimal. If God is the Order of the universe, man must partake of that order, however faintly; all his thoughts and feelings must be implicit in the mind of God, for *ex nihilo nihil fit*; the notion of justice could not have flowered in the human mind unless its seed had been present in that from which the human mind evolved. So it is absurd to talk of an opposition between human notions of justice and divine; what man thinks right is only a tiny and imperfect part of God's vision of right and wrong.

This, obviously, is an argument much more serious than the faith that there must be a God because we need Him. The common Modernist creed needs proving, and a great deal of it; but this doctrine makes out a *prima facie* case, and the burden of proof is on those who deny it. It is no answer to say that the Modernists in their everyday reasoning assume the distinction between Nature and God which they here deny; if they are right this time what they said yesterday and will say to-morrow does

not matter. On grounds of formal logic this argument seems to me unanswerable; but there is other evidence which suggests that perhaps it is only a partial aspect of the truth.

Formal logic is unvarying; its truths are always true. The present state of scientific knowledge suggests that the laws of Nature are only roughly and generally true—statistical probabilities; at least, our concept and formulation of natural law is as yet only roughly and generally true. How does this apply to the present case? Well, man is certainly part of the universe; but the complex of conditions, astrophysical and biological, which makes life possible on this planet is extremely rare, and may be unique. The earth seems to be a most unusual sort of celestial body; hardly radioactive at all, when radioactivity is the life work of the stars. The earth may be, as Jeans suggests, "a sort of final ash resulting from the combustion of the universe"; and life, while it may be the foreordained end product for which stellar processes are "an incredibly extravagant preparation," may equally well be "a mere accidental and possibly unimportant by-product of natural processes which have some other and more stupendous end in view," or even nothing more than "a disease which afflicts matter in its old age." (True, Jeans adds that life may also be the only reality, creating space, time, and scientific concepts as its playthings. But if that is so we are only wasting time on thought and money on the salaries of scientists.)

Man, then, may be a stone that the Builder rejected, or rather a stone to which the Builder pays little attention, as irrelevant to His purpose. If so, it leaves man free to carry out his own purposes—unless they so far interfere with the intention of the Builder that His will frustrates them; as happened, for instance, to every man from Icarus to Langley who tried to fly without adequate comprehension of the only conditions on which God cared to let man fly.

The point is that man, being what he is, is going to go on trying to carry out his own purposes; and he will frame better purposes, and carry them out more successfully, if he gives up his ancient habit of saying that what he wants is what God wants: if he faces the fact that what he wants may be precisely what God does not want—that to man's best intention God seems at best indifferent, and sometimes is actually hostile.

Fosdick would say that man's best intention must be in harmony with God's purpose, otherwise where did man get his highest ideals? But where else could he have got his lowest ideals, either? If God is everything, he must include all evil as well as all good, to the human notion. Fosdick says, and rightly, that "both physical things and spiritual values are actually here"; the spiritual values cannot be measured or equated, but the ethical concepts of the Second Isaiah and the music of Beethoven are observed facts, as much as the radioactivity of uranium. But so is the horrible cruelty of (for example) religious persecution. God gives us, potentially at least, both good and bad; the discrimination of good from bad, to human notions, is a purely human function.

In other words, man's best intention is—to man's notion—the highest product of the universe. To the rest of the universe, man and his ideals appear to be in unalterable opposition—man against God. God could not produce something that would be opposed to Himself? Perhaps not; I have no desire to flounder in the morass of speculations where the best minds of all time have bogged down. But the opposition of man's ideals to God's natural laws is as much an observed fact as the *Eroica* Symphony, or the radiation of the stars. You can get rid of it as Fosdick does, by calling what man opposes not God but Nature; but if Fosdick's God who aids man, super-human but not supernatural, sprang from Nature, it must be a God who plots to overthrow His parent as Zeus over-

threw Kronos; a rebel God, not yet crowned. How can Nature produce a God who is its enemy if it cannot produce man who is its enemy?

I suspect that Fosdick's modesty and optimism have combined to imagine this God who does what Fosdick is trying to do, and does it better. I am all for what Fosdick is trying to do; but I suspect that man is the only conspirator. The only rebel god against the great God of Everything is the best intention of man.

VI

The logical difficulty is beside the point, for practical purposes. It may be absurd to suppose that there is something—call it man or God, according as you are Humanist or Modernist—which is hostile to the universe from which it sprang. But the fact remains; what human reason pronounces bad is not bad as regards the order of the universe. God—the Spinozist God, the only God of whose existence we can be certain—has one notion of good and evil, man another. Which is right?

God is right, whether we can see it or not, said one of the profoundest thinkers, and certainly the most brilliant writer, who ever grappled with this problem—the author of the Book of Job. Job, after leading a blameless life, fell into misfortune. He argued that it was not his fault, as by human standards it certainly was not; so God answered him. And did God condescend to justify his ways to man? He did not, any more than He justified the slight but perhaps cosmologically desirable readjustment of the earth's crust, which some years ago killed three hundred thousand Japanese. God, addressing Job, adopted a proper Godlike attitude. "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season, or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" Obviously Job could not. So God went on, "Wilt thou

disannul My judgment? Wilt thou condemn Me, that thou mayest be righteous?"

Whereupon, we read, Job abhorred himself, and repented in dust and ashes—of what? Of presuming to suppose that God must be at least as good as Bruce Barton, of failing to perceive that God's view of right and wrong is not Bruce Barton's at all. But thereafter Job went on living as he had lived before—by his own best intention; he acknowledged that whatever God did was right, but he went on living on the implicit hypothesis that much of what God did might be wrong, and that a self-respecting man could only live up to his own standards. We are told that the Lord prospered him; but so many people have done as Job did without gaining any such proof of divine approval that I doubt if the author really meant it. He may have tacked on that conclusion to escape being thrown out of the congregation, as his coreligionist Spinoza was thrown out later, for expressing a very similar philosophy.

Spinoza also held that God was right—but that man was right too, in his own sphere. He tried to harmonize these contradictories by an elaborate demonstration; but his *Ethics Geometrically Proved* proves nothing except that Baruch Spinoza was a peculiar person, who thought that the good behavior to which he was naturally inclined could be proved desirable by geometrical methods. He thought, (and here Lippmann follows him) that intellectual comprehension of God's laws—i.e. the workings of the universe—would put you in such a mood of awed admiration that you would submit as meekly as Job. "In so far as we can understand the causes of pain," says Spinoza, "thus far it ceases to be pain." This is the argument from Mazzaroth and Arcturus carried a little farther, but on the same line. Lippmann goes farther yet: "to the understanding, defeat is no less interesting than victory." Mature persons will resign themselves to the fact that they

can't get what they want and will try to want what they get; they can even take a high intellectual pleasure in observing the workings of a cosmos which denies them their heart's desire.

With all respect, this seems to me the doctrine of men to whom nothing very uncomfortable ever happened. It leads straight to the conclusion that all is for the best in the best of all possible worlds, a view sufficiently answered by *Candide*. The parents of a child tortured and murdered by a degenerate will not derive much comfort from a comprehension of the criminal's abnormal psychology. The author of the Book of Job may have faked a happy ending, but he knew that pain hurts.

Spinoza, says Santayana, considered himself happy, "and doubtless he was happy in a pious indoor way." Persons who get around more than he did see a good deal that keeps on hurting even after you understand its motivation. These things must be, they are the inscrutable will of God; but man reserves the privilege of considering them atrocious, none the less. Lippmann's ethical precepts would work, in a world where everybody was naturally as well behaved as Lippmann. In the world as it is, we might get along better if we could make up our minds that the business of man is one long endeavor to thwart the will of God.

Put thus baldly, this may seem as ridiculous to the reflective as it is blasphemous to the orthodox. How can we thwart God's will? But bit by bit we all do it every day, sometimes with good results, sometimes so unsuccessfully that our endeavor was probably mistaken. For example, it appears to be a law of God—i.e. of Nature, of the universe—that they shall take who have the power and they shall keep who can. For several thousand years man has been trying to establish his own notion of justice against that. He has not succeeded very brilliantly, perhaps; but take away all the policemen for twenty-four hours, and you would see that the most

inefficient of human governments is better than the state of Nature. On the other hand, it is a law of God that a man who drinks too much shall suffer for it; man has tried to improve on that by decreeing that we must not drink at all. The benefits of this experiment are not yet impressive.

The Catholic is quite right, then, in saying that birth control, as an interference with the processes of Nature, is a contravention of the will of God. But so is medicine, both preventive and curative; so is the building of houses, the manufacture of clothes, the construction of boats and airplanes. You may argue, of course, that God implanted the impulse to all this in the human mind; but He implanted many contradictory impulses. Perhaps he implanted the principle of selection too; but here we go down deep, and come up against the same logical difficulty of a Creator creating something whose nature it is to rebel against Him. Rebellion against God—*i.e.* an attempt to improve on Nature—is the incurable habit of man. To suppose that God deliberately created him so is to impute not only an appalling malevolence to God, but an improbable importance to the human race. It is quite as permissible, and perhaps more plausible, to surmise with Jeans that man may be an unintended by-product of the real business of the universe.

What is this real business? An increase in entropy, say the scientists. In less technical language, the universe is simply running down. Energy is indestructible but it continually changes from a higher to a lower, a less useful form. The universe started out with a great deal of pep, even as Man the Microcosm starts out; but like man, the universe runs down, grows old and weary. In a few trillion years its energy will all be worn out. There will be just as much energy as ever (whatever energy is) but it will no longer be working as radiation or concentrated as matter. It will be tepid, unserviceable, diffuse; thinly pervading a space little

warmer than the absolute zero, space which is nothing but a Home for Aged and Indigent Energy. That day is inconceivably remote, but it is inexorably approaching. Millikan, the incorrigible optimist, thinks that the clock is winding itself up—that energy sprung from the disintegration of matter turns back into matter again, a perpetual-motion machine; but few of the experts agree with him. Even if he is right the process seems repetitive, uninspired, unworthy of so imposing an organism. That, however, is a human valuation. God may well take a different view.

Whether the clock winds itself up or not, the prospect is not cheerful for man. The ultimate substance of which he and the stars are made is indestructible; but if the tiny fragment of cosmos-stuff that is now the human race becomes transmuted, after uncounted ages, into the burning heart of a star yet unborn, the human race will presumably be unaware of it; as imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, is unaware that the substance which once was Cæsar stops a hole to keep the wind away. For the human race, as for the individual, the only visible end is that hopeless cinder heap which the Modernists try so hard to get around. Man sails the seas and the air; he may some day sail through space to other planets; but ultimately God will wipe him out.

What are we going to do about that?

VII

The answer is obvious: We must do the best we can, regardless. Or if you say that this "must" begs the question, it may be more exact to answer that the human race is so made that on the whole it is going to do the best it can regardless.

To some of man's great religious leaders this was not the obvious answer. Epicurus, for instance, the first great proponent of the doctrine that God is indifferent to man, thought that the ideal of good conduct—conduct that

would promote man's happiness—was *ataraxia*, peace of mind. But in practice this peace of mind had to be attained by keeping out of mischief—a good philosophy for individuals (the happiest man I know is an Epicurean in precisely this sense) but ruinous to society if any large number of individuals practice it.

What progress was made in ancient society was mostly accomplished by the Stoics, the Modernists of their day, earnest persons who built a theology out of their hopes and insisted that somehow God must help man; and who meanwhile proceeded to help themselves, and what they conceived as God's intention. Their logic was faulty, their theology was full of holes; but they made the world a better place to live in.

Voltaire, in the discouraged mood of *Candide*, seemed to agree with Epicurus; let us cultivate our garden and keep out of trouble. But in practice Voltaire was often in trouble because he considered the whole world his garden, and incurably tried to cultivate it so that it would be a better place to live in.

A more influential person than either of these gave a still more unworthy answer. No use trying to fight the beasts, said St. Paul, if the dead rise not; let us eat, drink, and be merry. That is a cowardly and contemptible philosophy and St. Paul (however much damage you may think he did) was anything but a cowardly and contemptible person. Let what he said be refuted by what he did. I am convinced that if St. Paul had become persuaded that the dead rise not he would have gone on behaving precisely as he behaved as Jew and Christian. He would have tried to make the world what he considered a better place to live in, at whatever inconvenience to himself and others; and he might eventually have been martyred for his stubborn insistence that it is better to fight the beasts than to wallow in the sty, even if the dead rise not.

Whatever they say, whether or not they whistle to keep up their courage, the

best men have always done the best they could. Our best may not be much, in the face of so tremendous and inexorable a universe; but on that point the scientists begin to be surprisingly encouraging. Discounting Millikan's somewhat premature confidence in the benevolence of Nature, there remains what Langmuir said to the American Chemical Society last fall: "It is still an open question whether processes directed by intelligent beings may not involve a decrease in entropy." That is, perhaps man can delay the process of running down, even if he cannot wind the clock up again. "In fact," Langmuir proceeded, "it seems conceivable that the evolution of organized life on earth is in some degree contrary to the Second Law of Thermodynamics." Man's mere appearance, then, may herald the beginning of a winding of the clock.

Note Langmuir's caution: "It seems conceivable," "It is still an open question." Evidence is slight, and the logical difficulty still remains—can a universe running down produce, of its own substance, a rebel against its own laws who will wind it up? But if it shall ever appear from the evidence that this is what is actually happening, men who think will conclude that there is something wrong with the Second Law of Thermodynamics; that it does not go far enough, that perhaps the appearance of the predestined winder-up is part of the plan. Man, in that case, would be what the Modernists call God—a sort of Siegfried, created to do what the All-Father could not or did not choose to do in person.

That, so far, is speculation. Even if it turns out to be as implausible as the eschatology of St. John the Divine seems to us now, even if man cannot hope to defeat what at present seems God's purpose, he may still hope (like a small college playing football against a great university) to hold God to a low score. The periods of the game are pretty long. "Looked at in terms of space," says Jeans, "the message of astronomy is

at best one of melancholy grandeur and oppressive vastness. Looked at in terms of time, it becomes one of endless possibility and hope. . . . A day of almost unthinkable length stretches before us, with unimaginable opportunities for accomplishment." Barring some highly improbable explosion or collision, the sun is good for trillions of years more. Man must die long before the sun goes out unless he can somehow move somewhere; but even so his expectation of life is measured by billions rather than millions of years. A short time on the cosmic clock, but a long time for man whose civilized past bears the same relation to his probable future as (to borrow Jean's figure) the thickness of a postage stamp to the height of Mont Blanc.

But this hopeful prospect is only for the race. What about the individual? He is not worth troubling about, says Shapley, "except as he contributes, by deed, thought, or progeny, to the survival of the species." Many Modernists, almost all scientists, would assent to that. Salvation, if any, is for the race. The individual who has so much ego in his cosmos that he demands it for himself had better sell his mind to the bishops, who will give him a gilt-edged assurance of eternal life.

The rest of us must believe that the good life, primarily, is the life that is good for the race; but we are human enough to want to believe that it is good for the individual too. To be concrete, how can we persuade our children that they ought to be honest when dishonesty (intellectual, if not monetary) so often seems the best policy for the individual,

however ultimately disastrous for the species?

I am not ambitious enough to attempt to find a formula for that; I merely suggest that certain formulas hallowed by time had better be abandoned as unworkable. We do not want a religion that deceives us for our own comfort. Being fallible, we may be bound to deceive ourselves sometimes; but it is better to deceive ourselves on the difficult rather than the easy side. Then, if we are mistaken, we may find that things were better than we thought. Pain is pain, evil is evil, no matter how well you comprehend them. Certain things are wrong, and to all appearance can never be set right; certain things, when they are lost, are lost forever. There may be forces in the universe friendly to man, but the evidence is as yet unconvincing. To recognize that the Whole seems at best indifferent, sometimes actively hostile; that there are some of its stubborn resistances which we can probably never overcome; that we shall get only what we fight for, and not all of that; and that he that loses his life for the general good cannot count on saving anything but his own self-respect—this may not get us much farther forward, but at least it might clear away some ancient obstacles.

You don't like that prospect? Well, it doesn't make any difference whether you like it or not; to present appearance that is what you have got and you had better make the best of it. Fortunately mankind, for all its frailties, has a general tendency to think better of itself when it tries than when it curls up and quits. Self-respect may save us yet.



CORPORAL HUMPLIT OF THE 4TH MUSKETEERS

A STORY

BY H. R. WAKEFIELD

NOW, I don't know the name of that city and I don't even know in what country it is, or how I got there or how I slipped away from it. And I don't believe that country is on any map, and all the better, say I. And you people who make maps, you'd better be careful. For very likely the people of that land will come and boast some Tall Tales to you and try to persuade you to put that country on your maps. Maybe they'll say they have a line of hills there, not one of them less than a hundred thousand feet high, and that they trip to the top of them and down again before breakfast every morning. And that they've a river, they may call it Drumbole, a thousand miles across from bank to bank, and that near its mouth where it sucks the salt from the plumbless sea, you can watch, on any clear morning in the spring the sea-serpents intertwining amorously their long necks together, and presently the shores blazing with the shimmer from their big square eggs, weighing each a ton—or so they'll tell you. And don't believe what they say about the lake they have, deeper than from earth to moon, full of whales like summer clouds, and fishes big as mammoths with fins upon their flanks, and Grumbals and Ferodons, bigger still. No, you cartographers, don't believe these tales and don't allow this country on your maps, for it's not a land to be encouraged.

I've said I don't know how I reached this land or how I slipped away from it,

but I do know I was standing in that great square, just as the clock of St. Nero's was thumping out twelve strokes, a sullen, steady patter of inter-echoed throbbing. And I thought I was alone there. But the moon strained itself past the fine campanile of St. Nero's and flooded down upon those huge stone blocks, so that it was light as day could ever be in that land, and more than bright enough for me to spy a shifting shadow which flicked in from a street—maybe not a street—but round a corner into the square, and, head down, staggered droopingly and desperately somewhat in my direction, seeking sanctuary in St. Nero's, it seemed to me.

He hadn't gone ten yards before the others were at his heels—a pack of them, swinging menacingly such a little way behind him and gaining upon him. As he staggered, they gained and they caught him within ten yards of St. Nero's. They got round him and how they beat him, that bedraggled posse, clad in gray and rotting rags. Some were hobbling and swaying as they lashed out with their crutches; some armless, swung their broken boots to good purpose; and others might have been blind from the way they ran round with their arms outstretched and groping till they found a grip on this fellow, and then they struck at him in such a way I found it hard to watch. How he dodged, how he swerved, struck back feebly, round and round the square for me to see, and those after him, and presently he slipped and fell, and

they swooped upon him. I can tell you, I was glad when he squirmed through that pack and hurled himself through the great door of St. Nero's. And then a shadow popped past me and settled itself a yard or so ahead of me and a Voice said, "Don't look round! I'm not going to hurt you. What did you think of that little affair?"

"I shouldn't care to see it every day."

"You couldn't. It happens only once a year," said the Voice.

"Who were those figures in gray?"

"Have a guess."

"They had a look of soldiers about them."

"And so they are—or were—however you like to put it," said the Voice. "And they've certainly been in the wars, haven't they? Not a whole body among them. They come from the Soldiers' Cemetery on the Triskan Road."

"And who was the one they hunted and beat?"

"You'd never guess that," said the Voice. "Now, if you promise not to look round, I'll tell you all about him. Some years ago we had an argument with our good neighbors across the frontier. I forget what it was all about. So we went on killing one another for a year or two, and then we got bored with it. I forget who won. Anyway, when it was all over, our King was so poor that he had to sell his collection of Ferodons and Grumbals—"

"And what may they be?"

And then the Voice told me such a story of how big they were and how they lived in that lake and those hills above it as deep as here to the moon, out of which went that river whose banks were white with sea-snakes' eggs in spring-time that I told him to go on with his tale.

"Well," said the Voice, "the King couldn't afford another such war so he started 'Never Again Day' which is celebrated on the anniversary of the day the war ended. And a busy day it is! First thing in the morning, the warning bombs are fired, and over come the Sky-

fliers, and presently carts full of corpses are driven through the streets, but everyone knows they're only dummies and hardly bothers to look at them—I think that'll be given up next year. And a bit later everyone has to buy a Never Again flower and pin it on his chest and pay a tenth of all he's got for it. And at eleven o'clock everyone must say, 'Never Again' without stopping for two hours. And in the square a big, stuffed figure is set up, and it has a round collar on its neck buttoned at the back and a red coat with medals. And it has this inscription on it, 'All those who wish to live peacefully with their neighbors should walk about with a pistol in one hand and a spear in the other.' And then this figure is shot and stabbed. And at night a Field-Marshal is roasted whole.

"Well, after a time the King thought Never Again Day wanted freshening up. So he got the idea of the Symbolic Soldier. In other words, he decided to dig up some stiff from his grave, label him the Symbolic Soldier, and put him in a fine new vault in St. Nero's."

"But why?" I asked.

"To freshen up Never Again Day. And you ask too many questions. I might ask you how you got here and how you'll get away."

"Well, go on with your tale," I said.

"And I think," said the King, "the Symbolic Soldier shall be that fellow with the varicose veins."

"They're rather common in the cavalry, Sire," said the President of the Council. "Is there anything else concerning him recorded in your august memory which might assist in his identification?"

"Yes," said the King, "he won the Order of Valor twenty-nine times."

"Oh," said the President, "Your Majesty must mean Corporal Humpit of the 4th Musketeers."

"That's the fellow," agreed the King.

"Now this Humpit had as one of his duties the control of the Double Vision ration, which—to save you interrupt-

ing—is a courage-inducing fluid kept in jars and issued to soldiers when heroic feats have to be performed. Humpit had secured this office through sheer force of character, and after all his men had been supplied, he emptied the jar, with the result that he subsequently committed deeds of infinite military value of which afterwards he had no recollection whatsoever. And each time the tale of his achievements was printed in the *Gazette* and he got the Order of Valor again, he read the few laudatory and soldierly lines with considerable surprise and, in the end, resignation. But what a head he'd always had the next morning! Now, when the King went forth to war and was given an admirable King's-eye view of the area of hostilities from an eminence and through a powerful telescope, he demanded that Corporal Humpit should be presented to him. Hurriedly and inadequately freed from trench vermin, he was ushered into the Presence.

“‘Corporal,’ said the King, ‘you are a great credit to your country and a mighty scourge to its foes, and I consider it extraordinary that you have earned the Order of Valor twenty-nine times, and no other of my soldiers more than twice.’

“‘Yes, Your Majesty,’ replied Humpit, ‘it is rather rum.’

“‘And what,’ asked the King, ‘do you consider the qualities most necessary to the modern soldier?’

“‘Influential friends in the War Department,’ replied the Corporal, ‘and acute varicose veins.’

“Whereupon the King dismissed him and had one of the worst coughing attacks of his reign. And a little later Corporal Humpit foolishly shoved his face in front of a machine gun.

“So Old Cornuble, the caretaker of the Soldiers' Cemetery, was told to scratch up Humpit and send him along in a casket to the War Department.

“‘I've got a general,’ said Old Cornuble; ‘hadn't I better send him?’

“‘If it were known you'd sent a gen-

eral,’ he was told, ‘it would imperil the dynasty.’

“Now the old man was lazy and rheumatically, so he told his assistant, Vashta, to do the job. Now this Vashta had had extracted from his face twenty-four pieces of bomb, and when any child got a close look at him it uttered a yell and took to its heels. This soured him and he was feeling unusually sour as he trundled off with his horse and cart and the casket in it, for that very morning two young girls visiting the cemetery had seen him and one had nudged the other and said, ‘That must have fallen from the Cathedral.’ And he'd understood what she'd meant.

“Suddenly he remembered that some time before he had earthed a fellow named Vladimir Pannekin, who'd been a nasty mess when the firing-squad had finished with him. He'd been a very cheap spy, and his information quite valueless. Now, Vashta in his sour mood thought what a joke it would be to dig up this Pannekin instead of Humpit and shove him in the shell. Pannekin had been hastily trundled into a shallow hole, dug in a piece of unconsecrated and swampy ground, so Vashta took his spade and dug around. After fishing up a brace of suicides and a murderer, he discovered Pannekin at last, looking much the worse for wear. He bundled him into the casket and trundled back to Old Cornuble who sent it to the War Department and signed a paper to the effect that it was Humpit. There the shell was placed in a fine coffin with gold handles to it, and eight years ago on Never Again Day he was taken to St. Nero's. And what bugle calls there were and muffled drums and funeral marches and speeches before they lowered Pannekin into the great vault, while eight princes held his pall. It was a big change for him. Instead of six shallow feet in an unhallowed midden, a roomy, dry house in a fine church, surrounded by his peers, the Great Ones, instead of having his right big toe in a gunman's eye.

"And then the rumor started—no one knew how—perhaps Vashta babbled in his cups, but anyhow, very soon everyone was whispering and hinting that it was really traitor Pannekin and not gallant Humpit who lay beneath the central aisle of St. Nero's. Such rumors have ever a gale behind them, and soon this one was blown to the steps of the throne itself. So the King made inquiries. Old Cornuble was questioned and had to confess he had disobeyed his orders and that Vashta had done the job. It wouldn't have done to sack the old Lazybones, but the King gave him such cuts with his cane that the old boy danced like a bear. Then the King sent for Vashta and asked him whom he'd dug up. 'Vladimir Pannekin,' said Vashta. So he was taken to a room in the State prison, and in one corner was a fellow with a cauldron of oil so hot it sang like a kettle; and in another corner a big negro was fixing straps to a wheel; and in another was a rat in a box. And in the fourth corner was a coffin.

"And then the King asked Vashta again whom he'd dug up, and Vashta had a look round and then he said, 'Corporal Humpit of the 4th Musketeers.'

"Then make your mark at the bottom of this paper,' said the King and gave him such a cut with his cane that he doubled up till the back of his head tapped the floor. Then the King issued a proclamation which said that certain disaffected persons had attempted to spread the notion that the Symbolic Soldier was not Corporal Humpit but another. This was a treasonable lie, and ex-soldier Vashta, who had carried out the exhumation, had sworn to this. Anyone found spreading this rumor in the future would have inflicted upon him the Death that was Slow but Sure.

"The people didn't believe a word of this but they soon ceased to bother about it; and I assure you that to-day if they opened the vault and the coffin and found Lord Eblis himself winking at them, they wouldn't care. But the soldiers in the Cemetery care."

"So they took it into their own hands," I said.

"Yes," said the Voice. "They must fetch Pannekin out very early in the morning. I can't be sure because I don't get here till after dark. And I don't know what they do to him during the day, but at midnight they hunt him home as you saw."

"It's not quite fair," I said; "it wasn't his fault."

"That may be partly so," said the Voice, "but you can't expect a bullet through the brain-pan to improve the logical sense, nor to be blown into small pieces to soothe the temper. They just hate the idea of Pannekin being in that vault, and surely they have a right to him one day a year. The King knows about it; that's why no one's allowed out after eleven on Never Again Day."

"Your King seems an energetic monarch," I said. "I wonder what he'll start next."

"Naval economies, I fancy, for he's having an affair with the third wife of the Lord High Admiral, a very highly paid and unnecessary official."

"Well," I said, "if no one is allowed out after eleven, how are you here?"

"Oh, His Majesty couldn't stop *me*," said the Voice.

"Why not, and who are you and why mayn't I look round?"

"Well, I don't want you to look because I'm rather vain of my appearance, and as the result of foolishly looking at a machine gun in the face I lost mine. I'm gallant Corporal Humpit of the 4th Musketeers, allowed out once a year to watch my former comrades hunt traitor Pannekin home. Shall I have the pleasure of meeting you here next year?"

"Not if I can help it."

"Good-by, then." And the shadow was pulled back, tickled my toes, ran up my legs, and disappeared.

Now, should such a land be encouraged? Where they tell such tales as that. But you won't believe I heard it,

and you won't believe I saw Pannekin
 nip round the edge of that great square
 pursued by that dishevelled pack. Nor
 that I heard the huge tolling of St.
 Nero's; nor that I heard that Voice and
 that its shadow tickled my toes.

And you'd like to say I dreamed it all.
 "How did you get there?" you'll ask,
 "and how did you get away? And what's
 the name of that land and why can't we
 find it on our maps?" I know no more
 than you do.

A BRIBE TO SAINT ANTONY OF PADUA

(Who aids in the recovery of all lost things)

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

SAINTE ANTONY,
*Does it not try the patience of a saint
 To hear complaint
 Of what is lost—
 Not like the white palmettoes and curled fronds of frost—
 But somewhere to be found
 In filth, lint, litter, on the ground?
 Saint Antony, this is no idle rhyme;
 I could employ your time
 Without your giving back
 One jewel from a crack.
 I offer in exchange
 The freest range
 In searching high, not low, for what I've lost.
 Though it were folly to recount the cost,
 Seek my lost love and set your sandal on a hill
 Where on midsummer nights the leaves distil
 Slow drops of dew.
 Saint Antony, it is my courtesy to you
 To lead you there
 And let you stare
 At starlight and close sky,
 But bring me back no meteor's reply.
 Be fowler to high winds and net me one lost thought
 A penny might have bought;
 Or if you long for space
 Too high to chart or trace
 Seek through eternity until you find
 My peace of mind.
 Saint Antony, I ask no brooch or ring,
 No thing
 But what adds luster to a saint to bring.
 Then promise me you'll not forswear
 This search of what has vanished in thin air.*



MR. JUSTICE HOLMES

FOR HIS EIGHTY-NINTH BIRTHDAY

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

Professor of Political Science, University of London

THE Supreme Court of the United States is not merely a tribunal where the controversies of men are resolved; it is also a legislature in which the life of a nation is given form and color. Since John Marshall revealed to the American people what their new constitution might imply, none has so clearly molded its texture as Mr. Justice Holmes. He stands out in its history not merely as one of the two or three most significant figures in the record, but, also, as one of the supreme expositors of principle in the annals of the Common Law. To read his opinions is to capture once again something of the excitement a lawyer feels when he first reads a judgment of Mansfield or Jessel or Bowen. Here is law in the grand style, law as a part of the living fabric of life, law as literature as well as technic, law as philosophy not less than science. When, twenty-five years ago, John Morley visited America, he came back to affirm that in Mr. Justice Holmes America possessed the greatest judge of the English-speaking world. Time reinforces that emphasis; for it has made of him a member of that supreme fellowship which reaches back to the endless past in which men sought a place for plan and order in human affairs. Gaius is there, and Ulpian, Mansfield and d'Aguesseau, Marshall and Savigny and Maitland. I do not think they will resent the company of Mr. Justice Holmes.

He has proved again the simple secret

that a great judge must be a great man. He must have a full sense of the seamless web of life, a grasp of the endless tradition from which we cannot escape. He must be capable of stern logic, and yet refuse to sacrifice to logic the hopes and fears and wants of men. He must be able to catch a glimpse of the ultimate in the immediate, of the universal in the particular. He must be statesman as well as jurist, thinker as well as lawyer. What he is doing is to shape the categories through which life must flow, and he must have a constant sense of the greatness of his task. He must know the hearts of men, and yet ask to be judged from the conscience of their minds. He must have a constant sense of essential power, and yet be capable of humility in its exercise. He must be the servant of justice and not its master, the conscience of the community and not of its dominant interests. He has to put aside the ambition which drives the politician to search for power and the thinker to the construction of abstract system. No one must be more aware of the limitations of his material, none more hesitant about his personal conviction. The great judge is perhaps the rarest of human types, for in being supremely himself he must yet be supremely selfless. He has to strive towards results he cannot control through material he has not chosen. He has to be in the great world and yet aloof from it, to observe and to examine without seeking to influence. A politi-

cal system which produces great judges can feel some real assurance about its future.

Mr. Justice Holmes has been a great judge because it is in terms like these that he has consistently thought of his work. Whether as Chief Justice in Massachusetts or as a member of the Supreme Court, he has sought to make the infinitely small illuminate the infinitely great. He has had a consistent sense of himself as the servant of great principles, bound to their application not in terms of his personal desires but of their relation to popular will. He has understood the part that development must play in law; has sought, therefore, to safeguard the present from imprisonment in the categories of the past. (The test to which he has brought all principle he has been asked to judge is not whether he approved it, nor whether its results may be judged desirable; what rather he has done is to ask himself always whether a reasonable man could do what, on the evidence, a legislature has chosen to attempt.) He has not made himself the jailer of experiment, nor has he ever sought to exalt the acts of government over the claims of humble citizens. He has been alert to the needs of power, but critical always of the means by which it sought to realize its end. He has recognized, as some of his colleagues have failed to recognize, that the American Constitution does not forbid experiment, but asks only that experiment shall be tender to established expectation. He has never sought as, again, some of his colleagues have sought, to make his philosophy an absolute, to establish it as a standard to which other men must necessarily conform. His life on the bench has been a process of learning, a recognition that habits and principles change, that each truth must be born of someone's experience, that a golden rule is only too often an instrument of persecution. In the result, he has always kept step with the march of the age. He has seen that his task is not the satisfaction of a dead

past, but the considered response to a living present. The criterion by which he has worked has been an effort so to shape constitutional dogma that it is not a Procrustes' bed upon which men lose their human shape. He has never forgotten the famous admonition of John Marshall, that it is a constitution he is expounding; and he has ceaselessly remembered that the constitution is not a gate but a road.

This is a general vision; and it is for the technician to expound the particular instance. Here one can only recall the method of approach, the incisive statement of attitude. Most of it, perhaps, is summarized in that famous phrase in the dissent of *Lochner v. New York*: "the Fourteenth Amendment does not enact Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Social Statics*." You cannot, he has said in effect, apply to child labor, or the minimum wage, to public utilities, or the exercise of governmental power the methods or the principles which the nineteenth century deemed final. We have new knowledge; we have made new discoveries. The business of the lawyer is to adapt the American Constitution to the demands which new knowledge and new discoveries enable us to satisfy. A thing is not wrong because Chief Justice Marshall could not, a hundred years ago, have conceived it to be right. The American Constitution was not made to compel the twentieth-century American to move in the swaddling-clothes of his ancestors' ideas. The American Constitution must be molded by reason to fit new needs and new necessities. A world of railroads and motor cars, of wireless and the telegram cannot be governed by the standards of an eighteenth-century agrarian state. The law must recognize change and growth even where the lawyer dislikes their implications. He may be skeptical of their implications; he has not the right to substitute his own pattern of Utopia for what they seek to accomplish.

And he has insisted, second, that the American Constitution is a federal in-

strument. Boston does not set the pattern of its habits, nor does New York, nor Washington. Students of politics will not easily forget the perceptiveness of the decision in *Noble State Bank v. Haskell*, the modern charter of the federal state. For there Mr. Justice Holmes made it plain that not only does federalism mean variety in unity; it means also, in the proper sphere, a license to experiment with the unknown, a right to sail one's ship upon the rocks. He has wisely set his face against the idea that the constituent states of the American Commonwealth are to limit their activities to canons of conduct which some vital interests—the banker's, the business man's, the great corporation's—thought beneficial to themselves. He may have believed the experiment foolish; not seldom one can glimpse a smile of indulgence even in the cold print of the decision. But he has steadfastly refused to substitute his own wisdom for the foolish experiments of others, granted only that the right to experiment is there. He has been the judge and not the legislator. He has not sought to usurp the power of the legislature to discover truth even in the most unlikely places.

Nor has he been willing to fasten the grip of nineteenth-century individualism upon the activities of the federal government. He has seen that new administrative possibilities make new law. He has recognized that the problems of a hundred and twenty million people in the modern and positive state are not the problems of the sparse and scattered communities in the America of Hamilton and Jefferson. Where Congress has thought what, on the evidence, a reasonable man might think, he has refused to be outraged by its novelty or dismayed by the increase of its power. He has asked only for proof that the authority sought is one not denied by the Constitution. He has realized that the conception of statehood is not a dogma fixed eternally in 1787, but an elastic formula shaped by the experiences of

mankind. His refusal to make his own social philosophy the measure of Congressional action has not been the least force in this last generation in making the Constitution of the United States compatible with the enlargement of American life.

No part of Mr. Justice Holmes' work upon the bench is more likely to prove enduring than the attitude he has revealed to the individual rights the Constitution has sought to safeguard. Some of his decisions, it is safe to say, will in this realm rank with the classic cases in which the frontiers of human freedom have been protected from invasion. It is not, as *United States v. Debs* is there to show, that Mr. Justice Holmes has made liberty an absolute before which all other considerations fade; his individual is always a member of society, not Crusoe on his island or Stylites on his pillar. But he has refused to say that the citizen is subject to penalties because the opinion he utters is unwise or unpopular or critical of the government of the day. He has insisted that so long as what is said does not directly provoke immediate public disorder it is the business of the Courts decisively to protect freedom of speech. His dissent on *Abrams v. United States* is in the great American tradition; and it is safe to say that it belongs with some half-dozen utterances since the Civil War which show that, despite Governor Fuller and Senator Lusk, American zeal for free inquiry into political foundations can still find classic expression.

It is natural to think of Mr. Justice Holmes as, above all, the great expositor of the Constitution. But it is important to remember how much more, as a lawyer, he is than this would imply. His place is with Maine and Maitland as one of the supreme legal historians of the last sixty years. The *Common Law*, certain papers on agency, a dissertation on the "Path of the Law," all these have been epoch-making pronouncements which definitely broke new ground in juristic science. Dean Wigmore has explained

how important a part he has played in the development of the law of torts. Certain footnotes of Maitland and of Pound illustrate how much of the wider aspects of jurisprudence goes back to seminal hints which he scattered, half a century ago, with so liberal a hand. Judges of the new generation like Cardozo and Learned Hand would be the first to admit how much they have learned from his teaching and example. Mr. Justice Higgins in Australia, Lord Haldane and Lord Sankey in England have emphasized the debt that they owe him. He can claim, in a sense, to have been the first of American judges with a grasp of history sufficiently profound, and philosophic principles sufficiently articulate, to have made the law an incisive expression of general social life. To read his opinions as a whole is to know what Montesquieu would have been like had he presided over a modern court. He, too, like that great pathfinder, has made his place in the canonical succession of those who push forward the boundaries of wisdom in legal institutions.

II

He has been a great judge because he has never ceased to be a philosopher. He has sought always to find his way from the little fact to the secrets of the universe. By temperament a skeptic, by training a scholar, one sees in his whole attitude to life the qualities which make for wisdom. He has never ceased to inquire. He has never been satisfied to stay still. He has never accepted traditional knowledge because it is traditional. He has never been content to accumulate learning merely for its own sake. His life has been passed in seeking to discover what are the right questions to ask. Where he has been impatient, it has been with those who, like Hegel, make tight and rigid systems of dogma, and do not recognize the need to admit how little we can hope to know. What impresses him is the man like Darwin who by slow and patient obser-

vation builds new general principles upon the grand scale. It is Plato the artist rather than Plato the philosopher that attracts him. He is for Montesquieu rather than Rousseau, for Maitland rather than Macaulay.

He has always had a sense of the effort involved in thought, with, as a result, a high reverence for the thinker. "Great men," as he has said, "have given their lives to cut pregnant thoughts from the raw material"; and it is the recognition of the sacrifice which thought entails which has shaped the whole contour of his own construction. If I had to find a term for his own philosophic outlook, it is Roman Stoicism that I should choose. The thought that Seneca put into his writings he has relived in his own career. You cannot know ultimate truth. The world is there, and you must respond to the call of duty. Man lives and grows by the quality of the effort he makes to understand. Our life is a battlefield in which victory comes to the stern heart and the taut mind. To expect little and to go on striving is the true secret of happiness. Work and friends sweeten the certainty of ultimate annihilation. We are not the universe but an infinitesimal fragment thrown carelessly into endless space. What becomes us most is humility, and the pride of man who thinks himself Lord of Creation is an inability to grasp his situation and a lack of a sense of humor. Patience, endurance, curiosity, courage, these in the permanent context that truth must stand in the first place always, have been the virtues he has loved best. Lust for power, zeal for wealth have left him utterly unmoved. The men in his own life who have impressed him are those who have wrested some of its secrets from the universe or triumphed over one more barrier that Nature has set in our way.

Of ordinary faith he has none; religious affirmation seems to him the expression of a claim to greater knowledge than he would admit. The ordinary political creeds have never moved him

profoundly. He is not a socialist because he is too impressed by the differences between men. He is not a conservative because the inevitability of change seems to him to demand a ceaseless power of adaptation with which conservatism finds it difficult to make terms. "Truth," he has somewhere written, "is the majority vote of that nation that could lick all others"; and by that grim irony he meant that our perceptions become objective by the volume of assent that they win. What he has above all been anxious for is that men should not confound the familiar with the eternal, that they should not postulate their systems of private preference as the inescapable laws of the universe. We are, as he once happily said, private soldiers in an army, and the plan of campaign, if there is a plan, has not been confided to us.

It is a creed which teaches charity, toleration, liberalism. It recognizes without discussion that one's neighbor's view may be deeply rooted in an intimate experience, and that, so far, he is justified in its maintenance. Because it denies absolutes, it refuses persecution; all philosophies have an equal right to win adherents in the open competition of the marketplace. It knows that what we know is never final, and it is, therefore, insistently curious and insistently receptive. Truth is a moment's perception of what we cannot help believing if we are to make our way in a direction that may answer our wants. There are no final ethics and no final social philosophy. There are first principles that we assume because there is an end we want to reach, an ideal we seek to obtain; and it is the part of a civilized man to know that those first principles can well be doubted. We have our certainties, that is, but we are not entitled to certitude about them. "Our system of morality," Mr. Justice Holmes has written, "is a body of imperfect social generalizations expressed in terms of emotion." Admit that, and the case for imposing it as final disappears. We may insist that

it must be applied, but we must be sure always to count the cost of its application.

This attitude it is, I think, which explains why Mr. Justice Holmes has always seemed a radical to conservatives, and why radicals have felt that even in his rejection of their conclusions he is yet a powerful ally. Conservatives distrust his skepticism and his irreverence; they find his dismissal of principles they regard as socially ultimate destructive of the foundations of the state. They have been tutored to the belief that there are eternal truths, and they dislike their reduction to the status of codes which have no more than passing significance. They are, indeed, hopelessly wrong in attributing to Mr. Justice Holmes any corpus of radical beliefs; all that he has is a willingness to experiment with novelty in fundamentals. And it is that willingness to experiment which is the basis of his hold over the radical mind. It has its own private scheme of absolutes; but it recognizes in his temper that skepticism of the instrument which gives new experience its opportunity of expression. (The conservative believes that change is erroneous and undesirable; the radical insists that it is necessary and urgent.) Mr. Justice Holmes simply urges that since change is inevitable, we must provide for its coming and see to it only that the game is played in terms of the rules. Much of what passes to-day for radical doctrine he would, I think, privately regard as politically unsound and economically unwise. For him Marx is completely unscientific, the Webbs, the spinners of ethereal Utopias, socialists, a party seeking merely to transfer the burden from the strong to the weak. But he would never admit that their philosophies are legitimately excluded from the field of potential experiment. He would fully insist that men may fight for ideals he does not share. He would postulate a recognition that he may be mistaken as the central principle of political justice.

I have called it Roman Stoicism be-

cause, like that philosophy at its best, it moves upon the heights. It lacks the enthusiasm of the missionary, the radiance of the acolyte with a new god to proclaim. But it makes for the calm mind, the serene temper, the heart that spends itself in personal affection rather than intellectual hate. There has gone to it the reflective wisdom of sixty years, and it has not been born without pain. It has seen institutions wither and faiths crumble as life has been built upon a wider synthesis of experience. It has, therefore, sought to understand the crude facts of life without repining and to weigh their significance without fear. It is so conscious of the possibility of error in human constructions that it is skeptical, even a little sad, in the presence of clamant affirmation.

For Mr. Justice Holmes has known that great thoughts come only to men who are capable of heroic self-sacrifice. Every man who is to confront the impenetrable universe proudly must, Galileo-like, face an inquisition none the less formidable because it is ceaselessly active in his own heart. To such a philosophy, optimism is a little crude, and the pessimist confounded by the fruits of the yearning to know. There has been, let it be admitted, profound ambition behind it all; the proud sense of what he has called "the secret, isolated joy of the thinker who knows that, a hundred years after he is dead and forgotten, men who never heard of him will be moving to the measure of his thought." It is a philosophy which only a mature and courageous mind may dare to accept, the creed of a soldier in the army of truth. For it is prepared to accept whatever the morrow may bring forth and to adjust its final principles to new verities. It is willing to see the world shaped by other men to a pattern it does not approve. It is content if it knows the joy of ceaseless intellectual curiosity, and has experienced something of that inner ecstasy which comes to those who have made the supreme voyages in the history of the human mind.

III

Few of us can look back on the memories which make friendship with Mr. Justice Holmes a liberal education. The Civil War, the Boston of Emerson and Lowell, the London in which Mill was still an eminent contemporary, and Morley and Leslie Stephen on the threshold of manhood—to speak with him of the past years is like a study in the intellectual development of the nineteenth century. His house in Washington, where Henry Adams would come to have his glittering generalizations pricked by the sobering nastiness of a fact, the home in Beverly Farms where he would explain to William James that he was a great psychologist and a dubious metaphysician, these have been to many of us another university where, from friendship, we have half-consciously learned wisdom.

The talk of Mr. Justice Holmes is a thing that few of us who have ever heard it can forget. Nothing is taken for granted, and everything is acceptable save the pompous and the rhetorical. It is swift, racy talk, never self-absorptive, always a little ironical, happy in the marshalling of ideas, rich in allusion. Sometimes his gods have not been ours, and there has been a half amused defense in terms of an attack upon the new idols. We have not seen why he continues to respect Herbert Spencer, and we have learned something of the release Spencer implied to that generation. We have decried Emerson as excessively sententious, and there comes a reminder, verified by the right texts, of how true a poet Emerson was. We have exalted Plato, or Pascal or Newman; and we are made to prove our thesis point by point until a brave epigram perishes in the acid solvent of exaggeration made manifest. We eulogize the æsthetic perception of Henry James, and we are smilingly asked whether it is not the first duty of a novelist to be able to tell a story. We hear a resounding attack upon Rousseau and make protest; we plead

for a re-reading of the text. Then comes a letter in which explanatory recantation is made. If I may so phrase it, talk with him is a lesson in the art of thinking quantitatively. You learn why you put a particular value upon man or book or idea and not a different value. And that vivid, restless mind plays round the whole scheme of discussion, eternally free, because eternally vigilant.

Lord Haldane used to say that Mr. Justice Holmes was, with Morley and Gambetta, one of the three best talkers he had ever known. Here one must differentiate. Gambetta, by all accounts, was not a talker, but a specialist in monologue; and Morley less drew you out than made your observations the basis upon which to build reflections of his own. The judge's talk is of a different kind. It is a co-operative examination of ideas, a hunt with you after an exciting quarry which lurks just over the horizon. There is never an assumption of superiority, never an unfair use of experience, always a willingness to accept the palpable hit. It is like a Platonic dialogue in which Plato allows honest play to the opponents of Socrates. It combines gaiety with illumination, wit with gravity, the flashing phrase with careful precision. No platitudes pass muster in that ample book-lined study in Washington just because they are the commonplaces of tradition; and novelty is rarely eulogized just because it is the fashion of the hour.

It is significant that he has always been loved by the young and that, down to this hour, they have never felt oppressed by the burden of his years. Partly, that is because he takes endless pains to understand them; partly because he is always so anxious to give them of his best. No man of our times has been so eager to know the best there is in the experiment of the moment. No thinker, no poet, no scientist, but he is anxious to sample lest he omit some experience of what may prove precious in the heritage. He will finger the pages of T. S. Eliot to-day in the same quick

search for enchantment as sixty years ago he fingered the pages of Tennyson or Whitman or Browning. He will read the last paper of Dewey or Morris Cohen with the same grave attention he has given to Bradley and Spencer. The last great discovery in science gives him the same thrill of excitement that he had when Darwin first gave him the sense of new horizons in the universe. He is inescapably young; and the permanence of his intellectual curiosity makes him friend as well as master.

His temper is that of the soldier and the aristocrat. You see the soldier in him in his sense of the greatness of great action, even more, perhaps, in his sense of great thought as itself great action. Courage, whether it is that of Scott in those last moments in the wastes of the Antarctic, of the soldier on the battlefield, the physician in the typhus-stricken zone, commands his unstinted admiration. There is a flash of the eye, a ring in the voice which are unmistakable. He is an aristocrat in curiously diverse ways. Partly, one sees it in the courtesy, the grave insistence that you are his equal, the careful refusal to say one word that may inflict unnecessary pain. Partly, also, one realizes it in the aloofness from the battlecries of the marketplace, the exquisite sensibility, the constant search for an uncommon beauty which imposes standards as part of the quality of life. He has always wanted certain big things intensely, rather than many things. He has wanted quality of selected experience rather than its amplitude. Mere possession has never interested him, but what he has possessed he has sought to make embody fineness and simplicity. He has never been the aesthete; but he has found the appeal of great art, the etching of Rembrandt, a country scene of Ostade, a Paris bridge of Meryon ultimate and irresistible in their impact. And that aristocracy of temper can be seen, again, in the large part which irony has played in his temperament;

for no quality of thought is less popular or less understood.

He has always been intensely American and proud of the tradition for which his America stands. The granite and barberry bushes of Massachusetts, some old house at Newburyport, a great incident in the history of America, one sees as he points them out how large a part America has played in building his philosophy. Perhaps, indeed, nothing plays so much havoc with his general Stoicism as the type of American who is eager, at all costs, to proclaim the superiority of Europe. He has a full sense of the romance of America, the grim conquest of inexorable nature by the pioneers who wrested civilization from a wilderness. A reverence for Athens and Oxford, Paris and Rome has not made him forget Boston and Harvard, Washington and Virginia. Even his criticism of America is always the lover's doubt; and praise of its achievement strikes a chord of eager response in him. I have never seen him happier than on an evening in Beverly Farms when Felix Frankfurter spoke to him of the sense of emancipation America had conferred upon a young immigrant from Europe.

But that love of America has never been narrow or exclusive. It is not a denial of alien experience or an unwillingness to admit the value and validity of alien tradition. Nor is it merely a pride in bigness, the worst illusion of the petty mind. He has the cosmopolitanism of the great scholar, the sense that knowledge overleaps national boundaries, the power to co-operate with others that comes of the feeling that the task is great and the individual small. And his skepticism has never allowed him to build a sense of values merely in American terms because he knows how wide and complex is the inheritance of America. No one whose mind, like his, has sought to glimpse the whole intellectual heritage of the human race can ever remain prisoned in a jealous patriotism.

If I had to estimate the two qualities in him that have impressed me most,

they would be the depth of his sense of justice and the degree to which his mind is open. No judge has ever sat upon the Bench who has been more endlessly anxious about the substance of his decisions; I have seen something of the care and pain and toil which go to their making. If they read like great literature, it is because great literature is always born of the artist's ceaseless travail. Anyone who knows what agony of mind went to the grave dissent in the Frank case, or the ultimate refusal to interfere in the last tragic hours of Sacco and Vanzetti, had an incomparable lesson in what justice can be at its best and highest. He has never been mistaken where effort could have repaired error. No judge has been more anxious to watch in himself and so control what he has termed the "inarticulate major premise" which is so vital a part of judgment.

So, too, with openness of mind. His critics have too seldom realized what a victory his method is of intelligence over instinctive prejudice. The Boston Brahmin is, often enough, an interesting and distinguished type; but he seldom admits, even to himself, that difference of opinion is legitimate. The supreme degree in which Mr. Justice Holmes has schooled himself to tolerance makes one humble in its presence. I have heard him seek to explain, even to defend, men who in hopes, or character, or ideals are utterly alien from his outlook. He is far less critical of the enthusiasm of others than he is of his own. He is more quick to accept a just criticism, more anxious to understand a view with which he does not sympathize than anyone I have ever known. He is impatient only with the bombastic, the rhetorical, and the pompous. He is prepared to examine any view, granted only that it is sincerely held and intelligently defended. Friendship with him, in this realm, is a great lesson in humility.

And he has indeed possessed a genius for friendship. I have come across men who have met him only once and counted

that hour a landmark in their lives. I have known those who have not seen him for a ten years' interval, who yet feel that their communion with him is constant and intimate and full. Friendship with him is a bond that has made instant friendships over the spaces of the world. None of us who love him feels that he is old, only that he is more experienced than we are. None of us who love him but feel, also, that our

friendship has dignified and enriched our lives. He keeps affection irresistibly. He, who can give so much, asks for so little. We cannot count his kindnesses, nor measure his inspiration. We know only that we are different and better because he lives and we have loved him. We feel in the things he has done and thought and felt something of that rare beauty which justifies the mystery of life.

FORERUNNER TO RAIN

BY VIRGINIA MOORE

*AT FIVE o'clock the fear began:
The day got ready, like a man
Who pauses, crouches, breathing deep,
Before a leap.*

*The wind stood wondering in the oak,
The air moved, a branch broke;
A wound as old as human grief
Bled in a leaf.*

*"Now," said the grass. "Now. Now."
A shawl of shadow draped a bough.
Peculiar light over the hill
Shuddered, until*

*"Anything," I said in fear,
"Impossible could happen here,"
When cold and accurate as a spell,
The large drops fell.*





HOW SAFE IS FLYING?

BY CHARLES J. V. MURPHY

AVIATION has now entered its twenty-seventh year, and the question that two generations have asked—How safe is flying?—is about to be passed on to a third. Not even Lindbergh has entirely dissipated the doubt behind this question, nor have tons of statistics and prophecies. The fact is that no one can answer it in all its multiplied aspects, at least at this time, with the precision of certitude. Aviation is still young; there are only about ten thousand airplanes in licensed commercial operation in the United States at this writing; and universal generalities founded upon them, however well rounded, cannot yet convince the millions. Only a long-continuing experience can properly do that. We still, as individuals, distrust flight, since our inherited and actual experience equips us to operate only in two dimensions. It may be that very few of us reason quite in this manner, but it is this fact that keeps most of us on the ground.

There is still a lingering doubt among the non-flying millions, a sense that the airplane is not yet ready for them, nor they for it. Unquestionably, curiosity is slowly overcoming this distrust. More than three million people went aloft in 1929. But the large majority of these were joy-hoppers—people who went aloft for the thrill of it. By contrast, daily patronage on scheduled airways during the year averaged less than 250 passengers for every 90,000 miles of flight. This disproportion cannot be entirely explained away on the ground that air travel rates are high.

Of course these doubts are impatiently

waved aside as baseless by the industry and its press-agents. Flying, they exclaim in chorus, is safe. The airplane is safe. Everyone can fly, will fly, should fly. It is as safe up in the air as on the ground. And before the innocent bystander can escape, there comes the awful warning rustle of statistical charts unfolding—passenger miles flown without accident, passengers carried, total miles flown, and so on.

But let us look to definitions and to essentials, since statistics can be misleading. Although these statistical averages are generally lumped together to prove that all kinds of flying are safe, even a casual analysis of them quickly establishes the fact that some forms of flight are much safer than others. More than that, a reasonable analysis will show that while flying is much safer than most of us seem willing to believe, it is far from being as safe, from several points of view, as its more enthusiastic propagandists would have us believe. The airplane, we shall discover, has certain aerodynamic characteristics which, while rendering it splendidly safe under most conditions of flight, do not always make it *safe enough for all conditions of flight*.

For instance, and contrary to the happy prophecy, the airplane does not yet seem quite safe enough for all of us to fly. An airplane safe enough for that would have to be one which a person of somewhat less than average attention could, after brief instruction, take aloft and fly with little danger to himself, his passengers, and his neighbors. It would demand of him a minimum of attention

and skill and would provide him with a maximum of automatic safety. Granted such a machine, there is no reason why all of us should not fly.

But the airplane, for all of its efficiency, is not yet as fool-proof as that. Considerable skill is still required in its control. After all, its particular advantage is its superior speed; and the control of speed, especially under the varying conditions an airplane meets, calls for a skilled intelligence. A machine that cannot be operated without loss of stability and control at a speed of less than forty-five miles an hour, and that is subject to rapid and violent movements in three dimensions, is not to be mastered within a few hours. That admirable pilot, Casey Jones, once said, "We can teach anyone to fly, but we cannot make him think." The step from airdrome hedge-hopping to cross-country flight with passengers is a broad one, not only in technic but in moral responsibility as well. Safe flying here calls for quick thinking, good judgment, considerable experience, and a fairly high order of technical knowledge.

"The fact is," according to Captain La Roe, a flight surgeon in the Medical Officers' Reserve Corps and an authority on aviation medicine, "that very few may fly. Flying requires a great number of qualities and traits, not any of which is rare in the race, but all of which are found only in a few."

Practice is ever quarreling with theory, and over against this statement must be set the fact that several of the best pilots in this country, who would be judged incapable of safe flight on the basis of medical tests, have had thousands of hours of flight without major accidents. Of course, they are exceptions. Organized transport, on the other hand, will not entrust passengers to a pilot unless he stands up under competent medical tests and has had at least two hundred hours—and preferably a thousand hours—of flight experience.

It is in organized transport on sched-

uled airways that we find safety in aviation at its peak. During 1928—the last period for which comprehensive figures are available—there were only 85 accidents involving aircraft operating over regular routes, or less than nine per cent of the total number of accidents. There was only one death for every 500,000 miles of such flying, as contrasted with one death for approximately every 200,000 miles of miscellaneous flying—joy-hopping, sport, taxi-service, etc.

The reason for this high record of safety in scheduled air transport lies primarily in the superior organization, superior technic, and—generally—superior machines it has enlisted. There is yet another reason, psychological mostly but, nevertheless, fully as important; and this is that transport flying is as much governed by a respectful recognition of the known limitations of aircraft as by a full and proper exploitation of its obviously safe elements. It declines to take chances with the human equation, with weather, or with the airplane itself; which is considerably more, I dare say, than we can expect the public to do if it were to take up flying in mass now.

This whole problem of safety is an active one at this moment. It divides itself into two questions. The first is whether the minimum requirements for the safe operation of the airplane can be reduced so as to bring it within range of the automobile driver who has neither the time nor the patience to become a specialist. The second is whether the airplane can be freed from too great a dependence upon perfect flying conditions.

The most important experiment progressing toward these objectives—the Safe Airplane Competition of the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics—closed in January with the award of the prize to the Curtiss Tanager. The Fund set out two years ago "to achieve a real advance in the safety of flying through improvement in the aerodynamical characteristics of heavier-

than-air craft, without sacrificing the good practical qualities of the present-day aircraft," those qualities being high speed and ability to carry a profitable load.

The safe airplane that was anticipated by this competition must have a minimum top speed of 110 miles per hour, and a landing speed of not over 38 miles per hour. It must be able to fly level, under full control, at a speed of not more than 35 miles per hour, and preferably slower. It must be able to take-off after a run not exceeding 300 feet, and to come to rest, in landing, not over 100 feet from the point where its wheels first touch the ground.

Moreover, this theoretically safe airplane must be stable under all conditions of flight. It must not stall or spin in the event of engine failure. And if, through careless or incompetent piloting, the plane should be forced into an abnormal condition, it must, owing to its inherent stability, return automatically and of its own accord to a steady flat glide within a very short distance of fall.

There has been much criticism of this definition, and now that it has been realized by a single experimental plane—though not yet by any commercially available—it is likely that there will be more. The principal objection seems to be that it places too much emphasis on low speed, the argument being that the airplane's true course of development lies in increased speed, and that in reaching for too much stability there must be a loss of speed. To what extent this is true remains to be seen. But it is a minor point, notwithstanding, in relation to the broader idea of the competition, which was to show that a *safer* form of airplane could be evolved out of present design and present knowledge with no great sacrifice of proper characteristics and no revolutionary change in form.

II

A recent study of airplane accidents both here and abroad showed plainly

that most accidents can be divided into two general divisions. The first group consists of those caused by the failure of the unit itself, either directly or as a result of conditions under which it operates. The second is made up of those caused by failure of the pilot—in other words, human failure—due to careless or faulty flying.

Generally, structural and engine failures are responsible for about twenty per cent of the accidents. Weather, poor visibility, and darkness contribute an additional eleven per cent. Miscellaneous causes add about fourteen per cent more. Blame for the rest—at least fifty per cent of the total—is traced to human failure, which is to say, incompetent or careless flying.

It is while assessing these elements making for accidents that we come to what appears to be an almost general cause. There was a total of 1,132 airplane accidents in the United States in 1928. Of this number, well over eight hundred were caused by spins and stalls, either due to engine or structural failure or to improper flying, and to accidents while in the act of landing or taking-off.

And in practically every one of these accidents it becomes evident that the considerable minimum speed necessary for maintaining controllable and stable flight played a large part not only in the initial cause, but in the extensiveness of the accident. It is the impossibility of steady flight below what is known as the stalling speed that is the greatest source of danger to air travel to-day.

Every plane has its particular stalling speed. While this varies according to the type of airfoil used, practically all aircraft operating to-day have a minimum flying speed ranging from forty-five to sixty miles per hour. When flying speed falls below that level, the plane ceases to fly. The wing fails to produce enough lift to overcome gravity, and control disappears. The plane, in short, is no longer a flying machine. It

is then on the verge of falling off its line of motion, perhaps into a spin.

This condition, which is accompanied by loss of control and stability, may be reached from normal flight within a very few seconds. It may be caused by careless flying—by flying at too high an angle of attack; it may come about in a fog; or it may arise from the necessity of attempting a landing within a limited area, or taking off toward a dangerously high obstacle. Once a plane thus stalls, it may fall four or five hundred feet before the pilot can regain control. If the condition is reached at a low altitude, there is generally work for the crash board.

Since a landing, obviously, cannot be made at a speed lower than this minimum speed, the difficulties besetting a pilot trying to manœuvre a forced landing, say in a narrow strip of ground, and avoid a crash before his plane loses flying speed are apparent. Landing at a high rate of speed involves the risk of collision with some obstacle on the ground. To avoid one, a pilot may risk cutting down his airspeed to the last thin margin. Coming in, he will set his wings at a high angle of attack, to preserve lift and to kill speed. And presently, if he is not skillful, his plane stalls.

Now it is possible—indeed, it is the custom—to argue that incompetent and careless flying is responsible for most accidents of this kind. Blaming the dead engineer in print and the surviving one in the anonymity of statistical percentages is an American practice of long standing. And yet it does not seem altogether just to indict the human element alone for these accidents, even if a goodly part of them are due to lapses in judgment. The fact remains that the very inflexibility of the airplane was an accessory before the fact.

Even the best of pilots have crashed. And if the airplane itself is not safe in average hands, even when the pilot uses normally good judgment, it is the plane—not the pilot—that needs

rebuilding. Safety in aviation will become general only when planes are designed to fit pilots as they find them.

Certainly the inescapable consequences of this high minimum speed have on several occasions played hob with the much publicized safety factors of the multi-engined plane. That this craft is the safest of flying machines, under all conditions of flight, is self-evident. A tri-motored plane can continue to fly safely if one motor cuts out, provided, of course, that the other motors have enough reserve power to accommodate the plane's load. But several accidents during the past two years have shown that when motors have failed—which, fortunately, is not often—the tri-motored plane is as susceptible to the hazards of high minimum speed as the single-engined plane. When six tons of structure coast earthward at a minimum speed of fifty miles an hour, seeking a landing place catch-as-catch-can, the prospect is always hazardous. The crash of the tri-motored Ford at Newark last spring, and of the Fokker F-32, the largest plane in the country, are cases in point.

Failure of the human element was held responsible in both cases. In the first it was contended that the pilot, through faulty technic, had stalled the engines; in the second, that the pilot had taken off when his engines were not functioning properly. As far as it goes, the evidence is incontrovertible. But there still remains the fact that in neither case did the pilot lose control of his craft. He simply had to come down. And, being unable to extend the gliding angle to reach a safe landing place, he could do no more than sit tight, staving off a stall, until the crash. Momentum did the rest.

III

As a matter of fact, there is no mechanical obstacle to prevent reducing this minimum speed as much as fifty per cent. The first Wright machines had a mini-

imum speed of about twenty-five miles per hour. But their maximum speed was not much greater. What happened as the result of subsequent efforts to increase maximum speed? Wartime training planes had what is technically called a speed range of about two: a minimum speed of forty miles per hour and a top speed of eighty. Wartime fighters had a speed range of two and one-half: a low of fifty miles per hour and a top speed of one hundred and twenty-five. And modern high-speed commercial planes have a range of three: a low speed of sixty miles per hour and a top speed of one hundred and eighty.

The gain in top speed, it is apparent, has been at the expense of minimum low speed, which is obviously safe speed. In order to effect a reduction in minimum speed, engineers have held that there must be a substantial reduction in the two great selling qualities of the present-day airplane—high speed and ability to carry a profitable load.

By changing physically the design and area of a wing, the designer could make it either fast or slow, according to the speed-range ratio; but he could not, until recently, make it both fast and slow, in order that the pilot might adapt it to the conditions of flight as they arose. Since the speed range was fixed, a gain in top speed meant a substantial increase in low minimum speed; and a reduction of the latter meant a serious reduction in the former. To put it in another way, an airplane that would fly under control at thirty-five miles per hour could not fly faster, at top speed, than one hundred miles per hour.

The attempts that have been made to lengthen this speed range have been principally of two kinds: (1) attempts to develop a wing section so shaped as to give a maximum value to the aerodynamical coefficient governing lift, either through the design of a wing the curve of which can be altered in flight, or else through modification of the wing section by extraneous means; and (2)

experiments with the ornithopter and the helicopter.

The first group of experiments has already yielded excellent results in the shape of slots and flaps. A slot is substantially another narrow wing, hinged in front of the leading edge of the main wing. Its camber, or curve, practically parallels the curve of the entering edge. At high speeds in level flight the slot is pressed tightly against the entering edge, presenting the appearance of an unbroken wing, and in this position does not lessen the low-resistance properties of the large wing in high-speed flight.

But when the wing swings up at a high angle of attack, say, near the stalling angle, the force of the air wedges it open. Although the angle of the large wing is then high, and due to loss of speed and lift is about to stall, the slot is at a normal angle of attack. In this position the slot catches the air flow and directs it smoothly across the upper surface of the wing. This flattens out the air flow, prevents the lift-destroying eddies in the air flow past the wing, and delays the stall considerably. These slots are operated manually in some planes, and automatically in others, in the latter by changing air pressures.

Slots have been praised and condemned with equal vehemence. I have heard it argued that they will freeze in flight and render a plane excessively unstable. This is not true. Not long ago, the Norwegian government in a series of tests allowed the slots with which several of its new planes had been equipped to become frozen in flight. Yet, unfailingly, when the planes swung up toward the stalling angle, the sheer force of air pressure burst the slots clear. It is a pity that the too enthusiastic proponents of the slot at first hailed it as the cure for all flying ills, which it obviously was not. The resultant prejudice has blinded its detractors to its particular efficiency. For it has been well demonstrated that a plane properly

equipped with slots cannot be forced into a stall—or spin—from normal flight without a violent displacement of the controls; and even when deliberately spun—which it does not do very easily—it will recover steady flight with surprising rapidity.

Flaps serve another and auxiliary purpose, and in both experimental commercial and fighting planes have been used in conjunction with slots. In Handley-Page models, for example, the two work together automatically; in the Curtiss Tanager plane the flaps are manipulated by the pilot, while the slots work automatically. Flaps are no more than hinged surfaces attached to the trailing edge of a wing. In appearance they greatly resemble an exaggerated aileron, but their purpose is to give a high lift at unusually high angles of attack. In reality, a flap is a variable camber. At high speeds, it is flatly horizontal, taking on the characteristics of the streamline. As the angle of the wing increases, the flaps move down; in some machines they have a range of 45° from the horizontal. By increasing the camber, the flaps increase the lift and the drag, and this helps to slow down landing speeds.

The function of both of these accessories is to add control at lower speeds without diminishing to any great extent the airplane's normal characteristics at higher speeds. Planes equipped with these devices, and thus rendered stall-proof at speeds as low as thirty-five miles per hour, have been pushed to a top speed of one hundred and ten miles an hour. They are, it is true, relatively slower at top speed than wings not similarly equipped; but it is the belief of engineers who have studied them that this gain in the speed range, slight as it is, can be increased with further experiment.

They promise, at least, a new road toward safety. Out of the twenty-seven types of airplanes which were entered in the Guggenheim competition only those equipped with slots proved

capable of this range of controllable speed.

Generally speaking, the greater the curvature of a wing, the greater is its maximum lift. The theoretically perfect wing form would have the low drag of the racing wing in the low incidence and the high lift and stabilizing qualities of the slotted wing in the high incidence. Since this perfect form is not yet capable of attainment, wings are generally designed for the particular purpose to which they are to be put. But there has been a continuing effort to incorporate these desired characteristics into a single wing, the camber of which can be altered in flight, to suit the conditions of speed and stability as they present themselves. Such a wing is called a variable cambered wing, and it involves, broadly speaking, the extension of the principle of flaps to the entire wing, which is divided into movable sections. Truth to say, it has not yet been proved practical, and in actual performance falls far short of the virtues of the slotted and flapped wing.

There is, lastly, the auto-gyro, which is to many the question mark in aviation. This invention of de la Cierva's translates the factors of fixed wing flight into moving wing flight. Four attenuated blades fixed to a mast extending above the fuselage are rotated by the force of the air flow. They provide the lifting surfaces, and because of their ability to develop high speed in flight, are capable of landing the machine at a very steep angle of attack, with a very low horizontal and vertical speed. Theoretically the auto-gyro is a plane without a stalling angle or stalling speed.

But its true capabilities remain very much in the dark. The extent of the loads it can carry, its maximum speed, its behavior in rough air have not yet been disclosed. The model submitted for the Guggenheim competition, unfortunately, was withdrawn before it could be tested. It is the stubborn belief of most aerodynamists that de la Cierva has by no means solved his

problem. Whatever the performance of the auto-gyro, they argue—seemingly very rationally—that as a vehicle for transporting weight from one point to another it must always be less efficient than the orthodox airplane.

IV

A stable airplane is one which, upon being disturbed from steady flight in equilibrium, will automatically return to equilibrium. All of the forces acting upon it—power, drag, gravity, and lift—are nicely balanced. If any of these quantities is suddenly displaced, either as a result of gusty air, motor failure, or control, the other factors will promptly restore the plane to normal flight. In short, a soundly rigged plane will virtually fly itself, under decent conditions, without assistance from the pilot.

Practically every modern licensed plane possesses this inherent stability in varying degrees. Yet up to a few years ago a stable plane was unheard of. Flying required constant attendance upon the controls. Wartime planes, rather than evincing any aptitude for automatic recovery, on the contrary showed a remarkably consistent aptitude for automatic spins and stalls. Most planes of to-day, however, will fly "hands off" for minutes at a time in good air, and many of them will not spin easily.

Here, perhaps, is the greatest gain made in safety in modern design. It has been accomplished both by the use of slots and by refinement of the fixed wing. But here, as before, there is still the question: Is it stable enough?

According to the specifications laid down by the engineers for the Guggenheim Fund, the theoretically safe plane should be able to fly steadily in gusty air, with the controls untouched, for "not less than five minutes." If, in the event of severe misuse of the controls, it should be forced into a spin, it should be so stable that the pilot can recover control within 250 feet of fall; and if he is unable to do it the plane will of its

own accord recover a steady glide path within 500 feet. Such conditions of stability speak for themselves.

But there is this even more important condition. If, in the event of engine failure, the pilot should yank back hard on the stick, which would ordinarily cause a stall, the plane will not stall or spin. Owing to some uncharted reflex action of the human mind, this is precisely what nine out of ten inexperienced pilots will do. Although reason dictates that the nose should be held down in order to gain and maintain flying speed, the pilot instinctively yanks back on the stick. The plane stalls, perhaps spins. Here is the cause of scores of accidents.

Man, after all, is still a non-flying primate. He is not yet accustomed to his new role. He is apt to think poorly, to become careless. We have—and always had—the same trouble with the automobile, on a lesser scale. Aeronautical design to-day is wisely directed toward further protecting him against his lapses and slow-wittedness.

How near are we to this ideal? Very near, I should say. The winning plane in the Guggenheim competition met these specifications, at least one of the other experimental planes approached them, and a number of planes in commercial use have come very near most of them.

This matter of stability is the subject of considerable academic debate within the industry. It is possible, of course, to make an airplane too stable. Aside from the speed lost in reportioning its parts, there is the fact that a plane inherently stable is more sluggish to the controls: it has a will of its own, a fairly tenacious inclination to continue in its line of motion.

While this complaint is undeniably true, it is doubtful if it will ever have much application to commercial craft, whose purpose calls for no more, as a rule, than a steady journey from one airport to another. For fighting craft, naturally, too much stability would be fatal.

Safety has been entrenched in aircraft design in other ways. In the past, the evolution of wings, streamline, rudder, tail, and fuselage forms was largely the result of trial and error. To-day it is a precise science. In wind tunnels and on blue prints, engineers are quietly working out the fundamental laws which govern flight. Airplanes are no longer built according to round coefficients, speculatively arrived at.

Consider, for example, recent research done in connection with tail surfaces. Certain types of planes had a tendency to shed these surfaces while recovering from steep dives. Since the problem was of a nature that could not be solved conveniently by theory, planes loaded with delicate calibrating instruments were sent aloft and tested almost to destruction. For the first time the extent of the load carried by the tail was measured. It was far greater, in such a maneuver, than had been realized, and the weakly designed members were torn loose. The research that uncovered the cause led to the formula of construction that would nullify it. To-day such accidents are uncommon—or at least unnecessary.

So, too, with every other integral part of the airplane. By arduous flight-testing and pure research, the contours and ratios of ailerons, rudders, and elevators have been calculated past successive decimal points. For example, not long ago the ailerons and rudders of certain types of ships went dead in flight in certain maneuvers; they became blanketed from the airflow, with a consequent loss of control. New knowledge has largely eliminated these former hazards. The possibility of failure has been reduced not only in the completed airplane but in the projected design as well.

Clearly, safety has come about through strengthened structure. Since an airplane is designed to maneuver rapidly, it must be able to accept rapidly changing stresses and pressure, differing in intensity and application. A funda-

mental maneuver is recovery from a steep dive with power on, in which the combined effects of acceleration due to gravity and centrifugal force build up an "equivalent gravity" several times the normal stress a plane is subjected to in steady flight. The ratio between this pull and the normal value of gravity is called the load factor; and the ratio of the designed strength of the airplane to the maximum load factor, for any distribution of pressure, is an airplane's factor of safety. It is the margin between structural integration and disintegration in abnormal flight conditions.

All licensed commercial ships must have a designed strength equivalent to a load factor of seven or eight, although they are rarely called upon to experience a load factor greater than four, and usually will not have to bear more than two. This is a wide margin of safety, and explains why structural failures comprise only five per cent of all accidents. Military planes, on the other hand, while possessing a safety factor close to twelve, are sometimes forced to bear load factors very near the breaking point in violent maneuverings. Structural failures in military ships are, therefore, comprehensible and need not shake one's faith in commercial aircraft.

But deplore the inanity that moves some pilots to maneuver commercial planes like fighters. Several months ago on a Long Island field I saw a young pilot take aloft a small plane, designed for normal, commercial flight, and put it through a breath-taking succession of stunts. It was silly, dangerous business. Many good men and good ships have ended their days doing the same thing. Safety in aviation—and this is a point that all good pilots recognize—is as much dependent upon a recognition of the airplane's particular limitations as upon its structural strength. Failure to appreciate this fact unquestionably played a large part in the undoing of more than two hundred unlicensed pilots who crashed in 1928.

V

Since it is obvious that organized air transport—and, perhaps, in years to come, all kinds of flying—cannot afford to wait upon weather, the problem of safe navigation in fog is vital. The problem must be met sooner or later: the mere suspension of air traffic during bad conditions, the practice of “coming down in a convenient pasture”—as the representative of one of our great aeronautical concerns put it—when fog creeps up, is no proper solution. In the first place, the transport plane cannot afford to remain a fair-weather vehicle. In the second place, so quickly does bad weather gather that there may be no pasture convenient.

“Blind flying”—flying in fog, guided only by instrument—is still the bane of most pilots’ lives, and the recent crash of the T. A. T. tri-motored plane against a mountain side in New Mexico showed that it is a problem not yet solved.

Although laymen do not generally realize it, the greatest change in piloting since the Wrights has been the transition from “flight by feel” to “flight by instrument.” In wartime training students were taught to fly by feel and sense alone, by determining balance and speed from the changing hum of wires and the resistance of controls under varying conditions of flight. Training ships were practically stripped of instruments, and even the best of pilots looked upon them as useless gadgets.

But changed design, bringing enclosed cabins, balanced controls, and the elimination of wires, did away with these warning signals. And soon the pilot discovered that the most delicate sense of feel was utterly inadequate when the horizon disappeared in fog. If fog caught him in flight he was likely to end miles off his course, if he had not previously come down in a tail spin.

With the rise of transport flying the need for more instruments for fog-flying became pressing. More of them began to appear on the dashboard: a compass

to set the course, a “bubble” inclinometer to show whether the plane was properly balanced in level flight or bank, a turn indicator to show the deviation from the course, and a tachometer, air-speed indicator, rate of climb indicator, and altimeter to indicate variations along the flight path.

Good as they were, these instruments did not begin to solve fog navigation. All of them showed broad and disturbing errors in three dimensions. From the pilot’s point of view, they involved tremendous attention; and to the strain of piloting, of keeping the flight path level, of navigating, and of watching motor instruments, there was superimposed the job of correlating all these rapidly changing factors and translating them into corrective control. This meant a great deal of split-second clerical work.

This is difficult enough to do in smooth air. The two masters of instrument flying in this country, Lieutenant Doolittle and Colonel Lindbergh, have both declared that two hours of “blind flying,” even in good air, is exhausting. But in bumpy air and storm it is impossible after a very few minutes. The mathematical structure of equilibrium comes tumbling down, and the pilot is thrown upon his native resources.

A recent experience of Doolittle’s reminds us of the reported experiences of mail and trans-Atlantic pilots. Flying east from Uniontown, Pa., he ran into bad weather over the mountains. The air was so rough that Doolittle presently lost his mathematical course. However, glancing at his instruments, he was reassured to note that all were recording as should be. All except the air-speed indicator. It showed an increasing speed.

Doolittle was puzzled. The other instruments did not disclose any reason for this increased speed. The plane was apparently in level flight. All about him was gray fog. There was no horizon upon which to steady himself. But still—there was this mounting speed.

He took a chance, pulled back hard on the stick. He could not tell which way he was turning, nor which way to move the stick in order to regain control.

In response, the plane immediately showed a considerable upward acceleration. But the speed, Doolittle observed, by no means fell off as rapidly as it would have had the plane zoomed from a balanced position. He calculated, therefore, that the plane was in a steep bank—tilted sidewise with the wings almost vertical—and he controlled out of it. His first instinctive movement had saved him. Had he moved the stick the wrong way, the plane would have turned over on its back and probably crashed.

If an expert like Doolittle is thus at the mercy of fog, what are the chances of other pilots? The record of crashes in fog, as well as the general suspension of traffic in thick weather, are both answers. Pilots who are reluctant to trust themselves to instruments will chance a groping flight under the fog layer, if this is not too low, risking collision with buildings or mountains. But this is not safe flying. The German Lufthansa pilots, particularly, have been scored for the practice.

There are two obvious solutions to the problem. One is to dissipate fog over airports. No practical means to that end has yet been found. The second is the development of better instruments and more positive control in flight. The added stability of planes has helped here, and the radio promises much. Radio now enables a pilot to follow a definite, automatic course, such as that marked out by the radio beacon; to keep informed as to weather conditions along his path; to obtain bearings, and, in the event of emergency, to summon help.

The radioing of bearings to aircraft is a system widely used in Europe. A plane in flight calls for its positions every ten minutes or so. Ground stations triangulate on it, and within two minutes after the request is made the position is radioed back. While this method is

effective under normal conditions, it has been observed that under adverse atmospheric conditions very wide variations are frequently set up in the direction of the incoming wave, with so great a resulting possibility of error that flights have been called off rather than risk having a ground station transmit a false bearing.

The radio beacon appears to be much more effective. A wedge-shaped beam of signals is sent along an airway—a rhythmic succession of the letters "A" and "N" in the telegraph code. The pilot, equipped with earphones, listens in constantly. If he is on his course, the signals interlock, spelling the coded letter "T." If he is to one side, they spell "A," to the other, "N." Thus he can ride the "T" to his destination.

This aural beacon seems to have one disadvantage. Listening to the constant, rhythmic chatter becomes a punishment, like little drops of water falling on the head in a Chinese torture chamber. Moreover, careful study has shown that a pilot flies better with his eyes than with his ears; they are more sensitive, less susceptible to fatigue. Consequently, a silent, visual beacon is under construction. The signals will actuate two vertical reeds set in an instrument on the dashboard. If the pilot is directly on his course—and, therefore, on the beam—the reeds will vibrate with equal intensity, at low amplitude. If he wanders off to one side, the reed on that side will vibrate more rapidly than the other.

The radio beacon has been of tremendous assistance in guiding planes from one airport to another in the face of dirty weather. But there its effectiveness ceases. It cannot guide a plane to a landing. The pilot must take his chances of picking his way down through the murk to the landing field somewhere below.

Here again we must turn to the excellent experimental work of the Guggenheim Fund. On September 24, 1929, Lieutenant Doolittle took off from Mitchell Field in a plane the cockpit of which

was entirely enclosed. Guided only by his instruments, he flew away from the field, circled it, crossed and re-crossed it; and then glided to a landing, coming to a stop four hundred feet from his starting point. Another pilot sat in the forward cockpit, ready to take over the controls in the event of a miscalculation. But his presence was unnecessary. As neatly as if he had had full vision, Doolittle brought the plane to earth.

In this flight Doolittle used only three instruments not in standard use. The first of these was an artificial horizon instrument, a novel mechanism which not only reproduced the position of the true and unseen horizon, but showed as well the position of the plane's nose with respect to it. The second was a highly developed gyroscopic compass, which gave a quick and positive reading for any change in course, such as a bank preparatory to landing; it was free from the lag in the ordinary magnetic compass, which renders it useless for instantly determining changes in a course.

The third instrument was a new type of barometric altimeter. In ordinary flying along a course a pilot need know his altitude only roughly; but coming in for a landing in fog, he must know it exactly. The present standard altimeter may show fluctuations equivalent to from fifty to seventy-five feet; pressure variations corresponding to that in terms of recorded altitude have been known to occur at one point over a period of five minutes. This new instrument is a very sensitive one, with gradations down to ten feet. Just before the pilot comes in for a landing, he radios the station at the field and gets the correct pressure reading at the ground. It is the work of a moment, then, to correct his own altimeter.

Still another instrument that Doolittle used was a short-range, equi-signal zone beacon, in principle very much like the standard beacon already described. This beacon guided him directly to the field. Its energy, which has an effective range of fifteen miles, is picked up by the

reeds. As the plane nears the field, the beam narrows until it becomes quite difficult to stay on it; and the vibration of the reeds increases until, when the plane is directly over the center of the airport, there is a momentary lull; then the vibration renews itself.

Thus, in theory at least, the art of blind flying has progressed to the point where a plane can not only be artificially guided through fog from one airport to another, but actually into a landing at an airport. Further experiments are now under way to merge these two elements. The beam from the standard long-range beacon will intersect the beam from the local beacon a short distance from the field. In the lull between signals from the first, the pilot will pick up the signals of the second, and can then ride the beam to a landing.

The chief difficulties at the moment lie in the fact that this local beacon does not establish the distance of the plane from the field, the boundaries of the field, or the topographical conditions surrounding it. Consequently, unless the pilot knows these conditions exactly, the beacon is no more than an approximate aid at this period of its development. However, the Bureau of Standards is working on this problem, and I have been told by a competent judge that it has developed a signal beam which, if it lives up to its promise, may incline an airplane's flight path directly into a landing, past obstructions, and well within the boundaries of an airport.

The possibility of automatically safe flight in fog has been brought considerably nearer as a result of recent experiments with a gyroscopic stabilizer. This most efficient of robots has now been applied to aircraft, and showed itself capable of steering a perfect course. Not only does it eliminate the possibility of human error, it also relieves the pilot of much of the strain of flying, allowing him instead to concentrate on his instruments.

One objection raised against the gyroscope is that it has a tendency to over-

control. Whereas the pilot instinctively reverses the controls as the plane swings back to normal position, thus easing the violence of the displacement, this automatic pilot is neither able to reverse the controls, nor return them to neutral, until the plane has passed through its normal position. Whether this disadvantage can be overcome is not immediately predictable.

On the strength of these recent developments, it may be said—with due consideration for their rudimentary character—that an artificial vision, effective in all the dimensions in which the airplane moves, should be available to the pilot in the near future. At least it should be made available to the master transport pilot. And when these instruments are finally perfected, “blind flying” in fog and storm should lose much of its present danger.

VI

To what degree we may be able to hope for complete safety in the air is something that I would not undertake to answer. So long as the human element must play such a large part in the control of aircraft, we must expect an element of hazard. No machine is fool-proof in the hands of a careless, slow-witted driver. The enormous list of automobile accidents proves that even this vehicle, which moves in but a single plane, requires but little skill, has a minimum speed of zero, and is—if properly used—impervious to weather conditions, is not an absolutely safe machine.

We may expect queer and terrible things in the air. Already we have had a foretaste of them. A plane has crashed against a skyscraper. Another, crashing, set fire to several suburban homes. We have had hit-and-run pilots, the aerial equivalent of the worst rascal in motor-dom. And we have had reckless and

drunken pilots. By and large, the airplane is not always to blame, nor is its fundamental safety at all undermined. It would simply be expecting too much to hope that a change of a few thousand feet in altitude would have a great sobering effect upon human nature. And the airplane suffers the more in that it is still regarded as a romantic vehicle, a justification for heroic recklessness.

Still, we may take comfort from the fact that well organized transport in the air will be conducted with as little unnecessary risk as the operation of the railroads. Commercial flight is a business, and the sooner it can be made safe, the sooner it loses its heroic trappings, the more quickly will it pay dividends. And a number of states, co-operating with the Department of Commerce, are doing their best to do away with fake flying schools and eliminate unlicensed pilots and unlicensed machines.

Let us keep in mind, too, that the airplane and aviation are both changing constantly, always moving toward improvement. No machine has been the object of such extensive research as the airplane. The limitations affecting its safety are being constantly reduced. It is, within these limitations, safe now. But it will be safer, much safer.

We must keep in mind that we are not yet an air-minded people, even though Lindbergh can still draw a crowd anywhere in the land. Commercial and sport flying is not likely to reach its true stature until the new, growing generation takes its place in the world. And this will be a less prejudiced, a less fearful generation, accustomed to the sight of aircraft and ready to accept the airplane as we accepted the horseless carriage after our fathers had viewed it unhappily and with alarm. I dare say that normal safety will have an entirely different meaning to them.



TWENTY-FOUR HOURS OF A LAWBREAKER

BY L. M. HUSSEY

THE crimes and misdemeanors in the melancholy catalogue that follows were committed in the largest city of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. It was necessary, of course, that they be perpetrated somewhere; one cannot well err in a vacuum. The locus, however, was unimportant. Their perpetrator would have behaved quite as grievously in any other place where laws have been written into books.

True, the nature of his crimes might have varied in certain details. Everyone is aware that the decalogue has been amplified by legislatures, and that the details of amplification differ from place to place. Thus, that which is heinous here is innocent there. For this reason profound thinkers of our time realize no one may be a good citizen by following any naïve—even sensible—standard of innocent behavior. Law, being fixed and written, is more majestic than reason, which is capricious. Certain other morals to be drawn from this history are left to the sagacity of the reader.

On this unhappy day Mr. Richard Clarke, who presented to the world the deceptive aspect of a law-abiding man, arose at seven o'clock. After shaving, he examined his not uncomely face in the glass, and the counterfeit that looked back at him was, strange as it may seem, free from telltale lines of depravity. No Lombroso could have discovered upon it a single one of those stigmata which are said to mark the features of habitual offenders against the peace.

For a time the prevaricating face wore a smile; indeed, the smile persisted until Clarke, returning to his bedroom, dis-

covered Frank, his wire-haired terrier, in the act of misusing a volume of poems by Edgar Guest, the revered poet laureate. Frank, who was yet something of a puppy, cared nothing for the sugary stimulation of the laureate's verse. He had made a bone of the laureate's work and had so far succeeded in splintering it that the book had virtually returned to the pulp from which it came.

With his customary disregard for law, Mr. Clarke wantonly beat Frank with a slipper. Frank howled piteously, but his master went about dressing in callous indifference to an infraction of an act of assembly. Had he, as he deserved, been prosecuted under that act, he might have been fined the sum of \$200 and been imprisoned for the term of one year (Act of March 31, 1860, P. L. 382). And let no one argue that common sense should allow any man the right to correct an erring dog. Law is law, and so long as law remains upon the statute book its strict enforcement, against whatever sense, is the charge of government—a point not debatable.

Frank, who knew nothing of law, shortly forgave his master, frolicked about his feet, accompanied him downstairs, begged for fragments of food at the breakfast table and, at last growing bored, went to the back door where he barked to get out.

Now it may be said of Clarke's next act that it was excusable on the ground that he did, after all, have a regard for Frank and desired his comfort. Such an excuse would but exemplify a further article in the current heresy that certain acts of lawmakers had better be ignored.

Mr. Clarke chose to ignore one of these; he opened the door and, after the passage of Frank, closed it. *Frank was at large, unattended, unmuzzled, in the street.* In permitting Frank this liberty the habitual offender who was his master ignored and violated four ordinances of the city wherein he dwelt (Ordinances of Philadelphia, 1855, 213; *ibid.*, 1869, 204; *ibid.*, 1871, 55; *ibid.*, 1872, 49).

A moment later the unhappy child of this father, a youth of eight years called Robert, appeared, and in his arms he carried a large paper kite. He clamored for aid in flying it; his parent, doubtless with more regard for his own comfort than any decent respect for law, resisted these pleas for a time. In the end he yielded. Going out with young Robert to the street, he abetted that unwitting child in the flying of his kite, thereby offending against a well-known nuisance act that, had it been enforced, would have left that father five dollars the worse for his failure to abide by its provisions (Ordinances of Philadelphia, 1864, 357).

Leaving his child to the nefarious practice of kite-flying, which the city fathers had many years before forbidden, the reprehensible Clarke took up his hat and walked in the direction of his place of business. The day, one of the last of November, was chill. Clarke walked briskly, smoking a cigarette. His way led him by a public square, a little park of denuded trees and forlorn, unoccupied benches.

Now, to a law-abiding man, two courses of action were open. Electing to continue with his smoking, he had no other duty than to eschew the public square. Choosing to cut across the square, he must extinguish the burning weed. But Clarke, as we know, held the ordainments of legislators in chronic disregard. It did not satisfy him that he had, less than ten minutes earlier, offended a well-known nuisance act. Again he offended: *he entered the public square smoking.* The five dollars that should have left his pocket, alas, re-

mained there (Ordinances of Philadelphia, 1864, 357; *ibid.*, 1869, 323).

Clarke had now come to the shop where he sold such trumpery stuffs as candy, toys, novelties, popular novels, and the like. His clerk was opening a box which had come that morning from a manufacturer. It contained a supply of popguns and wooden cannon that hurled cork projectiles. A better man than Clarke would have bade his clerk return these forbidden articles of trade to their maker. But Clarke *placed them on sale.* This indifference to the statutes of the Commonwealth might well have cost him dear had the authorities performed their duty. Clarke should have been arraigned before a court of law where his crime would have cost him \$500 in money and one year in jail (Act of June 11, 1885, P. L. 111).

But here he was, far from fine or durance, gathering up the debris of the packing case. Inadvertently he thrust a splinter into his hand and, intrepid in crime, swore aloud in profane use of his Creator's name. Where were the enforcement agents of the peace? With that light use of a Holy Name Clarke flouted another statute (Act of April 22, 1794, 3 Sm. L. (Pa.) 177). He should have suffered the penalty of a fine of 67 cents.

Calling his clerk, he set about the business of preparing revised price-tags for a window display of boxed candy. It was to be a sale of odds and ends with the bait of bargain prices. Clarke directed his clerk in the writing of the tickets. Each one declared the former price, through which a line was struck, and beneath which the amended price was set. The conscienceless Clarke, for purposes of contrast, set the original price somewhat higher than it had been, and when this work was done, prepared a circular for the printer which restated these prevarications. In short, *he advertised his goods in misleading terms.* Again, enforcement, the indubitable duty of the authorities, did not follow the act. Yet this fresh mis-

demeanor should have cost its perpetrator the sum of \$1,000 and, what is more, put him behind bars for sixty days (Act of March 20, 1913, P. L. 6).

Meanwhile, so feeble had become the arm of authority, so palsied the hand of justice, that Clarke continued his labors in the shop without interruption. Customers came and went. Although they conversed with the proprietor, they had no suspicion of his real character. They saw in him only an affable fellow, ready to speak of the weather. But Clarke was all the while contemplating fresh outrages; he was contriving an assault upon the criminal code of the federal government. The moment for action arrived. Clarke removed the last cigarette from a package on his desk and forthwith threw the empty package into his wastebasket *without utterly destroying the revenue stamp*. Had the proper penalty been applied for this crime, Clarke would have lost \$50 and gone to prison for six months (U. S. Criminal Code, sec. 848).

Now the hour for luncheon arrived. During that hour Clarke was to have his opportunity again to fall foul of the criminal code of the federal government. He put on his hat, walked to the corner, and purchased coffee and a sandwich at a restaurant cleverly masquerading as a drug store. When he came out again he bethought him of a trifling purchase he needed to make at the tobacconist's, a block farther on. He pointed his steps in that direction, made his purchase, fell into conversation with the proprietor, and was presently asked why he did not risk a small sum of money on a pool, or lottery, based upon the cumulative weekly runs, or scores, of certain professional baseball clubs.

But Clarke refused the bait! A chance to abet a felony was offered him, and he declined it. Something, however, must have stirred in his devious, dark heart. For he lingered, and he talked further with the nefarious lottery, or pool, promoter, and he saw that man take up and place in an envelope a

ticket for the chance, or lottery, and he saw that envelope sealed and stamped.

It was now his plain duty to hurry forth and secure the first officer of the peace to be seen. More, it was his duty to apprehend the felonious vendor of lottery tickets himself. Both these duties were obligatory under the hallowed provisions of common law. Yet he performed neither the one act nor the other. On the heels of this failure to apprehend a felon in the commission of a felony came an overt and still more reprehensible act. At the request of the felonious tobacconist, he took the letter into his own hands, carried it to the nearest pillar-box, and there placed it in the custody of the United States mail! He himself was now the felon—but justice once more failed to reach him. No penalty of \$1,000 in fine and two years in confinement followed upon his act (U. S. Criminal Code, sec. 213).

A recidivist of recidivists, Clarke strolled back to his place of business. Shortly after his arrival his clerk returned from the printer, bearing a bundle of handbills still smelling of fresh ink. Clarke directed his clerk to distribute these handbills from door to door throughout the neighborhood. In so ordering his clerk, the master misdemeanor broke a civic ordinance which forbids the distribution of handbills (Ordinances of Philadelphia, 1882, 63, as amended by ordinances of 1900, 98). His disregard for law should have cost him \$20.

The afternoon now progressed toward that time of day when the bleak outlines of the city are softened by the touch of twilight. For more than an hour Clarke had committed neither felony, nor misdemeanor, nor nuisance. He had even declined a chance to place a cancelled stamp upon a letter, a stamp that had somehow found its way into a drawer of unused stamps. But this avoidance of an offense against the criminal code of the federal government was but an example of one of those acts which, as they break the rule, prove it.

The rule of Clarke's life was the rule of the lawbreaker. It was not long before it reëstablished its sway.

Twilight had deepened; the streets were populous with workers returning to their homes. As Clarke reached his dwelling he saw his son Robert struggling to carry a velocipede from the porch to the sidewalk.

A good father and a proper citizen would have sternly admonished the poor lad. Not so Clarke, the habitual offender against the peace. Brazenly, in open view of passers-by, he ran up the steps, gathered the poor lad under one arm, the velocipede under the other, took both to the sidewalk, and there placed the child astride the vehicle. Little Robert rode off upon the velocipede, and the father of that misguided boy had caused him to violate a civic ordinance which for sixty years had forbidden the practice of pedalling velocipedes on public ways (Ordinances of Philadelphia, 1869, 323).

A little later in the evening we find him entertaining a friend. These two were speaking of divers matters, and at last they came to talk of things religious. No light of iniquity shone from the eyes of Clarke, and such was his dissembling that he appeared to converse with a sweet reasonableness. So when his friend said to him that, although there may be things in Holy Scripture, stories of journeyings with the whale, and tales of thaumaturgic wine, that are not wholly credible to the modern man, these little allegories need not invalidate the deep truth of Holy Writ—when he said these words to Clarke, the latter replied that he, too, had his doubts of this or that detail of Scripture. Three hundred dollars it should have cost him, and three months in a jail, for casting doubt upon Scripture (Act of March 31, 1860, P. L. 382).

A little later the friend departed. Clarke found that he was weary. Moreover, the house was growing chill; all day

there had been a hint of the season's first snow. He went up to his room, prepared himself for the night, and got into bed. Soon he was asleep. But such a man cannot abide by law even when asleep. The snow fell. By midnight it ceased its falling, and a white blanket lay upon the sidewalks.

At six in the morning Clarke had not yet awakened. And for two hours, as he continued to sleep, he broke the law, for he failed to remove the snow from his sidewalk within six hours after it had ceased to fall (Ordinances of Philadelphia of 1864, 357, attaching a penalty of \$2, as amended by ordinances of 1869, 323, attaching a penalty of \$5, as amended by ordinances of 1873, 579; 1893, 228; 1901, 87; 1904, 61)!

That the law-abiding citizen may graphically understand the total delinquency of such a creature as Clarke—a type all too common in our unhappy land—the following figures are presented. Within a single twenty-four hours Clarke committed crimes and misdemeanors for which he should have paid an aggregate penalty of \$2,895.67 in fines and for which he should have served five years in penal institutions.

This was the record of Clarke for a single day. Is there any reason to suppose that he did better on the morrow? None whatever; his chances to break the law and his disposition to do so were limitless. Nor would a change of city or a change of state have saved him. A new residence in another commonwealth would but have given him the chance to flout a fresh group of laws that, by an oversight, had not yet been put upon the books of his home state. Therefore, it seems fair to conclude that in the course of a single year the conscienceless fellow committed crimes, civic, state, and federal, which should, if there were such a thing as law enforcement in this nation, have penalized him to the extent of \$2,052,919.55 in fines, and 1,825 years in imprisonments.



EDUCATIONAL LEADERSHIP IN AMERICA

CAN WEALTH TEACH ITSELF?

BY ALEXANDER MEIKLEJOHN

CIVILIZED man is a learning and teaching animal. By the use of language and the other arts he has created the culture and the civilizations which mark him off from all his fellow sentient beings. And for this reason every person who is born into one of our communities has an inheritance which can be made his own only by the processes of learning and teaching. Only by acquiring the arts of mankind can he, as a human being, become himself. Learning creates his mind; learning makes him a spirit; learning fashions his will; out of learning come his values and appreciations. It is through the processes of education that cultured and civilized human beings are made. Teachers with their pupils have in their hands the very making of life itself. Hence it is that into the teaching relationship there enters the ardor, the happiness of a genuinely creative activity.

If then we assume that throughout the ages men are carrying on the activities of learning and teaching, the question arises: "How are those activities guided and directed; who is using intelligence to determine their goal and to mark out the path or paths which lead toward it; who knows what education is, and decides what it shall be?" It would be a most curious and disconcerting thing if we should find that the search for intelligence is not itself intelligently directed, that the attempt to know is itself a blind and ignorant activity. We must ask, then, about our educational leadership. Is college policy blind or is it

clear; does it drift, or is it intelligently chosen; do we who have it in charge know what we are doing, or are our decisions forced by circumstance and necessity into ways of compromise, of adjustment, of struggle for survival? I need hardly say that I do not expect to answer this question. In fact, I have little hope even of getting it clearly stated. But I do wish to talk about it, to state it as clearly as I can, and then to leave it as a problem so fundamental that it must never be forgotten or ignored, whatever the special lines along which our educational discussion and planning may go.

The situation out of which the problem arises I should like to describe in the form of an analogy. I will represent America as the house of a man who is newly and fabulously rich, and the American teacher, whether in school or college, as a tutor in that house.

Now the tutor in a newly rich man's house is ordinarily well paid, and he has something to do which is well worth doing. In the midst of plenty and prosperity he must see that the son of the house is properly educated. But the trouble is that the master of the house, who pays the tutor, does not know at all clearly what it is that he wants done. While his heart is deeply involved in the teaching of his son his activities, and his mind with them, are elsewhere. And the situation thus established is for all concerned dangerous and exasperating. It has in it the possibilities of great achievement; but it has also the possi-

bility, if not the probability, of futility and disappointment. Father, tutor, pupil may all alike reap the fruits of misunderstanding and incoherence.

The father pays for teaching because his heart is set on his son's development. To use his own words, he wants his boy to have a training which he himself was not able to get. He hopes that his own new-found wealth may give his son a good start in life, and perhaps keep him going after he is started. But, as the teaching proceeds, it is practically certain that the father will be better satisfied by external and partial work than by genuine education. It is quite possible that he will want the boy started in the wrong direction. Sooner or later, very commonly too late, the father must learn the hard lesson that you cannot get education, whether for yourself or for someone else, by paying for it, by hiring someone to give it.

The tutor meanwhile is caught between conflicting forces. On the one side is his own education, his own perception of his pupil's future. On the other hand is the influence and the opinion of the master of the house. And the tutor may go either way. If he is not himself well and strongly educated, he will be profoundly influenced by the attitudes and customs of the household which he serves. He may find himself teaching what, in his own judgment, is not worth teaching. But it sometimes happens that the tutor will resist this influence, that he will try to lead the boy along the lines of his own training and insight. And again if he does so there are serious, even though conventional, difficulties lying in wait for him. Has not a man who pays for a thing a right to demand that he be given that for which he pays? Is not a bargain a bargain? And is it not fixed in the very nature of things that a father should decide how his son shall be taught? Shall a stranger in the house deprive him of that privilege and duty? Surely a tutor will not transgress against either of these laws of God and man! To do so would make him

quite unfit to be a teacher. After all, he will be told, for both teacher and pupil, character is more important than merely intellectual ability.

And the pupil—what of him? He is caught, as we constantly see our American youth caught, between his parents and his teachers. Which way shall he go? In general, of course, he is carried away on the tide of his father's success and power; he follows the feeling and tradition of his group. And in that case there is very scanty support for the structure of his teaching. The lessons suggested by his tutor will seem to him visionary and unreal, out of touch with the world of men and affairs. But at the same time the learning which his father would like him to get has little chance of success. The tutor who believes in something else can hardly be convincing or compelling in presenting it. And the father who recommends it is himself the strongest argument against it, since he achieved his own success without it. He himself is far more dominating than the lessons for which he pays. But on the other hand, sometimes the balance turns the other way: a boy may be captured by a teacher rather than by his father. He catches an excited glimpse of what his tutor sees, and they two go off together to view it more clearly, leaving the father behind. Together the two conspire to devote themselves to a learning with which the father is not acquainted. Together, it may be, they smile at him and at his crudities. Together they take what the father has to give, profiting by his bounties, but chuckling with amusement as they realize that if he knew what they were doing he would not pay so willingly. Here again one finds, I think, little basis for the achieving of proper education.

But someone is already saying, I am sure, that the analogy does not hold, that the picture is much overdrawn. May I say quite flatly that I do not think it is? What I am trying to say was told us in far more extreme and

more convincing terms when it was said two thousand years ago that a camel can more easily pass through the needle's eye than can a rich man enter into the kingdom of Heaven. If, as I take it to be the case, the purpose of all liberal teaching is just that of getting people into the kingdom of Heaven, then we have here exactly the principle which was in the mind of Jesus. We are a newly rich people. Everything, therefore, which concerns our essential education is, if Jesus speaks truly, in serious danger. That danger threatens every effort, every institution in our society which seeks to create or to impart insight and appreciation. The church, the school, the book, the magazine, the newspaper, the theater, the moving picture, art in all its forms, the courts of justice—all these which are the agencies of enlightenment—all these are failing of their purpose, are thwarting their own intentions, destroying their own values, because we are rich.

The statement just made is so important for my argument that it may be worthwhile to guard it against misinterpretation. I am not saying here that rich men, with malign purpose, attempt to control the church, the school, and other agencies of teaching. Whether or not they do that is beside the point. I am not saying that all rich men are bad and all poor men good. There are rich men who use their wealth like a garment, to be worn or to be put aside as something quite external to themselves. We have seen rich men who have gaily thrown their wealth into the lap of the gods and have won thereby beauty and wisdom and exaltation of spirit. And on the other hand, poverty too has its own destroying power, drags men down, making them weak and timid and mean when they might have been strong and courageous and glorious. Though men may rise above poverty as above riches, the record of its destruction is long and appalling. But the essential point is that I am not here talking about rich men or poor men as individuals at all.

I am trying to depict the life of a total community and to place the agencies of learning within it. And since that community is very rich and rapidly growing in wealth, I have chosen to represent it by the figure of the rich man's house. And further, I have said that in that house, within which the riches and the poverty of individuals are not different facts but two aspects of the same fact, the cause of learning is in danger, the agencies of learning are thwarted and defeated.

II

What I have just said is a hard saying for Post-War America, yet it must be said. For the truth is that our teaching is so caught up, so tossed about by the vast and heaving currents of material prosperity which beat upon it, that any genuine leadership in education is practically impossible. If we wish to determine how the course of education should be guided, our primary need is not a study of teaching methods and arrangements but an inquiry into the deceitfulness of riches. Wealth, it is true, makes education possible. Possessions and leisure give us the instruments and the opportunities by means of which learning may be created. And yet, the wisdom of mankind tells us that, in a deeper sense, riches and education are in conflict with each other, that prosperity so blinds men's eyes that they lose their vision of the values which, by means of wealth, they are striving to attain. Shall the blind then lead the blind? Is that to be the procedure of our education? I am persuaded that what we need more than anything else for the guiding of our teaching process is a study of the meaning of the phrase "the deceitfulness of riches." We need to study ourselves. We need to ask, "What have we in the way of a creed, an insight into life, which is worth teaching to our children?" Without such insight any teaching system becomes mere empty arrangements and rattling machinery. This

is the reason why we must inquire into the significance of our new-gotten wealth for the problems of educational leadership.

What does it mean to be rich? It is, I take it, to have a larger claim upon the common stock of possessions than has one's neighbor. Such a claim was vividly, even crudely, expressed by one of our political leaders as he sounded the keynote for his party's convention in the last presidential election. After describing the elaborate machinery of the American home, he said, "In these homes live American citizens who consume fifty per cent more food, use ten times the number of telephones, twelve times as much electricity, thirty times as many automobiles, and in a similar ratio, all modern conveniences of life as can be found in the same number of homes in Great Britain. From these homes go one-third more children to school, and nearly ten times as many go to college as in the next greatest nation on earth." There we have the bald fact of riches brutally expressed. To be rich is to have more than one's neighbor.

Now it is obvious, I think, that in itself there is nothing morally admirable in such having. There is no moral beauty in eating half as much again as your neighbor, especially if his appetite and need of food are as great as your own. There is no peculiar personal excellence in talking on the telephone ten times as often as your neighbor, or in having thirty rides in an automobile while he has only one. On the contrary, I take it to be the teaching of our dominant moral code that such use of possessions is in itself the way of degradation and loss of character. If a man eat while others are starving, if he enjoy while others suffer, if he spend while others lack, how shall he morally justify himself? That is a real and dreadful question which many men of wealth are to-day honestly facing and before which they find themselves helpless and defeated. But the man who,

having and spending more than others, does not see this problem at all—what shall we say of him? Surely he is a moral failure. Either his insight into the need of his fellow is so limited that he does not know of his need, or else his sensibilities are so dulled that he does not care about it. Either he does not see, or he does not feel. But in either case, he is morally damned. And the deceitfulness of riches lies in the fact that the man who thus fails thinks himself to have succeeded.

The words which I quoted a few moments ago were uttered by a man who was formerly the president of one of our colleges. But you will remember that in relation to us he speaks of Great Britain as "the next greatest nation on earth." Why are we greatest and Britain next? Because we are the richest, and she is next in wealth. Riches is greatness; greatness is riches. The blindness is upon us. Men are measured by what they own. We have lost our sense of human values, our understanding of what life is for. And with these gone, there is no stable basis upon which a national scheme of education could be raised. This is, I take it, what men mean when they speak of the deceitfulness of riches, when they fear that the rich man, or the rich country, will fail to find the way of life.

But now what is the remedy? Shall we cease to create wealth? Shall we destroy our possessions and live the life of poverty? I do not think that is the first line to try. Certainly no merely negative action will meet the difficulty. The trouble with our wealth is not that it exists, but that it confuses and deceives us. And the practical question is that of destroying not the wealth in our pockets but the confusion and the deception in our minds. How can we bring our riches under control; how summon our wealth to heel, to serve and follow our values and ideas? How can we keep our power in subjection as the instrument of purposes which our spirit establishes and our judgment approves? I have no

specific and concrete answer to this question. Nor do I know anyone else who has. But I do know that it is the central and most urgent problem of a civilization whose creative material energy increases constantly by leaps and bounds. And I know also that it is in relation to this problem that all claims to educational leadership must be defined and tested. We need guidance in piercing through the illusions and deceptions of success. Unless we can have such guidance effectively given, any other learning which we may gain will only plunge us still deeper into confusion and failure. The mind of America must be cleared for action in a struggle far more terrible and significant than that of becoming the richest country in the world. I mean the intellectual and moral effort involved in finding out what to do with our riches, in discovering the opportunities and responsibilities which it brings, in learning how to meet these. It is the task of achieving an intellectual and moral greatness adequate to the domination of our material prosperity.

It is one of the ghastly ironies of the situation that when the problem is thus formulated, as I have just attempted to do it, there is no disagreement among us. So far as controversy is concerned the question disappears when stated. Of course, we all agree, the intellectual and moral and spiritual values are supreme. Of course material prosperity is only external and instrumental. But we have said the words so often, we have heard them said so regularly that they have lost all effective meaning so far as our action and our thinking are concerned. What are moral and intellectual and spiritual values? What is material prosperity? And how are these related to each other? Is prosperity an automatic machine which without guidance will grind out the higher values? Or is it a furious, hostile, dangerous beast, which we must tame and master, if we would make it serve us? For the sake of getting this question so stated that we may disagree

about it, that it may again become for us a vital and vexing problem, I ask you to go back with me for a few minutes to the figure of speech with which our discussion began.

In the newly rich man's house, how are the two related? Do they agree? And if not, which makes the decisions; which is the master? In the picture as I have drawn it, both these questions are answered. The owner of the house and the tutor of the boy do not agree as to how the boy should be trained. With their different experiences and backgrounds they have very different views as to the aims and practices of living. And in the second place, when they disagree there is no doubt where the authority lies. The tutor is hired; and he may be fired. His tutorship is a dependent thing, determined by the will of the man by whom he is paid. He is the servant, the other the master.

If now we take these two persons as representing, in the social scheme, the two factors of our problem, then we can make two statements about our present scheme of education. First, our communities, in so far as they are seeking success and power, are in their influence hostile to learning in its proper forms. And second, the teachers in our schools and colleges are in effect servants, subject to direction by others for whose judgment on educational matters they can have little respect. If these statements are true, what kind of leadership have we a right to expect for our teaching? But are the statements true? A few minutes ago we were agreeing together in the acceptance of what seemed to be a trite and time-worn generalization about the priority of the spiritual. But I venture to hope that when the general statement takes on these two specific forms there will be sharp and vigorous controversy among us. I say this because I am sure that vital differences of opinion exist, hidden beneath our phrases of agreement. And it is essential that these differences be sought out and defined and faced, that we fight

them through to such clarity as we may be able to achieve. Let me, therefore, explain my statements in the hope that by provoking attack I may help in the way to better understanding.

III

First, are success and learning, under present conditions, hostile to each other? I do not see how anyone who has tried to teach young people in America during the last twenty-five years can have any doubt on that point. Why are our students so hard to teach? Why are they so unresponsive to the appeal of learning? As to the fact, I call to witness the discouragement and despair of teachers of liberal learning from one end of the country to the other. I do not mean that our people intend to block our teaching, just as I did not say that the rich man of the house intended to oppose his son's welfare. It is not the man himself but his success which is hostile to teaching. These two are in some inevitable way at war with each other. What are the springs, the sources of that conflict? Plato tells us that as he studies human nature he finds a cleavage in it, a break into two separate and hostile parts. And the cleavage is for him so sharp and abrupt that every man becomes really two men with strife and tension between them. There is the external man of action and the inner man of reflection; the lower man of craving and desire, the higher man of insight and intention; the man who wishes and wants and the man who appreciates and chooses. Now I need not remind you how deeply this Platonic tradition has gone into our Christian theology, nor how powerfully it has made its way thence into our common thinking and speech. Nor need I say how false and misleading the tradition has become as it has been mechanized by popular acceptance, robbed of its vitality by loose and traditional believing. The words Inner and Outer, Spirit and Matter, Mind and Body, in which the view

has ordinarily been expressed, have now become so inaccurate and false that thinkers who care for accuracy are refusing to use them any longer. The general trend of our social studies is today strongly against them.

And yet I am convinced that Plato is essentially right. Every man is of course in a vital sense a single being, an individual. And yet into the making of that being there have gone strangely different and conflicting forces. Our intellectual life is double. We not only have opinions and beliefs; we also hold these open to question, test them, criticize them, judge them right or wrong, demand of them conformity to the rules in accordance with which we choose that our thinking be done. And the same is true of morals. Men not only act and achieve; they also criticize their own actions, value their own achievements, pass judgment upon what they do, plan for the living of themselves and their fellows, create schemes of organized behavior, which have authority over every specific act or plan which is proposed for human acceptance. Men do take themselves in hand; in that sense they are two men, the one controlling, the other controlled; the one acting, the other criticizing action. To take that dualism out of our description of human nature, as much of our current thinking attempts to do, seems to me to rob it of all its moral and intellectual significance.

I may not labor the point, but must present it to you in the form of assertion and dogma. I believe that every man, and hence every society, falls for practical purposes into two parts which for lack of better terms I will call the Man of Action and the Man of Criticism. And between these two, there is, in the nature of the case, tension and strife: the one is the critic of the other. And further, I am convinced that nowhere is this tension more keenly felt than in the relations of what we call External Success and Liberal Learning. It is of the very quality of human nature that these two should be in conflict. It is in the midst

of this strife that we must fashion our educational leadership.

And second, as between success and learning, which is the master? Which of these, in our social scheme, has its way when they face each other in conflict? You will recall that in our portrayal of the rich man's house there is little uncertainty on this point. The tutor is a servant; his judgment is subject to the approval or disapproval, the acceptance or reversal of the master of the house. But this is not the relationship which Plato had in mind. On the contrary, it is the exact opposite of his intention. To make success master over learning is for him to make the higher subject to the lower, the critic subject to the action criticized. And to do this is to deny the very spirit and quality of the human situation. You will remember with what care, in his *Republic*, as he plans an ideal state which may conform to the principles of human nature, he cuts off his guardians from all sharing in external successes and failures. To them he gives responsibilities but no possessions. And to those who have possessions, he gives no authority.

And here again it seems to me that Plato is essentially right and we, just now, essentially wrong. His picture is avowedly an ideal one, far removed from concrete and specific situations. And yet, as against opposed abstractions, it seems to me radically true. We hear to-day, as he heard it long ago, the promise, the enticement of an external activity which says, "Only let me go free and unhindered, let me create, invent, produce, distribute, exchange, and I will satisfy your desires, will meet your needs." And the answer is still and forever true that the blind satisfying of needs must always end in futility and worthlessness. One cannot make a human life unless one's needs are criticized, one's actions chosen on the basis of a scheme of living to which all one's successes must conform.

And again, as there came to Plato, so there comes to us the argument, "But

the process of activity will itself supply its own criticism, its own standards: it needs no mind, no spirit, no learning other than itself to stand apart and judge it; that is true and good which works in action." Now whatever may be the deeper values of the philosophy which makes that statement, the popular interpretations of it seem to me far more disastrous and misleading than the like popular misreadings of the Platonic tradition. External success, practical achievement, claims the right to make its own standards, to create its own criticism. And it denies the existence of any learning other than itself and its own activities. More and more this is becoming our popular philosophy. Into every nook and cranny of our social living it makes its way. Our society has made of learning a servant, a dependent, a critic whose function it is to announce the judgments which are made for it by the activities upon which judgment is to be passed. It is for this society that we are attempting to consider the nature of educational leadership.

IV

What then, in conclusion, shall we say of educational leadership? I have not spoken of the specific problems of administration and instruction which face us. These problems are many in number, serious in importance, and fascinating in their possibility that the American people may, out of the greatness of its power, create for itself a mighty and beautiful structure of schools and colleges. But I have for the moment put aside all these immediate problems because I am convinced that no real progress can be achieved in dealing with any of them except as we find some way of dealing with the fundamental issue which underlies them all. That question is whether or not our education is to have within itself any genuine leadership whatever. Is teaching to be a mere hanger-on, a dependent upon our success, or is it to be active in all our living

as master and guide? In my opinion the spiritual destiny of America rests upon the issue as to whether or not we can find ways of setting up over against our material activity an intellectual and moral and æsthetic insight, free enough and powerful enough to direct it whither we will that it shall go. We must establish, over against the world of external achievement, an inner realm of criticism which shall be utterly free and independent in its judgments upon that outer world.

Can we do it? Can we have books which are not written for profit, newspapers untrammelled by the influence of money, an art whose only motive is to depict things as they are, a preaching which has neither desire nor need to please, courts of justice whose integrity and impartiality are beyond the shadow of a doubt, institutions of learning which devote themselves to the study of whatever is important for human living and which report their findings with fearlessness and self-respect? There is a cleavage running deep into our nature,

separating the Outer from the Inner, the Lower from the Higher, Body from Mind, Matter from Spirit. Shall we, in building our institutions, ignore that cleavage, breaking down all the distinctions of value which depend upon it? Or shall we take those values as the starting-point of all our planning and attempt to create a social scheme in terms of them and of their differences?

I am not sure that we can do the thing for which I am asking. It is a terribly difficult task; and just now the tide runs strongly against us. And yet perhaps we shall. But of this I am sure: no one who is not struggling with that task can claim any share in the leadership of our education. Education is the creating of an Inner Life. Far beyond all teaching methods and devices, we need for the American people a searching of its heart, a clearing of its mind as to the issues of life. Pupils and teachers together, we must so study ourselves and our world that we shall know how and for what we ought to live. When we know that, we shall know what and how to teach.





SOLID CITIZEN

A STORY

BY McCREADY HUSTON

CUTLER H. TODD, vice-president and general manager of the Empire Sash and Door Company, of Empire, Indiana, was riding into the Randolph Street suburban station in Chicago when he should have left his train at Sixty-third Street. At Sixty-third Street he should have taken a taxicab and gone directly to the office of I. Frank, of Frank & Frank, to see him about his account.

By getting off at Sixty-third he could have straightened out Frank & Frank with plenty of time to catch the eleven-o'clock train back to Empire, where he was expected at the annual meeting of the Empire Charity Chest.

Mr. Todd looked like a man who should be hurrying with a brief case to see Frank & Frank, not at all like one who was going to see a girl named Lisa in her apartment at ten o'clock in the morning.

Lying in his metal Chippendale twin bed, thinking about Lisa, Mr. Todd had gradually evolved a way to see her. And lying in bed, picturing himself in her apartment, the visit had seemed right and logical. But this morning, having let Sixty-third Street and duty slip by, he wasn't as happy as he had expected to be. His wife, back in Empire, didn't know he was going to see Lisa. Neither did Lisa. This romantic idea existed only in the mind of Cutler H. Todd.

She was of the team of Gennaro and Lisa, adagio dancers, who had appeared at a fashion parade and supper dance

given by the Empire Junior League at the Empire Country Club.

Mr. Todd had written to an agency to engage the professional acts from Chicago, and he had spent a fevered afternoon helping them get ready to perform on the crowded enclosed veranda of the club. He had helped Lisa the most. He had met her and Mr. Gennaro at the Empire Union Station with his Eight, had driven them to the club, and had attended them until their turn was announced.

He had done little for Miss Billie Lynn, the blues singer with the fat hips, and less for Jennings and Brown, the tap dancers. He had been too busy hovering around Lisa.

Mr. Todd was like that. He was always ready to rescue the Junior League girls from their difficulties. It was he who rushed an electrician from Empire to the club to arrange the lighting for Gennaro and Lisa, guaranteeing his over-time; he who talked the club steward into clearing out a linen room for Lisa's costume changes; he who drove her downtown for some last minute things for her make-up. The League simply didn't know what it would do without Mr. Todd.

By the time he had driven Gennaro and Lisa to their midnight train back to Chicago after the show and had returned to the club to pick up his tired and patient wife, he had begun to feel that destiny intended him to see Lisa again.

It was evident to him that the little girl had not been able to conceal that she was interested in him.

In the right number of days Mr. Todd remarked to his wife as they sat in the living room of their English-style house on Elmhurst Avenue:

"Guess I got to run into Chicago in the morning. Wish I could trust anybody down at the office to handle the customers. Nev' mind breakfast. I'll get a bite on the train. Customer of ours got to straighten out."

Mrs. Todd—Ella—from behind the society page of the *Empire Herald*, had asked:

"Isn't the Charity Chest luncheon to-morrow?"

"Can't help it," he had defended himself. "Got to keep the sash and door business going or we'll be needing charity ourselves."

The truth was Mr. Todd did have to see Mr. Frank in Chicago sooner or later. But when he took the Frank account out of his brief case and began to look it over there in the living room, what he saw was not a statement of figures but the dark eyes, the cream complexion, and the smoothly drawn hair of Lisa as she had appeared and dissolved before his bemused eyes at the Country Club. Lisa in a Spanish dress of eggshell satin and black lace; Lisa with a high comb and a fan; Lisa, small, wistful, delicate; Lisa daringly alluring.

Cutler H. Todd was one of the solid citizens of Empire. He was thirty-nine years old and had been married to Ella for fifteen years. He was an active member of the Empire Chamber of Commerce and of the Greater Empire Committee of One Hundred. He was aviation-conscious and had helped badger the city council into buying the old Simmons farm for an airport.

He told himself he hadn't tried to impress Lisa. For most of the afternoon and evening he had treated her just as he had treated a half dozen acts visiting Empire. It wasn't his fault, he contended, that there was something between them.

Saying good-by that night at the station, she had looked up into his face and

had said, "You are so good, so wonderful. Surely I shall see you again."

That, connected with Gennaro as he had stood by the baggage—big, dark, brutal looking—had condemned Cutler Todd to restlessness. The poor little girl had been appealing to him, trying to tell him something. At that moment he had been glad that between Empire and the Country Club, on the shopping errand to town, he had asked her for her home address. He recalled how quickly, eagerly, she had told him.

Getting ready to leave the train, he took his pocketbook from his hip and sorted the soiled cards and folded papers. He fumbled his driver's license, a book of gasoline coupons, three or four visiting cards, social, bearing the legend, "Mr. Cutler H. Todd," and a half dozen business cards reading, "Empire Sash and Door Co., Cutler H. Todd, Vice President and Gen'l Mgr."

On the back of one of these were some numbers preceded by an initial—Lisa's telephone number. After it was another number followed by a scribbled syllable—her street address.

They were not written out clearly. There was just enough to refresh his memory. He had put them down in such a way that nobody—Ella for example—could make anything of them if they should be found among his effects after an accident.

As the clock pointed to nine, Mr. Todd hurried through the station and, taking the walk to Michigan Avenue instead of the businesslike and virtuous tunnel under it, swung aboard the first North Side bus that came along. There he sat and watched the street signs for ten minutes, then suddenly got off.

He was one block from the street to which he wanted to go. He had not forgotten that he was supposed to be on the South Side seeing a man. He had no business connections on the North Side. He didn't wish any bus conductor to be able to testify in court that a round-faced man with horn-rimmed spectacles, about thirty-nine years old and wearing a

brown-checked suit and an oyster-gray hat, had alighted from his bus at Michigan and Oak at nine-fourteen on the morning of April twenty-first.

Mr. Todd had no patience with men who left trails and clues behind them in the mystery plays and movies. An ordinary man, he told himself, would have got off the bus at the street he was bound for. It was carelessness like that which got men into trouble. In his private affairs a man should use the same intelligence he applied in his business.

He waited till the bus was out of sight, went north a block, then crossed and walked rapidly down the cross street until he came to an apartment hotel. Instead of going in at once, he walked a block beyond and returned to the entrance.

In the green, black, and gold lobby, Mr. Todd glanced uncertainly at the bleak-faced man behind the little marble-topped desk. If he had been calling to interest the clerk in a carload of birch doors he would have been easy, bland, assured in his approach. But Cutler Todd's mind, trained by the talking pictures, instantly saw this clerk seated in the witness chair in a courtroom, with a district attorney standing in front of him saying:

"Now, then, just tell the jury in your own way how Mr. Todd appeared to you when he asked for this little girl's apartment. Did he seem nervous or excited?"

Somehow he pushed forward, past that horrid scene, and said to the clerk in a voice that sounded somewhat faint, "I'm looking for Miss Lisa, the dancer. She has an apartment here."

The clerk jerked his thumb.

"House 'phone. Seven twenty-nine."

With a hand of ice, Mr. Todd picked up the receiver and uttered the number into the transmitter. After a moment a feminine voice, the voice, responded.

"Yes?"

"Is this Miss Lisa, the dancer?"

"Yes."

"Well, this is . . . Mr. Todd."

"Mister who?"

"Mr. Todd. Cutler H. Todd, of Empire. You know, fellow you met in Empire."

"Oh, yes." The words had no inflection. They were merely an admission that she had grasped his meaning.

"Well . . . you see, I was in town, and . . . well, I thought I'd run in and say hello."

"Oh!"

"Yes, you know, just sorta wanted to see you and thought I'd run in. You know."

"Don't you think it's kind of early? I'm not quite dressed yet."

Mr. Todd uttered a little low, purring laugh.

"That's all right. Don't mind me."

"What!"

"Oh, I mean just don't mind a little thing like that. I just thought I'd drop in. And I got something I wanta show you. You oughta see what the *Empire Herald* said about you in their write-up after the show."

There was a pause. Finally Lisa said:

"Well, come on up in fifteen minutes. Give me a chance to get something on."

"O. K."

Mr. Todd hung up the receiver and turned to the clerk with a smile.

"Nice weather for this time o' year."

"Not bad," the desk man said and disappeared behind the rack of key boxes.

Mr. Todd strolled out and turned eastward, thinking to walk over and look into shop windows on the Avenue for fifteen minutes. He even thought he might pick up some trifle to take up to Lisa. But half-way down the block he turned back. There was a possibility that he might run into some Empire shopper on the Avenue. He put in a quarter of an hour in the opposite direction.

Exactly fifteen minutes later he re-entered the apartment house and said, "Seven, please" to the elevator boy. He wasn't afraid now. He knew exactly what he was doing. Lisa was waiting

for him. He eyed the back of the elevator operator's head defiantly.

At the door bearing the numerals 729 he rapped softly, discreetly, meaningfully.

"Come in," a woman's voice called, and he opened the door and stepped inside.

He didn't see Lisa. Instead he saw a man. The man was sitting in the middle of a plum-colored davenport, smoking a cigar. He was a plump, fair young man with protruding blue eyes and a thick neck. His fat little hands rested on his knees. On two fingers were diamond rings.

As Mr. Todd stared at him, Lisa called from the kitchenette beyond:

"Mr. Todd, I want you to meet my husband, Mr. Heintz. Augie, this is Mr. Todd, of Empire."

Mr. Todd laughed nervously and cleared his throat. Mr. Heintz said nothing. He was looking at Mr. Todd reflectively and rolling his cigar in the corner of his mouth. Mr. Todd said, in a manner intended to be casual and matter-of-fact:

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Heintz. I was in town on business and thought I'd drop in to see . . . see about getting your wife back in Empire for a little benefit we may put on for the Charity Chest. Nothing definite yet; but I like to get my talent lined up. We'd sure want Gennaro and Lisa; they went big the other night."

Mr. Heintz blinked.

"You got 'em through the agency the other time, didn't you?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, try the agency this time. People's Bank Building, in case you've forgot."

Lisa appeared in a doorway. At a quarter of ten in the morning she was a dark little woman in a pink cotton negligée. She leaned against the door frame and regarded the visitor coldly. Mr. Todd was still standing. Nobody asked him to sit down.

With another little laugh he said:

"I was just in town for the day and thought I'd run in and ask how you'd like to have another date in Empire."

Lisa said:

"You'll have to see the agent. He'll know if we're open on your date. And he'll have to ask Pat if we can take it."

"Pat?"

"Pat Kelly; Mr. Gennaro, my partner."

"Oh."

"Miller's the agent. You'll find him in the 'phone book—in case you don't remember," Mr. Heintz put in.

"Well, I guess I'll be running along. Can't stay. Got an appointment. Just thought I'd drop in. If we decide to put on the show I'll see the agent."

"People's Bank Building," said Mr. Heintz around his cigar.

"Well, good-by. Good-by, Mrs. Heintz. Good-by, Mr. Heintz."

"Good-by," said Lisa in a flat voice. Mr. Heintz grunted.

Cutler Todd closed the door on romance and walked rapidly to the elevator.

At a drugstore deep in the Loop, far from North Side apartment houses, he called a number.

"Mr. I. Frank, please. This you, Frank? Todd speaking. Todd of the Empire Sash and Door. Wanted to drop in at your office this morning but I got tied up in a conference. How about lunch? Say half-past twelve at the Bismarck? Fine. And say, Frank, don't worry about your discounts. We're going to take care of you. Fine. See you at twelve-thirty."

In the living room of the Todd residence in Empire that evening, Mr. and Mrs. Todd sat reading the paper. From her half Mrs. Todd read aloud:

"Say listen, Cut. What do you know about this? 'Business Man and Girl Found Dead in Apartment. Suicide Pact Discloses Love Nest Say Police.'"

From behind his half, Mr. Todd said: "Funny some fellows never learn to shoot square. Fellow'll never get anywhere monkeying around like that."

Ella Todd went on:
 "Did you see your picture in to-night's paper? There it is. 'Todd Boosts Charity Chest Drive.'"

She tossed him the sheet.

"Say," Mr. Todd responded, "they used that old picture of mine again. I

gotta get a new one made. Still, that's not so bad."

Then he added:

"Suppose a fellow would ever get anywhere, like this I mean, if he was always chasin' around like that; after women, I mean?"

HELOÏSE IN BRITTANY

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

HOW shall I live, knowing that other days
 Must come and pass, even as this day passes,
 That I must watch the moving sun's long rays
 Make slowly changing shadows on the grasses;
 Knowing that every stir of summer leaves,
 Or the warm thud of fruit against the ground,
 Or water dripping softly from the eaves
 Will echo in my heart another sound.
 The sound I wake at night and strain to hear,
 The sound I lie and answer in the dark,
 The sound of thee, or aught that tells thee near,
 Closing my eyes and ears lest they should mark
 Another day returning with the light
 And no beloved sound to break the night.

*I was not born to stand aloft and bleak,
 Like some high rock against a lonely sky.
 I am a woman only, I must speak
 To thee, and hear thy voice or I must die.
 I am not barren shore where no seas run,
 Or empty river bed where no reeds grow.
 I am the fallow earth quickened with sun,
 I am the yielding earth where deep streams flow.
 The earth grows sick from many days of drouth,
 The shore grows hard where waves have ceased to press,
 The reeds will wither when the stream runs out,
 The heart will wither without tenderness.
 O come again, my love, my stream, my sea,
 And let my waiting shores be lost in thee.*



BERMUDA AND THE AMERICAN IDEA

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

MANY persons—and I am one—are beginning to be just a little uncertain of the effect upon the world at large of the confident American traveler. We wonder whether he is quite sure of what he is doing to the foreign lands he honors with his presence; whether he realizes the persuasive and destructive force of something he carries with him wherever he goes—the American idea.

This American idea is not easy to define in concrete terms. An approximate working definition might be something like this: The American idea is the belief that the way we do things in this country is the only proper way to do them, and that every reasonable effort must be made to induce the foreigner to conform to our way of thinking. Wherever the citizen of the United States travels—and where does he not travel at present?—he attempts, with all the power of superior wealth behind him, to spread the American idea. The French don't use bathtubs? Very well, let us sell them a million bathtubs immediately. This will be good for their health, and besides being sanitary and all that sort of thing, it will also be good for our bathtub manufacturers. The mere fact that the French do not like bathtubs and have no desire for them never enters the mind of those obsessed with the American idea. Generally speaking, the American who travels to-day—and this means about fifteen per cent of our entire population—does not wish to understand or appreciate the life and culture of a foreign nation; he has little desire to absorb the ideas or emotions of an older and perhaps

wiser civilization; he rarely leaves home in a conscious effort to extend his outlook upon human nature. He cares merely to transfer his mode of living to another place in another land: to put Muncie or Detroit or Rochester in the haven where he would be.

You can find illustrations of the American idea in every part of the globe from Luxor to London and from Manila to Montreux. Nowhere, however, is it more noticeable than in the Bermuda Islands, which of late years have become indeed what they were called by Shakespeare, "the vex'd Bermoothes." In Bermuda the American idea has taken specific form; it has applied standardized American customs to social life. The effect of this belief of ours that wherever we go we must take our own particular civilization with us is perfectly shown by what has happened recently on this tiny coral reef in mid-Atlantic. There would be no quarrel with the American idea if we were quite certain that we knew what we were doing when we brought our bathtubs and shredded wheat to the Riviera and our Cadillacs and Buicks to Bermuda. But do we? I am not so sure.

Gradually, imperceptibly at first, the American idea stole down upon Bermuda and the Bermudians. It crept down from the north while the native go-getter (local representative of a breed not confined to the United States) was aiding and abetting the desires of the American tourist. The native go-getter was long unaware of the ultimate result of this invasion which he so cheerfully encouraged. Now it is too late for him to

do anything but invest his profits in Steel Common and look about at his sadly changed homeland.

II

Thanks to the American idea there is a lively battle going on in Bermuda at present. Some of the natives, the go-getters aforesaid who stand to profit thereby, consider it desirable to change the islands into a bit of America as most of the visitors urge them to do. Others, the more old-fashioned settlers, wish to keep Bermuda as it is. The war wages merrily all over the islands, and affects intimately every living soul existing on these volcano tops in the blue-green sea.

Who are the Bermudians? The traveler from the frozen lands of the north, and especially the New Yorker accustomed to the soft-spoken negro who, decorated in the uniform of a rear admiral, stands guard at the portals of his apartment house, may perhaps be forgiven for imagining that they are a dark-skinned race. He is likely to receive a shock when and if he meets a native Bermudian.

In all probability the negro in Bermuda is a foreigner; he may have drifted up from St. Kitts or some of the West Indies in search of work. The real Bermudian, the white man, on the other hand, is certain to be an old settler. His forbears doubtless came out from England generations ago; he is a man of polish, for many of the natives and their children have been educated in England or Canada—never in the United States; he has perhaps gone to Cambridge, where he and his boy both won their blue at rugger. He takes pride in this connection, calls himself an Englishman, and points to the fact that the Bermuda Parliament is, after its mother in Westminster, the oldest Parliament in the world.

The Governor General is appointed from home—that is from England; he is a soldier who combines this duty with

that of Commander-in-Chief of the military and naval forces in the region. So also is the Lord Chief Justice and the Lord Bishop; the latter, following the custom of the British high ecclesiastics, calls himself after his See; thus he is Arthur Bermuda. You can observe him almost any morning wandering up and down the streets near the Cathedral in full bishop's costume, with a flat hat and gaiters. The Lord Chief Justice is a stout member of the British bar who plays an excellent game of tennis when the afternoon is not too hottish.

Like their climate, which is never very cold in winter nor excessively hot in summer, the life of the Bermudians is equable. They visit home occasionally, they lead the quiet social existence of a colonist, they dwell in small white-washed houses much more comfortable inside than they look, and are for the most part a simple, old-fashioned people who go to the parish church on Sunday, call upon one another, leave cards, serve teas that are teas and not cocktail parties, and derive their pleasures from placid things. They have a season, they also have a Derby; and on Derby Day everything in the town of Hamilton, the capital, including the banks, the telephone company, and Mr. Murphie's grocery store, closes shop for the day.

Chiefly, however, the Bermudians are noteworthy for their bicycles. Only the extremely rich can afford to keep a carriage, and few of them do so. Consequently, everyone rides a bicycle. This means that they all live on the same social plane; there is none of the feeling of keeping up with the Joneses which exists in a small American community. If they desire to go to the annual reception at Government House, men and women in evening clothes mount their steeds and pedal two, three, or four miles as the case may be, to town. It is raining? Well, what of it? A little rain never hurt anyone. So the ladies tuck up their skirts and the whole party don rubber trouserettes and rubber capes and rubber hats, and off they slosh

through mud and wet. Inasmuch as their whole world does this, has done just this time without end, nobody thinks anything about it. And the spirit of bigger and better Buicks which permeates our northern civilization is entirely non-existent.

Perhaps these gentle, old-world natives are influenced in their attitude toward life by their climate. Equable—yes, it is that and more; it is the climate of mid-ocean; but a climate with softness forever in the air. If it rains in winter, as it does, it never rains for long; if it blows, there is none of the devastating bitterness of the hated mistral which blights the French Riviera. Nor are there upon this coral reef any of the violent and sudden changes which make the climate of the Mediterranean littoral the most treacherous in the world. The snowstorms that every winter nip the orange trees along the hillsides at Golfe Juan, that kill the jasmines upon the slopes below Grasse, or ruin the lemon crop at Mentone, are unknown in the Bermudas. In fact, with a climate such as this, the Côte d'Azur would almost be the heavenly spot that it is advertised to be.

What, exactly, is Bermuda like? To those who have never been there—perhaps, alas, to many who have—the simplest way to picture these enchanted isles is to explain how you perform the mundane task of getting your hair cut. You can, of course, if you live in one of those elegant and luxuriously indifferent hotels in Hamilton, go to the hotel barber. Most visitors do. This, however, is the way you get your hair cut in every civilized part of the earth from St. Moritz to Pinehurst. Let's, therefore, go native and call up Mr. Williams.

Who is Mr. Williams? He is the Bermuda barber. What is his number, then? Oh, never mind about that; simply take the telephone receiver off the hook and ask Central to give you Mr. Williams the barber, please. This is the way you use the telephone in Bermuda: "Please give me Captain Hugh Gregg in

Paget," or "Please give me Trimmingham's store," or "Please connect me with Mr. Stokes in Warwick." If there is a telephone book in Bermuda I never saw one in a fairly long residence on the island; certainly the company does not issue one when it installs your instrument. Strange to say, in spite of, or perhaps because of this ridiculously archaic system, one never gets the wrong number.

"Hullo . . . hullo . . . is that you, Mr. Williams? Could you give me a haircut to-day? Yes, please. About three this afternoon. Thank you very much. Good-by."

At the appointed hour, or shortly before, you set out on your bicycle and pedal down the South Shore Road to Mr. Williams' place. Up Trimmingham Hill (let us walk a stretch on this grade) past the King Edward VII Memorial Hospital, turn the corner at the Public Garden, and coast down until you reach Mr. Williams' domain. His shop is not in an office building. It is his home, a plain, white-walled, white-roofed cottage like hundreds of other cottages on the islands. No electric sign, no tri-colored, super-charged revolving pole before the door serves to differentiate his cottage from the others; it stands in a mass of tropical vegetation and flower beds. There Mr. Williams receives you and, leading you to the back porch, installs you in a large kitchen chair. Instead of looking at fake porcelain and a glistening shelf of tonics, ointments, and unguents intermingled with bottles of hair restorer and scalp reviver, you have before your eyes a soft and gentle landscape with a row of palmetto trees in the background and another white cottage to your right. On the other side is a gorgeous hibiscus hedge in full bloom. You will not, it is true, be able to watch the barber wash his hands, break out the paper seal of the highly sterilized brush and comb, and perform all the other sacred rites of his American colleague; but to make up for this you can enjoy for nothing the scent and color of Mr. Williams' garden. In the immediate

foreground sweet peas and calendulas, pink geraniums and asters, morning glories and stock dance for your benefit in the afternoon breeze. The sunshine is warm; it falls about your knees and ankles pleasantly as Mr. Williams proceeds about his task. No one importunes you to have your shoes shined. No red-haired coryphée in a sleazy blouse suggests a manicure, nor does Mr. Williams himself bother to bring to your attention the manifold virtues of a cocoa-nut-oil shampoo, a hot-oil scalp treatment, a Sun Ray facial, a hair singe, or a dollar hair treatment which, if repeated six times, will make you look like the Smith Brothers of cough-drop fame. No, he does not suggest any of the two million eight hundred thousand things which the tonsorial trade has devised to pester, annoy, and beat down the sales resistance of the citizen of the United States. Your work is done quickly and quietly. All too soon you pay your shilling, say good afternoon, mount your bicycle, which you have left leaning against the hedge on the road (no one steals bicycles in Bermuda because there is no place to take them) and, pedalling over the rise, coast triumphantly homeward.

That is the real Bermuda. I doubt if one American a year out of the hundreds of thousands who sail into Hamilton harbor knows of the existence of Mr. Williams.

III

The bull market in Bermuda started with the War. Previous to that time Bermuda had been a sleepy little outpost of empire with a handful of tourists who wanted rest, isolation, and tranquillity, coming down on the infrequent sailings of second-rate boats from New York or Canada. But the War, which shut off Egypt and the Riviera from the attention of the American who wished to spend the winter in more sunny lands, proved a blessing to California and Florida, and, despite the irregular connections with the mainland, to Bermuda

also. Tourist trade began to increase until soon after the War it reached proportions that made it profitable for a new steamship company to take over the route, build new boats, and give serious heed to its cultivation and development. Where previously the tourist had been an adjunct to the carrying of freight to the islands, he now became more important than the main show. The attitude of the American nation toward travel assisted all this.

Back in 1910 a business man who took a vacation in mid-winter made a tacit avowal that something was wrong with his business. Nowadays there is something wrong with his business if he does not take a vacation. Prohibition also helped the tourist trade. Very soon what was formerly a small industry became big business.

The native Bermudians, especially the younger ones, began to realize this. True, like their fathers, they wished at heart to keep the islands sacrosanct, wished the automobile still to be banned, wanted the charm and the fairylike atmosphere of the place to be preserved. Or as much, at least, as was compatible with big business. I suggested earlier that the go-getter exists not only in Pittsburgh and Duluth. But would the native go-getter, one wonders, have been quite as anxious to see Bermuda's fame spread abroad in the United States, would he have been quite so ready to take shares in the new hotel and golfing development could he have foreseen where things were leading?

For a different American was coming to Bermuda. The Mark Twains and William Dean Howellses who loved to wander aimlessly about the sea front or ride a bicycle up and down the coral roads have been replaced by a gentleman who is not a light drinker, who cares little for scenery, and less for riding a bicycle along a coral roadway beside a translucent sea. He wants his liquor, his golf, his coffee with cream, his room with bath in a hotel complete with elevators and all American accessories.

And he is willing to pay for this. The Bermuda go-getter suddenly began to discover that there was money in providing for his desires.

Naturally enough, with the advent of the tourist mob from New York, with the eight-day round trips (all expenses included) for one hundred and eight dollars, there came not only business men and their families, but telephone girls and stenographers whose wants also had to be supplied. The American idea, you see, was seeping in while the natives hardly realized what was taking place. One of the most popular stores in Bermuda is the Goody Shoppe run by the genial Mr. Eve. Here dark-skinned natives set up for you the chocolate marshmallow banana split or the almond luxuria frosted pineapple so popular in the corner drugstore at home. You can even get a real American soda fountain lunch there; "a chicken sandwich ann' chili sauce dressin' on graham bread anna double vaniller soder with whip cream," or "a roast tongue on rye with Russian dressing anna frosted sasspariller." Mr. Thad Zuil's bookstore on the corner of Reid and Burnaby Streets in Hamilton carries all the latest things to cater to the American taste in literature; they can supply you with *The Well of Loneliness* or *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, and you can there obtain every magazine published in the United States from the *Atlantic Monthly* to *Smutty Stories*. Ask, however, for a copy of the *London Times*, and you ask in vain.

Bermuda is a British colony with British coinage. Should you, however, step into the English sports shop on Queen Street to buy the latest thing in sweaters and neckwear from London, as everyone does shortly after arrival, hand out a five-pound note and see what happens. You will receive your change in dollar bills. In Bermuda the chemist's is a drug store where you get soda, American patent medicines, and cigarettes; the mercery shops are department stores; the greengrocers are nothing more nor less than our old friend the

Naborhood Store, selling cereals from Battle Creek and oranges and lemons from Florida and California. To-day even the native go-getter speaks tolerable American.

The old-fashioned hotels in which Mark Twain and Howells once lived have not entirely disappeared; they have simply become unfashionable. American—with a little Bermudian—capital has seen to it that the *idée Américaine* shall prevail; result, a huge yellow-stucco palace in which you live on the American plan. In this large caravansary you have the American idea to perfection. Here the visitor from the northlands finds himself absolutely at home, surrounded by hordes of bell boys in gaudy uniforms slouching about a gilt and ornate lobby, and surrounded, too, by grill rooms and main dining rooms, beauty parlors and souvenir shoppes and information bureaus and news stands and brokers' offices and *thé dansants* and all the rest of the appurtenances which we associate with the word comfort when we travel abroad.

IV

Perhaps the most startling event in the invasion of this island kingdom by the American idea was the birth and growth of the Mid-Ocean Club, colloquially called "Mid-Ocean." The visitors wanted golf, but not golf on the British idea. A course shaped and sloped around the natural convexities of the landscape, with a small wooden shack for a clubhouse, where one obtained a simple lunch of cold meat, dessert, and beer for a couple of shillings, was not sufficient. No, it must be a superb, a super-course, with clubhouse to match. And first of all it was necessary to find a site.

This was easily done: six hundred and forty acres of rolling land at Tuckers-town, about six miles from Hamilton. Says Mr. Charles B. MacDonald, the celebrated golf architect who constructed the course, "The contours of

the property are unsurpassed. Delightful valleys, one hundred to two hundred yards in width, wind through coral hills from twenty to seventy-five feet in height, along the line of play, well wooded with cedars, oleanders, bougainvilleas, and hibiscus, lending the most fascinating color scheme to the whole. The contours are inviting to the golf architect to construct unique putting greens consistent with the length of the hole demanded." Let me add that, as everyone who has been to Mid-Ocean will testify, this is not hyperbole.

The terrain was ideal, the money had been raised; but as one of the native Bermudians who was interested in the project explained to me, a hitch arose. Tuckerstown, the future site of the course, was a point of land which housed over a hundred negroes, and their homes the owners had no wish to move nor to sell. Requests, demands, threats, and expostulations availed nothing; there they were and there they would stay. In 1920 the Bermuda Development Co., Ltd., a corporation not entirely, one suspects, unattached to the steamship concern which feeds the islands with tourists, was incorporated by a special Act of the Colonial Legislature, and was "empowered to acquire approximately five hundred and ten acres of land in Tuckerstown and the vicinity." In other words, the owners of the houses were simply dispossessed. New homes were built for them in another part of the island and they were transferred thereto; but this example of the American method of handling such things gave even the hardest Bermuda go-getter pause. It was, he may have believed, justifiable to dispossess settlers whose ancestors had lived three hundred years in the same place to make room for a railroad or a public utility. For a golf club, however, he thought it a bit thick. Whatever he thought he kept to himself.

To-day Mid-Ocean rears its white portals on that exquisite spit of land at Tuckerstown; around and about nestles the golf course which pays tribute to the

genius of its builder as well as to the correctness of his earlier judgment. There it lies, for all who have the price—or almost all—to enjoy. The visitor to Bermuda for a week only who desires to join need have no fear of any difficulties arising in this connection. He has only to present himself before the Secretary of the club at the latter's office in Hamilton. Here he is given the official look-over; provided he is not Jewish, he is immediately permitted to pay the requisite fee, which graciously gives him the privilege of spending more money at the clubhouse six miles distant. To belong to this club, then, is about as troublesome as becoming a stockholder in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

This is precisely what the American tourist wants. It is what he is accustomed to at home. Be it noted that there are still miles and miles of deserted roads where the traveler from the north never penetrates, there are still silent, sunswept beaches—many almost within sight of the tower of the Hamilton Cathedral—where you are alone from sunrise to sunset with only the roaring ocean before your eyes. There are still acres and acres of caves and caverns in the rocks for the few who will take the time and energy to explore. There you are in a land of dreams, a land of deep tropical beauty, of sand tinted pink with coral, of soft green seas breaking in foam upon lonely rocks. But to find these places takes trouble and effort; you cannot be conducted there in a carriage as you can from your hotel to the golf course; you must mount your bicycle, pedal over sandy roads, get off and push along narrow by-paths, scramble down stony declivities. You must, in short, make your discoveries for yourself. The tourist cannot do this. He has not time; he is too busy playing golf.

To spend a day lounging about the beaches and the unfrequented parts of the island and then to find yourself before the massive bulk of the Mid-

Ocean Club, is to face an extraordinary contrast. Inside the dim and correct coolness of the lobby is a desk like every hotel desk in the United States, a ledger on the desk like every hotel ledger, and a clerk standing there like every hotel clerk. The bell boys are the same kindly dark-skinned gentlemen who at home take your bag and often treat you as an equal. Sprawled about the lounge in the proper attitudes are the same overdressed men and women in the same overelaborate sports costumes that you can see at Cannes or Biarritz, at Palm Beach or Coronado. There is the same air of excessive wealth betrayed in the furniture, the surroundings, the locker rooms, and the caddy master, exactly as you will find it in American country clubs from Poland Springs to Pebble Beach. You have stepped from one world to another; here, it is unnecessary to state, you will find few Bermudians. For here you are in the heart of the American idea.

V

Queen of the Seas,
 Thou hast given us the keys:—
 Proudly do we hold them, we, thy lovers and
 akin.
 We will guard thy Water-Gate,
 Though we be not strong nor great,
 And our lives shall pay the forfeit ere we let
 the foemen in.

Looking back over the distance of twenty-eight years, there is a melancholy pathos about those lines entitled "The Song of the Keepers of the Western Gate," written by Miss Bessie Grey in 1902. For you may draw up customs regulations, you may erect tariff barriers and pass laws to prevent strangers and their goods from crossing your frontiers; but it is hard to keep ideas from invading the land. Especially when they are brought in subtly by legitimate tourists.

Instance the invasion of the automobile. Yes, I am perfectly aware that the automobile is not as yet permitted in Bermuda; but that it is coming is as

certain as fate. Nor is its regulation an impossibility, what with one-way streets, cars geared to a maximum speed of twenty miles an hour, and other devices to safeguard life and limb. That the automobile will some day capture Bermuda is assured; to set your mind at rest about this you have merely to converse with one of the more prominent go-getters on Front Street, Hamilton.

Now the automobile is an excellent example of how difficult it is to guard the Water Gate against the American idea. During the past few years an act repealing the act forbidding the use of motor vehicles has been defeated by narrowing margins. In 1920 an Automobile Association was formed for the specific purpose of offering better means of transportation to the visitors from the land of automobiles, and a few years later the entering wedge came when a limited number of government trucks—the Mid-Ocean Club is also, by divine authority, allowed a truck—were imported from Great Britain. These are now permitted to roam freely about the narrow roads without undue thought being given them. This, however, did not assist the Americans to get from Hamilton to Mid-Ocean. Horses and carriages remained expensive and deadly slow. The go-getter pushed home his arguments regarding the wishes of the visitors. Soon he had the opponents of the automobile in a bad way. They fought, they resisted, and then—rather than capitulate and admit complete defeat—they fell back upon the light-railway idea.

In 1925 an act was passed authorizing a light railway to be run from St. George at one end of the island to Somerset at the other end. That this was possible shows the opponents of the automobile to have been *in extremis*. It proves also the penetrative power of the American idea. A light railway is as necessary and as economic in a small island twenty-five miles long as chariots would be on Fifth Avenue. But—it is less awful to the sensitive native than automobiles.

And in the act authorizing the light railway is a clause which forbids the use of motor vehicles upon the island for a long period of years.

In this manner is the capital imported from the north protected in the financing of the railway. But it is worth noting that this light railway has merely postponed, not defeated, the idea of a Government Motor Bus Service for inland transport. The go-getter, trained and upheld by the American idea, is not easily downed.

Perhaps the next step will be the permission to doctors to use automobiles. The worst of it is that your Bermuda go-getter can marshal some doughty arguments for this let-down of the bars of the Water Gate. He will show that Doctor Tucker in Hamilton is unable to visit the outer parts of the reef, like Ireland Island, not only because the journey there and back would consume an entire day, but also because the poor horse would be used up for forty-eight hours afterward. In his car, however, the good Doctor will breeze out there and back in just no time at all. These arguments are by no means specious; they are truthful, cogent; moreover the terrible condition of the nags and the manner in which they are driven by the West Indian Jehus are also good reasons for clamoring for the advent of the automobile. The only trouble with this argument is, of course, that motor vehicles have no more place in the general scheme of things in Bermuda than Frigidaires in Fairyland.

The defense of the Water Gate was always stern about one thing: the foe-man was to be kept an alien by refusing to sell him land unless he was a citizen of the British Empire. This rule was upheld—with, one suspects, some few deviations—until the advent of the Mid-Ocean Club necessitated a change. It was then discovered that cottages were being openly sold to the foemen without the slightest hesitation by none other than the foemen themselves, who happened to have been granted the land

by an Act of the Legislature. Accordingly, property is now ownable by foreigners provided they are first "approved by the Governor General." One imagines that his approval, like that of the Secretary of the Mid-Ocean Club, is not too hard to obtain.

So the Bermudian is capitulating. He is paying the forfeit for having let the foemen in. What else is there for him to do? Poor chap, he is up against something stronger than himself, stronger than any of us; he is up against the pressure of modern civilization. That which may be excellent and of good report in Minneapolis and Kansas City is somehow out of place in Hamilton and St. George; but what on earth is the native to do? Well, nothing, except invest his profits in sound American stocks and contemplate the shifting scenes in his island kingdom as he takes the boat to spend the winter in Florida.

VI

Would the American really like to see Bermuda completely Americanized? After all, the chief reason he goes there can hardly be to get golf, or bathtubs, or a warm climate, or even liquor—he can get all of them at home. Does he not go to Bermuda because it is different? To get away from the insolent bell boys, indifferent service, and bad food of American hotels, to reach another life and another civilization? He obtains—or at least he used to obtain—a sense of change, of complete contrast, in these enchanted isles. Is it not characteristic of us as a people that, having got it, we immediately proceed to do away with what we have been looking for?

Some day perhaps the Bermuda go-getter will get through his solid head the realization that we Americans don't know what we really want. The social history of the United States consists, first, of standardization, then of dissatisfaction with standardization. The next step is boredom and search for something not yet standardized. Which,

when found, is promptly standardized again. There is hope that some day, before it is too late, that callous chap the Bermuda go-getter will appreciate this and make an attempt to save his islands. But then on the other hand there is always the possibility that he will not.

If, therefore, you desire to see Bermuda, go soon. And do not be content with visiting the Aquarium or riding out to the reefs in a glass-bottomed boat; do not be satisfied with a trip to the golf links in a carriage every other day. Hire a bicycle. Having hired it, use it. Take the first road from town that pleases you, churn your way alone and unaided through the sandy wastes that call themselves paths until you come to a lonely and deserted beach with nothing but a few birds flapping over the green-blue seas between you and Land's End. The tourist usually misses so much of the islands. I am reminded of a certain gentleman not unconnected with the lawn tennis business who has visited Bermuda almost every year since the War. This gentleman told me categorically three different times that there were no grass tennis courts in Bermuda. This was because his many visits had found him confined to the various hotels in the town of Hamilton, where the courts are all of cement.

Indeed when grass-court tennis does die, then is Bermuda dead indeed. Should you by any chance be asked to a tennis party at the house of some native, accept with eagerness. It will probably be in an out of the way spot that necessitates a three-mile pedal; but do not be discouraged on that account. Push out, and likely enough you will discover at your destination an old, one-story, tropical home, full of the mellow-ness and charm of simple age. Perhaps it will be set upon a small knoll, surrounded by eucalyptus trees and little gardens where myriads of sweet peas are abloom. Mount the winding driveway to the verandah; and hidden behind the house in a small depression you will find

a velvety court entirely concealed from the outer world.

The native Bermudians begin to assemble. They are neighbors and friends. Everyone has an ancient tennis racquet and more ancient balls. You flock down to the court where your hostess makes up a four, and you learn that the idea is not to win, but to make an even match and most of all to enjoy yourself. This is heresy to our firmest sporting beliefs; never mind, however; let us slam the ball at the old lady across the net and see what happens. Perhaps to your surprise it comes back harder than you sent it, for despite their age and the age of their implements, the Bermudians can play. The set over, another four takes the court, the sides divided as evenly as possible. Sometimes three men and a woman will be playing together, sometimes three women and a man, depending on the quality of their respective games. The balls range in color from red to gray-green and dirty white. Their bounce is as varied as their color. Everyone plays, young, middle-aged and old; even the dog enters into the game and chases the balls that fall into the strawberry patch behind the court.

Pretty soon there is a shout from the house. Tea is ready. Tea means just exactly that—not cocktails. The whole crowd tramp into the cool, old-fashioned home, where photographs of subalterns in the uniform of the Coldstream Guards hang upon the walls. On into the dining room, where everyone sits about an enormous table completely covered with food. Tea is poured from a vast silver urn; there is homemade plum jam and bread and butter cut in thin slices and watercress sandwiches, and cake of all sorts including a white frosted cake and rich indigestible British fruit cake. You discover that you are hungry and you eat and drink tea and then you eat and drink more tea. When you are as full as possible, everyone tramps out again and down to the court and resumes playing. You protest that you cannot

play, that it is impossible for you to play, that you will kill yourself if you do play. And then when your hostess quietly asks you to make a fourth in the next set, you go in and play. And before long it is as if you had never eaten. Finally, while you are standing beside the court watching a four a bit later on, you glance at your watch and find it is nearly seven. Time to go.

A kindly, gentle, old-fashioned people, these native Bermudians, in their homes

tucked away behind those magnificent hibiscus hedges. Your go-getter was unable to be present that particular afternoon at the tennis party. He was over in Hamilton attending to the wants of the everlasting tourist. A boat came in from New York during the morning. Nor were there any Americans playing, either. They were all down on the golf course, earnestly making contacts that will help them in their business when they return to the United States.

OBSERVATION

BY SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

L*ITTLE by little we subtract
Faith and Fallacy from Fact,
The Illusory from the True,
And starve upon the Residue.*

*What is the sense in tears or laughter?
The Root of things is what we're after:
But fallen trees will spill their fruit
And worms and darkness keep the root.*

*Fallen days will spill their sun,
But paper heavens must be won,
And so, while we geometrize,
A bird out-twits us, twice as wise.*

*Mere matter is not all of marrow,
The harvest leaps not from the harrow,
And a push-button will not light
Joy by day or stars by night.*



EMILY DICKINSON'S LITERARY DÉBUT

BY MABEL LOOMIS TODD

WHEN my husband and I first went to live in Amherst in 1881—he as the young government astronomer called to the directorship of the little observatory at the College—Emily Dickinson was still living in the old red-brick mansion built by her grandfather. The house, surrounded by pines, faced the New England village street along which the simple life of Amherst came and went in an intermittent stream.

Emily's sister and only surviving housemate, Lavinia, wrote me to come at once to see them; her only brother, Austin, too, desired our acquaintance with his sisters. He, the leading lawyer of Hampshire County and, like his father and grandfather, Treasurer of Amherst College, was devoted to his unique sister and appreciated her as perhaps no one else did.

And so, I soon became acquainted with the strange, rare spirit, hiding behind the hedge in an atmosphere of reticence complete and inviolate. Although our actual interviews were confined to conversations between the brightly lighted drawing-room where I was received and the dusky hall outside where she generally remained, I grew very familiar with her voice—its vaguely surprised note dominant.

Usually I sang to her for an hour or more and then, for a second hour, played selections from Beethoven, Scarlatti, and Bach which she admired extravagantly, never before having come into contact with classical composers. She was said to have played with great effect, long ago, numerous pianoforte "pieces" then

in vogue in country districts. "The Battle of Prague" was mentioned to me more than once by contemporaries who remembered those early days in curious detail, even to the brown silk net with tassels behind each ear, her favorite adornment. But of real composers she had known little, and her enjoyment of Chopin, Haydn, and others was almost pathetic. Dressed always in white, an interrogative spot of light in the half-dark hall, her presence was like an inhabitant of some other sphere, alighting temporarily on this lovely planet.

When my calls were over her happiness was usually expressed in many dainty proofs—perhaps a note of few but thrilling words, more and more frequent as time went on, possibly a cream whip, or a rose, or a poem. To me these enchanted afternoons became the center of my life in Amherst, otherwise a rather prosaic contrast to Washington. Our peculiar friendship progressed radiantly in enlarging affection and intimacy until she "ascended from our vision to countenances new."

Soon after her death her sister Lavinia came to me, as usual in late evening, actually trembling with excitement. She told me she had discovered a veritable treasure—quantities of Emily's poems which she had had no instructions to destroy. She had already burned without examination hundreds of manuscripts, and letters to Emily, many of them from nationally known persons, thus, she believed, carrying out her sister's partly expressed wishes, but without intelligent discrimination. Later she bitterly regretted such inordinate

haste. But these poems, she told me, must be printed at once. Would I send them to some "printer," and how quickly could they appear?

Having already had some experience with publishers, I told her that no one would attempt to read them in Emily's own peculiar handwriting, much less judge them; that I should have to copy them all, then have them passed upon like any other literary production, from the commercial standpoint of the publishing business, and that certainly not less than a year must elapse before they could possibly be brought out. Her despair was pathetic.

"But they are *Emily's* poems!" she urged piteously.

I asked her how many there were; but that she could not tell. Afterward we found that almost six hundred were in the box first discovered. Later many more were found in other boxes and envelopes. But from a printer's point of view they looked hopeless. The handwriting appeared to consist of styles of three periods, absolutely different from one another—although none were particularly difficult to decipher; they were usually written on both sides of the paper, and the number of suggested changes was baffling. In the so-called "copied" poems, tiny crosses written beside a word which might be changed ultimately and which referred to scores of possible words at the bottom of the page were all exactly alike, so that only the most sympathetic and at-one-with-the-author feeling could determine where each word belonged. The mere copying, I estimated, if pursued for four hours every morning, would occupy two or three years and, if time were taken to select the most characteristic of her own suggested alterations, it might be much longer.

Several months elapsed before I actually began, for I tried at first to persuade Lavinia to place the poems with someone else. I hesitated to undertake so much work and study, as well as to assume the responsibility necessary for the successful

launching of a new poet on the sea of literary criticism. But she was unalterably determined that mine should be the hand which should help Emily to set sail. She continually urged me, coming frequently to our house, almost always late in the evening, begging me insistently always to begin, only *begin* on the poems.

One evening she arrived just before midnight, making a still stronger appeal; she was more than ever certain that I *must* undertake the work. One or two incidents had stirred her to even more than her usual vehemence. I knew that once begun, the poems would occupy most of my time and all of my attention until they should be in condition to send to a publisher. I felt, furthermore, that their unconventionality might repel publishers.

Lavinia almost went on her knees to me that night, and it hurt me to see her so intensely in earnest over what might prove a disappointment. But at last I did promise to put the poems in shape and try to find a publisher; to begin the very next day and to have them in order as soon as possible. So my daily occupation was clearly indicated, as it turned out, for almost four years; and the results were overwhelming.

Emily had been in the habit of sending a verse now and then to acquaintances in town; and many persons told me of having received "queer" lines, as they called them, some of which had been kept, more thrown aside, and but few really appreciated. Previous to her death I had been at several dinners in Amherst where certain of the guests had reported having received poems from her which had been entirely unintelligible to the recipients. But at any rate it made "brilliant" dinner-table comment, in one instance a lady bringing with her one of the verses which she read aloud with an indescribably funny intonation, asking the merry company what could be made of such absurd words! The unthinking ridicule of the

limited public which had passed on Emily's writing was a personal and definite grief to me. On that occasion I was moved to wrath and I could hardly forbear a biting response. But I kept silence, for the chasm between the attitude of the average person and the power of Emily's poetry was too great for me to bridge.

Lavinia had told me of Emily's quaint friendship with Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and asked me to have him co-operate in launching the poems. So before I began the copying I took several hundred of them to him, asking his assistance. He looked them over for a few minutes and, handing them back, shook his head.

"I have felt for some years that she had a certain amount of genius," he said, "but I am too busy even to look at this manuscript. In the first place, her writing is difficult to read, and I cannot spend time over them. If you will copy them all out clearly and then choose a few which you consider the best, I will go over them and we can together select as many as will make a small volume." So he indicated to me my herculean task, and I began alone.

When I had copied a sufficient number of poems I divided them into classes, marking them A, B, C, and D, according to their beauty, originality, and form. But long before I had finished, I had fallen under their singular spell. "Uplifting"—a much abused word—expressed the effect, not in the least like the ordinary comfort of so-called religious verse, but almost "as if a kingdom cared."

During the course of the work, which promised to be of nearly endless duration, I tried for a short time to avail myself of the services of a regular copyist, a girl of the town who ought really to have helped. But her insane mistakes were so funny as to be all but heart-breaking. It took longer to correct her errors than to write each poem intelligently in the first place. She would

invariably write a miserably commonplace word in place of the extraordinary one used by Emily, and it seemed irreverent to the helpless poet to allow her verses to be so mangled. Loyalty to Emily's patient ghost swept over me, and I permanently gave up hope of any mechanical assistance.

The number of poems was being augmented all the time, as Lavinia continued to find more, all of which she wished copied and used in coming volumes. "Every one," said Lavinia eagerly. After a time, the handwriting was increasingly easy for me to interpret, but the changes made by Emily herself, or suggested, never became less difficult to decide upon. In one copy of the now well-known poem, "The Humming Bird," which she had sent me, and which is one of the eight or ten named by herself, she offered four alternative words in the line, "with a revolving wheel"—the way it was left in her most carefully made copy. "Delusive," "dissembling," "dissolving," and "renewing" were written at the bottom of the page as possible substitutes for "revolving." But in this case, as in others, I retained the word she evidently preferred. It often seemed as if suggested alternatives were only to make her meaning clearer, more unmistakable, and almost never to smooth rhyme or rhythm. These, to her, were of secondary importance.

During this time of intensive work, I had to leave the poems for four or five months while I was absent in Japan on one of my husband's solar eclipse expeditions, in the work of which I have always been actively interested. But I came back to them with renewed ardor, having indeed thought of them constantly during my absence.

Throughout all these months and years Lavinia was feverishly anxious to have the copying and arranging proceed as swiftly as possible. Frequently she came by night to our house and urged me to work faster, telling me that Emily's especial friends were dying

so rapidly that she feared there would be no one left to welcome the poems even if they did appear. She begged me to work on them every possible moment, mornings and afternoons as well, adding that if it were really fatiguing (which she could not imagine!), she would give me a strengthening drink once in a while if I would only come for it. And indeed sometimes I did stop work long enough to run over to the ancestral house across the meadow, to take a milk and egg and whiskey concoction, most delicious, compounded by herself.

Meantime scores of poems had been discovered which Emily herself had never copied: scraps merely, they were written on the margins of newspapers, on grocers' brown-paper bags, backs of envelopes, or other homely media, and some of the finest were among these. It seemed impossible to copy all of the poems, for by this time it was nearly four years since Emily's death, and there were already several hundred in shape for appraisal. Of these I selected about two hundred of the most characteristic, most unlike the mediocre verses appearing in papers and magazines.

Armed with what seemed to me the most remarkable poems written in a generation, I went to Cambridge again, once more to interrogate Colonel Higginson. He was greatly surprised, he said, to find them so readable in plain handwriting, and still so unusual. After reading them over once carefully, he wrote me on November 25, 1889, as follows:

"I can't tell you how much I am enjoying the poems. There are many new to me which take my breath away and which also have *form* beyond most of those I have seen before. That one descriptive of the shipwreck, for instance! My confidence in their *availability* is greatly increased and it is fortunate there are so many, because it is obviously impossible to print all and this leaves the way open for careful selection. I have to proceed slowly, being busy in other

ways; have gone through about half your 'A' section."

In the spring of 1890 we went together first to Thomas Niles, at that time the real head of Roberts Brothers' publishing house, as Emily had had a sympathetic correspondence with him, and we thought it best to have someone pass judgment upon the poems who had known something of the shy writer. Mr. Niles was a charming, urbane gentleman, and in all the trying years when we were getting out one volume after another of Emily Dickinson's verse his kindly and discriminating friendliness smoothed our path. Yet at first his opinion was most discouraging. He had written to her several times, he told us, and had received remarkable letters from her, but to publish her "lucubrations" had always seemed to him highly undesirable. Still, he would look over the poems, give them to a reader for the house, and let us know as soon as he received the verdict.

A day or two later, on June 10, 1890, he wrote, "It has always seemed to me that it would be unwise to perpetuate Miss Dickinson's poems. They are quite as remarkable for defects as for beauties and are generally devoid of true poetical qualities"—which shows how blind may sometimes be the judgment of even the best of publishers!

The verdict of the reader was soon at hand. It was Arlo Bates to whom the poems were submitted, and his letters make curious reading now that Emily Dickinson has been acclaimed as one of the most precious classics of American literature. He did admit that she had "remarkable and unusual talent" but deplored her lack of a sense of rhyme or rhythm. He says, "She never learned her art, and constantly one is impelled to wonder and to pity at the same time. . . . She has put upon paper what reminded her of a mood or an emotion, and in nine cases out of ten she has not got enough down to convey the intelligence of her mood to any but the most sympathetic and poetical. . . . It seems

to me, with all due deference to those who did it, that the work of exclusion, that most ungrateful task, has not been pushed far enough. . . . I think the force of the volume, it being understood just what it is, would carry it farther than most volumes of verse go nowadays. Its faults are colossal, but it has the real stuff in no stinted quantities. I have cut it just about one half. The religious poems are the weakest and least original, but their very conventions make them the best for the closing section as they are put. I do not think the volume would make a tremendous stir. I do think it would be a distinct success of esteem."

He advised a small edition, perhaps of five hundred, thinking that possibly the public might accept the book to that extent. So we gave it to Roberts Brothers. The first edition consisted of only four hundred and eighty copies.

The fury of Lavinia over these mild estimates of her beloved sister's extraordinary writing may, I suppose, be imagined, although she had no literary appreciation of Emily's verses. But they were Emily's; that sufficed.

Perhaps the comments of publisher and critic were as complimentary as we ought to have expected. The reader was of course unaccustomed to such breath-taking thoughts as Emily's, but the opinions of both Mr. Niles and Mr. Bates were disheartening. Besides, in connection with his criticism, Mr. Bates, in cutting the number of poems practically in half, had left out some of the most striking of those submitted, among them "I died for beauty," "Safe in their alabaster chambers," and "How many times these low feet staggered." Naturally I could not countenance that, and I put back at once over twenty of his discarded ones.

Colonel Higginson was of course enthusiastic after he had read all the poems I had brought to him in easy dress; even from the first he had admired them, and the lack of interest in those who should have appreciated them

was nearly as exasperating to him as to me. But I had interested my old friend, William Dean Howells, in the poems, who speedily became one of Emily's ardent admirers, writing glowingly of them in the "Easy Chair" of *HARPER'S MAGAZINE* (January, 1891), from an advance proof which I sent him.

During all this time Colonel Higginson and I discussed at intervals naming the poems. But upon this we never wholly agreed. He looked at the problem from the point of view of the reading public as well as of the publishers, while I was exceedingly loath to assign titles to any of them which might not be specified by the poem itself. I had found ten, I believe, to which she herself had given names. After frequent meetings and much deliberation, Colonel Higginson yielded a good many titles of his own devising, and such poems were left unnamed, I in turn giving way to those titles unmistakably indicated in the lines themselves.

Actual changes in the poems were even harder to agree upon. I submitted to a few where, by altering the succession of words a good rhyme might result, but even these seemed questionable to me; a few went in, but only one, I believe, against which I did feelingly protest—the last line of the poem on the grass, which has so little to do. "I wish I were a hay," Emily had written. The quaintness of the article delighted me, but my collaborator was fixed on that point. "It cannot go in so," he exclaimed with heat, so rare in him that I was forced to yield. "Don't you see? Everybody would say that *hay* is a collective noun requiring the definite article; nobody would, even in fun, call it *a hay*." So I abdicated, feeling that of course he was right as far as the public was concerned. But I always had a sneaking desire to change it back to the original version!

We had much correspondence about the introduction. Colonel Higginson agreed to write it, but asked me to sign it with him. Later, however, he decided

that his own personal experience with Emily, to which the preface referred, would make it impossible for anyone but himself to sign it, adding in a note to me, "I have put on the title page 'Edited by two of her friends, Mabel Loomis Todd and T. W. Higginson.' . . . It is proper that your name should come first as you did the hardest part of the work."

Late in the summer of 1890 I was asked to suggest a design for the cover of the volume then to be so soon forthcoming. Immediately I thought of the Indian pipe, that perfect flower of shade and silence, weird and spectral enough to shelter many of the poems under its ægis. Some years before I had painted a group of them, and had sent the little panel to Emily, with an intuition of its appropriateness. She had responded with enthusiasm peculiar to herself.

"That without suspecting it you should send me the preferred flower of life," she wrote me after receiving it, "seems almost supernatural, and the sweet glee I felt at meeting it I could confide to none. I still cherish the clutch with which I bore it from the ground when a wondering child, an unearthly booty, and maturity only enhances mystery, never decreases it. To duplicate the vision is even more amazing, for God's unique capacity is too surprising to surprise. I know not how to thank you. We do not thank the rainbow, although its trophy is a snare. To give delight is hallowed—perhaps the toil of angels, whose avocations are concealed. . . ." (*Emily Dickinson's Letters*, edited by Mabel Loomis Todd, Vol. II, Roberts Bros., Boston, 1894, p. 430.) So the Indian pipe was chosen as her cover design, cut from my painting which had stood for so long in her room.

At last came the great day when the volume was to be issued to the probably indifferent public. That was November 12, 1890, and I waited with something akin to fright for what might be said. On November twelfth, Mr. Higginson wrote me, "Books just arrived—bound. I am astounded in looking through. How

could we ever have doubted about them?"

A few copies had been sent to various critics ahead of publication, and reviews began to come from them even before the completed edition was issued. Immediately after its publication, however, a flood of notices appeared. Many of the critics were manifestly bewildered, and could hardly use their accustomed words. But practically all united in admiration of the thoughts which aroused their latent response, although there was practical unanimity in regretting that she *would* neglect her rhymes so flagrantly. Nearly all were friendly, these astonished writers. But I recall one who spoke of various "typographical errors"—one of which being the line, "To satin nations he is nought." Ah ha! gloated this critic, there is a mistake! For he thought that Emily must have meant, as well as written, "Latin" races! Mr. Niles, troubled over this and the other "typographical" errors pointed out in this review, wrote me, "What do you say to the closing paragraph of the (*Independent*) notice?" If any of them had studied Emily as I had, they would have known that to use the phrase "Latin races" would have been as impossible for her as to refer to "Nordic facial characteristics" or to "Aramaic culture." She was never pedantic.

There were few hostile reviews, but some of them were important. For instance, *The London Daily News* (January 2, 1891) was harsh and cruel in its utter lack of appreciation or understanding of Emily's peculiar genius. It called her work "balderdash" and "mere maundering," a "farrago of illiterate and uneducated sentiment." Andrew Lang, in the *Illustrated London News*, spoke of "mere nonsense." "Indeed," he said, "one turns over Miss Dickinson's book with a puzzled feeling that there was poetry in her subconsciousness, but that it never became explicit." And again, "This is certainly a very curious little book. It has already reached its

fourth edition, partly, no doubt, because Mr. Howells praised it very highly."

The first edition was sold out in a few days, and the second edition was ready on December eleventh. By the twenty-third the third edition was exhausted, the fourth all gone in a few weeks, and the fifth was binding early in February. Mr. Niles wrote me (February 17, 1891), "I sent a copy to Miss Rossetti, who, acknowledging it, says: 'a very remarkable work of genius,—though I cannot but deplore some of the religious, or rather irreligious pieces.'" On March eleventh Mr. Niles wrote me, "The fifth edition is selling well . . . and the sixth edition is printing."

And so the book had more than justified my years of toil with little encouragement except a sustaining belief in the greatness of Emily's poetry. She, perhaps, would have been the most surprised of her readers, could she have seen from some upper realm the astonishing reception accorded her "mind." There were more than five hundred printed reviews within the first few weeks.

Letters filled with extravagant delight and sympathetic understanding came to me from all over the country and from England, and my mail was augmented to unmanageable proportions. The writers asked for information about Emily Dickinson's life, occupations, and modes of thought, until I had to call a halt upon answering any more questions. A woman from Nebraska wrote, "I hardly understand how she could live so secluded a life for so many years. Did she never attend lectures, festivals, literary circles?" Alas, poor Emily! Festivals, literary circles! And another, "The more I read, the more I wonder that this gifted woman kept so much to herself. . . . I should not, ignorant of the truth, have guessed the writer to be an Eastern woman. I should have placed her in the far West, say in Dakota, nor ever dreamed that she grew up in New England among the poets and in the shadows of the schools."

That this Puritanism distilled through generations should have been judged a product of Dakota "squeezed my breath."

Requests, of which there were endless numbers, which bothered us most were those demanding a photograph of her. She had been exceedingly shy in allowing her face to be seen, and had refused her picture when Mr. Higginson requested it. Neither her brother nor her sister cared to have her likeness reach the public. We had a fairly good daguerreotype which we finally had photographed, however, for possible reproduction. Not liking it, her brother tried to arrange with an artist to copy it, lessening certain things not acceptable to himself, and softening the arrangement of the hair. After weeks of trying to make a satisfactory likeness, the correspondence in regard to which makes interesting reading, Austin Dickinson decided that nothing could really represent his beloved sister's face, and said that no picture of the elusive Emily should be given to the public with the exception of the child face from the large oil portrait of himself and his two sisters. So this was copied later for the two volumes of her *Letters* already referred to.

As a matter of fact, Emily was always sensitive about her personal appearance, although her hair and eyes were beautiful. But to herself she was not satisfactory, and she sought retirement at first, so her brother and sister thought, somewhat on account of her shyness in this regard. But why attempt to explain Emily's seclusion? It was as inevitable, as inherent in her nature, as for the hermit thrush to prefer the depths of the forest.

As her fame increased, remote relatives long forgotten published their recollections in newspapers and periodicals. In several instances I had to voice Lavinia's protest to some cousins who were writing their memories and, worse, their imaginings, as to the cause of Emily's seclusion. One of these berated ladies replied to me, "Certainly you can

believe I had no intention to offend Miss Lavinia in what I wrote of Emily, or in sending you the *Transcript* containing the article alluded to. The most charitable construction to be given to the message sent to me by Miss Lavinia is that her memory is defective. I can, if necessary, prove the story of the cat's tail being sent to me by Emily." When Lavinia ordered this relative to refrain from publishing any more articles relating to Emily, the lady replied, "As to whether I will write further of Emily, I am undecided. But I have quite enough material for a short paper. It is to be remembered that when the writings of an author are given to the world, anyone has the privilege of making known any incident or fact in connection with that author's life or environment, to the public."

Emily's brother Austin did not especially enjoy all the unauthorized writing about his sister, though he did not attempt a futile curbing of the inky enthusiasms as Lavinia did. He was chiefly amused at the masses of articles, some of them absurd, which kept pouring in.

On the very day the book was published Colonel Higginson wrote me, "I am distressed exceedingly to find that among E.D.'s countless letters there are poems as good as any we printed—one on the blue-jay, one on the humming-bird, etc. This shows we must have another volume by and by, and this must include prose from her letters, often quite as marvellous as her poetry. Howells is doing missionary work in private."

Colonel Higginson wrote again on December 15, 1890, "Pardon me if I bore you, but I often wish for your sympathy, because you are the only person who can feel as I do about this extraordinary thing we have done in revealing this rare genius. I feel as if we had climbed to a cloud, pulled it away, and revealed a new star behind it. I have just been going over the reviews and noting in the book who quotes each

poem. Have you observed how they are *distributed*? Sooner or later each poem, it would seem, must find its one admirer. . . . A few poems show a consensus of appreciation . . . yet some of the finest are not yet picked out by anybody. I wish I could remember who suggested each title; some of the best, I know, are yours. On the whole, they help. . . . Such things as I find in her letters! 'The Madonnas I see are those that pass the house to their work, carrying Saviours with them.' Is not that one of the take-your-breath-away thoughts? There is much that I could never print. . . ."

It gradually became clear that there must be a second volume of her poetry, and so we again set about the task of selection. This was in 1891. When the manuscript was nearly ready for the printer, I wrote my co-laborer in regard to my preface on July 25, 1891, "I know there is too much of this preface, but I have tried to answer, point by point, the things said of her by the critics. I have almost a complete collection of the newspaper and magazine notices of the first volume—certainly all the important ones. Most of them say she was an invalid, that she was cruelly disappointed in love, that she was irreverent—that she never had left Amherst, that she was a recluse from childhood, and other nonsense. And then some friends had wondered at variations in the printed poems from those she had sent them—and I have been questioned about her handwriting and manuscripts; indeed, there seems an endless curiosity, both printed and verbal, about her. And I thought it the proper opportunity to forestall further spreading of what is not true about her. Cut it wherever you choose. Mr. Dickinson likes it, and says if it is not too long, he should like most of the points to remain. Vinnie approves. . . . Please, dear Mr. Higginson, criticize this little sketch freely, and write me *just* how it strikes you. My trust in your judgment, taste and friendliness are boundless." The Second

Series was published in the autumn of that year in response to an ever-increasing demand for Emily Dickinson's poetry, and its sale was scarcely less surprising than that of the first volume the year before.

Although I had no financial interest in either of the volumes, it was gratifying to know that Emily's sister was reaping a harvest from the extraordinary sales, which showed little diminution as time went on.

When we first discussed the matter of the copyright with Mr. Niles, before the appearance of the first volume, there came the question of the name in which it should be issued. Mr. Dickinson decided to tell Lavinia about an official copyright, of which she knew nothing until I explained it to her. Then she said of course she must have that, as Emily's work belonged to her. Her brother told her that even though the proceeds of the poems were to be hers, as he generously waived his own claim, the copyright should be in my name, since I had done the work, and without pay. But nothing but both copyright and proceeds would satisfy her; and so it was settled. I received one hundred dollars, given me by Lavinia upon the publication of the first volume of poems

in 1890, and Colonel Higginson was given the same.

While preparing the Third Series of *Poems*, finally published in 1896, which I had prepared without Colonel Higginson's assistance, I was besieged for some of Emily's prose. The result was that I collected and edited two volumes of Emily Dickinson's *Letters*, published in 1894—but that is another story.

Emily's début had been a triumphant entry into the life of that public which she "never saw" but to which, nevertheless, she had sent her message. Her success had been instantaneous with the appearance of the first volume of *Poems* in 1890; it continued through the second and third volumes which were published in 1891 and 1896, respectively. And now, with her place secure for all time not only in the hearts of those who understand her unique ways, and in the love of those who may not criticize, but in the front rank of American poets as well, we can say with Howells:

"If nothing else had come out of our life but this strange poetry, we should feel that in the work of Emily Dickinson, America, or New England rather, had made a distinctive addition to the literature of the world, and could not be left out of any record of it."



DJOMBÉ RIVER

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART II

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

TOTTON sat on the porch, his back against a post, his legs sprawled easily down the steps. The afternoon was drowsily warm. He watched a black-and-golden butterfly settling and darting above the grass, and considered lazily. Should he call Aloki to get his bath ready or should he first stroll down the hill and have a look at the vine bridge? With a comfortable sigh he got up, stretched and, with hands in pockets, wandered down the path. Bryce had been away nearly a month and might arrive at any time. Just to be sure, he'd look at the bridge once more.

After the still gloom of the forest the glare was blinding above the open river. Shading his eyes with his hand, he peered up into the branches, examining the vine fastenings. All was secure. He climbed to the bridge and walked halfway across. Midway he stopped and leaned against the downstream slope. The hot sun upon his back and the swirl of the bright running water gave him a sense of relaxation. He half closed his eyes.

It had been a long wait—thirty years of the tropics, Bolivia, Siam, the Gaboon. Dreary, lonely enough it had always been to look forward to, but—he breathed deeply of the hot, fragrant air—not bad at all to look back on. Be just like the thanklessness of humans if next year in Paris or New York or Vienna or wherever he was, he'd have a twinge of homesickness. He chuckled. He'd take a chance on that. . . . Wonder how the concession would get on without

him? He half opened his eyes and cast them appraisingly on the nearby trunks. First thing to do when Gene's girl showed up was to give her a few lessons in the lumber business. Heaven help the company with fat little Gene as foreman. He had wondered several times during the past month whether his offer had not been impetuous. Come down to it, Gene was young and not particularly capable. Possibly a wife would brace him. Something should.

He stood erect and listened attentively. Voices. Talk of the devil! With long steps that set the bridge springing he crossed to the far side and walked a few quick paces along the trail. The caravan rounded a turn, and he halted abruptly.

Marion was ahead. Her white dress, always inappropriate and fragile, was caked about the hem with mud and streaked with dirt and grass stains. Her stockings were torn, muddy; her dark hair appeared in confused masses from beneath her wilted helmet.

She stopped at sight of him, and her dark blue eyes found his. The expression in them sent a sudden lump into his throat and made him sick with surmise. Timorous, weary, tear-dimmed, they yet held level. Her mouth trembled.

"Mr. Totton?"

Jeff nodded.

"Gene was drowned when we crossed the river two days ago. A . . . a floating log struck the bridge and carried

it away. We came on here because I didn't know what else to do." She hesitated. "I will go away soon. I . . . I'm sorry."

When he found his voice it came with a brusque loudness which startled him. The muscles of his eyes and jaws seemed to drag from the force of the pity that welled in him. His ragged helmet still rested ridiculously on the back of his head. He had forgotten to take it off.

"Oh, good Lord, don't talk about that." He took both her hands impulsively. "My poor, poor child!"

In that touch an instant sympathy passed between them. His workman's brown hands enclosed hers completely. A wave of relief swept over her. It was almost as if she had come home. His lean bronzed face, his kind gray eyes . . . after the fearful days of no one, it was comforting to find he was like this.

He signalled that the carriers were to continue and stood aside with her to let them pass. They watched silently while the negroes crossed the hammock bridge and disappeared.

"Gene told me," she said in a low voice, "that the last bridge didn't count."

She walked forward resolutely, then stopped, shuddering, and covered her face with her hands. Jeff understood. With perfect naturalness he picked her up in his arms. She clung to him. Midway of the bridge he paused to balance himself.

"Don't be afraid, ma'am," he said. She shook her head. He held her tighter to him and kept on.

He explained the arrangements of the bungalow in a commonplace, slightly hurried tone—the verandah, the big rough-boarded living room to the left of the entrance door and the two bedrooms, his own and Gene's, to the right.

"We don't," he indicated, "run the partitions all the way up to the roof. Gets a better circulation of air the way it is. You won't find it much to look at, but it's comfortable." He opened his mouth to boast of the fine new

bungalow he had planned to build for them, thought better of it, and stopped.

He silently helped her to arrange her boxes in Gene's room and sent Aloki and the cook to heat water for a bath.

In a few minutes he left her at her door. She gave him her hand and looked at him. "I can't ever begin to tell you how grateful I am, Mr. Totton," she said.

He cleared his throat. "Anything at all I can do . . . I guess I can't tell you how sorry I am."

Totton walked down the yard. At the hedge he tore off a red hibiscus flower and crushed it tremblingly between his fingers. His mind was in a turmoil. He strove to think of the initial tragedy—of Gene, of his planless days so violently and so senselessly ended. But try as he would he could not dwell on that. The tragedy of death seemed incidental, ended utterly in contrast with the continuing tragedy of the girl. He mouthed soundless, reverent profanities. With a vague, clumsy gesture he wiped the sweat from his forehead. The blood pounded in his temples. A vision of her crossed his mind, of the pale drawn face against his coarse shirt, the relaxed young body in his arms as he carried her over Djombé River bridge. Why, she was a beauty.

He kicked through a clump of grass and gazed with fierce detachment at the gathering clouds in the sunset sky.

"Yes, now what?" he asked half aloud. He shook his head seriously, helplessly, decided on postponement. With a physical shock he observed his ragged trousers.

Jeff, ill-at-ease in a white suit that had mysteriously shrunk during several years' retirement, stood waiting at the edge of the porch. He heard light steps behind him, but in an access of acute embarrassment did not turn. Marion, not realizing he was aware of her, studied him for a moment.

Totton was a type of man she had never before known. His watchful gray

eyes, the breadth of his shoulders, the easy poise of his long body gave him a look of calm and purpose. He seemed effortlessly to dominate the silence, the whispering desolation all about them.

She stepped beside him. "This is an awfully nice bungalow," she offered.

He smiled down at her. "It has a roof and four walls and it keeps the weather out. You can say that much for it."

She shook her head. "No, really . . ." She looked out over the rolling meadowland of dark tree tops under them. "This is the most beautiful country, you know, that I have ever seen."

He looked at her wonderingly.

"It makes me feel," she went on softly, "that I have come back to the beginning. It seems . . . I don't know just what to say. It seems as if it were waiting . . . that perhaps when the waiting was over, the beauty would end. Is that a very silly thing to say?"

"Waiting?" Jeff echoed. "It's a great place for waiting, all right. I've been doing that as long as I can remember." He examined her admiringly. Except for a look of weariness about the corners of her mouth and eyes, there was little trace of the bedraggled waif of the afternoon. She wore a sleeveless white-linen dress. She stood erect, courageous, young. Her lips were slightly parted, tasting the sunset air.

"I'd like to say, ma'am," said Totton earnestly, "that I certainly do admire your nerve. You show more courage than I should if I'd been through what you have." He hesitated, fumbled uneasily with his unfamiliar necktie and looked away from her. "I'll tell you why I mentioned it. It crossed my mind that maybe you were keeping your end up on account of me, that you and I not being acquainted very well, maybe put you on your good behavior. Because don't." He put his hand on her shoulder, suddenly conscious, lowered it again. "I knew Gene pretty well, you know. So I mean to say if you

want to talk about him . . . or anything . . . go ahead."

She shook her head. "No, it isn't that. But thank you anyway. You are awfully kind."

He shifted impatiently. "No use saying that."

Aloki, behind them, announced dinner.

In a sort of hushed casualness they talked of food, of the difficulties of a jungle garden, of the aggravation of all cooks, of the obvious excellence of Aloki, of a boy Totton had had in Bolivia and lost from an overturned canoe on a tributary of the Rio Madre. (The inappropriateness of this tale upset and silenced him.) But for the most part they said nothing. Marion's thoughts seemed turned in upon herself. Her fingers ran incessant, nervous little courses among the things in front of her. Her manner, it seemed to Jeff, was thoughtful rather than sad, as if, he guessed, the future occupied her to the exclusion of the past.

He was content to look at her. There was no harm in that, he argued. A man would have to be blind or senile not to. He worried whether she was really as exquisite, her skin as smooth, her eyes so deeply blue, her mouth as tender as they seemed to him.

Aloki cleared away the things, made a bundle of the wrinkled cotton tablecloth, and ducked out under the hanging net for the last time. The silence that followed his going was oppressive. Except for the occasional faint angry rattle of termites in a mud nest somewhere in the roof thatch, the eternal roar of distant Djombé falls, and the sawing of cicadas in the outer dark, the quiet was absolute.

They listened to the night. Marion's elbows were on the table and her cheeks leaned upon her palms. She glanced thankfully toward Totton. The line of his jaw, the seams in his sun-darkened face, his straight mouth made a rigid pattern which she found consoling. The mood of the woods was so intangible, amorphous.

"Mr. Totton," she said at last in a low voice; "If you don't mind I'd like to talk to you. I owe you an explanation."

"You don't owe me anything, ma'am."

She shook her head. "Yes, I do. I mean an explanation of myself." She hesitated, then went on steadily, her eyes on the table. She had torn a splinter from the rough board top and drew tiny shapes with it. "You must think I'm a queer sort of widow. I must seem terribly hard. About Gene. Not to seem more sorry." She considered. "Of course I am sorry. It was a fearful, a ghastly thing." Her mouth puckered but quickly became firm again. "But it was a way out. He didn't want me, Mr. Totton."

Jeff made a clucking sound in his throat.

"No. I mean it very seriously. He was only being sorry for me. I didn't of course realize or I should never have come." She looked up pleadingly. "You can't realize how tired I am of people being sorry for me." Her eyes filled suddenly with tears and she brushed them peevishly away. "Really! You see, my mother died when I was a baby so I was 'poor child' to everyone for as long as I remember. Then when my father became ill I took care of him. So I was 'poor Marion' then. . . . I can't tell you how kind everyone has been to me, how they've pitied me, or how I've wished they wouldn't. I suppose you think that's childish and ungrateful?"

"No-o."

"It is, but I can't help it. When Gene came back from college I thought it wasn't the same. Honestly, I don't think it was. At least I like to think he loved me for a little while. But he got over it out here, and I was so foolish I didn't realize that of course he would. I'm sure, though, he pitied me! I knew it was that and only that the minute I got off the boat. But I was too cowardly to let myself know it. I simply . . . I simply didn't know what else to do."

Jeff cleared his throat. "I shouldn't be too sure of that. You can't know . . ."

"Yes, I can." She nodded vehemently. "Of course I can. He didn't want me. Not for anything. He never even touched me, Mr. Totton, do you see? No man can know how bitter that is for a woman. How it destroys all one's childish vanity. I felt so horribly lost. Do you understand? You see, I wanted him or someone so much. To look forward to life for a long, long time. . . . This whole thing, Africa and getting away, and a place for me at last. . . . Oh, I was so hopeful!" She steadied her voice and looked at him. "You are awfully good to listen to me go on like this, Mr. Totton."

"Why, no indeed. I don't see why we can't be friends."

"Thank you." Her glance wavered, left his face, roamed desperately. The night wind shifted, rustled like approaching ghostly voices through the trees. It brought the sound of Djombé River nearer. She listened, and her face drooped forward on her arms. "I don't know why the dickens, though, it couldn't have taken me instead!"

The muscles of his throat were tight and his lips dry. So long, so long to have been away from all important, human things! He felt strangely, in that instant, younger than she. He leaned across the table and tried to touch her hair. It was an insistent need for him, far more than simple gentleness. As if he must reach quickly back across the empty years. His fingers fell just short, and he rose and came around the table to her. He cupped her shoulders in his hands and steadied her. A kind of strength flowed up to him. With an effort he controlled his breathing. He said nothing for a long moment, then bent down.

"We've got plenty of time ahead of us, you know," he said. "You've had a long day. Why don't you turn in now and we'll . . . we'll see about things to-morrow? What do you say?" Her head nodded, and he half lifted her

to her feet and turned her to him. Her face fell back and she staggered a little. He put his arm about her waist to steady her. Suddenly he strained her to him and kissed her mouth. Her lips seemed lightly to answer his.

He stepped back, his face hot with confusion. Without a word he lifted the edge of the net for her to pass under. They walked the length of the porch and turned in the door. At the entrance of her room, dimly visible in the light of a smoking lantern that hung from the ceiling, he spoke again, by an immense effort of will keeping his voice under control. He moved and spoke like an automaton.

"Good night. I guess Alok has fixed your lamp and everything. If you want anything just say so. I'll be right in here. Good night."

"Good night."

An hour later Jeff lay staring wide awake at the feebly lighted roof. His lamp and hers in the next room had been left partly on, and the vague rays mingled above the partition. It had begun to rain outside, a booming, lashing, tropic rain that made the house creak and faintly stir, seem doubly isolated in the black and streaming vastness of the woods. But the thatch was sound and the smoky lamps burned steadily.

He turned twitchingly, put out one hand till his finger tips rested tightly on the wall. The bed in which she slept, the big reed bed he had built in the past month as a surprise for the bride and groom, stood immediately next his with only the wall between. He could hear her. She was sobbing, hopeless, buried sobs that tore him like whips.

"Poor child, poor child," his lips formed over and over again. How beautiful she was!

He tensed out his long legs strongly and pressed his calloused palms hard down upon his eyelids. The scent of her breath, the touch of her moist mouth, the pulse of her body against his consumed him like fire. And he pitied her. His eyes felt dry with aching

sorrow for her. The two emotions seemed to touch and intermingle.

"My God . . . my God," he whispered.

A wistful cry, muffled and made almost inaudible by her pillow, came through the wall. With overwhelming resolve he swung his feet to the floor, found his slippers, and put on a ragged bathrobe. He opened his own door and walked shakily to hers. With hand lifted to knock he hesitated. He was trembling violently. What was he going to say, do? In a moment he nodded decisively and tapped.

The sounds abruptly ceased. At last a voice answered, "Yes?"

"Can I come in for a minute?"

Again a pause and again a "yes." He turned the knob and entered. She sat diagonally on her bed, her bare shoulders propped against the wall. Her hair, shadowy and ill-defined in the half-light, hung about her shoulders. Her lips were parted and her eyes wide.

He paused irresolutely halfway in the room. "I beg your pardon, coming in like this. But I couldn't sleep, hearing you. . . . I guessed maybe you were worrying about what was going to happen? What you were going to do, I mean. And I thought of something. I thought of it before, but I'm such a damn' fool I . . . I forgot to mention it."

He came to the edge of the bed, sat upon it, and took her hand uncertainly in his.

"I thought of something," he repeated heavily, "and I wanted . . . I had to know what you'd think." She gave him no help and he continued. "I wanted to say that if you didn't want to, you didn't have to go away from here. That was it. Just feel it's your place as much as mine. You have a right to it, you know, because of Gene . . . and everything. Don't be in a hurry, that's all I mean."

"I . . ."

His grip tightened on her hand and he lowered his face ashamedly. "Don't

say 'thank you.'" His voice thickened pleadingly. "Good God! you can't realize what it would mean to me if you'd stay awhile. You don't know how damned lonesome it gets. I've just dry-rotted my life away. Maybe . . . maybe I shouldn't say this. So soon after Gene . . ." he broke off. That somehow did not matter. Even the ghost of him was gone. All things had burned away but the sense of the waste years, their loneliness, and his desire.

Her mouth grew curiously gentle, but a long minute passed before she spoke.

"You mean you want me to? For my own sake?" She put out her other hand and covered his.

"Yes . . . yes. For mine."

The lashing rain outside seemed to force them together. It was as if they were lost. She tried to move nearer him, came up kneeling. Her mouth was close to his. "You're not just being kind? Sure? Sure?"

"No . . . Lord, no."

She put her arms about his neck. "If you're really sure."

She relaxed against him and his mouth found hers. His eyes filled boyishly with tears and he held her to him. His hand, trembling, moved along her back.

"I am so glad," she whispered.

At midnight the rain ceased as quickly as it had come and a chill wind renewed the sound of Djombé Falls. Once she moved uneasily and, still sleeping, his arm went over her.

He awoke from long habit and listened the next instant to the distant blast upon Aloki's horn. She did not stir. Her head, the dark hair disarrayed about it, lay pillowed on her arms. She slept serenely, curled up like a child. Cautiously, so as not to wake her, he leaned and kissed her side.

Quietly he rose and went to his own room.

An hour after daybreak she came to the verandah where he sat waiting on the steps. They pressed each other's

hands and exchanged shy good mornings.

Aloki brought the long-delayed breakfast, his brown, blank face a mask of restrained but perfect comprehension.

"This food isn't much good," Jeff said. "Suppose you take that job over right now? You might try your hand at a garden. I've got a drawerful of seeds inside if they haven't all sprouted."

"Grand."

They smiled at each other.

Jeff cleared his throat self-consciously.

"I've got another idea."

"What?"

"Want to get married?"

"If you do."

He leaned across the table and took her hands. "I sure do. That is . . . that is. Do you? It seems a poor sort of bargain for you—a dead old timber-trimmer like me. But it might be better, seeing . . . well, you understand."

"I told you last night," she said earnestly. "If you want me. I . . . I'm looking for a job."

"I'm no boy, you know."

"Oh, there's lots of time ahead. In a way we're both just beginning, aren't we?"

He got up. "Fine, then. There's a German missionary fellow about sixty miles to the northeast. We could make it in three days, easy. But I guess you're pretty tired?"

"Not at all."

He looked at her appraisingly. "You're a good sport, all right. I tell you. I figure the sooner we get any traveling done the better. The rains are coming stronger all the time and walking's getting hard."

"Do we cross the river?"

He shook his head. "No. Not on that road. It lies the other way." He held out his hands for her to rise. "It's pretty going through the woods."

"I'm sure it is."

They had made the journey and come home. Jeff sat on the steps. He

chewed a blade of citronella and gazed with admiration at the operations of a family of wasps beneath the thatch.

Marion in her room was unpacking her trunks and arranging things. A dozen times it occurred to him that an immense accumulation of work waited to be done, but the yellow brightness of the afternoon dissuaded him. He heard her moving about inside—his wife—and was filled with placid enjoyment. She certainly was better company than Gene.

"Jeff!" she called.

"What?"

She came out on the porch with a leather sack in her arms.

"Had you forgotten or were you just being polite? This is the mail I brought from Molala." She sat down and began to try to unbuckle the strap.

He reached out. "Let's see it. I know how to work that thing."

He opened the bag expertly and shook the contents on the floor. There were half-a-dozen letters, several rolled magazines, and a bulky package. He picked it up curiously and weighed it. "What the deuce is this? It's heavy enough."

She leaned over his shoulder to read the label. "'American Express Company, Paris.' What on earth?"

Totton broke the cords with a jerk and shook the contents out between them. There was a cascade of color. Pamphlets, time-tables, tour schedules, all brightly lithographed, piled in the sun.

Jeff snapped his fingers. "Gosh, I'd forgot all about it. I wrote five months or more ago for this stuff."

Her hands were busy among the papers. "What a grand idea! All my life this has been my favorite reading. 'Baden-Baden, Paris in Five Days, Côte d'Azur,'" she read aloud. "What fun! . . . What's the matter?"

His face had suddenly gone gray. He got up stiffly, averting his face from her.

"What is it?" she insisted. "Have I said anything?"

He shook his head. "Nothing, I tell you. You haven't said anything."

She scrambled to her feet and tried to put her arms around him. He shook her off angrily. "Nothing, I tell you. I . . . I just thought, there's a gang working to-day I've got to see. I'll be back around . . . around dinnertime sure."

He ran down the steps, strode, without turning his head, along the yard path, and vanished beyond the hedge.

Marion stood watching him, wonderingly. Her glance wandered back to the pile of folders about her feet. After a moment—a still and troubled moment—she leaned over and picked them up. Slowly she untangled the wrapping cord and retied the bundle.

The sun climbed to zenith. Week after week the thunder rumbled and for uninterrupted days there was nothing but the gurgle of the rain. Green slime grew upon boots. Lamps set burning continually in the clothes presses were ineffectual against the mold. A cloud of driving mist hung forever above the forest. Down the hill behind the cookshed one might see the shabby huts of Lolill town, the smoke spiralling through the soggy thatch. The rough bamboo doors were always up and no one moved abroad. Africa was waiting for the terror of the year to pass.

The sun, so rarely seen, veered northward up toward the far-away desert. The rains dwindled, and at last the jungle steamed in yellow glare. At night one heard again the far-away hoarse shouting of the apes. The vivid dome of sky was cloudless and a new quality of silence settled down.

Imprisoned by the rains, they had talked endlessly, and at length they had exhausted talk and fallen silent. The present, the drowsy, empty, waiting present supplied few incidents, few materials for thought. There were no people to gossip of, few books, no gaieties.

Their pasts, they found, touched nowhere. His was concerned with places, hers with people the other had not known. For weeks, intermittently, she

tried to draw him out and at long last realized that it was not taciturnity which slowed his tongue, but the mere eventlessness of his life. Thirty years of cutting timber in the bush. That was all. But the future existed. They could, of course, she told herself, not wait indefinitely.

Jeff explained one night that he was going away for two weeks. The river had sufficiently subsided and the time had come to move the year's logs down to the coast for sale.

"There's a Hamburg buyer coming up the river this year as far as a launch will bring him and he says"—Totton tapped a letter brought by runner that afternoon—"he'll give me the same price per ton they pay in Molala. I'll get 'em down and come back as soon as I've turned them over to him. He's setting up a factory. And I'll bring back some supplies. Figure out what you need."

He studied her face as he spoke. "Feeling all right?"

"Certainly. Why?"

He patted her hand. "Nothing, I only thought . . . You'll take care of yourself while I'm gone? Never forget your quinine or anything? I . . . I guess I'm not much at saying things. But I suppose you know what you mean to me?"

Totton's method of moving logs was unique in the Gaboon. It was the occasion of the year for him. Other woodsmen sent the timbers down in clumsy, bumping rafts. He rode them in midstream. The chances of the current berthed the released logs among the rushy shallows at the sides of a pool forty miles downstream.

On the third morning all preliminaries were done and at daybreak he began. He wore spike-soled shoes, khaki trousers and a ragged, short-sleeved shirt. The strap of his helmet was caught beneath his under lip. With marvellous precision he wielded a long pronged pole with a hinged thumb of steel.

With the delight of a dancer he ran out upon the lunging, rolling timbers, straightening, directing, disentangling them. New pieces continually pounded down. He received them, shepherded them and, two days later when the count tallied, started them by twos and threes upon the final course. Parties of laborers followed, but they worked ashore and in the shallows. On the shining, majestic flood he rode alone as master.

The vivid hours and days of dominance gave him complete peace. He had, he realized, grown stale and aged during the inactive months of rains. Lord, he'd forgotten how good he was! He vaulted lightly from a rolling log, found foothold on another, set it turning with a running motion of his feet, and freed it from temporary bondage in shoal mud. He'd forgotten Papa Djombé! What sweep, what grandeur, what self-sufficiency it had. . . . It came to him that in some way, in some insubstantial way, it had been contemptible of Gene to let Djombé get him. It had been too big for Gene. But for him it was just right. They understood each other. They were partners. They were bound for the sea together. He'd nearly forgotten the old contract they had made. He smiled.

Down to the sea! How the yellow river swam and bubbled between the high walls of jungle green. How superb was the feel of the pounding sun on his back. Down to the sea!

He rode a giant log, head up, lips parted gaily. An occasional slight shift of foothold, a casual tilt of the pole held crosswise of his breast sufficed to steady him. All about him like a school of colossal porpoises floated black lengths of timbers, bumping, rolling, sucking, all moving easily downward. And he—he, Jeff Totton, only fifty-one years old—was lord of it all!

In a shoal of elephant grass near one bank some logs were entangled. A dozen tall native men, waist-deep in water, their wet brown bodies gleaming in the sunlight, were struggling to set them

right. Their high soft-noted cries of direction echoed across the water to him. Totton spiked a nearby log, drew it lightly toward him, stepped off upon it, repeated the process twice, and jumped into the shallows.

The difficulty was obvious to him. With a friendly gesture he brushed aside the laborers and thrust his pole at the point where one log slightly overlapped another. One slight heave, he knew, and they would be quiet upon their courses again. The pole bent, and he grunted with exertion. Angrily he thrust and forced again. His hands slipped, he stumbled forward and fell, striking his chin on the coarse bark and splashing full-length in the muddy water. A half-dozen men solicitously helped him to his feet. His head swam drunkenly and they half carried him ashore, where he sat heavily on the hot ground. At a nod from him they returned to work. A young negro took the spiked pole, twisted it as he had done, and the timbers floated free. Someone brought the stick and laid it beside him. They continued on their way; in a moment were gone in the waving reeds.

Totton took off his helmet and with shaking hands wiped the sweat and water from his hair. He felt his stubbled chin. It was slightly cut and damnable sensitive. And his head felt heavy. There was no hurry, he told himself. He stared moodily across the glaring sheen of water to the high green barrier of trees on the far bank.

He spoke, half aloud, "Jeff, you're getting old."

He closed his eyes. The exhaustion of the week past seemed suddenly to overwhelm him. His fingers were tremulous, his heart was pounding too rapidly. The rivulets of sweat that oozed and ran upon his wet body made him irritable.

He pondered earnestly whether the young black had succeeded with the pole where he had failed because of their difference in years. At fifty-one perhaps a man did grow clumsy. He remem-

bered he had read somewhere that after fifty the most notable change was that recovery of any sort was slower. Possibly. It was ridiculous to be so knocked out by a little tap on the chin. It wouldn't do to wait forever . . .

He opened his eyes. There, smoothly, agelessly, and forever, ran the river, the immortal, vagrant, majestic soul of the vast woods, Djombé River that he'd planned so long to follow away from waiting . . . away from the long, long waste of years. . . . As he watched, for the first time its inscrutable grandeur weighed on him.

His lips hardened. No damn' use in being childish about it. Might as well face it clearly. That dream was out. Marion had changed all that. There wasn't enough money for two and that was that. If they quit, the savings would last them no more than eight or nine years. Then there would be nothing ahead. There weren't any jobs for a tropical timberman outside of the tropics, certainly not for a man of fifty-one.

There was a long hiatus in his thoughts and then, like the turning of regular wheels, he began again.

He wondered very carefully if another might chance it. No, he thought not. Starting all over again wasn't the game for anything but youth. It simply wasn't any way possible. No . . .

Poor Marion. What a cruel trap it had been for her. But at least, he smiled sourly, she'd outlast him. She'd get away sometime. Get away on his money. As a widow. There was enough for one.

"For one." The words spoke themselves aloud. He moistened his lips, looked furtively over his shoulder to see if anyone was by to overhear. Sundrowsed desolation only. He pressed his palms to his eyes till bright spots swam in the dark. What a queer chance stroke it would be if she should die first. Malaria, the river, there were a thousand chances. . . .

He could kill her.

A gasping, startled grunt forced out of him. He felt a sudden nauseated terror. He scrambled hastily to his feet and, grabbing up his stick, began to run, breasting the cutting grass, leaping over obstacles, splashing furiously through water till he streamed and panted in the sun. A vision of her soft mouth, her lonely eyes swam before him, and his heart ached with love for her. Oh, my God . . . He loved her. He loved her. It must be that he was going mad.

For a day Marion had enjoyed being alone. She deliberately relaxed, strove with fair success to banish all reflection, all troubling, whispering, confusing doubts. Then gradually the silence seemed to press upon her like an accumulating weight. She slapped shut the covers of a book—a poor and futile novel read through for the third time—and got up from her chair.

Aimlessly she began to walk about the house. The shutters were up, and the cool gloom inside, streaked with mote-filled lines of light, held a slight quality of mystery. Even in that drab and too familiar place one might still make discoveries. She smiled whimsically to herself. At least the dull old house at home had had an attic. How deceiving dreams were. To come to Africa, to the continent of magic and of danger, and mind because it didn't have an attic. Merely silence, silence and such a brooding loneliness it nearly drove one mad.

"Don't," she whispered aloud, "be an ungrateful little beast."

She examined the ragged row of books on a shelf above her husband's bed, wondering if she could recite the titles and authors accurately from left to right. She thought so. A narrow, short little volume nearly hidden between two stout treatises caught her eye and she took it out. She read the inked inscription on the board cover. "Personal Accounts of Geoffrey Totton." After a moment's hesitation she took it to the verandah

to study it. Surely Jeff wouldn't mind.

For a time the figures were incomprehensible. The order was chronological only. The first record, in ink already turning brown, was of a deposit of one hundred and nine dollars in a New York savings bank eleven years before. Another deposit followed, another, and then the pages were thickened by innumerable little printed slips of paper pasted carefully in and interlarded with other inked insertions. One clipping seemed to be from a life insurance circular and dealt with expectation of life reckoned on from the years of middle age. Leafing through, she found a number of tables, on the heavily sized paper of tourist circulars, of minimum hotel rates and railroad passenger fares in Europe and America. Near the end were three pages packed with an incomprehensible medley of figures—but from them emerged a clear total and intention.

Marion, her eyes misting, examined them, then softly closed the book.

She understood. This, then, was the record of Jeff's life and the statement of his hopes. He had saved and put away a little over fourteen thousand dollars. And by his reckonings, his clippings, his childish, remote investigation of the world outside—the world he knew so little of—he had assured himself this money would suffice for him and for the time he visioned might remain to him.

The last note in the book bore a date three days before that humid afternoon when he had carried her in his arms across the hammock bridge. To judge by the dust, he had not touched it since. She had destroyed all that for him. She and Gene. And Djombé River.

That shabby, labored little book held hope for one but never in the world for two. For whichever one chance might select. For him or her. For one . . . for one. She covered her face with her hands and tried to think.

The roar of the river falls behind the hill seemed to grow in volume till it filled

the afternoon, to wash and stir and whisper in her mind.

Getting up, she found her helmet and walked slowly down the path, through the murmurous high woods and out upon the swinging bridge. She leaned against the latticed slope and fixed her half-closed eyes on the shining stream.

Very softly she asked aloud, "Djombé River?" The weird, live whispering went on.

The long months of drought were a trying time. The days that followed Jeff's return had been violent with a quality of passion they did not dare to understand. They had confronted each other white and timorous and sprung to refuge in a close embrace. But that mood also passed.

Totton found himself doing the work he had to do with a dull fury. Since the trip down river it had utterly lost meaning. Sometimes he would take a bright axe from a negro woodsman and clang it viciously, heedless of the sharp chips that snapped and jabbed against him. Again and again, when they sat wordless in the lamplight in the hot nights, without warning in the woods, in the leaden moments of the morning before Alokí's horn, the thought of the riverbank like a knife stab would return and he would wish her dead so that he might again be free. Then in a flood of terror, pity, and remorseful love, it would be gone again.

Totton returned from the woods one late afternoon to find her sitting in a canvas chair on the verandah, her hands folded in her lap.

He took off his hat, wiped the sweat from his face and neck and looked down at her. She returned his smile lightly.

"Tired?"

"No . . . What are you doing?"

Marion lifted her open hands. "Nothing."

He leaned back against a rough-hewn supporting pole. "Gets pretty dull for you, doesn't it?"

She shook her head. "No more than it does for you. Really not."

"Maybe that's so," he said heavily. At the end of a long pause he spoke again. "I got an idea. . . . How would you like to go down to Molala? Just for a vacation, I mean. It's not much of a place, but they have movies at the café. And there are some people to talk to. Judge Morin for one. It would be a change anyway. What do you think?"

She examined her hands in her lap and considered. "It would be fun. Of course." Her voice caught uncertainly and she stopped and looked levelly up into his face. "Can we afford it?"

"Sure." He sat on the steps, facing down the hill. "We haven't talked about it much, but I guess you know how matters stand that way as well as I do. I've got some money. I used to think it was quite a pile, but it isn't near enough to do anything real with. But in the meantime I don't see any point in hanging on to it so tight as I used to. I got you into sort of a jam."

"Or I did you," she interrupted softly.

"We'll let that pass. Anyway, here we are, and if we can have any fun around this rotten country we might as well. We could buy some things while we were down. I thought maybe a phonograph and some records would be nice. And we can buy every book we can find. Some loads of tinned stuff would be a change from country chop. And you can get some clothes."

"All right."

He turned to look at her, but her eyes were down.

"When did you think you wanted to go?" she asked.

"Why, right away. I been working so damned hard lately I'm ahead a little, even by myself. Six or seven weeks wouldn't matter. What's the odds, anyway? The company doesn't know any better'n my hat what happens off here just so long as they get a shipment every year. I'll have that for them always. It's got to be a habit. There's nothing to keep you, is there?"

"I suppose not."

"No social engagements or anything?" he asked bitterly.

"I'd rather wait just the same. For a month or two."

"Why?"

"Must I have a reason?"

He got impatiently to his feet. "You don't have to do anything. Not even talk sense if you don't want to. You're a woman." He stopped, then an idea occurred to him. "Don't put it off too long. The rains begin in March."

She nodded.

"And the river gets high."

"I know."

He looked at her queerly. "I don't savvy you at all. . . . Not that I care much. I'm used to this place in all weathers." He made a turn of the porch, his boots creaking noisily on the loose boards. He came to a halt in front of her again. "You feel like a little walk? I got to go down to the other side of the river and see how the boys are making out."

She rose with alacrity. "I'd love to. Just a second and I'll get my hat."

When they reached the path in the forest she took his arm companionably. "Even if I am horrid and difficult, you know I love you, don't you, Jeff?"

"Sure. You're not . . ."

She pressed his arm tighter. "You know I'm not ungrateful? You'll remember that? Whatever happens?"

He looked at her hastily. He tried to speak teasingly but his voice cracked. "Certainly. But nothing's going to happen I can do anything about. Nothing bad, at least. But maybe I don't understand?"

"Perhaps not. Let's talk of something else."

They did not start until the rains began. Marion betrayed a quiet, unreasonable stubbornness of which Jeff had not known her capable. Her vegetable garden on the hillside could not be left. The unremitting heat of the Long Dries was far worse than rain.

The discussion held an unreality which troubled him. A hundred times his lips opened to vent the one telling argument and as often snapped uneasily shut again. It would not do to remind her that Djombé flood had killed her fiancé. He reflected methodically upon possible danger. It existed, of course. Gene had proved that with terrible conclusiveness. But the prospect slid over his consciousness without finding entrance or deep meaning. Reasonable precautions, sober judgments, these things had gone stale in him since the plan of his life had altered. Yet his feeling of dominance of the forest and its chances remained. If life was beyond his handling, at least Djombé River and the jungled world was not. . . . Perhaps she was not afraid because she trusted him. Nothing would happen . . . quite evidently, nothing ever would.

The blast upon Alok's horn the morning of departure found them already awake. They had been roused long before by the movement of the waiting men in the morning dark. Twelve natives from Lolill town were to porter for them. In sleepy silence they drank black coffee, strapped the final boxes, and gave orders for the start.

The dawn came as they were leaving the yard. The twelve men, the boxes on their heads, were already jogging down the hill. Marion touched Jeff's hand and turned to look back. The eastern sky was roseate and streaked with gold. Against it the squat silhouette of the little house seemed somber, desolate, a futile, ugly little human thing to be framed so magically. They had left it only an instant since, but emptiness appeared to have settled in eternally.

"A phonograph and things will cheer it up a good deal," Jeff suggested.

"In a way, I've loved it as it is," she answered. She took his hand and, bending her head a little, held it to her cheek, her eyes still fastened on the dark house and the grandeur of the sky be-

yond. "I've grown up, Jeff," she said softly, "I'm afraid you think I've been discontented, but it isn't true. I've had a chance few ever have, deeply to know one person and one place. And our river. That, I know, is immortal, so it cannot matter greatly if I'm not." She gently released his hand. "There is so much time, Jeff dear . . ."

He could find no answer to that reassurance, and she went on as if there had been no halt, "People in Africa have always complained, haven't they, that they feel shrunken and trivial because everything here is so vast and old? That they feel overpowered?"

"I have heard something like that," Jeff answered. "Look here, those carriers will get so far ahead we'll be half the day catching up with them."

"There's no real hurry, is there? Please . . ."

Totton opened his mouth, shut it, and shook his head. "I guess there's no hurry."

"Why should anyone complain?" she insisted, "I mean of feeling small and unimportant? It seems to me that that simplifies things so much. . . . Jeff, when I was a little girl I used to dream that when I grew up I was going to be terribly important and should do important things. But I never should have, of course, and then I should have been unhappy. . . . It's much more comfortable," she ended slowly, "to realize that all a little person needs to do is a very little thing."

Totton laughed abruptly. "You give a man the fidgets. I'll bet you don't know what you're talking about any more than I do. Let's get along."

They looked together once again toward the bungalow. Marion waved her hand.

"I feel kind of funny, leaving it," Jeff confessed. "Suppose when we come back we pull the damn thing down and build a new one? I can order some stuff in Molala. Hardware and things. We can figure out what we need. No point in not being comfortable."

He scuffed his feet through the low grass, dully regretted having spoken. He had meant to be enthusiastic, boyish; and he realized he had failed. Marion made no response and, quickening his pace, he strode ahead. The trail, after all, was too narrow for them to walk abreast.

Within an hour he overtook the porters. They sat by their loads, their tiny clay pipes in their pursed lips, and long before he came to them he could hear the gentle singsong of their talk, talk as eternal and as mysterious as their jungled world. They stopped and watched him shyly as he passed. From then on the caravan kept consistent order, Totton, then the carriers, and Marion alone behind them all.

The men reached the town at the end of the day's march so long before her that Totton spent an hour of irritable concern. But when she came in sight he gulped his anger with a sensation of remorse. There was, of course, no hurry. There was so much time. In the immortal woods haste was as ridiculous as life itself. . . . There was bitterly little satisfaction in that faith. Soon the long shadows of the trees reached out to shelter the twilit town.

Toward nine o'clock the third morning from Lolill the path sloped upward, the trees thinned and gave way to shabby, littered native fields. In a few moments Totton heard the sound of swiftly running water and quickened his pace till he reached the high bank. Below him swirled the river.

This was the place where Gene Bryce had drowned. On just such a gray and murmurous morning, a year ago, almost to the day. From this place Marion, because she had not known what else to do, had kept on along the path, along the path to where he waited for her.

His lips felt withered and he licked them carefully. He focussed his eyes on the current until they felt dry and strained. He wet his lips again, with measured care took off his ragged helmet,

found a handkerchief, and wiped the rain from the channels in his cheeks. A wood-pigeon cooed in a tree top. A breath of wind rattled the raindrops noisily amid the leaves.

So this was where Gene had died. . . . What a slender, slender chance to cause such changes. If it had not happened, what different courses would their three lives have run? A chance, a mere trick, an accident. And yet—the idea spread insistently through his consciousness—how curiously hard it was to associate empty chance with Djombé River. If ever a thing bespoke more certain plan. . . . He laughed shortly, uneasily. Africa had made him as superstitious as a native.

But what . . . but what if the chance—or plan—had taken her instead? He would never have seen her, never loved her, and he would be free. There was enough for one.

"Oh, God damn it!" The words came out of him aloud in a grunting cry. He shook his head like a dog with burrs in its ears, squeezing one hand over the other so violently they hurt.

The voices of the carriers became audible, and he tensed his long body stiffly and began an examination of the crossing. For the first time he became conscious of the bridge tree they had felled to take the place of the one that had been smashed away. He saw that it was dangerously slight, less than a foot in diameter. The trouble of his mind turned to irritation.

The porters had come up and stood behind him. He turned to a man he knew had been one of the caravan on that past occasion. He shook his fist in his face and pointed behind with the other hand.

"What's the idea?" he shouted. "You no savvy small stick no be fit for bridge? You black bastards too bloody lazy to cut big size, huh?"

The wet brown forehead, wrinkled by the weight of the heavy box above it, puckered with mystification.

"No, sah, yes, sah!" the porter spluttered.

"'No, sah, yes, sah,' you damn' fool!" Totton's open hand slapped the man's face.

Marion's voice made him drop his arm. His breath came gustily.

"What's the matter, Jeff?"

He took her by the arm, turned his back on the startled blacks, and conducted her to the riverbank.

With an effort he steadied and lowered his voice. "I'm sorry. I guess I'm tired or something. Don't say anything to that poor devil. I . . . I . . . can't think what got into me. But look," he pointed to the log, "that fool job made me sore."

"You mean it's small? Don't blame them. If it was wrong I should have said so at the time. We crossed quite easily a year ago by holding hands."

There was a pause. Her hand in his, they watched the running stream.

"Aloki told me, Jeff," Marion said dreamily, "that the natives believe Papa Djombé is a god, all-powerful and all-wise. I wonder . . . I wonder if that isn't true?"

"People out here get queer ideas. . . . Let's get along. You've got into the worst habit of wasting time."

"I promise, dearest, I won't any more."

Jeff beckoned. "Come on, you boys."

One by one the negroes scrambled through the lopped and withered branches till they stood upon the trunk. They balanced their loads carefully on their heads and caught hands. The lead man began slowly to sidle across. The carrier Jeff had struck hung back doubtfully, his soft eyes on his master. Totton smiled at him kindly.

"Come on, boy. You catch hold here and Mammy, she go between us."

He helped the man up and adjusted his load for him. He assisted Marion to a position between them. The porter took one of her hands and he the other. They were in a linked line now, with the first man already two-thirds over.

Marion disengaged their grips and took them by the wrists instead.

"This way will be better, Jeff," she said.

A muffled quality in her voice made him eye her curiously. They moved out along the bridge. The river, a yard under them, swam dizzily. One pace, two, three. . . . The line tautened, stretched out till their arms were lifted high, hands pulling hands. Linked fists along the way see-sawed erratically to preserve the delicate balance. The log was so narrow no one dared lift his feet. They slid and shuffled sideways.

Totton's position was most difficult. As last man his support was slightest. He wished Marion had not insisted on taking his wrist. It gave him no control, complicated his equilibrium . . .

With a spasm of sudden nausea he felt her grip relax. He teetered, waved his arms. He saw her hands go up.

She lunged down so swiftly it almost seemed she leaped. The splash she made flung water in his face. In the same instant he saw the man ahead, unbalanced by his heavy load, begin to fall. Jeff staggered forward, seized the porter by an arm, and they fell together crosswise of the log, clinging by knees and elbows. The breath smacked out of him. The porter's pack struck the water with a second splash. By the time he had turned about Marion had vanished.

Totton hung to the trunk, stunned. His mind was reeling and he felt as if he were strangling from shock and horror. Somehow he regained foothold, with a great cry scrambled back to the near bank and leaped down. The other porters had reached the farther side in safety and were running through the grass downstream.

They searched through the reeds at every bend all that day and camped at night at the crossing in hastily made grass shelters. They had not found her. Djombé gave up nothing.

At dusk the carriers made little fires and crouched around them. Totton sat apart from them on a charred, wet log

that lay half concealed in weeds. His manner was dazed and dull and old. Since the morning his lips had been locked in a thin, gray line. A thorn had torn his shirt nearly from him and his bronzed shoulders, relaxed and queerly futile, showed through.

He rose stiffly and walked to the river's edge. The negroes by the fires raised their eyes and watched him furtively. A yellow moon, low in the sky, illumined the commencement of the night. A shimmering lane crossed the black water.

Marion was dead.

Papa Djombé . . . Djombé River . . . had got her too.

And the fault was his.

That realization had slowly permeated all his mind. She had missed her footing, thrown up her hands to save herself, and fallen. And he had saved the negro. The devil in him that had wished her dead had made the choice. It was clear to him.

He was sure, now that the day was done, that he had worked it out. Their hopeless seeking in the muddy reeds had given him no respite from the painful winding and unwinding of his thoughts. He was not an imaginative man. But surely all things must have cause and reason. Sometimes they were obscure, but he held the deep conviction that there was one certain guide. If one faced things squarely. His father back in Michigan had called it conscience. . . . Yes, he could have caught her. There had been a choice and, driven by the fearful wish that had so tortured him, he had let her fall and had not put out his hand. The bitter self-accusation was a strange relief. Amid the shattered ruin that his life had suddenly become the placing of the blame was one thing solid. If destiny were wholly foolish chance one would gropingly go mad. There were accounts that must be balanced, penance to be paid. . . .

His tongue felt woolen. His lips opened stupidly, and a word came through.

"Murder!"

He fuddled the syllables like a drunken man. The mask of his face in the moonlight bore no expression. Only his eyes seemed alive. They watched with wondering intensity the flow of the current where it vanished in the blackness under overhanging trees.

Judge Morin sat with friends on the terrace of the Hotel Grand. Although it was not yet six, the café was already nearly filled. The barefoot waiters shuffled busily between the little green iron tables. Occasionally a loud fizzing and the rattle of a Perrier top on the concrete floor sounded out above the hum of talk.

Pernod—Grenadine—Rafael—Byrrh—the glasses clinked and lifted happily and the gay talk ran smoothly on.

The young Port Chief interrupted himself in mid-epigram. "Look, Morin, is that not your friend?"

The Judge leaped to his feet and rushed forward.

"My dear friend Totton! But how delightful! You have arrived just now?"

Totton shook hands. "I wanted particularly to see you. I went over to the Tribunal, but when there wasn't anyone around I figured you'd be over here." His drawn face lighted in a fleeting smile, then settled to lines of dogged pain.

"Ah, I see." Morin bobbed his head with quick understanding. "I suspect you mean privately. Then let us sit here." He scraped back a chair. "It is so pleasant to see you—still more if I can help you."

"I don't want to take too much of your time. Keep you from your friends." Jeff leaned back with drooping shoulders, and his hands fell mute between his knees. He looked wearily ahead of him.

"I want you to understand I came to see you not because you were my friend . . ." The words were spoken so flatly they seemed to have no meaning. It was as if they had been memorized.

"But because of your job," he went on. "Officially, understand? I came to give myself up."

Morin moved creakingly in his chair. An explosion of loud laughter came from some men at a nearby table. He leaned nearer. "Perhaps," he suggested quietly, "you had better explain from the beginning?"

Jeff gave him a quick look and his eyes fell again. "You knew I was married, didn't you?"

"The missionary Günter came through six months ago. But tell me as if I knew nothing."

Totton cleared his throat with a nervous jerk and after a moment's fumbling began. One clipped, matter-of-fact sentence followed the next through the whole, long, weary story which he told. Once he stopped and with shaking hand carefully wiped his mouth. Morin smoked a cigarette and watched the gray smoke droop away. Now and then it was necessary for Jeff to raise his voice to be heard above the crackling laughter and the pop of corks.

"I didn't think about the money for a long time . . . I was in a kind of dream at first. Then it came to me, just as a proposition, you know, that if she were dead, everything would be like it was before. . . . Though I loved her, I couldn't keep it out of my head. It kept coming back and back. It wore me out. . . . I'm getting old, Morin. . . . Somehow the river was all mixed up in my mind. I didn't think at the moment, though she said something queer, but she made us let go her hands and took the boy's wrist and mine and held on that way. . . ."

"What was it she said?" Morin interrupted softly. He had let his cigarette go out.

"She said, 'It will be better this way.' . . . It seems funny now. The point is, something made me grab for the boy instead. And I could have saved her if I'd wanted to. It's the same as if I'd done it all. . . . So I thought it over that night and came on down

here. There wasn't anything else to do. . . ."

There was silence between them for a moment. Morin ground out his cold cigarette with elaborate care.

"Have you, then," he asked almost in a whisper, "no longer your desire? There is—" his voice caught—"there is a ship to-morrow."

Totton wiped a hand tremulously across his face. "Why, why no. No, I don't believe I have. Not after all that's happened."

Morin bent nearer. "Ah, but why not?" He touched the back of Jeff's hand with a soft forefinger. "Is it really possible that you do not understand? That you do not realize what that girl has done? And why?" His brown eyes misted surprisingly.

"What do you mean?"

"It will be better this way," he quoted. "Surely, surely you understand—your river and she?"

"I don't know what you mean. I thought it all out and I came down to you. . . . You've . . . you've got to arrest me. I've got to make it square."

Morin jerked a hand through the air. "Dismiss that, please," he said impatiently. "Please," he repeated. He took one of Totton's hands in his with the delicate gentleness of a woman. "I would so like to be of help. We must find a reason—we must; we are so small we must explain." He hesitated and moved his left hand in a vague gesture. "Africa, Africa, in her rivers and forests, it is all here if we might grasp it, M'sieu Jeff. I am sure of that. There is something final and assured. In Africa there is no conflict, we are too small for that; there is merely—there is merely the solution."

He continued, almost pleading, "For you, your river points it. For me . . . I am not yet sure . . . But in this immensity a man need have no sense of waste. Follow your river, my dear friend. Call it simple accident, if you will, but just as it carries your logs and has ruled your life these many years, it

has now made all clear for the time ahead. It willed, she helping, that her time and her adventure were complete. She was, I imagine, quite content. Her love for you found out the perfect gesture. . . . Do not, do not betray her plan! Follow your river!"

He rose to his feet, trembling with the force of his sympathy. "I seem abrupt, but let us talk no more at present. There is so much, so much to think. To-morrow. Sleep well to-night."

Totton watched dumbly while Morin's short figure vanished through the doorway in the dark. He had put out his hand too late to stay him. For a moment he looked dazedly over the heads and shoulders of the café crowd. Then he put on his helmet and climbed the stairs to his room.

He sat for a long time trying to review his thoughts. A deep lassitude pervaded him. He felt vaguely cheated. Perhaps he had been mad, but there had been so much satisfaction in the decision to come to Morin and confess. It had set a period to wondering. . . . But he had, he *had* grabbed the boy instead. You couldn't altogether get away from that.

Suppose . . . suppose Morin was right. That she had leaped deliberately. That she had loved him so much as that . . . Extraordinary it hadn't occurred to him.

If she had done that, for him! A low moan came through his parted lips, his back bent, and he buried his face in his hands. No, in God's name, not that . . . better anything than that.

Then what to do?

He looked at the row of trunks along the wall—his things and Marion's. If he was going to go away he'd have to make arrangements. Have to repack and get rid of things. Have to go back to the bungalow—to the empty bungalow that stood so lonely on the hill against the sunrise. Have to arrange for a successor. A living man couldn't simply quit. . . . How futile it would seem. How empty everything

must seem forever. Love had gone and there could be no more adventure.

A scraping phonograph began to play downstairs. He got up, locked the door behind him, and left the hotel. The unlighted streets were ghostly and deserted.

Occasionally a shape would pass him in the dark and a soft voice give him salutation. "Evenin', massa . . . *Bon soir, m'sieu.*" The vague figure would dissolve and leave him alone again.

The road he followed aimlessly ended on a rise that overlooked the silent harbor. He stopped and the scene enveloped him like a caress. The yellow crescent lay a shining trail across the water. The mastlights of a ship moored in midstream swung a little back and forth across the blue-black sky. Tiny fires along the water's edge showed where native boatmen cooked their evening meal. His memory harked back. Memories now must always take the place of dreams. There was nothing any to-morrow could offer half so precious as the past. "This is the most beautiful country I have ever seen," she had said to him that sunset hour a year ago. . . .

He slowly picked his way down a steep path that led to the waterside.

Where the trail went through deep shadow near the border of the road he stumbled over someone and nearly fell. A figure hastened apologetically to its feet.

They moved into the moonlight. It was the man he had saved from Djombé River.

"I sorry, massa. I sleep and I no see you."

"That's all right. Go back to sleep. Good night." They both spoke softly, in voices appropriate to the night.

A hundred yards farther on he passed the last of the silent stores. A spit of land sloped down to the river's edge. He went down it, avoiding the littered refuse in the grass.

The tide ran out and the ripples of the

current softly lipped the land. Beyond there somewhere in the dark Djombé River joined the sea. The great, wild river of the woods was here serene and old at last.

A calm peace came over him. . . . What was it Morin had said? "Do not betray her plan. . . . Follow your river . . . it has made all clear for you. . . . In Africa there is no conflict, we are too small for that . . ."

Yes, of course.

Djombé had adventured and now it was content to end. . . . Follow your river. . . . He too had adventured. They were partners. . . . Perhaps after all there was a plan, a cause and reason, some circle to be joined.

He hesitated, turned, and retraced his steps to the road.

By one of the warehouses he stopped and called softly.

"Boy."

"Sah?" The negro got sleepily to his feet and came to him.

"Boy, you savvy where my other boy be?"

"Yes, massa."

Jeff reached into his pocket and put a roll of paper money into the porter's hand.

"You get 'em sun time to-morrow and go for Lolill? You savvy?"

"Yes, massa."

Totton returned to the point of land. He took off his helmet, placed it on a discarded packing box, and put a heavy stone in it to keep it from blowing away.

"As if when the waiting were over, the beauty would end." She had said that too, on that afternoon so long ago. . . .

He walked into the water. Three long strides and he was swimming. With strong, easy strokes he directed his course out toward the open sea. In a moment the dark banks had faded, merged into the tropic night.

"Follow your river . . . Djombé River . . ." In this immensity a man need have no sense of waste. . . .

(The End)



THE CHRISTMAS BOAT

BY ELLEN N. LA MOTTE

IT WAS the Christmas boat, and we were all coming home on her, to be back in time for Christmas. True, there were many other Christmas boats sailing about that time, and all due to arrive in good season; but this particular one was very little, and also very cheap. Someone told me about her, and I felt the spirit of adventure stirring. Why not? Why always a crack liner, the biggest afloat? Why be such a Proud Maisie? Besides, I had a black cockatoo to consider, and I thought an American boat, even if small, was likely to have a good radiator in the cabin. I ran over all the reasons for taking a small boat, one by one, and they all seemed sensible. I swept aside as unworthy certain qualms about a cargo boat in the North Atlantic in mid-December. A cargo boat of seven thousand tons.

Having made my decision, I went to the shipping office in the city to arrange for a cabin. At that point I began to feel a curious reluctance, a marked reluctance. But such misgivings were nonsense. I quickly asked for the cabin and was told I could have it.

"To myself, of course?"

The agent seemed doubtful. Possibly, if the boat was not full. Very probably, at this time of year—he could not be certain. . . .

Here was a heaven-sent excuse to get out of it—my misgivings had been mounting even as I talked to the man across the desk. Having said I was going home on a little boat, having announced it widely to my friends, I could not back out without a sufficient reason—but here it was!

"But I shan't go unless I have a cabin alone," I protested, "I'm traveling with a cockatoo."

"In that case, madam," replied the agent, "I can guarantee you a cabin alone."

That clinched it. My one excuse was gone, all through that gratuitous remark about the cockatoo.

I have crossed the ocean at least forty times, but never before with such a feeling of apprehension as when I found myself committed to that particular boat. With the ticket in my pocket, I left the shipping office with a feeling of anxiety, of incomprehensible dread. The December seas—in a cargo boat!

All through the week before sailing that curious feeling of apprehension became more and more marked. It became a real sort of fear, so real that it took actual will power to hold on to my determination to sail on that wretched little boat.

Katherine said she would see me off at the docks—the Surrey Docks; for the boat sailed from London. Once, that fact had been a point in its favor, as being so nice for the cockatoo. So on a dull, cold December afternoon we took the long drive in a taxi, with the cockatoo perched in front, as its cage was too big to go inside.

Eventually we arrived at the docks and began to look about for the boat, which was nowhere in sight. Usually an ocean-going liner looms up. But this boat was no loomer. We peered around in all directions, but not a loom.

"Isn't it funny?" said Katherine.

"Do you suppose we are at the wrong place?"

"Or do you suppose it is *that*?" I asked. There was a low, rambling freight shed on the edge of the basin, and beyond the shed, projecting above the roof by about a foot, was a small red smokestack. One smokestack, attached to a boat the size of a Channel boat—or so it seemed.

"Good heavens! That's *it*!" we both exclaimed. Then we promptly and gallantly tried to be cheerful. We told each other that these little boats were so boatlike, with nothing of the hotel about them; that on a long voyage it was so nice to be on speaking terms with the passengers, and not stiff and unfriendly. At this point two other friends arrived to see me off—and to see the boat. We pointed it out to them in silence, and waited to see the effect. There wasn't a word about it being a world in itself, or as tall as the Woolworth Building—in fact, all these newcomers could think of was to remark that small boats were often so seaworthy. Awfully seaworthy—they quite warmed up to it.

We went aboard and found my cabin, which was roomy and large, with a good steam radiator sizzling away, against which we placed the cage. Then we went over the boat, which didn't take long—about five minutes. However, it was a charming little boat, very fresh and clean. On the upper deck were the cabins, all of them outside. They had to be, because there wasn't any inside to that boat. There was also a little saloon, about twenty or thirty feet square, with a cushioned bench running around the four sides, and wicker chairs and tables in the center. It looked cozy and comfortable, if rather small. The dining room was on the deck below, with long tables and swivel chairs screwed firmly down. My friends were enthusiastic.

"And we may as well tell you," went on one of them, "that all the storm signals are up. We saw them as we came along. But these small boats are

so seaworthy—not like the big liners with so much superstructure to catch the storms."

After that, until it was time for them to go ashore, we talked about the seafaring qualities of small boats. Also about the pleasing informality of them. Farewell conversations are always inane, but this one seemed particularly so. Finally my friends took their leave, and said good-by with more tenderness than seemed tactful. Whereupon the little boat, the cockatoo, and I put out to sea.

II

The first phase was pleasant enough. There were only twenty-seven passengers aboard, and at our first meal, dinner, each one seemed busily explaining to his neighbor exactly how it happened he chose this particular boat. You never heard so many plausible reasons for having taken the cheapest boat on the ocean. This, I may mention, was the stock conversation for the first twenty-four hours. I felt my own reason was the best of any, namely, a steam radiator for a rare bird from New Guinea. However, there were lots of other ingenious explanations. But, to be honest, each passenger always concluded with, "Besides, it's so amazingly cheap!"

The third day out saw the beginning of rough weather, of that storm which had been predicted. Our little boat pranced about in lively fashion, and so did the passengers. The conversation now turned with great emphasis upon the remarkable stability of this type of boat—not an obvious stability, perhaps, but a general staunchness not possessed by a fast liner. At each lurch—pitch, rather, for that first day we had not got to lurching—the passengers all said to one another, "Think what this must be like on a big liner! There is so much more to pitch!"

I took no part in these conversations. I put the cockatoo's cage right side up, and he uttered his one sentence, "Well, here we are!"

As the day wore on it was obvious that we were running into a first-class storm, and that it was seriously impeding our progress. The ship's run by noon was pitifully small. At that rate, with two thousand miles still to go, it would be weeks before we got to New York. To die of boredom on the high seas was an unpleasant prospect.

By afternoon the seas began to get higher, or else the boat was shrinking. It had looked small enough in calm weather, but it now seemed a most inadequate craft to cope with those waves that were piling up all round us. A most fragile craft to have deliberately embarked in, though it was too late now to regret it. Besides, I said to myself, I am abominably spoiled, and it is disgusting to keep judging things by other standards. These waves might look high and menacing even from A deck of a big liner—they *might*, I kept repeating—they *might*, but they probably wouldn't. From our one and only deck they looked stupendous. "Well," said I, speaking to the cockatoo, "I have never experienced a first-class storm at sea. Now it seems I am about to. It is only by traveling on a little boat that one realizes the full possibilities of danger. And after all, how much one loses if one always travels by the biggest thing afloat. Now here is something coming that heretofore I've missed."

By late afternoon the seas became mountainous as a violent gale swept down upon us from the north. Then we learned something else about small boats—the impossibility of getting away from the sea—getting away from the sight of it. It is *always* visible. No matter where you go—to your cabin, to the saloon, to the dining room, there is that ocean always to be seen. There is no place to retire to, no possibility of going down to some lower deck where it's not so painfully apparent. There was no way of ignoring it—it was all round, plainly and furiously visible. Visible from the little saloon, where every porthole looked out upon a raging ocean.

Visible from the stateroom windows—those much vaunted all-outside staterooms, separated from the rail by a five-foot strip of deck. Visible during meals, when portholes on three sides gave a full view of those awful, towering waves. And from whatever angle you saw the sea, it seemed to get worse and worse. It did not take long to get thoroughly fed up with it, though at first we thought it a magnificent spectacle. Later, the magnificence became too pronounced. Short of being in an open boat, we couldn't have seen more of it.

By nightfall the storm got worse. Our little boat dived nose first into those gigantic waves, then, like a cork, rose triumphant to the summit, hovered a moment, and then pitched downward into the abyss. Tons of water poured aboard, from over the bow, and dashed in torrents along the lower deck, while showers of spray dashed up to the Captain's bridge. And as the waves grew higher, as the boat reared straight on end and then plunged downward, other end up, things aboard began to break loose. Things in the hold, the cargo. There was the impact of heavy objects crashing about down below. Heavy objects shooting from side to side, and banging wildly from end to end. With the cellar just under your stateroom, you could not escape the commotion—the crashes and thuds of things skating about down below.

Then the siren tooted. Two short toots, followed by the sound of footsteps running from all directions—the crew running in answer to a summons. Then came a great sound of hammering from below, somewhere in the hold. What with the hammering, the pounding of metal on metal, and the incessant slamming about of heavy bodies, the din in the hold grew deafening. Had those toots summoned the crew to lash the cargo, or to close the bulkheads—or both? Again, in an hour's time, came more toots, and again the hurrying feet, to be followed by the ominous sounds of hammering. Yet nothing could stop

the pounding and banging of the things broken loose. In a small boat you hear everything—there's no secrecy at all.

There were few passengers in the dining room that night. At the head of our table sat the Chief Engineer, who replied to our questions with the most futile jokes. It was inane and maddening when he said, "Why, this is nothing!" He was right, however. It *was* nothing, that first day.

We all went to bed early, as bed seemed the only refuge from the physical discomfort of being jerked about by the pitching ship. Yet the relief of bed was not great—it only meant using other muscles to keep from being thrown about. Sleep was impossible owing to the noise in the hold—the crashing of the cargo and the incessant hammering. At intervals all through the night came those two short blasts of the siren, and the crew rushing to some fresh emergency.

The shock of the waves breaking upon the ship was terrific. The impact was like striking a rock. The boat seemed jerked to a standstill, as if gripped suddenly by giant hands—jerked to a standstill with a jar that jolted the whole ship. More and more frequently these violent shocks occurred—and then suddenly the engines stopped.

This was too much. Engines don't stop except for a minute during a burial at sea. I waited that minute, for the engines to start again, and then got up hurriedly and dressed. Something was wrong, and I wanted to find out what.

The small saloon was deserted and in an awful mess. All the tables and chairs had piled themselves up at one end, and the floor was littered with spilled ash trays. Two baskets swung from the ceiling, filled with gay artificial flowers, were spinning madly in all directions. An anxious steward appeared, half dressed. Sometimes stewards tell you things officers won't.

"Steward," I asked casually, "propeller gone?"

"I don't *think* so," he replied doubtfully.

"Feels like it to me," I remarked, "the way this boat is wallowing round."

"You're sure right," answered the steward; "she's got no way on."

She certainly had no way on—that was obvious. That curious rocking motion, quite silent, with the engines stopped, indicated something amiss. The boat lolloped about, up and down, this way and that, and the hanging baskets spun foolishly. I found out next day that the steering gear had broken, but I didn't find it out that night, so I finally returned to the cockpit and put his cage straight again. After hours of hammering in the hold beneath, the engines started again towards morning, and I fell asleep.

The next day the storm was worse. The seas were more gigantic, and we headed straight into them. We turned off our course and headed north, straight into those mountainous waves. Diving down into the gulfs between them—rising sheer up the black sides, hovering a second on the ridge, and then plunging headfirst into the foaming depths. You could see all this nicely from the windows. And now and again came those frightful jolts like striking a rock, when a wave broke full upon us.

No, they told me, no, the propeller hadn't gone. It was still hanging on. *It*, mind you. We did not have three or four—just one! But the ship was practically stopped—hove-to, they called it, with just enough speed to steer with and to keep her headed into the storm. But I kept being very anxious about that one, lone propeller. Those pounding waves that wrenched the boat from one end to the other, might well do damage to it. You often hear of them coming off. True, we carried an extra one, but you can't change propellers at sea—you just keep it handy till you are towed into port. And our spare propeller seemed to be among the loose things below—you could hear it caroming about and bouncing from one wall to the other in the

hold. Everything else was racketing about as well—things equally heavy and ponderous, to judge by the incessant crashing and slamming. All day long, at intervals, the horn kept calling the crew to repair some new disaster.

When the day's run was posted at noon, we had made only one hundred and sixty miles, and that in the wrong direction. Not towards New York, but due north. The frozen north, to judge by the temperature. The boat grew bitterly cold, and our good little radiators could not cope with the icy blasts that leaked in at every crack. We were off our course, heading straight for the Arctic Circle, and apparently quite near it. Hove-to, and wallowing round in midocean. If not mid, then quite near enough. A thousand miles from Europe and two thousand from New York, with nothing between us and the fury of the gale which roared down from the Pole.

The attitude of the passengers was interesting. Not one showed any sign of nervousness or fear, yet it must have been as apparent to them as it was to me that we were in great danger. One was not imagining danger—it would have taken far more imagination to think the contrary. It was a question as to how long the boat could stand up under the violent wrenching and pounding—how long before some vital part gave way. A good deal had already gone wrong, and seemed still going wrong, under the terrific impact of those waves. Yet not one word of anxiety or apprehension was uttered. Whatever our private suspicions, nothing came to the surface. We talked about it incessantly, but made light of it—made light of it, by making much, by incessant joking, by witty exaggeration.

"Ah! *That* one didn't get us! We're still right side up!"

We were a mixed lot. An Oxford professor, a little missionary from Africa, and business and professional people, some English, some American. The only sign of the strain we were under

was a desire to keep together. We all sat together in the little saloon, for no one seemed to like being alone—no one stayed in his cabin. This marked gregariousness, this desire for companionship, was the only visible sign to show that our minds were troubled. That, and the fact that we could not talk of anything but the storm. Apart from the storm, no subject interested us or could hold our attention—it was concentrated upon the fury raging outside. It dominated our emotions. The professor made gallant but futile efforts to distract us—he said eels were hatched in the West Indies and traveled to Europe to live in the rivers there. No one cared. But at that point he got knocked out of his seat, and I managed to get in a word about the propeller. It was curious how being silly over the propeller, or jesting as to how deep the water was in the hold brought about a relaxation of the tension.

The little saloon looked a wreck. In imitation of the swank of the big liners, nothing was nailed down. Consequently everything was piled up—a miscellaneous heap of chairs and tables huddled at one end of the room. They had piled themselves up of their own accord, but the stewards had lashed them together in some sort of order. The center of the room was bare, with a slippery carpet dangerous to cross. We all sat in a row on the cushioned bench that ran round the room, clinging on tight and not always successfully. We talked aimlessly up and down the row, leaning forward to speak to one another, until suddenly jerked back against the wall. The professor was trying it again, this time trying to divert us with accounts of the flowers in Spitzbergen. No one cared two hoots. Someone else mentioned the cinema—equally useless. There just wasn't anything in the world except that storm and what would happen next. Our lives had concentrated into just one point, and nothing else existed.

But curiously enough, as I have said,

we could talk of the situation itself and make fun of it. The propeller being my special charge, I was constantly asked to account for it. How was it holding out?

"Oh, it's not *that* that's worrying me now," I would answer. "It's the *oil*! How long can we drive northward into the Arctic Circle before the *oil* gives out?"

Such banter, even with much truth in it, always brought a sort of relief. Eels and flowers just irritated.

Dinner that night was a sketchy meal, served amid heavy losses. The Chief Engineer now gave up the pretense that the storm was nothing and became quite sensible. We had seen him working in overalls for the past two days, so we asked if he'd got the leaks patched. There is no secrecy in a small boat—you know everything that takes place. So he gave us news of the other ships hove-to like ourselves, and buffeting with the gale. There were a dozen quite near us, within a hundred miles or so, and we were in touch with fifty all told, all having the same hard time of it, all struggling with this same colossal storm that extended a thousand miles from east to west, all sending out the same report—high, dangerous seas!

After our six-o'clock dinner there was a long evening to pass, so we all sat in a row on the cushioned seat playing a foolish game called Pig. Suddenly one of the passengers was flung from his seat and struck his head violently against a radiator. He was stunned, and the blood flowed, and the sight of this first accident was a shock.

The nights were worse than the days. By day we had companionship, but the nights were spent alone. Alone, listening to the straining and creaking of the laboring ship, to the crashing and pounding of the loosened cargo, and to the wild whistling of the wind. The noise increased a hundredfold by night, though one was spared the sight of the raging ocean—a fearful ocean, white like a snowfield with the spray driven in sheets across the waves. But at night, while

unable to see it, one felt its merciless power.

How long could the ship withstand the impact of those tons of water that crashed upon it at shorter and shorter intervals? That shook it from stem to stern, and stopped it in its tracks? How long before some vital part gave way completely? The screw, the shaft, a rudder chain? Lying in one's bunk, there seemed no future—nothing but an interminable present. Mid-Atlantic. And no way ever to get out. Nothing to do but lie there waiting.

There wasn't any future. There was nothing to look forward to. No Christmas. No homecoming. No plans. No greetings of friends. Nothing to look forward to. Nothing but this stupendous Present roaring in one's ears.

I tried to think what the little missionary must be doing. Praying, probably. There must be many people praying that night. I wondered what they were saying—what the little missionary might be saying, and what comfort she was getting? She might be saying that Psalm—how did it go? "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." But there must be more to it than that. That was not very comforting. Surely there was a middle part or a beginning? "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Maybe she got some good out of that. So after each gigantic shock I kept thinking the little missionary must be saying something.

Finally I fell asleep and had a curious dream, in which a friend said, "Yes, I know all about it."

"All about me? All about the things that hurt?"

"Yes. All. Everything."

"About how fearfully frightened I am? About how I try to keep up appearances and to pretend? I've been pretending so long—I'm so tired of pretending."

Then in my dream I became aware of everything that had ever hurt me in my whole life—every incident, great and small, that had brought pain, humiliation, disappointment. Just everything,

a whole vast piling up of all the whole pain of a lifetime, the hurt of things forgotten, put away, lived down, a vast, cumulative mass of pain, not piecemeal, but the whole of it piled together. And under the overwhelming agony of this I woke.

Woke, amazingly comforted. Calm and indifferent. The dream and the pain were still poignant, but the relief was intense. That's my life, I said to myself—that's the life I don't want to let go of. All that pain, hidden away and covered up and pushed into the background—all there, intensely acute. Unforgotten. And that is what I have been living with all these years. And I wanted to go on living with it. But I don't, now. Why, how marvellous that all that pain is shortly to be wiped out and obliterated! All that pain is to go—just be wiped out and gone! In another minute that door will be dashed open by a wave—the next wave, maybe—and that pain will all be gone!

III

This exaltation lasted for several hours, but wore off finally, and the strain of that third day of storm became almost unbearable. One was also weary with the acute physical difficulty of keeping one's balance, of hanging on to things, of perpetually adjusting one's self to the frantic pitching. It was impossible to read, to hold the book properly or to concentrate on its pages. We were all possessed by an acute restlessness—a compulsion to move from place to place, clinging on to things as we went, yet perpetually on the go from one porthole to another, to gaze upon the terrifying sea. No sign of any abatement of the storm—it just seemed to get worse. From each porthole it looked more menacing; yet we were continually shifting and crawling from window to window, as if fascinated.

We had all become very friendly during these three days, drawn close by the common yet unspoken anxiety that

gripped us all. Anxiety never alluded to, save in chaff or banter. The whole atmosphere was extremely casual, and a sort of cameraderie existed between ourselves and the crew—little jokes with the stewards when the dishes scattered under the shock of an extra heavy blow.

"I can't read the menu," exclaimed one little lady, "I've broken my glasses—"

"Take mine, ma'am," answered the table boy promptly, removing them from his nose.

Oddly enough, no one was seasick, and we all struggled down to meals, to laugh and talk with one another from table to table.

"When that horn toots," remarked a lady, "I don't know whether it means that we are all to take to the lifeboats, or for all hands to man the pumps!"

"We *can't* launch the lifeboats—and all hands are already manning the pumps!" someone called back.

Which was true. The pumps had been going steadily for the past forty-eight hours. One could hear them working during the occasional brief lulls which occurred now and again.

"Where's the Chief Engineer? Why doesn't he come to meals?" asked someone else.

"Oh, too busy bailing her out, I guess!" came the answer. (We learned afterwards that some cases of tallow in the hold had been broken, and this clogged the pumps, making their action very difficult.)

After dinner a gentleman approached me. All along, as a "sensible woman" I had been given confidential bits of information which he had gleaned from higher sources.

"Do drop that chaffing about the propeller," he said to me. "It's past a joke—it may make some people nervous. You see, when the *Princess Alicia* was lost last month, she had dropped her propeller, and the water rushed in through the hole . . ."

"Good heavens!" I answered. "I

thought that boat had struck a rock! Of course I'll stop it, but only on one condition—that you'll tell me the velocity of the wind and what's the barometer?"

"A hundred miles an hour—and has been for three days. And the barometer is 27°. But don't speak of it."

That third night of the storm brought no sleep at all, even in snatches. The waves pounded upon us as usual, shuddering the ship from end to end, but their character had changed. They were now hitting us on the side, instead of smashing down upon the bow. They were pounding us broadside, throwing the whole boat over so that it seemed as if we must capsize. Obviously, it was becoming difficult to hold the course and keep headed into the wind—perhaps because of the water in the hold, and the shifting cargo. Perhaps other reasons made steering difficult. But whatever the cause, the waves now came crashing upon us broadside, at intervals of ten minutes—or less.

Long before dawn, on that morning of the fourth day of the storm, I left my stateroom and sought the little saloon. Other people were there already, and for the same reason—companionship, for whatever solace or comfort it gave us to be together, rather than apart. For four days this had gone on now, and we were intensely weary. Physically weary through the constant knocking about, and mentally weary through the prolonged strain. And this new, terrible crashing of the waves, striking us sideways, made us sense imminent danger.

The little saloon looked desolate in the early light, with its upset tables, the rubbish of scattered ashes and cigarettes, and empty ginger ale bottles rolling about the floor. The general air of forlornness and disarray was significant—as if it wasn't worth while to pick things up, if the boat was going to founder. And looking out through the windows in the dim dawn, there seemed to be no alternative. Like last sur-

vivors, we sat in rows along the cushioned benches, waiting. Just waiting—for that inevitable, final blow, whenever it might come. Jolted from our places, pitched into one another, our voices drowned by the howling of the wind and the clatter in the hold, we just made our little jokes—and waited. The suspense was almost unbearable. No one crawled to the windows any more, to look out. It wasn't worth while. We just sat there huddled together tight, waiting. Extraordinarily calm, and not one word uttered as to our real feelings.

"Don't we look funny!" said someone. "Like the Wreck of the Hesperus!" and we all laughed.

"Let's play Pounce," said a lady to me suddenly. "Pounce is a splendid game at a time like this. You can't think of anything else!"

With great difficulty we fished out a table from the pile of furniture, and covered it with a blanket, as the cards could not otherwise stick to the green baize top. We wedged ourselves into a corner, and managed to keep our places, though the table upset from time to time and threw the whole game to the floor.

For moments of tension, let me recommend Pounce. An exciting game which demands one's whole attention. Every few moments as the ship lurched and seemed about to turn turtle, the cards dashed to the floor, but we picked them up again and went on. Over and over, game after game, under the strain of that sickening fear, we continued to play Pounce. We played Pounce while waiting for the boat to go down!

Suddenly, towards noon, the purser rushed in, in shirt sleeves and overalls as usual.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he shouted, clinging to the door jamb. "Hold on tight now, everybody! Hold on tight and keep your places! Don't move! The Captain's going to change the course!"

"What does that mean?" we asked in chorus.

"That we're *going!*" he exclaimed. "Going to run for it! Not going to try to ride out the gale any longer, but make a dash for it! We're going to run for New York!"

Action at last! To do something definite, no matter what might happen. The Captain was taking a desperate chance in changing the course in the teeth of a hundred-mile gale, but it was the only chance. We were being battered to pieces as we stood. The boat could withstand that pounding no longer—our one hope was to turn round and flee before the wind.

After the warning to hold tight, we all clung like barnacles to whatever furnishings offered a good grip and, after about ten minutes of this suspense, came a terrific lurch, and the boat seemed to turn clean over—to lie on her side with the windows resting on the ocean. Everything went sprawling, and the Pounce cards scattered in all directions. After an eternity half upside-down, the boat got upright again, and we sped on. We were going. We could feel the speed of the engines, and know that we were racing to escape. Then the tension snapped. The suspense was over.

"We're off!" someone shouted, "No more hanging round, waiting! Whatever may happen, it can't be worse! We're off to New York!"

As a matter of fact, our actual predicament seemed much the same, and as bad as ever. The waves still pounded us, but they came aboard from another angle. But we all *felt* differently—we all realized that we were making a frantic effort to get away from the danger, to escape into some clear, calm spot that lay beyond, and which meant safety.

And in about eight hours we reached this spot, outside the storm center. The waves became lower and smaller, and broke over us less frequently—and then not at all. By midnight all was comparatively calm, and we fell into our beds exhausted.

IV

The next few days (we were nearly a week late) saw us all in a curiously relaxed and garrulous condition. Talkative! We just talked incessantly, and about our feelings! About our emotions of terror and fright! We just could not talk enough, we could not tell one another enough, over and over again, repeatedly, what we had felt like during those awful days. All that we had bottled up and hidden and suppressed, all the anxiety and fear we had so carefully concealed, now came flowing out in flood. That handful of people, which had been so controlled, so gallant and courageous during those dangerous days, just suddenly broke loose in expressing themselves as to how they had really been feeling! It was so marvellously comforting, such a relief, to be able to admit at last how terrified we had been, to pour out to one another the violent emotions we had been through, which we had so tightly held in check. This ability to talk at last was the most tremendous release.

Just before we reached home, I found myself standing beside the gentleman who had been supplying me with the "low-down" all along, who had talked to me as a "sensible woman" and told me how serious things were. We stood side by side, looking upon that calm, blue winter ocean, so smiling and deceptive.

"Well, this has been a lesson to me," he remarked with a chuckle. "What would have become of *me* if anything had happened?"

"Well, what of the rest of us? Of me, for instance?" I asked.

"Oh, *you*," he replied with a twinkle, "You might have had a millionth chance. But I've learned my lesson—never again to travel on a boat with traditions. Hereafter I'll pick out a boat from some country which has none of this nonsense about Women and Children First!"



THE DEATH OF CHINESE CIVILIZATION

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

THE kernel of truth in the otherwise misleading formula that East is East and West is West and so forth is that the affairs of the one cannot be translated into the terms of the other. Their respective cultural languages differ too widely. If the twain have never been able to meet, as indeed they have not, the reason is mainly that the West has insisted on applying its own standards, conventions, and beliefs, and then on making judgments. We are a politically minded people, especially we of the English-speaking nations. We are absorbed in what may be called the public life of a country, in the narrowly restricted events that make up "situations" and "crises." For us the "problem" of a country consists of its domestic politics and foreign relations. But because such events have other values in the East, and sometimes have no significance at all, our judgments are generally wrong. If we do not misunderstand, we at least fail to understand.

This has never been more true than now, and no country is a better illustration of this than China. Knowing of China only what we read in the newspapers or in more pretentious expositions by experts, we see it as an orgy of civil wars, a nullity of law and order, a relapse into comic-opera government, and a crying need for "cleaning up"—the technical description is "chaos." Nor is this altogether inaccurate as a description of surface symptoms, of the superficial aspects of the public life of the country. But knowing so much, we know nothing of what is essential in China; seeing so much, we see distort-

edly. For what is really happening in China, what is important as history and fundamental in influence, is that a world is turning over. This is happening everywhere in the East, but in China it is brought to sharpest focus. A whole hemisphere seethes, and the revolutions, civil wars, disintegrated governments, nationalist insurgencies, and anti-foreign movements are but the froth at the top. They are interesting and dramatic, and enlivening as feature articles, and grievous to foreign offices, and sometimes tragic to those immediately affected; but they are unimportant in themselves. They are symptoms. They are effects, not causes. The truth about China, about the whole East, is much more serious than we think it is, than we are told it is in conventional channels of information. It goes deeper and, moreover, it is something we cannot "do anything" about. There is chaos in the East now, not as the word is used in the professional slang of writers on foreign affairs, diplomatic observers, and outraged "men on the spot," but in its correct sense of formlessness.

There is chaos in China because the old principle of order is no longer effective. For twenty-five hundred years China has been held together internally by a crystallized, highly developed, complex, and tenacious civilization, the oldest continuous civilization surviving into our own times and perhaps the most distinctive. For almost a hundred years the basis of its relations with the outer world has been the dominance of the Occidental Powers and the superiority of the white man. China was not con-

quered in the sense that it had lost entity as a state. But it had lost control over its own destinies and had to do the bidding of others. And it had survived as an entity only because no one of the aggressor Powers was strong enough to absorb it against the opposition of rival Powers, and partition was impracticable because they could never have agreed on division of the spoils. China was saved because the Powers hated one another more than they coveted China. By the gravitational pull of these two forces—a deeply rooted civilization and the dominance of the white Powers—China had been kept on its orbit. Both forces have now lost power of attraction.

The civilization of China is dead in spirit, crushed by the impact of a civilization of greater vitality, the machine civilization of the West. The historic culture is sterile. The traditions which determined the forms of Chinese society and the ways of living of the Chinese people are no longer binding. The old system of values is no longer accepted. Institutions are shaken. Beliefs no longer carry conviction. Customs are fluid. Even habits, handed down from generation to generation until become almost as unvarying as reflexes, are broken. The cement of the whole Chinese social structure, loosening for a generation, is now suddenly crumbling away. In America we are perplexed by what Walter Lippmann describes as the dissolution of the ancestral order. By comparison ours is a fixity. If *we* are groping for certainties, then the Chinese can be said to be stumbling amid ruins, blindly seeking a new path, even a new destination.

The dominance of the Western Powers has ended. It has been undermined by the sapping of our own ideas and shattered by explosives of our own laying. Democracy, nationalism, conscious patriotism, later reinforced by self-determination and the rights of weak nations—all the ideas brought with us in what we magniloquently called our mission to civilize backward peoples—have done

their work. We have civilized the backward peoples more completely than we dreamed or desired: they have learned how to use the most destructive weapons of modern warfare and acquired the concept of nationalism as an end for which to fight. The restraints which might have served to check them before have ceased to be operative. Western ascendancy was established by force and subsequently rested either directly on force or indirectly on the white man's prestige, the belief in his superiority, not so much innately as because of his invincibility. That belief has passed irrevocably. We adduced too much evidence to the contrary. The World War was conclusive. We told too much about one another then by way of propaganda, too much that was true. And as if to point the conclusion, we took yellow and brown and black men to the fighting fronts and taught them to kill white men, thus demonstrating that it could be done by men of any color if only the right weapons were used.

Prestige having lost its symbol value, only force could sustain our position when the challenge came which the ferment of our ideas had produced. But the War left us physically unable or psychologically indisposed to resort to force. The Chinese, not alone among Eastern peoples, have taken advantage of the fact. The succession of crises between the Western Powers and China from the Washington Conference to the recent conflict with Russia is the result. In effect the Chinese have won. The details are not important. Whether this treaty or that has been abrogated or not, whether this foreign concession or that has been retroceded or not, the Chinese have recovered in substance most of what had been wrested from them in the long period of subjugation by the West. What is left to us is shadow. Most of all, more than the tangible elements of special privileges, rights, territorial encroachments, and other derogations on sovereignty, the Chinese have recovered a sense of

equality. They do not automatically yield to the white man as of a divinely ordered dispensation. At the moment, in fact, they have pushed their sense of equality to the point of self-assertiveness, as might be expected.

A white skin has ceased to be a *laissez passer* and guarantee of safe conduct, as I have myself unhappily observed. I have felt the steel of a pirate leader's gun prodding my throat as his followers ransacked my cabin in the foreigners' first class of a British ship on the Yangtze quite as turbulently as they did the coolie quarters below decks. I have felt the sting of his knuckles rapped across my cheek by way of warning if I did not yield up what I had hidden. And by way of example there lay just outside my cabin the body of another American, shot down in as contemptuous indifference to the majesty and punitive power of his government as to the weakness of the government of the Chinese shot down below. As an ironic symbol of the significance of the episode, only thirty minutes' steaming up the river lay a fleet of British, American, French, and Japanese gunboats, presumably for our protection.

We on our part have forsworn our conquerors' airs and now move about with circumspection. The most conclusive proof is our vociferous repudiation of any previous claims to superiority. We not only admit Chinese into hotels on their own soil, but too aggressively deny that they used to have to enter by the back door, as in fact they did. Too ostentatiously we point to the fact that occasionally a club of foreign export and import managers on Chinese territory permits a Chinese aristocrat and scholar to enter its precincts as a guest and not as a servant. And the Chinese now walk with impunity even in the public park on the Shanghai waterfront, until two years ago sacred from their profanation. Indeed, they walk where they like and do as they like even in the foreigner's presence, a social revolution the im-

mensity of which cannot be appreciated by those who did not know the China of ten years ago when the English or American junior clerk was king and conqueror and god.

China will regain equilibrium first in its foreign relations. The basis will be independence. All that remains now is the formality of liquidating the regime of foreign hegemony. Diplomatic bodies are ponderous and move glacially. They may cling to the letter of treaties after the spirit is dead and to the outward forms of foreign privileges already nullified in practice. In the realities which the foreign official representative or business man in China must face from day to day, however, the old regime is gone. In time foreign offices, too, will recognize realities, and treaties will be made to conform with them. But that is merely the formality of routine.

A chapter in history has closed. Our day of might in the Far East is done. None like it will dawn again in our time. What we originally gained by force we have lost by force and can regain only by force. But we should be dealing now with a different China from that which we subdued in the nineteenth century with a few gunboats and a few regiments of infantry. It is no longer a giant asleep in the past, ignorant of the world and armed with the weapons of the Middle Ages. It has a sense of nationality, is alert to national perils and, while still ineffective from a military point of view, is learning fast how to fight. Only a real army could reduce China to the position it occupied only twenty years ago, and no Western country could send a real army. For political reasons Japan cannot. It would be restrained by Great Britain and America.

Our day is done, and I do not count it an unmixed evil. It may have saved us a greater loss than the fruits of conquest. If China had been as near disintegration twenty-five years ago as it is now, we should have speeded the process and then fallen to fighting over the pieces. Even if we did speed the process

now the pieces would not be ours anyway. The Chinese can unite long enough to keep the intruder out. When the Western world has recovered from its present exhaustion and, moreover, has evolved a new technic of penetration, a new era of imperialism may set in, but it will not be imperialism in the old terms and it will not be so easy to establish and maintain. It will take forms that cannot be envisaged now. Also, however, China may by that time have taken forms that cannot be envisaged now and that will preclude even attempts at aggression.

II

What of China internally?

In one of the larger provincial centers only recently I was talking to an old friend, then a member of the provincial central committee, the board of administrators who governed the province. In effect, his was the decisive voice in the committee and the province. I asked him what he thought.

"Yes, it is a mess," he said. "In my heart I know it to be all that the most contemptuous Shanghai foreign business man says it is. But what else could it be? Look. I was born in a village not far from here. When I was a boy workmen suddenly came along once and started putting up poles and stringing wires between them outside the village walls. I was curious, we all were curious. At first we were fearful of the effect on the spirits of wind and water that determined the fate of the village. Then my father came back from the county market town one day and explained. You could put a letter on those wires and in a day or an hour—that was not quite clear—it would arrive at its destination at the other end of the province, just traveling along the wire. I speculated long on that, but if my father said so it was true. Then it occurred to me that New Year was coming. I had a cousin living in a town at some distance, and I had wanted to send him a present. If I could send a

letter along those wires, why not also a present? I got a nice pair of felt shoes and early New Year's morning I stole outside the city walls, stood under the wires, and flung first one shoe and then another up at them. They hit the wires and came down. I didn't understand. I ran home crying.

"And I am still in early middle age and I am supposed to have learned to supervise railroads, construct highways, organize and direct public utilities, plan irrigation and reclamation schemes, institute scientific farming, regulate the new factories springing up everywhere, think out the labor problem, organize and administer public school systems, and start modern hospitals. That is the adjustment I have had to make in half a lifetime; it is the adjustment we all have had to make in less than a generation. And, remember, I have had the unusual advantage of having studied in America and traveled in Europe. Most of us have not begun yet. I can take you out on the new automobile road we have built and show you peasants peering into the radiator of an autobus, looking for the concealed animal or spirit that makes it go. Of course we haven't made the adjustment yet. We don't really understand now, let alone know how to run this new kind of world. But it is the world we have to live in just the same. Of course, we are making a mess. Do you wonder?"

It is hard to give a more succinct statement of fundamental causes. It is hard also to sum up contemporary China's address to these causes more succinctly than in the same man's words. We were walking on the shores of a lake which is hallowed in Chinese legendry. Here in the golden splendors of the T'ang age poets came to sing of its beauties, painters to set them down in swift strokes on silk. Here emperors came to take their ease in pavilions of red beams and green-and-golden tiled roofs built for their pleasure. On the hills which gently rise above it monasteries lie in cool, serene retreat half-hidden in groves

of bamboo. About us lay the deposits of the greatness and glory of China's ancient days.

He was telling me of his plans for the "development" of the lake shore—he used that word. There would be a library for public use, with classes for the illiterate; there would be a building for commercial exhibits, and so forth. What kind of buildings would they be? I asked. Would they follow the architectural lines of those around us, with dipping roofs and broad courtyards and winding, shaded paths in old gardens? They would not, he answered vigorously, decidedly not. Would there be adaptations then from Western style to make them more comfortable and economical of space? No; that was chop suey, neither one nor the other. They would be Western, pure Western—as complete a break with the past as possible. Yes, these that were here now were beautiful. They could never be surpassed. And they embodied the traditions of the race. That was just it—they tied the race to the past. Above all else, those ties had to be broken.

Then he spoke with passionate intensity.

"If I thought it were necessary in order to make that break sure," he said, "I would tear all these down and put up New Jersey factory buildings in their place."

III

This is the mood of contemporary China. Now, as distinguished from fifteen or twenty years ago, it is not just the patter of what travel writers called Young China, showing itself in superficial changes on the outer fringes while the mass of the country went on as always, unaffected and unknowing. Nor does it reflect the hybridism of those ungrounded in their own culture and veneered with a little Western learning, to be patronized or ignored by the educated classes who made opinion and held power of decision. Now it represents the reasoned conviction of

responsible men, intellectual leaders, and scholars in the old tradition, and it finds expression in a destructiveness that is awesome. A whole race is destroying its foundations. The most conservative race in the world, the most tenacious of its past, is consciously, deliberately demolishing all that it has held sacred, all that stands of a civilization which has endured for three thousand years and builded greatly in its course. What the times began, the Chinese are themselves finishing. If they walk amid ruins, they are also making them as they go.

The old educational system has been abandoned. The Confucian classics and the literature gathered about them, which have been for the Chinese a philosophy, a code of morals, a code of conduct, a text of political and social science, and an intellectual discipline, are no longer being taught. They have simply been dropped. They are not even respected. In Peking there is a school which was founded in the days of the monarchy by a group of wealthy literati for the teaching of the classics to sons of officials. It has always been the custom for the trustees—usually elderly scholars and officials—to attend the opening exercises for the orthodox ceremony of bowing to the tablet of Confucius, a ceremony prescribed through the centuries. Last year they went as usual. There was no tablet above the outer gate. They proceeded into the assembly hall. There the niche above the dais was empty. They made inquiries. The two tablets were found flung into a corner of the courtyard. It is so everywhere. In practically all the schools children are being taught nothing of what their parents learned. Confucius and Mencius are not only not taught, they are scarcely mentioned. In their stead are "subjects," a haphazard and ever-changing curriculum, too obviously stemming from the West. It is as if there were suddenly dropped out of our own education everything written before 1900. A generation is growing up ignorant of the foundations of Chinese

thought and without the real basis of any other thought.

A generation is growing up cut off also from the foundation of Chinese society, which was the family system—the family not in our sense of father, mother, and children, but rather father, mother, and sons, the sons' wives and their children, perhaps three or four generations in collateral branches, all living together under a patriarchy, or at least council of elders. In the larger centers where new ideas have penetrated most deeply the family controls are already so loosened as to be ineffective, and even in the rural regions they are relaxed. And since the family was the agency of government in all personal relations—law-giver, administration, and court of justice—there is the same anarchy in personal relations as in public relations, where they manifest themselves more recognizably as political breakdown and civil strife. Authority is no longer recognized. Ancestor worship is no longer the first duty or filial piety the highest virtue. The family is not accepted as the unit in the social scheme, its welfare the sole criterion. The individual is asserting himself and his rights. He refuses to obey the decision of parents or a council of elders as to where he shall live, how he shall occupy himself, what he shall do with his property and, most of all, whom he shall marry.

It is the law of the sages and immemorial custom that marriages be arranged by parents through the intricate negotiations of middlemen and that bride and groom neither know each other nor see each other until after the prolonged and elaborate marriage ceremonies, the bride then severing all connection with her own family and entering her husband's home, where she must render obedience and homage to his mother. Yet it was only an occasion for amusement when a few months ago the following advertisement appeared in a Shanghai Chinese paper: "Why go to all the bother of having a wedding ceremony in the presence of witnesses and with permission of elders?

This is to announce that we are now husband and wife, having been married yesterday." It is untypical only in the bravado, but not in the sentiment that lies behind it. To the younger generation marriage concerns the individual and not the family and, therefore, personal inclinations alone must be consulted. There is open revolt against the right of parents to choose life partners, and in all the towns there are numerous marriages in defiance of the wish of parents. And to the parents a marriage so contracted is the equivalent of a companionate marriage to an American parent. In result, as always when change is sharp and sudden, there is personal tragedy.

IV

As everywhere, the break is most clearly and dramatically manifest in the status of women. Ten years ago I remember one of my Chinese teachers coming to me in Peking in distress. He was too worried to give me my lesson that day, he said. He had been recently married. His wife had gone to a mission school. He had not, but he was progressive, he said. And he had seen how it was between foreigners and their wives. It had come to the ears of his mother, who was old-fashioned, that he had gone with his wife to a mission school party, that he had appeared with her among strangers, and that he had been seen walking home with her. His mother was outraged. Was her daughter-in-law a prostitute? Did a gentleman parade in public with his wife as if he were a peasant and watch her talking to strange men as if she were a sing-song girl? Thus his mother; but his wife was equally outraged. Was he modern or not? Had he learned anything or not? And was he to be one of the "old heads"? She for her part would not be. For his part, woe was his portion. For his mother said quite rightly that filial piety was the first claim on one not an outcast. His wife said equally rightly

that he owed fidelity to his education and beliefs, to say nothing of her.

"How fortunate you foreigners are," he said. "Your lives are so simple."

I had lived in China five years and had numerous Chinese friends, many of them intimate friends. I had seen the wives of only three of them. When I last returned to China in 1927 I had been away for some years. The night after my arrival I was invited to a Chinese party in one of the new swagger hotels in Shanghai. As I entered I stood rooted, brought up by the shock of a picture framed in a distant doorway. There I saw women—Chinese women—and dancing. Dancing with men, and men not their husbands! And I thought of my Peking teacher only a few years before.

No doubt there are mothers who still ask whether their daughters-in-law are to act like prostitutes, but one also sees them with their daughters at tea-dances at the foreigners' hotels. One sees them even pathetically striving to seem modern themselves—their hair bobbed, the ends of their long shoes stuffed out with cotton to conceal the fact that they have bound feet. One also hears of marriages in which the bride stipulates that the bridegroom pledge himself never to take a concubine. On the other hand, I know of a case in which the wife, an American-educated woman and modern, finding herself barren, has insisted, against his objections, that her husband exercise his prerogative of taking a concubine in order to carry on his line, and has herself gone out to choose him one. While it is true that the "new woman" is now something more than a show-piece to be celebrated in foreign feature articles about "awakening" and "enlightenment," the past still survives. Precisely because it does, and because there coexist two entirely different and mutually exclusive sets of mores, life in China is something more than picturesque. It is also prolific of pain. For instincts do not change so soon, whatever the "views" may be. For many con-

form and willingly; and, with conforming, hurt. There is also reason. When one system of controls is abandoned, presumably for another, there is always a hiatus between the two. In the interval before the new one is understood and adjusted there is a vast deal of human wastage, especially when the old restraints have been rigid and unyielding. More particularly have young Chinese women in large cities a caricatured idea of the freedom of Western women. The younger generation may seem a problem to the American parent. By comparison the Chinese may still wistfully envy us the simplicity of our life.

The breakdown of the Chinese family, which is to say the breakdown of all standards, is not just a matter of modernism or the acceptance of ideas. It is only partly conscious. New forms of production have dictated new ways of living, regardless of intellectual conviction or choice. The factory worker follows his job. Industrialism means concentration of labor supply where production is most economical. The peasant can keep his clan about him, for they all work together. So can the worker in household industry, whose family provides artisan, apprentice, bookkeeper, and clerk, and whose radius of operation is the immediate neighborhood. In China, as in England one hundred years ago, new industrial centers create new population centers. The worker is willy-nilly broken from the old discipline, physically broken because he no longer lives at home and psychologically because he has to form new habits. What happens is that one body of sanctions is gone before another can be formed.

V

Essentially China is in vacuum now. One may almost say there is no China. The China that was has passed or is passing. Away from the centers of dissolution there are vestiges of the old China, outwardly as they always have been but inwardly without life. What

is in China to-day the mind cannot grasp because the eye can form no image. It shifts too rapidly for focus. The China that will be cannot even be envisaged. Dim foreshadowings of what it may be flicker here and there, too blurred to form an outline.

Can a race have two lives? Can any people have a rebirth? Can it detach itself from the civilization in which its spirit has been poured, tear itself up by the roots, roots gnarled in the soil for three thousand years, then bear fruit again in another civilization? No race ever has. All others that have decayed once have survived only as wraiths among their memories. There is evidence that already in the T'ang dynasty, more than a thousand years ago, the Chinese were old and weary, over-refined and disillusioned, oppressed by the futility of effort and the vanity of all things earthly. It may be that China's easy subjection in the last century and its present disintegration are proof that its vitality is irrecoverably spent. On the other hand, Chinese history has always moved in cycles, and this may have been only the under-swing of the curve. The Chinese have dropped as low as this before, and always emerged. Their very survival in the last hundred years may be evidence that the race is not yet enervated. The ability of their emigrants to venture into all parts of the

world from the arctic north to the equatorial tropics and everywhere to establish themselves securely or even to dominate in fair competition is further evidence.

At any rate China has entered a new phase. It can never go back. It may survive only biologically—so many individuals of certain physical characteristics, but dead in spirit and a prey to conquest. It may be merely an imitation of the industrialized West, Western in exterior, in all except the dynamic vigor of the West—its historic identity entirely lost. Or, it may take over Western science and the machine technology and make them its own, combine the power of mechanization with its old creativeness, acquire the West's command over nature while remaining Chinese in spirit. If so, with its vast area, its resources, its population of one quarter of the human race, and the qualities which before have made it a dominant empire, will it be the most powerful nation on earth? What then? In the answer may lie the key to the future of more than one continent.

This, then, is the real problem of China, not that which occupies the minds of diplomats. And it is more interesting, more dramatic, and more important. The chaos of China is the breaking of a civilization, not that which figures in news of political intrigues and civil wars; and it is more serious.



PORTRAIT OF A MALE BUTTERFLY

BY LLOYD MORRIS

IF, AS the saying goes, you know the right people, you are bound to meet him. Perhaps at a debutante dance, or at a smart dinner with bridge or the opera to follow, or even at a cocktail party among the intellectuals: he moves in all the best circles, and is usually among those present. When he is presented your mind conjures up no image of the town of North Eureka. He appears to be the perfect flower of the East Fifties, from which North Eureka is distant forty-eight hours by railway and three generations by birth. The railway, not the stork, brought Gerald Weston.

That was six years ago. In those days he was so unsophisticated as to regret his blond hair and fair complexion, for he would have elected to resemble Rudolph Valentino or John Barrymore, whose portraits adorned his room. In the interval the portraits have disappeared, as have certain other elements of Gerald's original equipment. He has discarded a Mid-Western accent; he has subdued an innate preference for violent neckties and vigorous scents; he no longer worships H. L. Mencken, Greta Garbo, and Gene Tunney; he is no longer excited by an invitation to a Greenwich Village studio party; and the obvious admiration of Miss Hall, the telephone operator at the Penshurst Galleries, has begun to bore him. He has lost a certain capacity for enthusiasm; he has become sophisticated. Messrs. Katzenstein and Cohen, the eminent specialists in early American furniture who operate the Penshurst Galleries, think well of him; he has "class." They are correct. He has.

Your impression of him is likely to be determined, at least in part, by the milieu in which you first meet him. At debutante dances he plays the discreet young man, indistinguishable from the others present. He is an excellent partner, and he could easily pass as a university graduate, for his vocabulary of approbation is limited to the adjectives "marvellous," "swell," and "grand." Any of the buds with whom he has danced will tell you that he has a snappy line and is a swell dancer. Press the point, and she will acknowledge that his fingers are as nimble as his feet, that he is mildly flirtatious but careful never to commit himself, and that he has sufficient sex-appeal to ignite a tiny flutter when he takes you in his arms.

Meet Gerald among the intellectuals, and you encounter a different young man. He arrives at cocktail parties late and somewhat limp; it has always been a trying day at the Galleries, and he can be divertingly malicious about the clients. He is likely to sit on a cushion at the feet of the smartest woman present. After two cocktails he is sufficiently revived to complain that there are too many parties; one never has a chance to see the people one cares for. "That's why I haven't called you up, darling," he explains, resting his head languidly against the lady's knee. "Why, I haven't seen you for years! Not since that night in Harlem when Marie got so tight." Presently he detaches himself; he must positively speak to Carl and Eddie, and isn't that Marguerite over there, the darling? For the amusement of a successful and slightly inebriated

novelist he attempts an imitation of Jimmy Durante's patter. Then he wavers away to a prominent singer. "Marguerite, darling, how superbly thin you are! And what a ravishing frock! Molyneux at his best! Have you been up to Harlem to hear Ethel Waters's latest numbers? No? Well, we must do something about that, darling. Let's make Eddie throw us a party some night next week. . . ." On these occasions Gerald circulates rapidly among the available celebrities. He is effusive, flattering, and fluent. He is frivolous, and amiably impudent. Should the conversation take a serious turn, he listens politely for a few moments and slips off to another group. If absolutely necessary, he can utter a few words about Stravinsky, Picasso, Modigliani, or Proust. A very few words, but enough to get by with. The intellectuals like his imperturbable affability. And he is useful at parties. He can pass cocktails without spilling them. He is glad to perform delicate little services like this in return for their hospitality.

Gerald's affability likewise recommends him to the society matrons and dowagers. Old Mrs. Cavendish Thwaite, for example, sometimes invites him, of a Monday evening, to dinner and the opera. Although she is deep in the seventies, she still enjoys being seen with a young, attractive escort. Most of the young men whom she knows, the grandchildren of her contemporaries, have no manners; they never seem eager to accompany her. But Gerald is receptive to her invitations and when with her his devotion is unflagging. At dinner, and during the intermissions, he is indefatigable in conversation. The old lady hears very little of what he says, for she is afflicted with deafness, but she likes to know that other people are observing his interest in her. She considers him a nice, well-bred boy. In her day, of course, young men usually sent flowers to their hostess, but she no longer expects an old-fashioned courtesy from the young. So, although Gerald never

sends flowers and never pays a party-call, she is glad to invite him. Sometimes she wonders why no nice young girl has married him. He would make, she believes, a very satisfactory companion. But she rather hopes that he won't marry—for a while.

II

Old Mrs. Thwaite need give herself no concern. Gerald isn't contemplating matrimony, except as part of a future which seems so indefinite that he prefers never to think about it. At eighteen he was convinced that he would one day marry for love. At twenty-two, when he arrived in New York, he reflected that one could as well fall in love with a rich girl as a poor one. At twenty-five he had discovered that the families of rich girls share an unreasonable prejudice in favor of wealthy young men. Little Evelyn Hardy, who had a crush on him for three weeks, made this clear. "You're a lamb, Jerry," she told him as they were returning from a dance in her car, the winter dawn just breaking. "You cuddle marvellously and you kiss divinely. You're a hot number, darling. But you're not father's idea of the matrimonial news. None of us could marry you, my pet. Just stick around until we do marry, and then ring the bell three times, baby!" Although Gerald continues to attend all the debutante parties to which he is invited, he does so from a surviving romanticism which his practical nature despises. He knows that the day of the Horatio Alger hero has passed. Still, you never can tell. . . .

Gerald has few regrets about matrimony and few illusions about love. Forty dollars weekly, which is what the Penshurst Galleries pay him, will support few illusions of any kind. So Gerald has come to realize that love, which wealthy men often practice as a diversion, can be made an economic asset to a poor but socially ambitious young man who is able to practice it as gallantry. Gallantry will take such a

young man a long way, if his technic is adequate; a very long way indeed. And gallantry can be made to pay, for it will enable a young man to indulge his taste for luxury at no cost to himself. These things he learned from Ina Burdon, and fat Tom Burdon, Ina's banking husband, presumably paid for the lessons.

It was Ina who introduced Gerald to what is termed society. She came into the Galleries one day during the first year of Gerald's employment there. He couldn't help staring at her, for she was exquisite in sables. She returned the stare from under heavily lashed eyelids, deliberately examining him as if he were on display, for sale, like the furniture. Then she requested Mr. Cohen to show her a set of Duncan Phyfe chairs. Presently Gerald heard Mr. Cohen calling him. "We are delivering these chairs to Mrs. Burdon to-morrow," he said. "Mrs. Burdon has suggested that we send you to supervise the placing of them. Please arrange to be at her home at four o'clock. It was four that you said, madame?" Mrs. Burdon stared again. "I shall expect the young man at four," she replied.

Four o'clock of the following afternoon found Gerald in the gallery of Ina's apartment. Presently Ina entered in a flame-colored teagown and gold turban. For the fraction of a second Gerald reverted to the standards of North Eureka and the long discipline of the movies. This was a vamp. His mother would consider her a scarlet woman even if she wore a teagown of another color. How would Barrymore or Valentino behave? But Gerald suddenly recollected that he was there to arrange chairs. . . . He arranged them. "What exquisite taste you have," Ina murmured, bestowing a casual glance upon her new possessions. "Now for a cocktail. Come into my boudoir." She led the way into a white-panelled, mauve-brocaded room, stretched herself on a chaise longue, and rang for cocktails. "Now," she remarked, "we can talk."

Two hours later Gerald departed, his

head whirling. Nothing had happened, yet everything had happened. Ina had invited him to dine with her on the following evening, to accompany her to a dance, to spend Thanksgiving week-end at the Burdon place in Westbury. Nothing continued to happen with invariable but exciting regularity. Soon Gerald had few free evenings. When he was not accompanying Ina to the theater, the opera, or parties, he was usually being entertained in the homes of her friends. He was leading an enchantingly luxurious life, and it wasn't costing him a penny. Simultaneously among Ina's friends there sprang up a vogue for early American furniture which brought Gerald his first increase in salary. And Ina was generous, too; she showered him with costly trifles that delighted him. A *moiré* wallet with gold corners. An evening scarf handsomely monogrammed. Lapis cuff-links. On his birthday, a gold cigarette case. The first gift embarrassed him, for he had never even given her so much as a box of candy. But he recovered quickly, and accepted the others as a matter of course. Was she infatuated with him, in love with him? He couldn't doubt it, but she refused to be what she termed sentimental. She kissed him, with enjoyment perhaps, but, so far as he could determine, without passion. She permitted no liberties; she was more prudish than any debutante. It was at this point that he lost his faith in Barrymore and Valentino. And the worst of it was that he couldn't decide whether he was in love with her.

Thanksgiving week-end. Gerald had become accustomed to luxury by now, so the Burdon place didn't take him by surprise. A large house-party. He knew many of the guests, and he tried to pretend that he was having a good time. But Ina was able to give him very little attention, and he felt that he ought to be jealous. He succeeded in being sulky. After breakfast on Sunday fat Tom Burdon requested his company for a walk. Ever since their first meeting Tom had

been exceedingly genial, though Gerald had noticed that Tom always looked at him in a peculiar way, as if wishing to say something but thinking better of it. At first Gerald had put this down to jealousy; then he had forgotten about it. They walked out now, through the gardens, toward the polo field. Tom cleared his throat. "You're a nice lad, Weston," he said, "and I hope that you'll understand what I'm about to say to you. I'm saying it because I like you, rather. Ina's got you at a disadvantage, and it's not quite fair. Don't get the notion that she's in love with you, my boy. She isn't. You amuse her, and she likes you. You're young, good-looking, a good dancer, and frivolous. You're never too tired to go out on a party and you're quite irresponsible. All the things that I'm not, you see. She likes to be seen about with you, likes other women to notice it. But just you try to make love to her in a serious way, and see what happens! Play the game, Weston. Your job is to be a cavalier, not a lover. I know. You've had predecessors, my boy, and you'll have successors. Ina tires quickly. She's restless, and requires constant change. She'll drop you for someone else whenever the whim seizes her. Don't be too surprised when she does. Don't take her too seriously. The only thing the matter with Ina is that she has too much money, too much leisure, and too much energy. Your predecessors and you and your successors provide a kind of safety-valve. You prevent her from becoming intolerably dissatisfied with me. So I'm grateful to you, not jealous, Weston. And the service is worth what it costs me; one of Ina's tame robins usually stands me about fifteen thousand a year. Don't spoil your party by making a fool of yourself, Weston. Play the game, and when it comes to an end, you'll find that Ina will be decent and pass you on to one of her friends."

Gerald knew that he ought to have considered Tom's remarks an insult. But one glance at Tom's kindly, genial

smile had dissolved the impulse. And, as events proved, there would have been no point in being stupidly dramatic. For after Thanksgiving week-end Ina took up a new young Russian violinist. Gerald's vanity smarted for a week. Then he recovered, for Louise Dashiell began taking him about. "I'm going Colonial at last," she announced to her friends. Louise and Ina were intimates and, with Gerald and the violinist, they often went out in a foursome. It was all very agreeable. On the day before Christmas Gerald received pearl studs from Louise and, from Ina, a wrist-watch.

Gerald has no illusions about love. He is a well-bred young man, and he has the greatest contempt for gigolos.

III

Gerald's social technic is almost as faultless as his wardrobe. He very seldom attempts to mix his friends among the society set with his friends among the intellectuals. Few of the former know where he lives; they communicate with him at his place of business, and this serves him well with his employers. With the intellectuals, however, Gerald has no false pride. With them he makes a jest of his poverty and never conceals the fact that he lives in what he calls a "slum." Perhaps there is a bit of pose in this attitude of humorous candor, but if so, it is a charming pose, and his friends among the intellectuals like him the better for it.

Gerald's introduction into intellectual circles was effected by Frank Clifford, a young man then employed by the Galleries. Frank is now display manager for the decorating department of a Fifth Avenue shop. They share a flat in a decrepit old tenement in the Fifties near the East River. They pay forty dollars a month for the flat, and another forty dollars a month for the little car which they bought on the installment plan last summer. The car was an absolute necessity, for without it they could never have

accepted the agreeable week-end invitations which made a summer in New York quite tolerable. Eighty dollars every month absorb one quarter of their joint income; the balance goes in keeping their wardrobes in condition, and enough money in their pockets to get about on. Fortunately, they seldom buy their own dinners and they spend nothing on amusement, or on the reciprocation of hospitality extended to them. They are never ungracious enough to estimate what they receive in terms of money, but Gerald knows that Tom Burdon's estimate of fifteen thousand a year is not an exaggeration. Despite their economy, their budget often shows a deficit, and they go into debt.

Early in their acquaintance Frank invited Gerald to accompany him to a cocktail party given by Arnold Stevens, the author of *Have You Any Wool?* Gerald had read this novel, and had noticed that his favorite columnist had compared it with the best of Ronald Firbank's work. Gerald hadn't read Firbank, but felt that he knew enough to make a start with Stevens. He looked forward to the party with some eagerness, for Frank had told him that at Stevens's one met everybody who was anybody, everyone who "did things." They arrived to find a large living room smoke-filled and crowded. The carpet bristled with celebrities. A three-hundred pound negress was beating melodies from a piano, accompanying them with lyrics that were more than equivocal. Four people were passing cocktails. One of them was Stevens, who resembled a commemorative monument to some anonymous public character. It was clear that he was enjoying his own party. Frank introduced Gerald to innumerable people whose names he had occasionally heard mentioned by his society friends. All of these people seemed to know one another very intimately. Gerald did his best to talk with them, but despite their courtesy, there didn't seem much for him to say. One man whose name he hadn't caught asked him, "Do you write, paint,

play, compose, or sculpt?" Gerald fled abruptly. In a far corner of the room he came upon a woman standing quite alone. She smiled, and he joined her. She proved adept in putting him at his ease, and presently he had recovered his usual carefree manner. "No doubt you're one of Arnold's new young writers?" she suggested. He hesitated, then grinned and replied, "I'm a furniture salesman." It made a hit, he perceived, so he followed it up with, "Tell me who you are. I'm lost here, among the great. My only friend is Duncan Phyfe, and he's been dead for a century." She laughed again, and replied, "I'm a person of no consequence. My name is Gilda Dorrance. I happen to be Arnold's wife. That doesn't matter, either." "To him or to you?" Gerald inquired pertly. She flushed and said, "To our mutual friends."

Stevens and his wife were at home to their friends on Sunday afternoons throughout the winter. At their invitation Gerald returned, and soon formed the habit of dropping in for an hour every Sunday. In this way he became acquainted with many of the members of Stevens's circle. At first he found it strange that this group of people, all of whom knew one another intimately, should take pleasure in meeting so frequently. But as soon as he was accepted by them he ceased to find this strange. In the beginning, too, he stood somewhat in awe of the literary and artistic folk with whom he assumed Stevens liked to surround himself. These celebrities, he was certain, would enjoy only highbrow conversation, and he was aware that his own line was sheer frivolity. So he was diffident in the beginning, and he clung to Gilda Dorrance as tightly as he dared. She seemed more approachable than the others. But gradually his awe of them diminished, then disappeared. Their social gestures were not unlike those of his society friends. They promptly discouraged any attempt to be highbrow, for they didn't want to be serious but to play. Gerald was slightly shocked the

first time he heard one well-known writer spend an hour imitating the barking of a dog, and another imitating the fog horn of a steamer. Yet these people had a disconcerting habit of becoming excited by a book, a picture, or an idea. . . . Gerald adopted an attitude of total ignorance of all affairs literary and artistic, and this proved to be very successful. "I never read anything but my mail, and the only pictures I like are moving pictures," he remarked flippantly to Gilda. She repeated it, and this remark established Gerald's reputation as an amusing young man. Shortly he began to be invited to join the expeditions to Harlem night-clubs organized and paid for by Stevens and his friends.

The more often he saw her, the more Gerald came to like Gilda Dorrance. In his fondness for her there was admiration, in his admiration, respect. "She's a real person," he reflected, "she's genuine, and has the courage to be herself." He noticed that she could not be persuaded to do what other people were doing if their activity did not appeal to her. He felt that her impersonal courtesy, so unlike the effusiveness of her friends, concealed a fastidious discrimination. But as time passed and he began seeing more of her friends, he saw less and less of Gilda. Once or twice during the winter he fancied that he noticed a slight change in her manner to him, as if a measure of indifference had replaced her earlier friendliness. But he assured himself that he was hypersensitive, and ceased thinking about it. One Sunday early in the spring he found himself alone with her for a moment, and impulsively asked her to have tea with him on the following afternoon. The invitation was entirely unprecedented in his social career. She considered it before replying, and he had a premonition that she would decline it. Instead, however, she accepted. She met him at The Plaza. They sat at a small table in a far corner of the great marble room. He pointed out various society folk whom he knew, and tried to

divert Gilda with the latest gossip about them. But he noticed that Gilda was not amused. Cool and detached, she was taking no interest in his chatter, and soon embarrassment overtook him, reducing him to silence. Finally, unable to bear it any longer, he stammered a question. "Are you angry with me, Gilda? What have I done?"

She smiled at him mockingly. "Angry with you? Certainly not!" She tamped out a cigarette, and proceeded. "If you wish me to be truthful and precise, Gerald, I must tell you that you bore me. I have scant patience with shallow, pretentious people. You've done nothing—to reply to your second question—and that's why I find fault with you. When you first came to us I fancied that you had good stuff in you, and that contact with a kind of people whom you had had no previous opportunity to meet would bring it out. I've watched you for six months, and you're precisely where you started, except that you have adopted the most objectionable mannerisms of Arnold's most negligible friends. A great genius is likely to be a lonely man, for he is usually incapable of accepting the attentions of people for whose character or intelligence he has no respect. But a merely mediocre talent, especially if aware of its mediocrity, is apt to be vain, susceptible to flattery, and lacking in discrimination. Arnold's talent is mediocre; nobody is more aware of this than he is. Perhaps his mediocrity accounts for his success but, in any case, he has become the dupe of that success. His vanity is made uneasy by his sense of his inferiority. That is why he so readily surrounds himself with worthless people whose adulation pleases him. Many of them are only climbers; others want to take advantage of his influence or generosity. Most of them—particularly the younger men—are parasites, completely lacking in character or moral fiber. If I thought you were unlike them and was mistaken, I don't blame you, Gerald. It isn't your fault. You've been incapable of learn-

ing anything from those of our friends who have real character. They are the ones who are achieving something in the world. You've preferred to associate yourself with the sycophants and parasites. Like them, you've imitated all of Arnold's mannerisms, and some that are not his. And you have no talent, however mediocre, to urge as an excuse. You're dishonest. Even your mechanical effusiveness does not disguise the fact that you have no emotion, no consideration, for anyone but yourself. You take and take and take, and you give nothing in return. You possess nothing but your youth, your good looks, and a pair of reasonably agile feet. And you bore me, Gerald! Lord, how you bore me! Another negligible young man! I've seen too many of them to be amused by any more. . . ." She took the check which a hovering waiter presented, and paid it. "It's quite all right, Gerald," she said, "quite as usual, in fact . . ."

IV

Subsequently, Gerald was never able to remember how he had parted from Gilda. It was as if she had flayed him with a whip, stripping away the last shred of his self-respect, reducing him to a quivering jelly of mortification. What Gilda said wasn't true, couldn't be true! He didn't resemble all those young men who are to be found at any party to which someone has tossed them a casual invitation. He wasn't; he'd make Gilda admit it. . . .

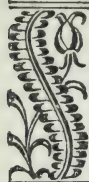
He was walking up through Central Park in the darkness of early evening, without a notion of how he happened to be there or where he was bound. The trees, the first stars, the sense of being in an open space reminded him of spring evenings in his adolescence, out in North Eureka. Thank God, he'd come a long way since then! He could almost see his mother, flushed and nervous, bending over the stove, busy with the preparation of supper. She'd always wanted

him to make his mark in the world. He recalled that she had never permitted anything to interfere with his schooling, had forced him to speed up the chores so that he might have more time for study. She had never spared herself, however.

He sat down on a bench, suddenly tired. The evening was very warm, and on nearby benches the down-and-outers had already begun to congregate. Poor devils, they'd gratefully accept any hand-out. They had sunk too far into the abyss to have any hope of retrieving themselves. On summer evenings the parks were filled with them, wretched, emaciated men who furtively whined for a dime, a nickel, a cigarette. They slept on benches, old newspapers under their heads. Gerald shivered. Could it be possible that he might ever come to that? Twenty-eight years old. Forty dollars a week, and no very good reason why he should be worth any more. No money saved. No conviction about the future. He'd scarcely ever thought of the future. He had no definite purpose or career in mind. A drifter, an opportunist. Happy enough to have a good time without paying for it. No talent. No knowledge or experience that made him invaluable to his employers. They could replace him in ten minutes.

He got up from the bench and began walking. Was Gilda right about him, after all? Was he merely a parasite? He came out of the Park at Seventh Avenue, weary and hungry. He went into a drugstore to telephone Frank to meet him. Over the wire he heard Frank's voice, excitedly saying, "Where the devil are you? Nancy Driscoll just rang up. She's taking a crowd to the new Noel Coward show and on somewhere to dance afterward. Two of her men have dropped out at the last minute, and she wants us to replace them. What shall I say?"

"Tell her to leave our seats at the box-office. Say, seats for that show are bringing sixteen dollars apiece! Get out my shirt and other duds. I'll be there in ten minutes."



The Lion's Mouth



HOW CAN WE MODERNIZE OUR FAMILY FIGHTS?

BY PHILIP CURTISS

THIS is the time of year when most major sports are at a standstill. The football season is over, the baseball season has not yet begun, and if golf and tennis are still being played in a distant, exotic fashion in Miami or Honolulu, they might, for the majority of us, be confined to Saturn. Nevertheless, I have a suspicion that this is the time of year which most sportsmen especially enjoy. It is the season of reminiscence and anticipation but, being Americans, we enjoy it in a peculiarly American way. Unlike other nations, we do not dream of the chase over walnuts and wine. We take a pencil in hand to review and codify. We like to mass figures proving that Maloney of Siwash gained more yards per kick-minute than did Zabrowsky of Florida Tech; we like to issue tables showing how Ty Cobb would have ranked with Goliath; and especially—still being Americans—we have a childlike passion for making new rules. Already some august body has changed the size of the golf ball—as if that would do any good. Plain auction bridge is as dead as parcheesi, and the only thing certain about next year's football is that it will probably be played with a ball.

With all this zeal for system and regulation, it seems odd that no one has yet attempted to modernize our greatest

pastime, one that continues winter and summer and is enjoyed by all classes. I mean the great game of family fights. When charging halfbacks will stop instantly at the sound of a whistle, when cursing little jockeys live in terror of the racing stewards, and when even warfare in China can be controlled from Geneva, is it not ridiculous that civilized households still play their favorite game with the same primitive rules which were used by Socrates and Xanthippe? To be sure, we hear less, to-day, of the flatiron and the rolling pin and, in certain limited circles, the use of crockery is regarded as no longer art; but the slammed door, the martyred sigh, the silent breakfast, and the flung shoe still exist to-day as they have existed for thousands of years. Is it not an anachronism? Indeed it is!

The first possibilities of what family life might learn from the other sports were suggested to me by my friend Sam Halliday. The home atmosphere of the Hallidays has been, for a long time, an inspiration to their friends, notwithstanding the fact that Sam himself is a man of decided ideas and Irma Halliday has a temper like a wasp. One never met, on visiting the Hallidays, that air of stiffened reserve or of sugared politeness which warns, in most homes, that an area of high pressure is moving slowly over the lake region, so, one day, I asked frankly:

"Sam, don't you and Irma ever fight?"

Sam laughed in a way that showed that I had touched not exactly unknown territory. "That would depend," he replied, "on whether you draw a distinction between a fight and a foot race. Why, yes," he added, presently, "we do

have our ugly moments, but, you know, I learned a great secret from Gene Tunney."

I must have looked my surprise, for I had never known that Sam moved in high social and literary circles, and Sam explained.

"You see, one night I heard Tunney talking over the radio—or someone talking about him—and he used the expression 'rock with the punches.' Do you know what that means?"

"Only vaguely," I answered. "You'd better define."

"I will," replied Sam, "for it's highly important. It is, in fact, the keynote of modern boxing. I always thought that a fighter's great trick was to duck the blows or to knock them aside, but apparently this is not so. A really scientific man does not avoid blows. He takes them, but he takes them 'going away.' If, for example, he sees a crack coming at his head, he rolls his head back in the same direction in which the blow is traveling, so it does little harm. It is just like a baseball player who lets his hands 'give' as the ball comes into them. The same thing happens in up-to-date football when a lineman, instead of trying to butt his opponent like a bull, lets *him* do the charging and pulls him on through.

"And that," continued Sam, "struck me as very good sense, so I thought I'd try the same plan with Irma. You see, the thing that we used to quarrel about principally was our respective families. My sister Louise had been visiting us about that time and, one day, Irma broke out in her usual fashion:

"I may be narrow, but I have to confess that sometimes Louise does get on my nerves."

"Yes," I answered, "Louise *is* a good deal of a slob."

"Irma looked at me in a funny fashion, but I was just sympathetic and interested and she tried again. 'I suppose it is because I was brought up in the South and am used to the Episcopal Church, but can you blame me if I

sometimes feel out of place with you blue-nosed New Englanders?'

"My darling," I said, "you can't tell *me* anything about New Englanders. Of course, in a way, I have to put up a show of being loyal to my own people, but of all the tight, narrow, bigoted, selfish, low-bred individuals on earth, give me a New England Presbyterian."

"What did she say to that?" I asked.

"What *could* she say?" replied Sam. "She laughed."

"Oh, Irma's a sweet child," he concluded, "but if she doesn't like the looks of a tie that I am putting on, I simply grab a dozen from the drawer and say 'Choose.' What's the difference?"

"But suppose," I said, "that some day she should suggest something really important—like going to Europe or moving onto Park Avenue?"

"Well, to tell the truth," confessed Sam, "I have begun to worry a little about that, myself."

Just the same, his theory did seem to me sound and, since that day, I have seen innumerable ways in which family life could profit by the other great sports. Consider, for example, how nicely modern football has treated the fumble, which used to be the nightmare of all college games. Five years ago, players who fumbled at a crucial moment would seriously consider suicide, would be made to feel that a cloud lay over their whole lives. To-day, apparently, a fumble is no more serious than a split infinitive or breaking a shoe lace. A whistle blows, the players all take a drink of water, and the game goes on as before.

Why, then, should any more terrible penalty be attached to a wife who lends her brother the one dress shirt that her husband was expecting to wear or to the husband who fails to bring home the spinach as well as the string beans, the half pound of coffee, the two yards of black binding braid, and the small-size bottle of almond cream? Why should not the offended party simply give a shrill

whistle, raise an arm, and shout, "Edna's ball. First down. One pair of gloves gained"?

At first sight the great flaw in this system would seem to be the necessity for some other umpire than one of the participants, but in tennis or golf there is seldom an umpire, and there are no games in which the niceties are more scrupulously observed. The first requirement would seem to be, rather, a simple set of fundamental rules understood by all married couples and left for their sportsmanship to follow. After a given date, such as July 1, 1931, these rules might be part of the marriage contract; but any husband and wife, married before that date, who wished to come under the code, could do so by taking the oath before any justice of the peace, commissioner of a federal court, United States consul in foreign lands, or, in the Island of Guam, before the naval governor.

As a tentative draft, subject, of course, to approval by the National Association of Dwellers at Home, I suggest something on the order of the following:

Rule One. Bounds. For purposes of domestic argument, it will be assumed that all husbands and wives are of royal blood, as are all their relations to the twelfth degree of kinship, and any suggestion to the contrary shall be ruled out of bounds. Any player driving out of bounds shall take his remark back to the tea table and try another, suffering only loss of breath.

Rule Two. Field and Equipment. The game of matrimony shall be played on any spot that the players may select, provided only that it is not somebody else's. Having once, however, accepted a field of play, both participants shall be ruled to have selected it equally and either player judging it inadequate or inconvenient shall be automatically invested with the responsibility of finding a better one.

Rule Three. Divots. Any lamp, vase, golf club, derby hat, or other object

knocked down or marred, or any nail scissors, tooth paste, driving gloves, garden rake, or tack hammer borrowed and lost, shall be immediately replaced or restored by the player responsible, but personal articles owned by an individual player shall not come under this rule unless left by the owner in their proper places. Articles owned by one player but borrowed by another shall be scored against the borrower and not the owner, with the exception that arctics found on the dining-room table, powder puffs left in the library pen tray, cigarette holders abandoned in the bathroom soap dish, or garter elastic discovered anywhere except in a bedroom may be immediately confiscated, regardless of ownership, and sold for the benefit of the Red Cross.

Rule Four. Foot Faults. Any participant who shall deliberately kick, strike, or hurl any inanimate object forming part of the equipment of the playing field shall at once take the injured article into his cupped hands and gently murmur, "All is love." Or, if the opposing player shall so elect, he or she may be granted a free kick at any other object belonging to the offending player.

Rule Five. Dead Ball. When any remark or act has been allowed to pass for twenty-four hours it shall be regarded as dead or grounded and shall not thereafter be put again into play for the purpose of increasing the score against the opposing player.

Rule Six. Fair Catch. All children, dogs, cats, canaries, or goldfish that may develop during the course of the play shall be regarded as equal liabilities of both players and no such remarks as "your children," "my dog," or "that damned fish of yours" shall be permitted. When either player shall discover a child, dog, cat, or fish in any overt act he shall at once raise his arm as a signal that he claims a fair catch, at which the other player shall immediately cease from scrimmage and not interfere with any discipline that the first player may impose. If the second player shall

so interfere, the first player shall claim a foul, the child or pet shall be taken back to the spot where first downed and play resumed at the point at which it was interrupted.

Rule Seven. Offside. Any newspaper, recent novel, or new magazine shall be regarded as anyone's ball, open to the first player who may fall upon it. When, however, one player shall have gained possession, the other player may not delay the action by asking for inside sections, by gaining and keeping on the plea of reading some single item, or by sending the first player on an errand and then picking up the desired paper or book. When one player is reading a newspaper no other player shall stand in front of him and read the items on the other side of the sheet nor shall any other player lean heavily on his neck and breathe into his ear. Any player who wishes to give a public reading from favorite authors may do so by posting a notice one week in advance, but when two players are each reading silently, neither shall insist that the other listen to all the choice bits in the first player's book. All these acts are classed as off-side and form the most serious offenses known to the game.

Even from this rough draft it may be seen how the game of family life can profit by the experience of all the other sports, skimming the cream from each. The above rules, indeed, only touch the bare fundamentals and, when the national association gets to work, some very pretty questions are waiting for its decision. I have not, for example, thought it necessary to mention slugging; but what about ringers, ineligible, and players with big names who slip off to play occasional dates in the outlaw leagues? Also, do we need a one-year rule to keep out the tramp athletes and boys with big prep school reputations but no solid qualifications for the greater game? Above all, the play must be open to changing conditions, and even if the spectators are sometimes confused or if oldtimers cry out that the game has

been ruined, that will, in itself, only prove it to be a live, healthy, American sport.



THE LETTER-MEN

BY CHARLES W. FERGUSON

I HAD returned to alma mater after an absence of a dozen years. The bursar, whose duty under the new regime appeared to be that of backslapping alumni, met me at the depot in an empty ballyhoo bus and after a perfunctory handshake dumped me into the machine and headed at breakneck speed for the University.

"I'm glad you're back, my lad," he said, cocking one foot on the dash like an undergraduate. I noticed to my surprise that he was wearing a monogrammed sweater. "You're staring at my chest," he went on, fairly gurgling with pride. "Well, stare ahead. I made my letter and I don't mind who knows it, either. Siffell in the Math department hasn't made his yet and I don't think the registrar is going to get his."

The traffic stopped while I pondered this. Then a cop with a nose guard blew a referee's whistle and shouted "Hep!" and we charged on.

"Good old Fenwicke U.," I said reminiscently, caressing the University in my mind for the many things it had done for me.

"Good old what?" cried the bursar.

"Fenwicke," I repeated.

"It's not that any longer," he signaled with a shake of his head. "We've named it for Chick Meehan."

"You have?"

"Right. Meehan U."

"That's not so bad." The bus was careening along, picking holes adroitly in the traffic, following an ambulance for interference. Straight ahead of us, sure as I live, stood two marble goal posts,

and before I could say "Jack Robinson" we were sailing under them.

"We're going to a football game?" I asked accusingly.

The bursar looked at me patiently. "You haven't been back for some time, have you? No, of course you haven't. These goal posts are the portals of the University. Swell, don't you think?"

I did. The whole campus had been transformed. Beyond the portals and leading up to the quadrangle the grounds were laid out like a gridiron, with long rows of white flowers stretching across the approach like five-yard lines.

"That's a new building," I remarked as we sprinted on. "And it's cold here, too."

The bursar grinned. "Right on both counts. That's a new building. They're all new. And it is cold. You see—" he leaned over and shouted into my ear, "you see, we have a special cooling system here now, generated by a dynamo which the physics department invented, which makes it cool enough for football the year round. The head of the physics department got his letter.

"And the buildings," he added triumphantly, "they've all been changed to conform to the style of architecture set by the Stadium."

I looked, and he was right. The main building, at which we left the bus, was a Colosseum with gay flags about the top and a colonnade and cloisters beneath.

"This is nice," I said timidly.

"Nice? Do you know, my lad, that this school is the envy and the model of all American universities? You must have been asleep."

I rubbed my eyes. "But Harvard?" I said. "And Yale?"

"Oh, they're all coming our way," retorted the bursar. "There's nothing in the history of American skull practice quite like us just now, but we've set the model, you can bet your life on that." With this he slapped me resoundingly on the back and shouted, "Stay in there and fight 'em."

"But," I said, getting up, "skull practice?"

"My dear lad," he began as to a child, "that's merely the new terminology. In the old unspecialized days they called it education. A funny name, come to think about it. Skull practice has more punch, more meaning. For after all, what used to be called education is only skull practice for the great game of life. In it we learn the signals and the possible plays and combinations, the nuances of the whole scientific approach to victory and defense. But let's be getting on. I want you to meet the mentor of the University."

In a few moments the bursar and I were admitted to a large, sunny office with a rubbing table near one of the windows and Indian clubs and pulleys all around the walls. A giant whom I recognized at once as Tige Tiggert, All-American, came trotting over to greet us.

"I want to present—" the bursar began.

"How's business?" Tige asked, sidestepping the bursar's attempted introduction. "What did we do on that California game? And how many yards have we to make on this month's budget? Come now, tell me."

"We did half a million," the bursar hastened to say, "and we've only a few hundred thousand to go on this month's budget."

"This is the twenty-sixth," Mentor Tige reflected, scratching his stubby beard. "Almost the last down, we might say."

"There are two more downs this month—Army and Nebraska," the bursar reminded him, and to me he added in an aside, "He's carrying a heavy load, you know."

I nodded sympathetically.

"Doctor," the bursar was speaking again, this time to Tige, "I want to present to you an old grad. He was yell leader when he was here," he hastened to add, as though Tige would have devoured anything short of a yell leader.

"Didn't play, uh?" Tige queried.

"No, sir. I remember you, though."

This had no effect on him. He was examining me with curiosity. "So you were a yell leader?" He appeared not to have seen one before. This was strange.

"Your work is all done by machine now," the bursar explained to me. "We have jumping-jacks at all the games operated from a central office by wireless."

I felt very small.

"Show him around the place a bit," the Mentor ordered, prancing back to his pulleys.

"Does he play?" I asked as we passed out.

"No, but he has to keep in perfect shape to set a good example for the boys. We'll go down to the stables now and look them over."

"Stables?"

"Stables. That's where the team's kept."

"But—"

"No but's and if's about it, my dear lad. You don't think a good football player is any less important than a fine racing mare, do you? Don't you see that we can't let these fellows out to roam the campus and catch cold and play round with women and all those things? Now wouldn't that put us in a pretty fix, I ask you, what with Nebraska, Army, and Harvard coming along in a row?" The thought of athletes out roaming the campus chilled and depressed him. He looked around suspiciously to see if any of them had escaped. "You don't think they are any less important than race horses, do you?"

I admitted I didn't, and that seemed to pacify him.

The stables formed a quadrangle on a shady sward. Little attendants with bright red caps were running helter-skelter, and tawny-maned athletes stuck their heads out through the doors and bellowed orders. The doors were only half-doors and the top sections had iron bars across them.

"Are they dangerous?" I asked my friend, the bursar.

He shook his head at me sadly, too weak to answer so dumb a question. "That one over there," he said at last, pointing to a giant who stared out through the bars and snorted every few minutes, "has broken three ribs of every rubber we sent in to rub him down, sometimes four."

"Do you rub 'em down every day?"

"Four and five times a day."

"And you keep 'em penned up all the time?"

"We have to. It's a new educational custom, you might have said in the old days. They've got to have pep. And you haven't seen the half of it." He had grown secretive now and spoke to me in subdued tones. "Wait till I show you the experiments the chemistry department is making."

"But how," I asked, "do you get the teams into the arena?"

"There's an underground passage-way," the bursar smiled. "It leads right up to the field, and the Stadium has bars across the field boxes, so that there is no danger."

I judged from the odors that we were fast approaching the chemistry building. And sure enough I saw from the flags flying on the building ahead of us that we were just upon it. It too was in the form of a Colosseum-stadium. But it was more than that.

"Here," the bursar commenced, "the modern athletic and scientific blend into a perfect unit. This building is in the form of both a stadium and a cell. The center of the cell is a glass rotunda nucleus running the whole height of the building. It forms the recovery room."

I was wondering what he meant by recovery room when I heard a terrifying screech on my left, and a naked man rushed past us, gibbering and foaming. He had hardly passed when a dozen internes, dressed like the waiters in Childs, were upon him, clubbing him into submission.

"This is the chemistry building," my guide informed me, "and here, financed by the alumni, we are conduct-

ing experiments which when successfully consummated will be of sufficient consequence to rock the whole structure of what you used to call the educational world. . . . Come with me."

He led the way through a labyrinth of corridors. "They make it this way so the specimens can't find their way out," he informed me. "They got the idea from the Medical Center in New York." We passed many doors and many turns, but the bursar led me sure-footedly on until we came into a room as large as a general waiting room in a union station. Here there prevailed the same confusion that I had noted at the stables. Some men were running madly about. Others were kicking a ball, others tackling dummies.

"Oh," I said brightly, "this is where you practice."

"This is the lab," he replied curtly, "where we are engaged upon experiments to discover a very special kind of hormones which, when injected into a man, will make him a super-thyroid athlete of the most ferocious type."

As he said this he had opened a door and pointed to rows upon rows of laboratory tables, over which, with test tubes in their hands, were bent anemic researchers, balancing the contents of the tubes carefully and looking at them hungrily. They were working for their letters. Now and then an explosion broke the gruesome silence of the room. He closed the door, and I saw in the room where we stood six attendants inoculating a man with some kind of strange fluid. At the insertion of the needle he winced and when they released him he rose and gritted his teeth and made for us. I ducked, but the bursar stood his ground and swatted the advancing specimen. "You got to put fight in 'em," he explained to me a moment later. The attendants opened the gates and turned the new thyroid out into the indoor arena.

"They'll find it some day," he said,

"just the kind of hormones we need. Then Meehan U. will put an aggregation into the field that no school can stop. Unless—" he stopped dead in his tracks—"Haughton U. beats us to it."

"Oh, they're working on it, too?"

"Certainly. So is every other school. But Haughton is closer than the rest."

I shook my head dejectedly. "But these men you experiment on?" I asked.

"Oh, them?"

"Yes. Are they students?"

"Not ours. They are the white mice, we might say. Sophomores captured from rival universities. There's a good deal of bodily risk involved, and we need all of our fellows.

"There's one other thing I simply must show you," he went on. "We are getting ready for commencement. It's to be held in the outdoor Stadium and we'll go there next."

One glance at the outdoor Stadium swallowed me up. The field was so far away that it looked like the ring at the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago. "This is where the exercises will be held," remarked the bursar. "They will be broadcast to the outer sides of the bowl. But come, what I want to show you is below."

Through corridors we ascended into the bowels of the Stadium. Here innumerable men were working in their shirtsleeves. "They're getting the pop ready for the next game," I heard. In one room as large as a convention hall an army of ushers were training under a major-general. Off to one side of this room the bursar led me. There in neat rows on long tables were stacks of diplomas like cord wood.

"These," he said, pointing at the diplomas, "are for commencement."

"Oh," I said, half to myself. "Sheepskin, eh?"

"No," he replied, evidently straining with a great joy in his heart. "They're pigskin."



Editor's Easy Chair



A LOOK AROUND

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THE biggest and most troublesome subject in politics is still the one that ran in the mind of Miss Ida Tarbell when she said somewhere (as quoted by Arthur Brisbane): "Is prohibition forcing civil war?" There is a good deal of killing going on about it as these words are written, and tempers seem to be getting worse.

What is in the back of Mr. Borah's head when he says enforcement is a failure and always will be so long as it stays in present hands? Where is he coming out? Does he want a rougher job?

In the interest of the Easy Chair a lawyer has been consulted on this subject, as follows:

"You see what Borah says about enforcement?"

"No good, he says. I wish I had the job."

"And what would you do?"

"Call for six hundred million dollars right away. Perhaps enlarge the army. Report every week to Congress on what had been done."

"You would have to build a lot of new prisons."

"No! No prisons; stockades!"

There you have a picture. Do you remember the South African War when the British kept the Boers in stockades? No doubt it is usually done in war.

Is that what Miss Tarbell foresees? The Wets in stockades? Men with real guns loaded with real bullets, marching up and down along barbed wire fences?

Does she look to see a plantation of this kind, every twenty miles, say, in every direction up and down the country?

It would be interesting. But quite expensive! Probably the Drys do not even now appreciate how much fight there is in the Wets nor the reasons for it. The best reasons are outside and far beyond the mere question of drinks. It would seem as though reasonable Wets and reasonable Drys could come to an agreement about the sort of law most conducive to temperance and sobriety. But are there nowadays any reasonable Drys? Have not all the reasonable Drys turned on Prohibition since they saw how it worked? Prohibition was carried in the legislature of New York State; but by a popular vote taken since, three quarters of the voters appeared against it. That looks like a considerable conversion of reasonable Drys to a desire for a better law. In Canada, now that observation and experience have modified opinion about prohibition, they can do something. When a sufficient number of Drys have been converted they change the law. Here, of course, we are embarrassed by having the Constitution used as a garrote to choke us off from experiment.

President Butler says it is nonsense to say, as Grant said in a message to Congress, that the way to kill a bad law is to enforce it. Roosevelt said the same when he commenced Police Commissioner of New York; but it does not work, at least not soon enough. Doctor

Butler says some laws are to be kept, some to be broken; obligation being equal in each case. Mr. Borah ought to know whether that is true or not. He is not stupid. But is he a searcher after truth in his dealings with prohibition, or is he merely forging a political thunderbolt?

The lawyer consulted, as stated above, was full of sympathy, or seemed to be, with Borah. "If I were in his place," he said, "and responsible for the politics of the Republican party, the way prohibition enforcement is knocked about would make me madder than a hornet." Whether Mr. Borah believes now in it or not, Heaven knows, but he has been a Dry. One does not recall that he has said whether he would have it in the Constitution or out of the Constitution; but he does know that Hoover committed himself to the Noble Experiment to catch Dry votes (quite unnecessarily) in the late campaign; and it may be that he feels it his duty to show Hoover up as in a quandary between what he knows to be common sense and what in his own case he believes to be a political necessity. Mr. Hoover is no fanatic. He is probably for temperance and, strongly and constantly, for the elimination of prohibition from politics. He does not want to be bothered with it. He practices to put it off on anybody he can find who will carry it away with all its stench and bury it. He appointed Mr. Wickersham to that office, but at this writing uncertainty obtains as to how far Mr. Wickersham is going to be faithful to the trust that Mr. Hoover invested in him.

Curious are the destinies of prohibition to be in the hands of such people as Mr. Hoover, Mr. Wickersham, and Mr. Borah, whose thoughts about it no one really knows. Probably they all think it a fool law, though possibly Mr. Borah does not, for there are some queer kinks in his mind. But why is not prohibition entrusted to the Dry leaders? Why? Because they are plainly unfit to make laws for the rest of the population of the

United States; because they are political fanatics; because to have them and their like installed as rulers of the United States would be a calamity that might bring on the appalling results which Miss Tarbell talks about.

PERHAPS this whole incident, this full experience of the ins and outs of prohibition has been imposed on us to teach us a lesson in government. If that is the case, we had better bear with it with patience and learn what can be done by law and what are the limits of the powers of majorities, which is tremendously important. Our fathers fought the Civil War to determine that states may not secede. Let us hope that it may not be necessary to fight another war to determine that neither a majority nor a minority of the voters of the United States may prescribe unalterable rules of private conduct to their fellows.

The hitch is in "unalterable."

The main trouble is not that the Eighteenth Amendment is bad, but that it cannot be corrected, except by a political convulsion. The crime was in putting it into the Constitution, where it had no business to be. Bad laws are made every day, but when intelligence and experience overtake them they can be repealed. Not so amendments to the Constitution. Good or bad, they stick. If the Eighteenth is ever struck out, it will be an exploit for which there is no precedent; but if it is ignored, there are precedents for that.

A good deal has been said about the necessity of national prohibition to make our civilization safe for motor cars. We now have national prohibition as far as it can be produced by law, and the statistics of the National Safety Congress put out in Chicago last September showed that an average of 91 persons a day, equivalent to 33,215 a year, were being killed in automobile accidents in the United States. Fifty thousand American soldiers died in the Great War in the course of two years; but we

are now told that in two years' time of peace 66,000 persons are being killed by automobiles, not counting the fatalities incident to prohibition enforcement designed to make them safe. That does not make Henry Ford's great argument look entirely plausible. Why so marked a preference for motor cars over rum as a destructive agency?

The Drys must learn the high necessity of what Almighty Wisdom has been so much criticized for doing—letting individual human beings experiment with life each in his own way. By no other means is progress possible. By no other means can be secured the usefulness of Earth as a preparatory school for mortals.

The Methodists seem to want to abolish sin. Great mistake! When they abolish sin they abolish virtue. Almighty Wisdom has always known that, and in the course of time will teach it even to the Methodists. He never calls, as they do, on the police to help him. He does not need to. He simply lets nature take her course and work things out under laws, which have been described as "true and righteous altogether."

But let us not get too excited nor too mad about prohibition. Let us remember that we owe it to selfish excesses of salesmanship by rum-sellers. Let us realize how great an educational adventure is proceeding and have patience with the processes. The idea that any law which can be injected into the Constitution has a moral sanction is gradually being shown up as untrue. An idea of the amount of regulation of private conduct which can be inflicted by legislatures on voters is being clarified and the line located that determines what degree of restraint of absolute free will is necessary to social beings in our present civilization.

The sentiment of the more fanatic Drys as they view their ailing patient has been and still is—"Better die than not take our remedy!" That view, however, seems to be losing adherents,

as very likely will be more apparent before these words get to readers than it is at this writing. Hope is not very boisterous about the Wickersham Commission, and its preliminary report consisted merely of suggestions for the medication of some legal processes. It is not within its province to criticize the Eighteenth Amendment, but there is no reason why it should not have positive views about the Volstead Act and express them with any emphasis it likes. The practical immediate remedy for existing conditions lies in amendment to the Volstead Act which Congress can accomplish any time it has the will to do so. If, as has been suggested, the Volstead Act should be so amended as to leave to each state the responsibility for local liquor traffic while the federal power looks after importations and interstate shipments, that might be a useful palliative of what is now going on though, of course, it would not be a cure.

PROHIBITION is not the only thing that has run ten years. That is also the age of the League of Nations; and the League, unlike Prohibition, is looking up. More respectful remarks are being made about it and its importance and the work that it has done than have been made since Mr. Harding ran for President in 1920 and the famous group of thirty-one signers advocated his election as the most feasible means of getting into the League. Most of the senatorial die-hards who were out to beat the League and Mr. Wilson have departed this life, and the minds of those that are left are much concerned just now with trying to save the Republican party from peril of divided counsels and conflicting aims. It stood out in the last election as the party of the Drys, but that position seems to be rapidly outrunning its political value. Since the keeping of the peace of the world is now more important than anything else, that may furnish useful policies to parties in the years immediately ahead.

Then there are other matters. What is this suggestion of Dr. Irving Fisher, Professor of Economics at Yale, that we are running into trouble with the gold standard? The idea seems to be that there is not enough gold in use or in sight to serve as a basis for the business of the present world and that, barring new discoveries or increase in production on some basis, we are on the way to a deflation of prices due to the inadequate volume of gold. For people who know enough to think intelligently about such things this may be a proper subject for thought. Doctor Fisher has been a fairly eloquent Dry. His judgment about prohibition seems to have been faulty. But as a Professor of Economics and an able one, his deliverance about gold will doubtless help call attention to that subject. When, as he says, he looks for a twenty-year gold panic beginning in 1932, that at least is impressive. But forewarned is forearmed. If these apprehensions about gold are really well based, there should be something possible to be done about it and observers intelligent enough to do it.

Contemporary books about the Great War are deeply penetrated with a bad smell. Undoubtedly, the opinion of participants that it did smell bad is well founded. So far, perspective has not made the War look beautiful, but that may be because perspective is not yet deep enough. Our children or our grandchildren may see in it the beginning of the great terrestrial renovation. The War was destructive, but people who live in New York need not be told that fairly good things are often pulled down to make way for better ones. The same as to bad things—they also have to go before better ones can succeed them. Speculative persons who read the Bible and figure on the Prophets and the Book of Revelation and compute measurements of the Great Pyramid tell us that this year 1930 marks the end of Gentile rule. So far so good apparently, since the Chosen People, whoever they

are, cannot get the direction of affairs until the Gentile ascendancy has ended. The Great War presumably was the means selected to administer its knock-out. It left a lot of institutions shaking in the knees and made a vast reconstruction indispensable and inevitable. We are entitled to hope, if not to be entirely confident, that that reconstruction is in process of doing and that at the end of it our world will emerge quite cheerful however changed in methods, fashions, and velocities. Meanwhile the expectations of the foreseers are quite dubious. Professor Fisher, as said, suggests a gold panic lasting twenty years. That is too long for any panic to last. After a couple of years we might substitute potatoes as a basis of currency, thereby helping the farmer. If not potatoes, something else—whiskey, perhaps, as has been done before. We certainly should not go to pot for mere lack of tinkering our basis of exchange. The old men who dream dreams and the young men who see visions predict recurring excitements for us for the next ten years, some more, some less. Perhaps we ought to be more excited by it than we are; but how can anyone be excited any longer whose daily food is the headlines in the newspapers? Certainly they are adapted to harden us in our contemplations.

PRESIDENT LOWELL of Harvard thinks a little timely check to public games for the colleges is about due and would be a good thing. He says the Greeks made physical development the controlling purpose of athletic games whereas the Romans used them for popular entertainment. He says the faculties of the colleges prefer the Greek idea, but the graduates seem inclined to the other one. It is to be feared that we are a good deal more like the Romans than the Greeks. It is time though that there should be a discussion of intercollegiate games, and since Doctor Lowell has started one, he is likely to get ample help in the discussion.



Personal and Otherwise



ONE thing is clear from the flood of comments on Doctor Fosdick's "Religion Without God?" which has come into the HARPER office: the readers of this Magazine are genuinely concerned with the quest for a religion, or a philosophy if you will, which will square with their knowledge. On no question at issue to-day are candor and clear thinking rarer or more appreciated. This month we give the leading position in the Magazine to the plain-spoken opinions of a layman. The name of *Elmer Davis* is familiar to our readers. They may recall that he was a Rhodes Scholar from Indiana, that he taught ancient history for a time in an Indiana school, that he came to New York and became a crack reporter for the *Times*, that he left the *Times* a few years ago to do free-lance writing and brought out several amusing novels, and that since 1926 (when he wrote "Portrait of a Cleric") he has been one of the mainstays of HARPER'S. They have only to read "God Without Religion" to realize that his arguments, urgently as they may be opposed, are not lightly to be turned aside.

H. R. Wakefield, creator of Corporal Humpit, is a new contributor, an Englishman who has written hitherto chiefly for the *London Mercury*.

If the readers of HARPER'S were asked to name the first citizen of the United States, we wonder if Mr. Justice Holmes would not lead the ballot. He will be eighty-nine on March 8th. We hope he will regard the superb portrait of him by *Harold J. Laski*, one of his disciples, as a birthday tribute from us as well as from the author. Professor Laski's previous articles have included "The Dangers of Obedience" (June, 1929) and "Can Business Be Civilized?" (January, 1930). Some ten years ago he taught for a brief time at McGill and at Harvard; since then he has been a professor in the London School of

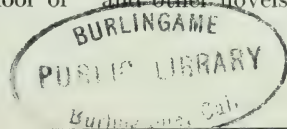
Economics. He has just been asked by Premier MacDonald to lead in an investigation of the administrative machinery of the English government, which may—according to the news dispatches—result in several changes in the British constitution. Incidentally another portrait by Professor Laski will appear next month. The subject will be the redoubtable Chancellor of the Exchequer, Philip Snowden.

Charles J. V. Murphy, who has written "How Safe Is Flying?" in consultation with several aeronautical engineers and pilots, was formerly an aviation writer for the *New York Evening Post*, and as a member of the staff of the *World* had charge of the rescue plane that flew to Greenely Island in 1928 and brought back to New York the crew of the *Bremen*, the first plane to make the westward crossing from Europe. When the fever of trans-Atlantic flying was at its height Mr. Murphy wrote for us an article calling attention to the hazards and limited value of such exploits. He is now free-lancing; his book on parachutes will appear this spring.

The innocent crimes and misdemeanors of Mr. Clarke are described by a fellow-Philadelphian, *L. M. Hussey*, who has contributed often to other magazines but is a newcomer to HARPER'S.

It might be well if college trustees and alumni, as well as teachers, pondered upon the wisdom of *Alexander Meiklejohn's* article. Dr. Meiklejohn, former president of Amherst, is now Brittingham professor of philosophy at the University of Wisconsin and chairman of Wisconsin's new Experimental College, which has attracted the cordial interest of proponents of liberal education the country over.

McCready Huston is a Pennsylvanian who is now doing newspaper work in South Bend, Indiana. He is the author of *Dear Senator* and other novels, and has had one previous



story in HARPER'S: "Tenth Sunday After Christmas" (August, 1928).

Hitherto *John R. Tunis* has written for us only on sport. His latest HARPER article (published last November) was "Football on the Wane?" But even sports writers must have their vacations. A recent stay of some duration in Bermuda led Mr. Tunis to write about the American invasion of the island.

Mabel Loomis Todd, friend and neighbor of Emily Dickinson in Amherst, was chosen after Emily's death, by her brother and sister, to edit her poems and letters, of which the first volume appeared in 1890. Mrs. Todd edited Emily Dickinson's *Poems, First, Second and Third Series*, the two first with Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and two volumes of her *Letters*. In the centenary year of the poet's birth, this first account of her appearance in the world of literature is written by the one who was chiefly responsible for it.

A consuming interest in native negro civilizations has been responsible for *John W. Vandercook's* two published books: *Tom-Tom* (a study of the black men of Suriname) and *Black Majesty* (a life of the one-time negro emperor of Haiti). But in his travels through the jungles of South America and Africa Mr. Vandercook has not overlooked the drama of the white man's conflict with his savage environment. A couple of years ago he wrote for HARPER'S a two-part story called "Fools' Parade," which told of an attempt by several French convicts to escape from Devil's Island through the jungle; and now in "Djombé River," which concludes this month, his central characters are again white men. As an aid to memory we summarize Part I of the story:

Jeff Totton, a middle-aged American, had been working for many years on a timber concession in the African jungle, hoping to save enough money to retire and live in civilized surroundings, when he was joined by an assistant, a well-intentioned but weak young fellow named Eugene Bryce. Bryce was engaged to an American girl, and one day he received a cable that she was coming to join him in Africa. He journeyed to the Coast port to meet her, but on the eve of her arrival he succumbed to the charms of a French woman. Marion arrived; she and Bryce were married by a French official; but he was overcome by shame at what had happened and

kept aloof from her during the march inland—until, as they were approaching Totton's concession, he fell from a log-bridge into Djombé River and was drowned. For Marion there seemed to be only one thing to do: to go on with her black porters to Totton's bungalow and to ask the protection of this American whom she had never seen.

Of the great storm of last December it might almost be said that a vessel which succeeded in riding it out would ride out anything. *Ellen N. La Motte* gives a graphic account of how the small cargo-boat on which she was a passenger came through it. Miss La Motte, a trained nurse who spent many years on public health work in tuberculosis, is an authority on the international drug problem; her books have dealt both with the opium trade and with her travel experiences.

Nathaniel Peffer's account of the state of affairs in China is no casual traveler's tale; Mr. Peffer has lived in the East during a large part of the past fifteen years, and spent over six of them in China as editor and correspondent. His book on imperialism, *The White Man's Dilemma*, appeared in 1927; during 1928 and 1929 he was in China on a Guggenheim Fellowship, preparing a book which will appear this year. He is now giving a course on the Far East at Columbia.

We have published several type-studies by *Lloyd Morris*, lecturer at Columbia and author of *The Rebellious Puritan* (a study of Hawthorne), including "Mammon, M.D.," "Portrait of an Hospitable Lady," etc. Mr. Morris now hangs in his gallery a study of a type which abounds in the large cities.

* * *

If men outnumber women among the prose-writers of the month, it is the other way round among the poets. They include *Margaret Emerson Bailey*, who teaches school in New York, lives in New Canaan, Connecticut, and has contributed to HARPER'S both stories and (more recently) verse; *Virginia Moore*, author of *Not Poppy*, a newcomer to these pages who is now living (appropriately) in Virginia; *Katherine Garrison Chapin* (Mrs. Francis Biddle) of Philadelphia, who wrote "Ice Storm in Spring" for our February issue; and—as the sole representative of his sex—*Samuel Hoffenstein*, who leaped into

the best-seller lists a year or two ago with *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing*.



In the Lion's Mouth we have a thesis on domestic relations by *Philip Curtiss*, whose dog story, "The Honorable Charley," in our June issue was so successful that it is about to appear all by itself in book form; and a picture of the future of American college education by *Charles W. Ferguson*, who edits religious books for Doubleday, Doran & Co. and is the author of *Confusion of Tongues* (a study of religious cults in America).



The frontispiece of the month is by *Gerald K. Geerlings*, a young Milwaukeean who studied architecture at the University of Pennsylvania, was awarded second in the Prix de Rome (American Academy in Rome) in architecture in 1922, more recently studied etching in London, and now is living in Princeton, dividing his time between etching, painting and writing. He is the author of three books on architecture. Recently his etchings have begun to make their way into the best exhibits and into the permanent collections of the museums.



More facts for would-be concert artists, from a Brooklyn reader:

"The Twilight of the Concert Gods" by Jeanette Eaton is a frank and sorely needed discussion of a will-o'-the-wisp which is yearly leading thousands of young people to disillusion, bankruptcy, and loss of confidence and self-respect. What music needs, and particularly the vocal art, is the plain, cold truth. Young singers need to know that the life of a professional is one of rigorous self-discipline, vicious competition, and financial strain. Swarms of young hopefuls with a little cash and a lot of ideals, courage, and faith flock into New York every year. They plan to get a "church job" and to do a bit of radio work to piece out the budget, and of course to meet the person who will make the way plain.

In former years the churches of New York gave practical experience and fair compensation to many of the serious singers who came here to study. But now the few—and they are few—large churches which pay one thousand dollars a year or over, are staffed by the older singers, many of

whom have other means of livelihood, who know the standard repertoire, and are accustomed to each other and the director. Vacancies are practically unknown.

The majority of the churches pay from five hundred to seven hundred and fifty dollars for eleven months' work (two Sunday services and extras on Christmas and Easter, to say nothing of the many musical services, which all entail extra rehearsals but rarely extra compensation). Most of the choruses are volunteer and the soloists already enthroned are more than likely to be business or professional people to whom singing is an enjoyable pastime. The artistic level is not in such cases very high and a serious singer who does get in is likely to be unhappy.

The choir director, who is usually the organist, is almost always a teacher of voice, and the chorus as well as the soloists find it to their advantage to study with him, or her. A few such directors may know something of that delicate, beautiful and mysterious process known as singing, but I doubt it. One wants all soloists to sing pianissimo, another forte, regardless of the timbre, size, or type of the individual voice and the conditions necessary for its successful use.

Positions are secured through a bureau, which charges a fee for registration and ten per cent of the salary secured.

And what of the ever-present radio? Broadcasters have for years had a positive obsession for "whispering artists." Stand close to the microphone, sing pianissimo, and let the monitor do the rest! No singer with voice or intelligence will do that, for it means absolute loss of voice within a few short years. True, excellent concert and opera stars have broadcasted beautifully, singing in full voice, but they are beyond the control of the station. Changes in equipment may presently change this but the fact is that at present most of the radio stars are the possessors of small voices inadequate for concert use and often unpleasant as to quality, but made presentable through the vagaries of the "mike." There is money to be made in broadcasting if the artist can make connections with a commercial account going out over a chain, but there are hundreds of singers for the few hours available. There is plenty of free broadcasting to be done, but no one can do more than a limited amount as advertising or to create a name for, as Miss Eaton says in effect, "singers must eat."

The future of singing requires that young people with talent be able to get sound vocal training in their own cities or close by. Let them sing for their own well being and the enjoyment of friends. If there arises one with voice, intelligence, health, robust nerves, personality, musical sense, courage,

and at least ten thousand dollars, send him or her to the large musical centers for repertoire and the necessary polishing. Living is too expensive in the big cities for a young singer to go there for the fundamental voice production.

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John T. Flynn follows up his paper on "Speculation and Gambling" by forwarding to us a news item of ironical interest. The other day a group of workmen, during the lunch hour, engaged in a game of craps in front of the New York Stock Exchange and were arrested. "Were they speculating?" asks Mr. Flynn.

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Where did the word "racket," in its modern slang sense, originate? John Gunther, in "The High Cost of Hoodlums," said that it originated in Chicago six or seven years ago. But J. Willets Outerbridge writes to remind us that in Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Wrecker*, Jim Pinkerton used the term, "my racket," and that what Pinkerton was referring to would now be known as the "wrecking racket."

❧ ❧ ❧

Many of the letters and longer manuscripts which Doctor Fosdick's article called forth made the point that he erred in his definition of humanism. But if there is one thing which these documents proved, it is that definitions of humanism differ. Helen K. Shipps, writing to us from Columbia, Missouri, regards Doctor Fosdick himself as almost belonging in the group:

After following with keen enjoyment Doctor Fosdick's logical attack on the illogic of humanism for several pages, it is startling to find suddenly a definition of theism which almost any 100% humanist would accept as a definition of humanism, namely: "Theism is a value judgment as to the worth and meaning of personality." But that could be skewed either way, and one assumes he is reading back into the cosmic order all the deepest implications of personality. And then one gasps

again when he says, "On any sane philosophy this universe is engaged in a business too vast to be solicitous about merely individual desires." Surely this is humanism of the deepest dye. And now the reader is sure that the eminent doctor is hoist by his own petard. Far be it from me to suggest that he is a humanist—but surely, after this article, he will at least be asked to join!

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The number of manuscripts submitted to the editors of HARPER'S has increased during the past two or three months from an average of about seventy-five a day to an average of about one hundred. The other day the total reached more than one hundred and fifty. Whether this increase is due to the rising reputation of the Magazine or to the entry into literature of a lot of people who spent their spare time watching the ticker-tape until the prospect became too painful, we have not decided. If the manuscripts were all good we should cheer loudly at the heaped-up morning mail. But some of them—well, here is a sample of the sort of letter which occasionally accompanies a manuscript. (We print it exactly as it stands, harrowing as it must be to the compositor's soul.)

Los Angeles Cal

Haper Bros,
Publishing House
New York N. Y.

Dear Gentleman:—

I got a few Stories on hand, written by me, if you be pleased, I sent a few to you for consideration.

I have written a few song's and poetry with each Story,

and each song and poetry doth coincide with the Stories.

People wan't today somethig attractive.

I let each purchaser have the privilege to change them if they wish to do so.

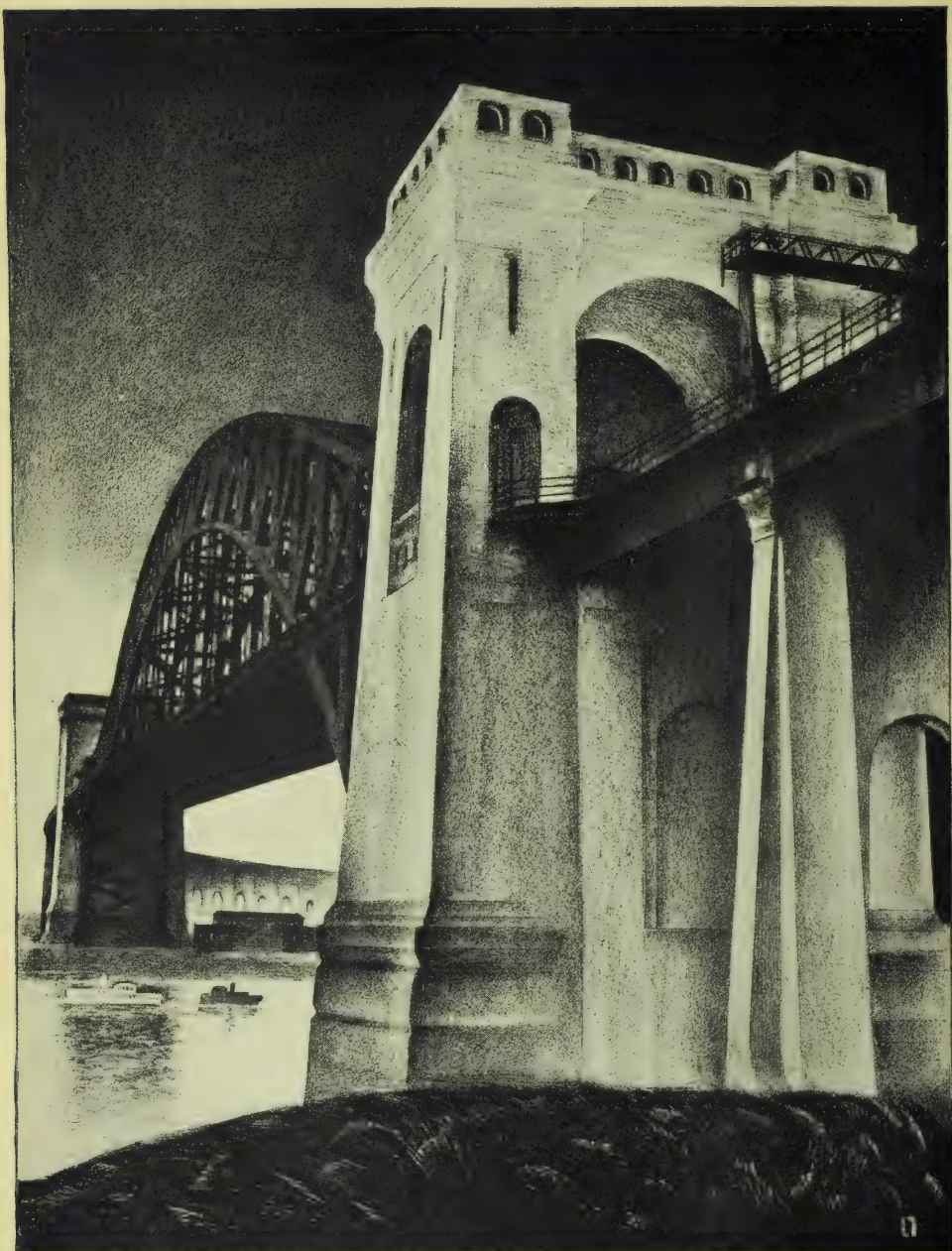
You can have them at your own price.

I write Song's and Stories and Poetry and book's.

Please let me hear from you, if I shall sent them to you?

Most Respectfully.





LOUIS LOZOWICK

HELL GATE BRIDGE

By Louis Lozowick



Harpers *Magazine*

DIMINISHING RETURNS IN MODERN LIFE

A WORD TO THE APOSTLES OF PROGRESS

BY JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS

THROUGH increasing knowledge of natural laws man has enormously increased his control over his environment. This is so obvious as to make any amplification of the simple statement unnecessary. Our type of culture to-day is based solely on power, the power hidden in coal, steam, electricity, or the chemical combination of atoms, and is due to our having discovered and utilized natural laws. Because of the enormous increase in our control over the environment due to such knowledge, we have come instinctively to think of the discovery of each additional law as enlarging the possible scope of human life and activities. We never think of them as indicating limits. The changes realized have been so overwhelming that the possibilities have come to appear illimitable, and scant attention is paid to those laws which put definite limits to our advance in any desired direction. They are brushed aside, and any discussion of them is as unpopu-

lar as was conservative economic reasoning at the top of the recent bull market. Unfortunately, the unpopular laws as well as the popular ones are ceaselessly at work, as the enthusiastic speculators found, and disregard of them is bound to end in trouble. Laws are merely formulations of the ways in which things invariably and inevitably happen or act; and to get in the way of a law of nature which does not work the way we should like, and to insist on having our own way is about as futile as for a cow on the track to dispute the right of way with the Chicago Flyer at sixty miles an hour. The laws of nature do not work for us. All we can do is to find out how they work, to make use of some of those going in our direction, and to get out of the way of others as fast as we can.

So far, most of the laws discovered belong to the physical sciences. Psychology, economics, politics, sociology, and the others are grievously behind. Any astronomer can predict with abso-

lute accuracy just where every star in the heavens will be at half-past eleven to-night. He can make no such prediction about his young daughter. From this fact—that one group of sciences has got entirely out of step with another—our civilization is becoming warped out of shape. For a good many centuries, in spite of defects, the social and political life of peoples fitted on the material base almost as neatly as the top layer of a chocolate cake fits on the bottom. To-day the top layer has altered little, but the bottom one, the material base of our life, has gone spinning, with grave danger of ruining the cake and losing the chocolate. The cake is, in fact, acting like a thing bewitched, and if we are to make it stick together again we have got to do something with the upper layer, for the under one has clearly gone too far to get it back in its old place if we would.

It is clear that we have got to know a great deal more about psychology and sociology than we do now, keeping them "ologies" and not making them "isms." Our chemists and engineers will look after our T.N.T.'s and dynamos, but we must learn how to use them, and come to some new terms with our ethics, politics, and social life in the largest sense. A chemist who tried to make T.N.T. according to his emotions and not his science might bring it off but, a million to one, would more likely be brought off himself. It is the same with our social and institutional life. If, on the scale of modern nations, we try to adjust them only to our vague emotions and callow aspirations, something very violent and unpleasant can be rather certainly predicted. We must hunt for laws to guide us—Nature's not lobbyists'. It is also essential to find the unpopular as well as the popular ones, those which tell us what we cannot do as well as those which tell us what we can. The Garden of Eden and the flaming sword were myths—excellent ones, by the way; but a definite limit here and there to self-expression and undirected aspirations is not. I do not pretend to be a scientist,

but when one observes the cow on the track and the Chicago Flyer coming one does not have to be one to predict that something is going to happen immediately to the cow. I wish, in a word, to call attention to what is an apparent law, and about as unpopular a one as could exist.

II

Economists, observing the way things happen, have established what they call "the Law of Diminishing Returns." I shall not try to give it in scientific terms or bother with graphs. Briefly it is that working in a given direction there is a point up to which profit increases and beyond which it inevitably declines. Let us illustrate this with a few examples comprehensible to every practical man. I once lived in a farming community. The farmers would figure very carefully how much to spend per acre in fertilizer. Twenty-five dollars per acre would increase the value of the crop so much, less cost of fertilizer. Fifty dollars would do so to a greater extent, as would a hundred dollars; but two hundred would not. There was a point at which the cost of fertilizing, profitable up to then, overtook the increased value of the crop, and became unprofitable. The wise farmer, who knew his land, his fertilizer, and his crop, knew just how far to go and where to stop to get the last dollar out of all three—perhaps I should say cent.

Let us turn to another great industry, mining. Gold is found in rock, a very small amount of gold to a fearsome amount of rock. To extract it requires costly machinery and labor. Up to a certain point an increase in outlay on the best machinery will pay, but beyond that it will not. There is a relation between the percentage of gold in the rock and the cost of getting at it, as I once found out.

Let us consider our pet toy, the skyscraper. I used to have an office at 2 Wall Street. Across the street there was a lot with a four-story building on it, forty feet square. It has been called the most valuable piece of real estate in the

world. Indeed, I was told as a boy many years ago that the then owner was asked what he would take for it, and answered that his price was the sixteen hundred square feet covered with gold dollars. This was figured out, and the offer made, whereupon he smiled and answered, "I meant, stood on edge." However that may be, it did change hands, and a high building was put on it which became known as "the chimney." I have forgotten how high it was, but here is the point: its height was limited by the fact that it could have only one elevator; and architects tell us that although up to a certain point every floor you add to a building increases the rental, there is a point, given a certain ground space, at which the space required for elevators to carry people to the added floors will offset the increased rental space gained by adding such floors, which sounds reasonable. Of course, you can buy the adjoining lots, tear down the old buildings, and build a higher, but the limit is the city block, and there is a point at which the increased rental space will be offset by the increased lost elevator space.

Let us take one more illustration. Everyone who builds a house for himself has the same problems I had. There was the question, for example, of the cost of the copper sheathing I was to put around my windows and the copper gutters under my piazza floor. Knowing I wished to cut cost as much as might be, the architect suggested copper of a certain thickness and cost. The builder suggested that it would last only so many years, whereas the shingling and piazza floors would last longer. If I spent more on the copper I should save in the long run. I, therefore, added to the weight, but it was quite obvious that there was a point beyond which to add to the weight and cost would cease to be profitable and prove merely loss. It was our job to determine that point.

Perhaps these illustrations have made my basic point clear. Let us now work toward somewhat broader problems.

I suppose it will make me seem ante-diluvian to the young generation but I well remember when taxis were introduced into New York. As a matter of fact, it was not so long ago in spite of the fact that most young people to-day cannot imagine Peter Stuyvesant getting about in any other way. At first they were a great help in saving time. When one was in a great hurry one took a taxi and swept along Fifth Avenue at what seemed a terrific rate. But taxis multiplied like rabbits in Australia with the result that to-day when I am really in a hurry I now have to walk to get from Thirty-Third Street to Forty-Second. It once took me twenty-five minutes in a taxi. In other words, as a time-saver, when there were few taxis and few of us used them, they served their purpose admirably. Now that there are, apparently, millions of them and the million use them, they are of no use, for that purpose, to anybody. It is not that the mob has got what a few used to have, but that nobody has got anything, in this particular aspect.

In 1913 I built a house at the east end of Long Island. Cars, of course, were coming into use by then but there were still comparatively few of them. Ten years before that the only way to get to that beautiful bit of wild scenery, Montauk Point, had been to take a train to Amagansett, and then get a "rig" to drive one across the mosquito-infested Napeague Beach and about ten miles or more on to Montauk, a slow nag plowing through heavy sand. The road was improved, and I had my modest little car. It was delightful to make Montauk in an hour, without mosquitoes, and enjoy the beauty and solitude without all the old discomfort. But what has happened? The last holiday I was at home before I sold my place there were said to be two thousand cars at the Point. I admit that according to the Declaration of Independence and the New Testament there was no reason why only a privileged few should enjoy the solitude and beauty of the Point. Theoretically

there is no reason why the whole million cars of New York State should not have been there instead of the half dozen of the earlier days.

Theory, however, has nothing to do with it. The plain fact is that those eight thousand people, allowing only four to a car, were not sharing what I had enjoyed before. There were no longer the empty spaces, the moorland hanging over-cliff to the sea. Instead of solitude, there were eight thousand people; instead of bare rolling downs, there was a landscape littered with lunch boxes, papers, and ginger ale bottles by the thousand. I have not the slightest objection to people enjoying themselves as they will. *De gustibus non est disputandum.* The point is that by the mere fact that eight thousand people tried to enjoy the solitude and beauty of Montauk at once, the solitude and beauty evaporated. They did not get what I had had. It was simply that none of us got it. I am not discussing whether it is better for eight thousand people to have what our English cousins call "ginger-pop" and sandwiches in a mob and the fresh air than that a few should enjoy the stillness of what used to be one of the few unspoiled spots in New York, or not. The point is that "the many" did not get what "the few" had had. Up to a certain number they might have done so. Beyond that the law began to work; and to turn eight thousand people loose on a quiet beauty spot of nature and expect returns was as absurd as for a farmer to put a thousand dollars' worth of fertilizer on every acre, or for the owner of 1 Wall Street to have built fifty stories on forty square feet only to find that all his floor space was taken up with elevator shafts instead of offices to rent. What the many got was something entirely different from what the few had got. Which of these, for the whole human race for generations to come, might be the better would baffle the mathematics of even an Einstein to figure out.

Let us take the old English inn, one of

the most delightful places, when it is good, in which a wayfarer can find rest and simple comfort at a reasonable cost. It is clear that an increasing number of guests, up to a certain point, adds to the value of the inn for the guests themselves. One which had only a stray guest every few weeks, and did not pay, could not offer the facilities and ready service of one that was daily prepared for the few guests who could be relied upon to turn up from somewhere. If, however, there are too many, the place ceases to be one of comfort. If we succeed in getting a room only once in a dozen times; if every chair in the lounge is occupied; if we have to wait an hour for a meal until the mob ahead of us has eaten, not only is our comfort destroyed but that of everyone else. If, as would inevitably happen in America, the owner should add to the building, and then again, until, as I have seen so often in the last thirty years, a comfortable inn has grown into a huge caravansary housing hundreds of guests, the inn has really ceased to exist. The old Mitre at Oxford, for example, could conceivably have added a couple of hundred rooms and changed the small coffee room with its dozen chairs by the fire into a lounge that would seat a hundred. But by doing so it would have subtly ceased to exist, and the three hundred tourists who would put up at it to get the flavor of the old Mitre would seek in vain for something which their own numbers had destroyed. They would get shelter and meals but they would not get the Mitre.

In the rise of a city there is a point up to which the gain in comfort and interest is steady. We get paved streets, sewers, lights, better schools and shops, a few good theaters, perhaps, as in most European cities, an opera, a museum, and so on. Traffic is easy, people are not too crowded in their housing, can live comparatively near their work, and the advantages have not been counterweighted with serious disadvantages. But as the city growth continues, as in the greatest of modern cities, the disad-

vantages begin to weigh more and more heavily. It becomes more and more difficult to secure decent living space at any price that most can pay. Land becomes so valuable that houses give way to apartments, and large apartments are subdivided into small ones, in the process we have come to know so well. People have to live farther and farther from their work, while, owing to traffic congestion, it becomes harder and harder to reach office or home. Owing to increasing costs of all sort, the expense of doing business mounts. For many, the point has been reached at which the law has worked and the return for living in a city has begun to diminish. Individuals move into the suburbs. Factories, in many cases, move to smaller towns.

III

Let us look at labor-saving devices in the home. In order to avoid complicating the case with any question as to man's and woman's work, let us suppose a woman is earning her own income and running her home herself. The labor-saving devices she can install are already innumerable, and almost every month brings a new one. She can put in an electric washing machine, a dish-washer, vacuum cleaners, electric refrigerator, and so on indefinitely. Every one of these things is admirable in itself and undeniably saves her trouble in connection with its specific function. But there is another point. A vacuum cleaner is infinitely preferable to a broom, but it costs about sixty times as much; old fashioned dish-washing was boring and hard on the hands but cost nothing, whereas a dish-washer is expensive; the new refrigerators are much handier than the older type, but whereas they used to cost, say, about thirty dollars, the new cost about three hundred. Garbage incinerators and various delightful and tricky contrivances in the newer apartments save trouble but mean higher rents to be paid. Now somewhere along the line there is a point up to which it will save this

woman labor to work so that she can pay for all these labor-saving devices; but somewhere the law we are discussing will begin to work, and she will begin to expend so much energy and anxiety in trying to make the extra money needed to save labor in one department of her life that she is expending more than her nature permits in another. The devices, although still saving labor in one sphere, have so added to it in another that, taking life as a whole, they have ceased to function profitably.

The law works in the same way with a lot of our modern contrivances to give pleasure. Up to a certain point the possession of our modern toys, radios, cars, and so on adds to our pleasure, as do increasing numbers of bathrooms, increased luxury in hotels for those who like it, more gorgeous theaters, more costly scenery, and magnificent offices and shops; but there comes a point at which the increasing and in many cases intolerable burden of cost necessitated by these advances in number and quality of things used becomes so great as to destroy the pleasure or offset it by a still greater anxiety. In some cases the result will be to deprive the person of the pleasure entirely. For example, the opera of to-day in New York is far better than that of fifty years ago. For the ordinary music lover, who is apt not to be a hard-headed successful maker of money, there was a point somewhere where the increase in quality was not neutralized by the increase in cost; but there was also the fatal point at which the law began to work and at which the cost became so great that for him the opera, as a regularly recurring pleasure in his life, ceased to exist as completely as though there had been none at all.

Let us consider another type of case, that of the birth and up-bringing of children. The medical care surrounding childbirth is infinitely better than a generation ago, and about fifteen times as costly. The opportunities for the child in school, summer camp, mental and physical activities of all sorts are also

far greater and more costly. Somewhere along the line there was a point up to which these new advantages were clear gain, like the fertilizing by the farmer, but a point was reached at which the added cost has resulted not in better and happier children but in many a family not being able to afford one. By trying to make the child, like the opera, too fine and luxurious, it has in all too many cases ceased to exist at all.

Take the involved problem of woman in business. For a while it seemed all clear gain that the unmarried woman not financially independent, the widow who had to support children and herself—all, in a word, who had to earn money—should have the whole business field open to them. But it was impossible to draw a line at which money-making ceased to be necessary and was merely desirable. As business opportunity for those who needed it became wider, more and more flocked to offices. The competition for jobs with men became keener, and as married women added their earnings to those of their husbands, the standard of living in such households was raised. The burden on the man who was trying to support a home single-handed in competition with the "two-worker" homes became greater. It may be asked, for the women themselves, whether the point is not being reached at which the law is beginning to work. On the one hand, the lower type that used to do household work is not only competing with the cheaper-paid type of man in factory or office but has thrown the manual labor of the household, which she used to do, on the higher-type woman who is capable, given time and strength, of doing something more worth while for social life as a whole than cooking and cleaning. On the other hand, the steadily increasing strain to maintain the single-worker home is forcing more and more women who would much rather be in the home than out of it to go to work; and the vicious tendencies are strengthened while the competition becomes fiercer

and fiercer. There would seem to be already clearly indicated the working of the law and the fact that there is a point somewhere at which the gain to woman of having business open to her will be offset by the loss.

IV

Let us finally consider briefly the problem of democratic government, simplifying it as much as possible. If we have government solely by an oligarchy, an aristocracy, or an upper class, there will be evils. With the best intentions, it will be to some extent a class government. It is obvious that there will be gain if other classes or interests have representation. In all modern democratic countries this representation has been given and steadily increased until we have practically universal suffrage, tempered by influences wielded by certain groups, influences losing power as democracy increases. With universal suffrage, however, the control of votes lies with the laboring class, which is the most numerous. As this class comes to realize and exert its power, the legislation becomes again class legislation, of which we have a glaring example in the steadily widening and increasing dole in England. What we do is to substitute one class for another, the so-called lower for the so-called upper. Both classes when in power will unconsciously think in terms of their own class, but the upper class is bound to have a better understanding of the extreme complexity of modern civilization, and the exercise of their power has limits in the very numbers of the lower class. A socialist government, for example, might well lay a capital levy of fifty per cent regardless of the fact that it would mean ruin for the whole country, poor as well as rich, whereas the upper class would never think of making a "labor-levy," taking fifty per cent of the labor of the country free. Somewhere along the line increased representation was an all-round gain, but we reach the point where the law begins to

work, and increased representation, instead of doing away with the evils of a class government, begins to substitute the evils of government by another, and on the whole, for governing purposes, a less able class.

The possible existence of this law in all social life is not a mere theory to be toyed with. It is of just as much practical importance to us in considering our institutions as it is to the farmer in considering his fertilizing. Consider, for example, the situation in English education at this very moment. I take England rather than America because we have ignored the possibility of such a law entirely, as well as a certain range of human values, whereas in England those values, if not the law, are recognized by many. There seems to be a general impression at home that English education for the masses is a very poor affair, so far as it may be existent at all. Of course, this is not the case. There is a good system of public education, and every child has to attend school up to the age of fourteen, soon to be made sixteen. There are also the great and rapidly growing "provincial" universities, access to which is practically as easy as to our own, State and other. There is no difficulty in England for a poor boy, if he has a mind, to get an education including a university course.

But obviously, a boy from a meager home background, who has to count on his education (and his degree) getting him a remunerative job in as many days after graduation as may be possible, requires and will insist upon a different sort of education from one whose home background is rich in the best sense, that is one who has opportunities for good social and mental contacts, travel and other sorts of informal education outside his school and university, and who, while expecting to make a career later, does not have to look upon his education as narrowly heading toward some very special remunerative job but can regard it as a general broadening and developing of his mind and all his nature. That,

in the past, has been the ideal of the great endowed schools like Eton and Harrow, and the universities of Oxford and, to a lesser extent, Cambridge. Such a group of students and such an ideal have created a certain type of teaching and a certain atmosphere, alien to that in most American institutions and to the public "job-training" institutions in England. To anyone who wishes to understand the situation and problem better than it can be touched upon briefly here, I commend a small volume just out called *Isis, or the Future of Oxford*, in the excellent "Today and Tomorrow" series, which should be read by American educators as well as English Labor politicians.

There is at present a good deal of agitation in England on this subject, the agitators claiming that the special atmosphere and opportunities of Eton, Harrow, Oxford, Cambridge, and such places, should not be confined only to the few but should be enjoyed by the many and that, in some way, the State should make it possible by financial acts of some sort for large numbers of the poorer classes to attend these institutions. A few do now, but it is quite clear, if the Laborites have their way, that the law we have been discussing will also have *its* way, and that instead of the masses enjoying Eton and Oxford, Eton and Oxford will merely evaporate. Swamped with students of the same type as those who now attend the State schools and universities, they will become like them; and instead of the many enjoying the privileges of the few, those privileges will have disappeared for everyone.

In some of the above instances I have, perhaps, stretched the strict letter of the Law of Diminishing Returns but I have, I think, indicated that there is some general law at work that is worth our studying and recognizing. It appears to be a very unfortunate one for idealists, but we did not make the universe. Such as it is we have to accept it and work with it, not against it. It is to be regretted that, having found a profitable

lead, we cannot follow that lead forever but instead find that it invariably turns back on itself at some stage and gets us into trouble. It is also to be regretted that everyone cannot have everything, that eight thousand people, for example, cannot enjoy the same solitude at the same spot at once, but there seems to be something in the foundation of the universe that prohibits it, and there is no use in our insisting that the contrary is true and that the thing is possible. The cow can insist that it has as much right to follow the track in its direction as the Chicago Flyer has in its, but that does not prevent the catastrophe to the cow.

In the last century and a half we have heard a great deal about rights—"natural rights," the rights of man, woman's rights. The word is an unfortunate one for it carries an implication that somehow the universe is back of the human wishes and desires embodied in the word "right." There are, of course, no "natural rights." Nature knows nothing of rights. She knows only laws. Man, on the other hand, has ideals and aspirations. These, however, can be fulfilled only when they run with, not counter to, nature's laws, and there is no use blinking that fact.

Because a hundred dollars an acre in fertilizer will double the crop, it does not follow that five hundred dollars will quintuple it. Because a thirty-story building on a given lot is more profitable than a ten, and sixty is more profitable than thirty, it does not follow that a hundred is more profitable than sixty. Because a hundred motor cars on a given road will give people pleasure, it does not follow that a thousand will give ten times the number pleasure. Because twenty people can enjoy a beauty spot, it does not follow that two thousand can. Because going into business may benefit some women, it does not follow that it will benefit all. Because government becomes juster if the laboring class has some votes, it does not follow that it will become still juster if we give them still

more. Unfortunately the reverse seems true. There seems to be a law also that although up to a certain point we can increase the number of people who can have, see, and enjoy, if we go beyond a certain point, instead of giving everybody everything, nobody has anything. A Labor Government could destroy Eton and Oxford. They could not, with all the power in the world, give Eton and Oxford to the mob. The universe would say "you are paying no attention to my laws," and the real Eton and Oxford would disappear under the very eyes of the mob which had gone to look for them.

Is it not time that we recognized more clearly the law, or perhaps two laws, hinted at in this article? They are laws that are unfortunately hostile to many of man's aspirations and especially to much of the democratic doctrine, but that has nothing to do with their existence and power. If they are there we have got to recognize them or suffer the consequences. We have refused so far to recognize them for the simple and childish reason that we do not like their implications. We do so to some extent in our economic life but not in our social and political. May not we account in some part, at least, for the rise and fall of civilizations in the past by the working of these laws that man has declined to recognize, the law, if we separate them, that returns increase up to a certain point and then decline, and the law that if too many people strive to enjoy the same good, that good disappears? The farmer, the miner, or the business man studies to find the exact point at which, according to the law of Diminishing Returns, advantage begins to turn into disadvantage. If there is any chance of regulating society scientifically and saving it from the recurring cycle of the rise and fall, have we not got to seek the same point for our political and social tendencies as our "practical" men do for our economic? If the farmer, the miner, and the manufacturer pay no attention to this law, they go bankrupt

and are sold up. If society pays no more attention to it in the future than in the past, it will do likewise, as it has a thousand times before, and no amount of declaiming about "rights" will save it for a moment longer than the law will take to work out its own inevitable end. The rights of man, the rights of labor,

the rights of woman as expressions of ideals to be worked out in harmony with nature's laws are beneficent concepts. When, however, they are proclaimed as superior to her laws they are of no more avail than the twittering of sparrows on the roof when Ætna breaks loose and the lava flows over the house.

SPELL

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

UNDER the edge of this light canoe
*The water is quiet and deep; the hue
 Of emerald matrix or malachite,
 Green water lit with a green light.
 Like a wide pool it is smooth and still,
 It draws me with a resistless will . . .
 A sudden move and I could be
 Plunged in the depths of this quiet sea,
 Slipped like a long fish under the wave
 Into a gleaming, shimmering grave,
 To lie and rock till my whitened bones
 Fall into hollows under the stones . . .*

*The water is lovely and dark and deep
 And I could fall asleep, asleep.
 With nothing to feel and nothing to know
 Only the long tides' ebb and flow.
 Never to watch life break and change,
 Words grow bitter, and eyes grow strange,
 Or know love, like the falling sands
 Slipping away between my hands.
 No more to know defeat, or pain . . .
 I shall not look at the water again.*



FLEDGLING

A STORY

BY LIBBIAN BENEDICT

THEY had reached the dessert of stewed prunes in silence, at least as far as conversation was concerned. A meal at the Handel home could never be said to have passed in complete silence, although it was usually conversationless. But it is hard to eat quietly when one eats fast, and there was hardly an opportunity for the violation of mealtime quiet which Mr. Handel omitted. He always ate fast because he had left the clerk in the store for the few moments he allowed himself to go home and eat, and he had never yet found a clerk who was trustworthy. These summer days, when business in the grocery lagged, and every cent of profit was doubly important, he could still less permit the clerk long unguarded periods with the cash register.

The noonday dinner was the major meal in the Handel home, and Mrs. Handel made a heavy meal of it regardless of the heat and regardless of the fact that her husband's standstill habits of life had allowed layer on layer of quaky flesh to impede the activities of his short body, even the activity of breathing. She herself was not thin, but she had more bone to bear it and more height. It was only her big face that betrayed the superfluousness of most of her weight.

Dolly Lynch, Mr. Handel's sister, was the first to speak this noon. Leaning her frizzled henna head in the direction of the young man who sat opposite her, she said:

"Well, Albert, have you come around

yet to seeing that you really owe your father and mother two more years of your life?"

"Of course he has," blustered Mr. Handel, breathing with difficulty, as usual. "Of course he has. Any human being could get around to seeing that. And what do you mean by 'two more years of his life,' Dolly? Doesn't a child owe his whole life to his parents?"

Albert noticed again the uneasiness with which his father argued the subject. And dispassionately, as he always judged his parents, he saw that the lack of fineness in his father made the nervousness a far from subtle thing. The man was actually making eyes at his sister to warn her to keep away from the subject. Albert laughed to himself again at the stupidity of his father in thinking that such primitive tactics of suggestion would bring him to change his mind. But even while he was amused at the stupidity he was hurt that his own people should be capable of it, and suddenly for a moment he was doubtful of his own capacities. This was his father, this mentally impotent man. How could he dare to dream his dreams?

"Ed is right," said his mother. "Why, to hear you talk, Dolly, a person might think that when Albert finally does go away to college he will never come back. You're really very funny."

Albert was sure that as she passed by her sister-in-law in collecting the dishes his mother had stepped on her foot in another warning to change the subject. He rose.

"You're all taking too much for granted," he said. "I haven't made a decision of any kind." Silence followed his words, but as he pushed open the screen door to the front porch he heard the beginning of the daily dialogue.

"Let me help you with the dishes, Grace."

"Don't you dare, Dolly. You're a visitor. You go right out on the porch and rest."

Of course his mother would win. Or rather, lose. It was she who did want help with the dishes, and Dolly who did not want to offer it. There was none of the genuineness in his mother's refusal to let the other woman help her that there was in her refusal to let him help her. She all but threw the dishpan at him whenever he made the suggestion. That was the way in which she expressed her admiration for his talent, or ambition, or whatever it was. Well, it would make a good novel eventually, he thought. Eventually, when he was out of all this. There would be the picture of the two, father and mother, idolizing him for what he was able to do yet wanting to keep him tied down to their own lives.

As he stretched out on the porch swing and took up his volume of Nietzsche again the humor with which he had been surveying the situation suddenly left him, and he remained with the more familiar feeling of apoplectic revolt. He heard the back door close as his father went out of the house, to take the short cut through the alley to the grocery store. Then the inside of the store was around him—grayness, smells, and everything, just as it had been all the seventeen years of his life. From the house on the right came the tinkling of a piano that was obviously an experimentation with note sequences. Selina Mack, with a narrow red ribbon tied around her colorless hair, was probably trying to compose another waltz. Good Lord, did she ever hope to finish it? It had taken her fifteen years, between pupils, to finish the first one and a good

part of her savings to have it published. And after all that, she had sold only the copies which she herself had peddled among her neighbors and her pupils.

And on the lawn to the left Mrs. Chester was romping with her poodle. Putting pep into herself, probably, before her boarder came home from his post-office job. Wouldn't that husband of hers ever find out that the two older children were instructed to shout "Mother, may I come in?" and to wait for a positive answer before they opened the door?

And they wanted him to stay here, to take the first two years of his college life at Junior College—here, among these people, when there was a world to see! Why didn't they make it easier for him? Why didn't they admit the inevitable, so that when he went away—to Chicago, or New York, or Paris, or wherever he would go, he would not be burdened with memories which would make him feel like a criminal?

He had buried his head in the musty padding of the swing. The slight creak of the screen door told him that his Aunt Dolly was coming out to entertain him with her lament about the ingratitude of her daughter, about how she had refused to marry again, refused to join bridge clubs as other women did, only in order that her daughter might always have her when she needed her. And now, after all that sacrifice, her daughter had married against her wishes and married, of all people, a poor young lawyer, when she might have had her choice of any of a number of wealthy business men.

It was to forget this blow that she had come down from Chicago to Kansas City two weeks ago, at the end of June. She had not made the trip in twenty years, and since his father and mother had not been out of the city either, she had never seen him before. From the moment of her arrival she had subjected him to endless scrutiny until he wriggled under it.

And she had become ridiculous in her attempts to find resemblances between him and his parents.

"Your mouth is set just like your father's," she would say, or, "Your forehead is just like your mother's."

No one liked her. She had only to open her mouth and remind them of her presence, when the antagonism against her became an almost audible thing. The same antagonism came over Albert now, as soon as she had sat down in the rocking chair beside the swing. He had made a move to get up, so that she could sit down in the swing beside him, but she had motioned him down again.

"Oh, no," she said, "I wouldn't think of disturbing the young genius in his thoughts."

He did not answer but let his eyes pass hurriedly over her face, in which the wrinkles were filled with fresh pink powder. People were powerless before her, he thought, just as he was powerless before her now. She enveloped one like an octopus. She enslaved, and she did it by poisoning the veins of vanity. One knew the disgrace of his own submission, but there was nothing to do about it.

She sat rocking back and forth. Each time he let his glance approach her face, he saw her looking at him, with a smile that struck him as being artificial. It began to disturb him; he fidgeted. Finally she said:

"You do want to go away to college this year, don't you?"

He sat up. There had been the promise of friendliness in her voice. He knew it would betray him—that if he talked to her she would not understand him—yet the urge to talk was too strong to resist.

"I do. I want terribly to go away. I need it, Aunt Dolly."

She nodded her frizzled red head. "I know," she said. "I can understand it."

His disbelief grew still weaker. He felt that in another moment he would begin to tell her things which would sound crazy to his own ears, and certainly to hers.

Suddenly she got up from the chair and sat down on the swing beside him, putting her hand on his.

"Albert, I want to talk to you."

He noticed that her eyes were a nice shade of gray. But there was fear in them now. And the fear he saw in her eyes stirred fear in him. They continued to look at each other, the fear in each of them rising.

"I've been acting as if I was against your going away, haven't I?" she said suddenly, talking fast, and hardly waited for him to nod before going on. "Well, I'm not. I can understand you. You believe that I can, don't you?" He nodded again. This time she waited a while before going on, in the meantime rubbing her hand up and down over his. He was never sure, afterward, whether she actually made a sound as she said the next words; it was only the movement of her lips he remembered.

"You can go, Albert. They have no right to keep you. They're not your parents. You're adopted."

It seemed to him now, and even later, that nothing had happened to him at that moment, yet the woman recoiled, drawing her hand away from his and spreading it out on her breast in self-protection.

"They found you outside the store one morning," she went on, very rapidly. "You were only a week old."

Now he was aware that at some time before this he had stopped the swing, that he was pressing down hard on the porch with his toes, and that they were hurting him. He lifted his feet; the swing started forward with a jerk.

"Who am I?" he said.

"For God's sake, Albert, don't talk like that!"

"Who am I?" he repeated. He did want to choke her; that was true.

"Nobody knows. Nobody ever found out."

He found himself standing, then beginning to walk away.

"Albert, where are you going?"

He did not turn his head back to the

direction from which the wailing question had come. "I don't know," he said. "Somewhere. To be alone."

As he walked down the steps and out to the sidewalk he was conscious only of the melodrama of his last words and of a tang of artificiality in them. It made him ashamed; he wanted to run away. He began to walk fast and soon he was conscious of nothing except the movement of his body as he strode along. When he reached 31st Street he took a street car. He would go out to Swope Park.

Rising in him now was a feeling of release and, with it, a desire to laugh. So simple was life! So ridiculous! The keys to its secrets were lying all about; one had only to recognize them, to be clever enough. If he had not been clever enough to be kind to Aunt Dolly and to listen attentively to her she would never have come to him with this gift of release.

Aunt Dolly? But she was not his aunt. He had no aunt. He had . . . no one. For a moment the world was washed away from around him, and he was riding alone through a nothingness he had tried so often to imagine and never succeeded in doing. But it lasted only for a moment.

He was going! He was free of them!

And suddenly a new cause for joy burst on him. There was no more reason to be doubtful of his capacities. He did not need to be afraid that he was going to be limited by hereditary stupidity. They were stupid. He could think the thought frankly now. Stupid! And he was not theirs!

A bastard, like the greatest of men. A love child, endowed with divine talents to compensate for the lack of human permission to exist.

He began to look out of the window keenly, taking leave of the streets the car was passing, almost shouting his farewells as it sped along. He remembered childhood days when he had actually shouted in street cars, glorying that no one heard him. Once his

father had seen him with his mouth open and slapped him. Even then they had not been able to understand him; his imaginativeness had been too much for their minds, his gusto for their anæmia.

But suddenly he remembered how rapidly his father had drawn his hand back to himself after hitting him, how rapidly he had always drawn his hand back. And there had been times when he had started to hit him and had stopped himself.

No wonder he had not dared to touch him! And what would happen when he told them the news? The scene of the final parting was about to form itself before him, but instead there rushed over him again the solitariness he had been deluged with a while before. The surrounding world disappeared; he was left with no one and nothing.

This time it did not pass so soon, not until he was out of the car and striding through the tall grasses in the woods. Here, gradually, it began to seem to him that the energy of striding through the grass symbolized the energy with which he was going to stride forward from now on, through less tangible grasses that were just as entangling as these and under which the ground was just as soggy and unknown. It was here that he realized he was still clutching his Nietzsche, and the book, too, became a symbol.

By the time he had got off the street car again, near his home, he had resolved to tell them to-night. To tell them simply, without drama, that he knew now he was not their child, he was only adopted. His Aunt Dolly had told him, and he was very grateful to her for it. So, in view of their admission that they had no right to ask him to stay, he was going. He was appreciative, certainly, of what they had done for him. He could understand their desire to keep it a secret as long as they could. He loved them as much as any son could love his parents, he would come back to stay with them whenever

he could (he would dedicate his first novel to them, but he would not tell them that to-night), but he could not stay any longer. That was all.

His Aunt Dolly was walking up and down the block when he approached, straining her nearsighted eyes, on which she absolutely refused to put glasses, to see whether he was coming. When he came finally into her range of vision she took the few steps toward him hurriedly, her whole strangely unpowdered face set for speech. But he spoke first.

"I had a nice afternoon in Swope Park," he said, gaily.

There was no need to confide his plans to her; she had finished with her role in his life. He had no more to do with her.

"It was quite cool in the woods," he went on.

With typical Handel slowness, she could not find anything to say, but trudged beside him up the steps to the porch. She was staring at him, he felt, although he did not turn to look at her.

His mother was in the kitchen, mixing salad for supper.

"Where did you go off to, son?" she said.

He turned away, besieged with the realization that she called him "son" whenever she could. He imagined, too, very clearly, how her face would look when he broke the news—her fat cheeks sagging with incomprehension, her natural slovenliness turned suddenly into the expression of despair.

"I went out to Swope Park," he said, unable to gauge his voice and hoping for the best. "It was nice."

"Hungry?"

"Not yet."

"Take a banana. They're nice and cold, the way you like them. I've got them on the ice."

He took one and went out on the porch to eat it. But he had to force it down. His Aunt Dolly was sitting on the swing watching him without let-up, and he made believe he was reading, remembering to turn the pages with definite frequency.

All during supper his mother had to keep urging him to eat and, try as he would, he could not swallow half the amount of food he would ordinarily have eaten.

"It's the heat," said his father, angrily. "You had no right to go out to the park to-day. Won't you ever get any sense into your head?"

Albert started to become angry; he was on the verge of blurting out something. But he caught the beginning of a conspiratory glance from Dolly, and his anger turned against her. After supper, he thought, would be a better time to say what he had to say—when they were all sitting on the porch.

But Martin Tolman, who had been in his class at high school and who lived down the block, came by in his father's car and asked him whether he wanted to go out. Thankfully, Albert went. They picked up two girls and drove far out into the country. All through everything Albert felt again, as he had felt that afternoon, that he was taking leave of these things. When he got out of the car he stood for a moment with his hand on the closed door and his eyes to the ground. Verbally he was saying good-night to Martin, actually he was taking a much more permanent farewell. He did not look up at Martin's face, because they never looked at each other after such an evening and never saw each other for a few days afterward.

The house was dark. Smiling to himself at the quality of the thing that had made him postpone his plans (that, too, would make a good point in a novel some day), but too tired to conceive, definitely, exactly what it was all about, he went to bed and fell asleep.

He awakened with a jerk. It was still dark. He knew that he had not slept more than an hour.

And a moment later he was sitting up in bed, completely wet with a sudden hot sweat. His whole body was burning. "For God's sake, who am I?" he shouted and pressed the spread fingers of both his hands slowly backward down

his scalp. "For God's sake, who am I?" This time he said it more softly, for he had remembered there were people asleep in the other rooms. But the question in him had not grown softer; it was rising to a greater clamor. He drew his hands down his face, his neck, his body, each finger digging a painful path in his flesh, as if to pull an answer from it. Then it began to seem to him that he was choking; his hands moved helplessly over the loose collar of his pajamas, trying to clear it still farther from his hot body. "Who am I?" he was saying. Finally he threw himself back into bed and tossed from side to side, beating his fists into the pillow each time. "Who am I?" he said, over and over again. "Who am I?"

More than once he was sure that if he did not get up, rouse the others, make them tell him what they knew, he would go crazy. But he could not lift his body. Eventually dullness came over him. The hall clock struck four. He lay awake, his eyes open, waiting for the gray of dawn. He saw it come, he watched it turn to a sunlit morning, he heard the others up and about and still, for a long time, he lay without stirring because he did not have the strength to raise himself.

That day it did not even occur to him to try to say something to his family. From morning until night he was insensate. Most of the day he lay stretched out on the porch swing, still making a pretense of reading because his Aunt Dolly, herself, showing the marks of a sleepless night, did not leave him by himself for a moment. Several times he went out for a walk, but could not manage to do more than circle the block. He went to bed early and slept at once.

The next morning his awakening brought him, slowly, a clearer realization of what had happened. And as soon as it was clear to him there followed close on it the decision that he would break the strain to-day. He jumped out of bed. He had let two days pass without doing anything. He was a fool. The insen-

sateness of yesterday was unreal to him, he was sure it had been the delusion of his own cowardice. Before the night came he would be on his way.

But the night came, and he was not on his way. Every time he looked at his father or his mother the unity of his resolve collapsed, and in its place rose the question "Who am I?" To-day it was a rhetorical question, without any of the hysterical accompaniments that had tormented him two nights ago. But it disseminated his ability to talk, nevertheless, and he was quiet.

The next day the question began to have meaning again. His throat shouted it over and over from the moment he awakened, even though he made no sound. There was a resumption of his physical suffering, too. He wanted to be alone, because he never knew at what moment he would find himself clawing his own flesh again, with the need to pull some answer from it. He remembered that on the day his aunt had first told him the truth—was it only two days ago?—he had been exultant with the certainty that his blood was better than that of the people who had brought him up. To-day he wanted to beat himself for his conceit, and actually, at one moment while he was staring at himself in the mirror, he slapped himself with uncontrolled force. His blood was not better than theirs; it was worse. He had not inherited genius, but insanity. There was lowness in him and disease. A negro passed, he ran into his room to look into the mirror again, to verify his sudden certainty that there was black blood in him. But the vision of his soft, straight chestnut hair, his hazel eyes, his light skin flung derision back at him, and he crept away, all the more certain that in another moment he would go crazy.

But there were moments when it all dropped from him and he sank weakly back into the knowledge that all this would stand him in good stead, later, for his work. Vague visions played around him of the glory that would be his, in

return for the power he displayed. In all the intermittent times, no matter how far down he had been flung into wretchedness, he never quite lost hold of these moments.

On Sunday he awoke with the resolve to go to church, dressed hurriedly, and started out. But when he came to the building and saw the simple beatitude on the faces of the people who were going in, he turned back, afraid that if he entered he would find what he was looking for and knowing, without any doubt, that it would not be the most admirable way of getting it.

Then the clerk in his father's store became ill, and he spent the greater part of two days meting out sugar and beans and coffee.

"You're getting better," his father said to him. "You're learning in your old age. I thought you would never be able to pour something from the scale pan into a bag without spilling half of it."

Albert had no desire to answer.

Selina Mack, the piano teacher from next door, came into the store. She told him he was not looking well and asked him what was the matter. He was about to answer meaninglessly when the thought suddenly came to him that she was his mother. He could hardly wrap up the loaf of bread she had bought. When she had gone he remembered a hundred moments of gentleness and concern for him that she had displayed. The story was very simple. She had given birth to him in secret somewhere and left him outside the store, knowing that they would probably keep him and that she would have him near to her. To-night, when she was sitting alone on her porch, he would rush up to her and greet her with "Hello, mother!" Perhaps he would not be a writer, after all, but a composer.

As the afternoon passed he became more and more certain that he was right. But as he was hurrying home he remembered that Miss Mack had not moved into the house next door until he

was four years old, and that before that she had lived in Rosedale.

He was weak with relief. The hours during which he had imagined that he had the solution now appeared to him in all their unreality. There was comfort in being back where he had started from.

Over what swirling secrets human beings could live quietly, socially, he thought, as the days went on. Here again was something he would have to draw on in later years. The prospect made him happy the first time the thought came to him, but gradually he began to know a richer happiness than that which came out of dreaming of his fame. He was becoming aware of new depths in himself, and the awareness alone was what gave him that richer happiness. He did not know whether these depths had existed before or whether they had been created for him by the experience he was going through. He did not care. He knew only that, sleeping in the bed he had always slept in, eating the same kind of food he had always eaten, walking the same streets, he was changing into a different person. There were still moments each day when he asked himself who he was, but the need to have an answer was becoming more dim. Occasionally he tried to force himself to worry about it, but he could not. Somehow, it did not matter.

For several days his aunt had showed the signs of sleepless nights and had hounded him with fearful glances all day long. But he had sustained the air of untouchability he had established that first afternoon, when he met her walking up and down the block waiting for him. Without any definite gestures, he kept her from starting any discussion of the subject. He even managed, by ways he could not determine, to be seldom alone with her. And gradually her preoccupation with the subject seemed to disappear, too. While it had lasted she had succeeded in overcoming her sister-in-law's objections to being helped with the housework, and had done a great

deal. Now, however, she lapsed once more. She spent more time in the rocking chair and before her mirror, and had even begun to talk about the ungratefulness of her daughter again.

Watching her, Albert marveled still more at the storms over which people could live. Not only was it that one person could live over a storm that was his own secret, but a whole group of people could live over a secret that was jointly theirs. What then had his parents been doing for seventeen years—they and their friends and surely some of their neighbors? A whole structure of life based on a secret, and no signs of it about except his father's bluster and his mother's withdrawing tenderness.

July ended and half of August passed. Albert watched the days go by. For weeks he had not looked into a book. Three times he had turned down Martin Tolman's suggestion that they go out.

"What's the matter? Are you becoming a puritan?" Martin asked him. The challenge roused Albert, he was tempted to call Martin up and say he had changed his mind; but like in so many other things these days, he simply could not bring himself, physically, to do it.

He had never made many overtures to the girls he had gone to school with, but he had always been gracious toward their overtures. The only reason he had not made many overtures himself was because he always felt the insufficiency of the girls he knew. Too much of him remained asleep when he was with them, so he preferred to be alone. The little time he did spend with them reassured him as to his desirability and power, and doubts as to these things always arose in him after a considerable period of solitude. Now, though, even his graciousness toward the overtures made by the girls stopped. When they called him he said that his father's clerk was sick, that he spent entire days in the store, and was terribly tired in the evening. His mother, overhearing his side of the conversation, would come

over to him afterward and half-heartedly urge him to go out more. He would look at her big face and wonder at the perpetual struggle it must be hiding. Once the thought came to him that at last he had the explanation for the incongruity between her big body and the smallness of her voice, particularly when she talked to him. She had no more strength to give to her voice after she had ended the combat she must certainly go through each time she made ready to talk to him—the combat between wanting to tell the truth and not wanting to.

Many times each day he remembered that he must finally decide about going, where to go, what college to plan for, if any. The college end of it was not so definite now; there would be money matters involved. Each time he tried to hold on to the thought, to mill through it to an answer. And each time it slipped away from him, without his knowing when or how.

One evening, late in August, Albert came out on the porch where his father and mother were already sitting. His Aunt Dolly was visiting down the street.

There was quiet when he stepped out doors, but he was sure he had heard voices a moment before. Had his coming cut some conversation short? If so, what had they been talking about? Had Aunt Dolly told them? Dizzy with fear that she had, he dropped into a chair facing them both. But already he was asking himself what he was afraid of. Wasn't this what he had wanted all these weeks, that they should know that he knew? Bewildered at himself, he kept staring at them until he saw that their essential repose showed that they did not know.

"Why did you stop talking so suddenly when I came out?" he asked, with a playfulness that was giddy with his relief. "What secrets have you got from me?"

"We weren't talking," said his mother.

"We finished," said his father.

Albert chuckled. There was that impotence of theirs again. To contradict each other so unguardedly! What simple people they were!

"But I heard you mention my name," he lied. "That's really not fair. I have a right to know."

He was aware of the cat-and-mouse quality of his manner, and he was enjoying it. It was so easy to play with them. They did not even know he was playing; no one could reproach him for it.

But why . . . why was he wasting his time like this? This was the moment in which to act! They were alone; the absence of his aunt had helped to create an intimacy for the three of them. Even his teasing was proof of his softness. And more than that—it was at moments like this, he felt, that judgments are made and decisions accepted. He felt it because in himself there was no belligerence, no desire to fight for non-existent standards, and he was sure it was so with them, too. All three of them had been reduced to their unsullied selves as human beings, and there was no limit to their capacity for understanding. This was the moment at which to go over to them, put an arm around each one, and say, "Look here. Aunt Dolly has told me everything about my parentage. Let's talk about it."

He wanted to do it, he was even sure that if he did not do it now he never would. But he could not bring himself to the physical exertion required. Instead, he heard himself asking, this time not teasingly, but waveringly, as the result of his strange inability to talk out:

"Tell me what you were talking about."

There was a moment of silence. Then, wetting her lips first, his mother spoke:

"We were wondering when you were going down to Junior College to enroll."

He started out of his relaxed pose so violently that the whole wicker chair creaked. His blood was in his temples.

What a fool he had been! He was the fool and they were the clever ones! They had waited for his moment of weakness, because they knew that otherwise they did not stand a chance! They were coercing him! It was enough!

But his anger did not last. He remembered the smallness of his mother's voice when she had said her few words. There had been no coercion in it, only pleading. He saw the utter stillness with which his father was awaiting his answer. It was a death sentence they were waiting for, and he could not give it.

"I haven't made any decision yet, about anything," he said, weakly. Then he got up and went into the house.

Nor was he aware of the moment when he did make a decision. But two mornings later he went downtown to the old high-school building that had been turned into the Junior College and enrolled. Several times, on his way downtown, he started to get off the street car, to go back. At the door of the college he paused, again resolved to go back. And as he was filling out the application blank, and came to the words "Father's name" the whole story became tormentingly alive in him once more, with all its mysteries, and questions, and lies. But automatically his fingers had begun to write "Edward Handel" in the blank space, and he watched them go slowly on to the end of their task.

Self-accusation and taunting were still in him when he came out of the building. For a moment he stood on the opposite corner, looking at the old brick structure and nodding mockingly.

He could not think of riding back, there was too much nervousness in him. So he started to walk the three miles to his home. But as he walked the nervousness passed away, and in its place came energy—exhilarated, exultant.

He had nothing to taunt himself with, he saw now. He had wanted to be free and he was free, in a deeper, ripper way than he had ever foreseen. Free, with-

out hurt anywhere around him, except in himself perhaps, and he was strong enough to stand it.

No, even that was not true. He was not hurt. He was not going to play the martyr. There was no denying that what he had now was more than strange cities could ever have taught.

His desire to go away had been only a childish hankering after something that had the appearance of life. Now he had life itself, so much of it that it was not yet quiet in him.

No, he was not yet through with his struggle. He knew that. Even now, as he walked, he continued to look into the face of every man and woman who passed, seeking some resemblance to himself, waiting for some instinctive recognition of his father or his mother. A few days ago his search had been more intense, now he was scanning the faces almost mechanically. But to-morrow, perhaps, some new curiosity would take hold of him. He had gone through so many now that he knew the number was endless. Well, let the torment come. He was ready for it. He looked forward to it. He was even jealous for it. Was this desire for torment a personal idiosyncrasy, he wondered. No, he was certain it was not. What strange creatures we are, he thought, and once more sounded the added depths that had come to him.

How narrowly he had missed some tragedy! Suppose he had blurted out the story a few weeks ago, or even last night? He would have wrecked them, and he did not want to wreck them who had given him life all these years. Not life itself, of course. And yet, what was life to him except what he remembered? He visualized the scene of his finding: a tiny bit of animate flesh squirming around in a basket outside the grocery store one spring morning seventeen years ago. What connection did he have with that infant? It was what he had got since then that mattered; and that they had given to him.

But they—they were different. He

had everything; but not they. And it was for him to make up for what they did not have—the months of waiting for him, the final hours, the first few days of his life. And above all, there was the horror of knowing, always, how far he was from them. All they had was the comfort of his physical nearness. It constituted their illusion of possession, and it was for him to maintain it—that was his part in the secret structure.

He would never tease them again as he had teased them last night. There was the warning of tears in his eyes as he strode along. They were tears of thankfulness for whatever it was that had saved him from the tragedy he might have brought about.

At the dinner table he told them what he had done, poised for his father's blustering "So you've come to your senses at last, have you?" and his mother's almost whispered "I knew you would, son." But neither of them said a word. For the second time that day Albert grew weak and felt tears in his eyes. How little he still knew! How much beyond him even they still were! The only sound that had come in answer to his words was a gasp, from his aunt.

That evening she announced that she was going home the next day. Over their objections—genuinely hearty objections because all three of them were excited and they had no other way of showing it—she went into the house, called up the Union Station about trains, and began to pack. The two older people followed her, first continuing with their pleas, and then, when they saw that it was useless, helping her pack.

Albert was left alone on the porch. From the right side came the tinkle of Miss Mack's piano. He remembered, as of years back, his momentary certainty that she was his mother, and the childishness of it amused him. This was one of the moments when it did not matter at all who his mother was. From the other side came the bark of the Chesters' poodle as Mr. Chester

romped with him. Upstairs, Albert knew, the boarder lay asleep. He wondered what was going on in Mr. Chester's mind, in his wife's mind, in the boarder's mind. Then, as the playing of the piano became braver for a few bars, he wondered what Selina Mack was dreaming about as she worked on that second waltz of hers. But this time it was more than wonder; it was almost a need to know.

And suddenly he was thinking of his Aunt Dolly and the strange defeat that was driving her back to Chicago and the daughter she had disclaimed. It was defeat that was driving her back. She had lost her child and she had wanted to deprive her brother and his wife of theirs, too.

Yes, that was it. It was a clever explanation and a true one.

A clever explanation and a true one . . . but it was not enough. It was only the bone; there was flesh around it, and the flesh was a wall to him. What pain did it endure? What surges of blood did it know? What had his aunt gone through this past month? And his parents—what had they gone through these seventeen years?

Would he ever learn these things? Was the power in him? The questions wrung him until he was certain that in another moment he would begin to pray for an answer. Then, suddenly, the tension of the last weeks broke altogether, and for the first time he threw himself down and cried.





DISSENTING OPINIONS

BY JOSEPH M. PROSKAUER

TO TENNYSON the law is a "codeless myriad of precedent"; to Coke it is the "perfection of reason." When that great hero of the legal imagination, the "average reasonable man," endeavors to determine to which of these views he shall subscribe, he is genuinely and sorely perplexed. He has an innate respect for constituted authority and a not wholly unselfish reverence for the institution which protects his liberty, his safety, and his property. When he thinks of this he votes with Coke. On the other hand, when he contemplates the continual reversals of lower by higher courts he begins to wonder what it is all about. When he observes successive important decisions rendered by a divided bench, whose minority in a dissenting opinion characterize as fallacious and unsound the authoritative utterance of their own court, he begins to lean very much to Tennyson. We lawyers might as well confess that the layman is entitled to receive from us, if not an excuse, at least an explanation for the mystifying procedure under which nine judges of the highest court in the land—assumed, and in general rightly assumed to be learned leaders of the profession and versed in the law—may reach a conclusion by a vote of five to four and hand down two opinions each of which eruditely proves to its writer's satisfaction that the other is egregiously wrong.

The minority usually couches in no uncertain terms its demonstration that the majority is steeped in error. The Haddock case is typical. The Supreme Court of the United States, by a vote of

five to four, there held that, under the facts of that case, the State of New York was not compelled to recognize the validity of a divorce granted without personal service upon the defendant by the courts of Connecticut. One of the dissenters, Justice Holmes, wrote: "As I think that the decision not only reverses a previous well-considered decision of this court, but is likely to cause considerable disaster to innocent persons and to bastardize children hitherto supposed to be the offspring of lawful marriage, I think it proper to express my views." With equally characteristic candor the same justice in another case observed: "The common law is not a brooding omnipresence in the sky, but the articulate voice of some sovereign or quasi-sovereign that can be identified, although some decisions with which I have disagreed seem to have forgotten the fact." Each side usually indicates allegiance to the boast of an English jurist, "I may be wrong, but I have no doubts."

There is something in this process offensive to the American passion for uniformity. The appeal to "normalcy" which not so many years ago elected a president of the United States had its justification in a keen knowledge of popular psychology. We have come too much to worship the ideal of mass production in things spiritual and intellectual as well as in things material. Generally we like to think of our law as something clean cut, certain, logical, and easily understood, and of our ministers of justice as wise, learned, and efficient officers who can apply this system of law to the facts in hand very much as the

cook cuts the dough with a cake mold. The layman is generally unable to fathom why the courts should not function summarily without dissent and without friction very much as the umpire functions at a baseball game. My purpose is to attempt to explain why dissent arises and why it is proper and useful to express it.

II

Primarily, it exists because the law deals with material which is the most complicated, difficult, and least understood in the world. That material is human life and experience. It is as varied as men are different. Its manifestations are as multifarious as are the affairs of men. The law has to deal with human motives, good and bad, clear and obscure; with human conduct in every occupation and trade and profession and business; with the complicated processes which man has created for government. Thus, the judge's function is completely differentiated from that of the mere umpire or referee. The referee at the football game has many rules to enforce; he must choose which is applicable, interpret, and apply it. We have sometimes seen the football officials disagree among themselves or reverse their rulings. Recalling this picture, we may perhaps marvel less to find dissent among judges who must arbitrate not the mere playing of a team for sixty minutes, but, continuously through the years, the play and the work and the endeavors of millions and must give coherent rules of conduct for man's myriad activities, ceaselessly impacting upon one another.

Moreover, the law is not self-executing. It must deal through ministers who, however able, are none the less human in the limitation of their wisdom. Their aim is to bring justice out of this human maze. Because life is a maze, they can never reduce the process by which they seek to achieve this aim to a series of formulas upon which all the good and the wise may placidly agree. The "nature of the judicial process," so

complex, woven with so many strands of precedent and pragmatism, of logic and ethics, has been pictured by the philosopher of our New York bench, the Chief Judge of our Court of Appeals. The judge is to apply the legal principle. That sounds simple, but it is only a beginning. Judge Cardozo writes: "The directive force of a principle may be exerted along the line of logical progression; this I will call the rule of analogy or the method of philosophy; along the line of historical development; this I will call the method of evolution; along the line of the customs of the community; this I will call the method of tradition; along the lines of justice, morals, and social welfare, the *mores* of the day; and this I will call the method of sociology." These are the interacting forces which make human agents differ among themselves when they engage in the difficult twofold task of doing justice in the particular case and of formulating the rule of decision which shall give guidance for future conduct and future adjudication thereon. The kaleidoscopic contrasts in human reaction to such stimuli are necessarily vivid and marked. We cannot escape the personal equation in the decisions of the courts. The judge is no exception to the proverb "As many men as many minds"—essentially implicit in all human nature. And we may find enlightening illustrations of the working of this individuality of point of view in some of the simplest concrete cases where the courts divide merely because they are dealing with questions upon which men inherently and naturally differ.

An insurance company issued a policy indemnifying the policyholder against damage occasioned by reason of the "ownership or maintenance" of an automobile. The owner was cleaning his automobile with kerosene oil from a nearby open can; he stopped work to light his pipe and tossed away a burning match; it fell in the can of kerosene; the oil ignited and flamed up: instinctively

he kicked the can; it flew against a passerby and burned him. Was that injury occasioned by reason of the "maintenance" of the automobile? The lower court held that it was; the appellate court thought otherwise. So, too, would laymen differ among themselves in the determination of this question, more factual than legal.

Scores of litigations have arisen from a favorite practice among people of modest means to deposit money in the savings bank in trust for some relative or friend. The depositor is under no legal obligation to the beneficiary, keeps the pass book, gives no notice to the beneficiary, exercises control over the account and treats it as his own. Then he dies. Does the money go to his estate or to the beneficiary? The highest court of New York writes that it cannot consider the numerous cases decided by the lower courts "owing to the conflict in the opinions of learned justices" and declares: "It is necessary for us to settle the conflict by laying down such a rule as will best promote the interests of all the people in the state"; and with an air of finality it continues: "We announce the following as our conclusion: A deposit by one person of his own money in his own name as trustee for another, standing alone, does not establish an irrevocable trust during the lifetime of the depositor. It is a tentative trust merely, revocable at will, until the depositor dies or completes the gift in his lifetime by some unequivocal act or declaration, such as the delivery of the pass book or notice to the beneficiary." The attempt of the court here was to create a rule of law which would simply and definitively mirror the actual intent of men and women. But it was a rule from which many other judges had differed and as to which laymen would equally differ. Moreover, these differences have continued when the endeavor was made to apply the principle to new states of fact. Would a will which failed to mention the deposit specifically, but contained a bequest of all of the decedent's property,

show an intent to revoke the tentative trust? That is but one of the subsequent questions that have faced the courts. But instead of giving the judicial answers which have been made, I suggest that the reader try to formulate his own answers and decide what he thinks the testator intended. His perplexity will be a fair indication of the reasons for variances in judicial attempts to solve the problem.

A hairdresser applied a hair dye; immediately thereafter her finger became infected; she sued the maker of the hair dye for the damage thus caused her; she gave no independent proof that the dye was poisonous, but asked that an inference to that effect be drawn from the circumstance that her finger showed the infection immediately after the hair dye was used. The lower court held that this was a reasonable inference which rational men might draw; the highest court held that it was not. Possibly a lay court might reverse the highest court and the man on the street stoutly maintain that it was not unreasonable to assume that the hair dye injured the finger which became sore immediately after it was touched by the dye.

A defendant planned to commit a robbery; he started in an automobile to the scene of the proposed crime, but was arrested before he came anywhere near his destination; he never found or saw the man he intended to rob. The lower court held by a vote of three to two that the defendant was guilty of the crime of attempted robbery. The highest court held unanimously that he was not and wrote: "The procuring of the automobile, searching the streets looking for the desired victim, were in reality acts tending toward the commission of the proposed crime. The law, however, recognizes that many acts in the way of preparation are too remote to constitute the crime of attempt" and affirms the principle that "The act amounts to an attempt when it is so near to the result that the danger of success is very great.

There must be dangerous proximity to success." Is starting for the scene of the crime "so near to the result that the danger of success is very great"? Is the defendant entitled to the benefit of the presumption that he might still draw back from the actual commission of the crime? Let the reader compare his answers to these queries with the answers of those who sit beside him.

III

In truth, as Justice Holmes has written, general principles do not decide concrete cases; rather they turn upon the manner in which the judge's individual interpretation of the general principle is applied to the judge's understanding of the facts of the case.

When we consider cases of greater public importance involving general basic principles, the effect of the judge's individual point of view becomes even more clearly marked. His economic training and beliefs mold his opinions. The Supreme Court of the United States had to consider the validity of a New Jersey statute regulating the charges of employment bureaus. The majority of the Court thought the business not so "affected with a public interest" as to justify such price regulation. Justice Sutherland wrote: "While we do not undertake to say that there may not be a deeper concern on the part of the public in the business of an employment agency, that business does not differ in substantial character from the business of a real estate broker, ship broker, merchandise broker, or ticket broker. . . . An employment agency is essentially a private business." Justice Stone, writing for the minority, thought, "Ticket brokers and employment brokers are similar in name; in no other respect do they seem alike to me. To overcharge a man for the privilege of hearing the opera is one thing; to control the possibility of his earning a livelihood would appear to be quite another." The majority held close to the logic of

prior decisions; the minority sought to apply the pragmatic test to the phrase "affected with a public interest." Justice Stone pointed out that "For thirty years or more the evils found to be connected with the business of employment agencies in the United States have been the subject of repeated investigations. . . . They show that the agencies, left to themselves, very generally charge extortionate fees . . . that the fees charged are often discriminatory. . . . Fee-splitting has been a recurrent subject of complaint . . . at times of widespread unemployment the private agencies are known to raise their fees out of all proportion to the reasonable value of their services." Economic training led the majority to emphasize the freedom of contract; it led the minority to consider the phrase an empty shibboleth if in fact there was no such freedom.

Moreover, the courts must give answer to questions which turn even more sharply upon the social philosophy of the judge, where the structure of decision is firmly and laboriously erected on the judge's individual social creed.

Rosika Schwimmer, an alien, filed a petition for naturalization. She was asked, "If necessary, are you willing to take up arms in defense of this country?" She answered, "I would not take up arms personally. If the United States can compel its women citizens to take up arms in defense of the country—something that no other civilized government has ever attempted—I would not be able to comply with this requirement of American citizenship." And she added, "I am an uncompromising pacifist. I have no sense of nationalism, only a cosmic consciousness of belonging to the human family." The Supreme Court of the United States held that she could not receive citizenship. Justice Butler's prevailing opinion recites: "Such persons are liable to be incapable of the attachment for and devotion to the principles of our Constitution that are required of aliens seeking naturaliza-

tion." Justice Brandeis concurred in a dissenting opinion by Justice Holmes, shot through and through with the flaming enthusiasm for an ideal, that precious possession of youth of which the years have not robbed the oldest member of our highest court. He writes: "Some of her answers might excite popular prejudice, but if there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us but freedom for the thought that we hate. . . . And, recurring to the opinion that bars this applicant's way, I would suggest that the Quakers have done their share to make the country what it is, that many citizens agree with the applicant's belief, and that I had not supposed hitherto that we regretted our inability to expel them because they believe more than some of us do in the teachings of the Sermon on the Mount."

Finally we come to a decision like that in the Dred Scott case, one of the type which tends to make the political history of the nation. In main outline, here was a case of stark and dramatic simplicity. Dred Scott was a negro slave belonging to an army surgeon, Doctor Emerson. In the year 1834 his master took him into the Territory of Upper Louisiana where slavery was prohibited; he also took him into the free state of Illinois. Scott asserted that he thereby became a free man. He brought suit in the state court of Missouri to establish his freedom and the highest court of that state, reversing its previous decisions, held against him. He then brought a suit in the federal court against a master to whom Doctor Emerson had purported to sell him. The Circuit Court had no jurisdiction unless the plaintiff and the defendant were "citizens" of different states. A primary question raised by the defendant was that a negro slave, even if freed, could not become a citizen; that even if he might cease to become a piece of property the law could not

endow him with the attributes of citizenship and that, therefore, the case would have to be dismissed for want of jurisdiction. The Supreme Court of the United States upheld this contention by a vote of five to two. There were seven opinions—five against Dred Scott and two for him. They cover over two hundred and thirty printed pages of the reports. Precedents are cited and hairs are split. On the surface judges are discussing the technicalities of citizenship and jurisdiction. But all the dressing of legal phraseology is insufficient to obscure the skeletons upon which the reasoning was hung and the votes cast. The Chief Justice writing against Dred Scott referred to the Declaration of Independence and announced as an axiom that "the enslaved African race were not intended to be included and formed no part of the people who framed and adopted this Declaration." Justice McLean, who held that Dred Scott was a citizen of the United States, wrote: "We need not refer to the mercenary spirit which introduced the infamous traffic in slaves, to show the degradation of negro slavery in our country. . . . I prefer the lights of Madison, Hamilton, and Jay, as a means of construing the Constitution in all its bearings, rather than to look behind that period, into a traffic which is now declared to be piracy, and punished with death by Christian nations. I do not like to draw the sources of our domestic relations from so dark a ground."

What factually divided the court was the irreconcilable difference in the ultimate basic political beliefs of the judges. No court, not even the highest, was so far removed from life, so segregated, so set apart, that its members could fail to feel beating upon their minds and their consciences the passionate conflict of political creeds which was slowly rending the nation to the point of civil war. And as they were impelled by their deep convictions on this great political issue, these judges, in complete honesty, thought and wrote and voted.

After the Civil War came the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Among other things it forbade any state to make or enforce any law "which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States, nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." Historically it was doubtless designed solely to prevent the oppression of the colored race. When it was first considered by the Supreme Court of the United States, the majority of the court so limited it and refused to hold that a statute of Louisiana, conferring a monopoly to maintain slaughter houses, violated the constitutional guaranty of equality or deprived competitors of their property without due process of law. Four members of the court dissented, all approving an opinion of Justice Field, which concludes: "That only is a free government in the American sense of the term under which the inalienable right of every citizen to pursue his happiness is unrestrained except by just, equal and impartial laws."

The history of Justice Field's opinion is the demonstration of the purpose and value of the statement of judicial dissent. As the radical of to-day is the conservative of to-morrow, so the dissent of to-day often becomes the law of to-morrow. The philosophy underlying Justice Field's opinion is now firmly embodied in the law of the land. All the many cases dealing with the validity of the exercise of police power and with many kindred subjects have been decided in the light of that philosophy. The late Judge Hough of the Circuit Court of Appeals of New York expressed the wish that lawyers "would measure the development of law by dissents—which are worth more study than is usually accorded them." He continued: "In a court not subject to sudden change, able and continued dissent

delimits and accentuates decision; it reveals far more than does the majority opinion the intellectual differences of the council table; and the present status of the police power is to me more clearly revealed by the dissents of Justice Holmes than by the syllabi of digests."

That great dissenter once wrote: "But when men realize that time has upset many fighting faiths, they may come to believe even more than they believe the very foundations of their own conduct that the ultimate good desired is better reached by free trade in ideas—that the best test of truth is the power of the thought to get itself accepted in the competition of the market, and that truth is the only ground upon which their wishes can be carried out. That at any rate is the theory of our Constitution. It is an experiment, as all life is an experiment." Perhaps, consciously or unconsciously, he was here expressing the philosophy of his own judicial life which so often prompted him to vigorous and enlightening dissent.

IV

Even where the theory of the dissent does not ultimately prevail, its expression is no futile gesture. The law is not a dead or static mechanism. It is a living organism which grows and develops to meet the ever-shifting panorama of life. Its progress is slowed on the one hand by adherence to precedent which keeps it stable; and quickened on the other by the poignant desire of its ministers to make it conform with the social and economic and political needs of the age. The dissenting opinion voices at times the protest against too speedy departure from accepted faith and too slight respect for settled authority; at other times it strikes with appropriate impatience at the shackles which bind the law too firmly to outworn creeds and bygone technicalities. Even though it never becomes the majority view, it is no voice crying in the wilderness. The dissenting judge, if he

achieves nothing else, at least whets the reasoning and clarifies the expression of the majority. He accentuates the points of agreement and of difference and thus more accurately defines and delimits the actual holding of the case. He offers himself as a kind of intellectual anvil upon which the hammer of the

majority may beat out and finely fashion an exactly wrought declaration of the law of the case. The exercise of this function alone would justify his existence. And, over and above this, he often points the path by which future generations shall proceed on the never-ending quest for justice.

POPLARS

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

T*HEY are the hillside monarchs, these
Lombardy poplar trees.
Above the lower reaches of the shade,
They wear their coronals of light—
Cool silver in the fiercest noon—
And in the audience chamber of the night,
Where courtier aspens go arrayed
In all the velvet darkness of the glade,
They only, wear the fillet of the moon.*

*They are the guardians of the street,
Standing, from head to feet
In armor burnished by the wind that strays
In higher ethers and leaves free
The branches of a wider girth
On every motionless and lowlier tree.
While sheltering from the treacherous ways
They give their hearts to thrushes, that shall praise
A lyric throne above the listening earth.*

*So being royal, shall they bear
The fury of the air—
These, that for guests, had little singing things,
When armies of the winds assail
And all the batteries of the sky
Release the shattering charges of the hail.
For these that touched the lyric wings
Of life have yet the dauntless hearts of kings
And show at need how wounded monarchs—die.*



THE JINX AND PHYLLIS

A STORY

BY ELMER DAVIS

LUCK? Yes, some people are born with it and some are born to do without it; but for most of us it pretty well evens up in the long run—especially if we take hold and help. For instance, there was the case of Phyllis Netherman.

Phyl's bad luck began a couple of years before she was born, when Henry Netherman met Esmeralda Ingoldsby. It was bad luck for Henry too, but he was one of those people who bear bad luck so nobly that they attract it like a magnet. Esmeralda told him that she didn't love him and never would, and that she didn't intend to marry anyway. Her life was devoted to her work, she said—the work of the Society for the Prevention of Something or Other and the Suppression of Something Else, of which she was founder, president, and guiding spirit.

But Henry kept after her, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause; and in a moment of weakness—when the heaviest contributor to her society died, leaving all his money to his family—Esmeralda allowed Henry to lead her to a marriage license bureau, and thence to a pastor's study. Then in due time there was Phyllis; and a few years later—the summer I was ten years old—they bought a cottage up here on Peatogue Lake.

We're an average lot, we of the Peatogue summer colony—none of us poor and none of us rich (now that the Dillards are gone, who used to have that big estate down the lake shore); just a

slice of middle-class America, so much alike in race and background and temperament that newcomers complain that the summer is almost over before they can tell us apart. And we're just like one big family; most of us started coming here as children and grew up on the beach with the boys and girls we married afterward. But the colony took the Nethermans in, for they seemed like all the rest of us. She had graduated from Packer Institute in Brooklyn, and he was in the cotton business—going down to New York on Monday morning and coming back Friday evening, like all the other Peatogue husbands, and making an adequate but not an offensive amount of money.

Even when we learned that this was the Esmeralda Ingoldsby Netherman who was so renowned for prevention and suppression nobody cared much till she started trying to prevent and suppress around Peatogue. Young as I was that summer, I remember the uproar. Esmeralda wasn't one of these sour reformers; she was large and bland and smiling. She was always having a lot of fun and she insisted that you must have a lot of fun too, or what she called fun. The old-timers couldn't get rid of her; but they made her give up trying to reform us. Everybody liked Henry Netherman; and if his wife didn't quite belong, she gave the impression that she was set apart by her fame, as was Mrs. Dillard by her money. Esmeralda could see the advantages of being a big frog in a small puddle.

But Phyl grew up on the beach with all the rest of us. When she came she'd had the precise speech and quiet good manners of a child who hasn't played much with other children; but of course that didn't last. I was fifteen, Phyl was eleven, before it occurred to me that she was different from other girls; and then only when I overheard mother saying to father, one Friday evening:

"I had a long talk with the Battleship to-day." (Esmeralda was known around Peatogue as the Battleship; and she was proud of it.) "She's quite worried over Phyllis's romantic tendencies. It seems the girl is mad about stories of knights and heroes. . . . Poor Phyl! She'll need a hero."

"Why?" I put in; and mother glowered at me.

"You aren't supposed to be listening, Benny." So I pretended to read a book, but I kept my ears open as she went on—"It will take a brave boy to try to marry the poor girl, with that old dragon standing guard."

"She'll meet somebody who doesn't know Esmeralda," father predicted.

"Where? The Battleship doesn't trust schools and colleges. Phyl is to be privately educated—trained to carry on her mother's work. Of course, says Esmeralda, marriage is an experience that shouldn't be missed, but it's to be only an incident in Phyl's career. Which means that the girl and her husband, if she ever gets one, will be nothing but slaves to that woman. I tell you, John, it's terrible!"

"Lots of things are terrible," said father, in what I had learned to recognize as his Friday evening voice. "Business, for instance. I'm not going to waste worry on Phyllis Netherman."

"Every parent of a boy in Peatogue ought to worry about her! She's going to be a raving beauty, with that fiery red hair and those sultry brown eyes. Do you want your son to have Esmeralda for a mother-in-law?"

I thought that was nonsense; Phyllis was only a skinny kid. Still, I remem-

bered what I heard that evening. And I suppose in the next few years some such conversation took place in every cottage around Peatogue Lake, where there was a boy who was growing up on the beach with Phyllis.

She turned out a raving beauty, sure enough; but as she grew up we boys were all afraid of her. Like the Dillards' bear, somebody said; but she was worse than that. The Dillards' bear cub had grown up on the beach with us, too. Now that he was a full-grown bear, strangers were afraid of him; whenever he left the estate the Dillard boys came with him, or right behind. But to us who had grown up with him he was still one of the gang.

But our mothers had managed to endow Phyl with an atmosphere of nameless horror—like that girl Hawthorne wrote about, who was fed on poisons. She felt it, too. When the crowd was lounging on the beach after a swim she'd sometimes join in the chatter—and then all at once she'd catch herself, and go off into a queer silence, as if she'd remembered she didn't belong. She took to swimming alone at sunrise, by the big rock at the corner of the Dillard place; to strolling alone on the beach, shy and stiff and proud. Somebody called her the Sleep-walking Beauty.

What's that you say? What was the matter with us boys? Where was our spirit, that one of us didn't run off with her? . . . Well, our mothers had trained us early; they didn't wait till Phyl was old enough to excite us. By the time she ripened, every boy in Peatogue had certain facts imbedded in his background of knowledge—toadstools were poison and so was she. And if we ever started to forget it, there was Esmeralda before our eyes. We were all afraid of the old Battleship.

At that, I was the first boy who ever kissed Phyl. (Oh, it's all right to tell it; she tells it herself, and laughs about it, damn her.) Just before I went back to college for my junior year I somehow

got up courage to take her home from the Saturday night dance at the club. On the porch, I forgot that she was poison; she was Phyllis, so I kissed her. She took it open-eyed, reflective, wondering if she liked it. I kissed her again . . . That time her eyes closed; she certainly did like it. So did I. Then I let go of Phyl in a hurry, for the old Battleship was steaming out on the porch.

"Come, Benny!" She smiled like a hungry dragon. "You're too big a boy to maul the girls like that, now. Besides, it's time to go home."

Yes, I went home. So would you.

I wasn't permitted to see much more of Phyl before I went back to college. I told her I'd write to her, but she said it was no use—her mother read all her letters. I hadn't meant to write anything her mother couldn't read, but I was ashamed to admit it, after that. She said she might write to me, but she never did; and that fall I met a girl named Lois McCarthy at the Princeton game; and— Well, that's how it all began. My wife's the salt of the earth; I'm glad I never got mixed up with Phyl. Though sometimes I've wondered . . . If I'd known as much that summer as I think I know now . . .

But I was telling you about Phyllis.

I missed two or three summers at the lake, while I was getting my start in the office; but after the baby was born Lois and I took the old cottage, and I began coming up on Friday evening, and getting up early Monday morning to take the ferry across the lake, and catch the 8:15 train back to town, just as father had done for twenty years. Peatogue was still the same, and most of the old crowd was there, including Phyl.

She was her mother's secretary now; but the reform industry was feeling the post-war deflation, and Esmeralda apparently thought Phyl might as well get her experience of marriage in the slack season. At any rate, when Phyl's fiancé presently came up for a visit we

could guess that her mother had picked him out. We all met him at tea the day after he arrived. His name was Alfred; he came of an old Brooklyn family, with money; and the general verdict was that he was about as good as could be expected.

But that evening Phyl took him for a walk; and on the winding path beyond the Dillard place they met a large black bear. Phyl knew the Dillard boys would be right behind him, and she turned to tell Alfred so. But Alfred had gone.

I'll say this for Alfred—he knew enough to keep on going. He may have looked back and seen Phyl and the bear engaged in a friendly chat; but he kept right on going. It was sixteen miles around the lake to the railroad station, over wooded hills where he didn't know the trails; but he made it, afoot and in the dark, rather than go back to face Esmeralda. The Nethermans never spoke of him again; but Phyl turned up with a new fiancé next summer, and we could see she'd picked this one herself.

There was nothing the matter with Rudy, except that he didn't have any money. He was a Hungarian, an ex-war aviator; not a nobleman, he insisted, just a country gentleman whose estates had been annexed and confiscated by the Rumanians. His manners were charming; and Bob Dillard, who had lately bought a seaplane and started commuting by air from the lake to the foot of Wall Street, reported that he flew like a bird. But he had no money, and neither had Phyl. Henry Netherman had died, leaving a tidy property invested in guaranteed first mortgages at five per cent; but of course he'd left it all to Esmeralda.

The old Battleship took the engagement like a sportsman. The young people had surprised her, she admitted, but she liked Rudy. Only, she couldn't think of letting her child marry an aviator; and aviating was all that Rudy knew. But there was no hurry, said

Esmeralda; let Phyl and Rudy have a good time at the lake that summer, and maybe something would turn up. And so it did, after pictures of the engaged couple had appeared in all the papers—a suit against Rudy, by a manicure girl in a San Antonio hotel. Not breach of promise—non-support. He'd married her when he was an enlisted man at Kelly Field, under another name.

Some people will tell you that the other name was his real one; that he'd learned all his flying on stolen time at Kelly Field, and had never been nearer Hungary than Coney Island. I don't believe it. I believe he enlisted in the American army because he was broke, and changed his name because he was ashamed; I believe he really thought that Mexican divorce he'd got was good. Phyl believed that, too, and took him up to explain it all to her mother. . . . Well—poor Rudy. He'd faced the Dillards' bear without flinching, but he couldn't stand up against Esmeralda. He went—God knows where, but I'll bet he kept on going too.

So people began to talk about the terrible luck poor Phyl was having. Even mothers who had taught their boys she was poison were sorry for her, now that their boys were safely married. But Phyl, naturally, began to think that maybe she was poison—a jinx to every man who loved her.

"Though," she told my wife afterward, "it was partly my own fault."

My wife is Phyl's best friend at the lake—perhaps because she's about the only woman who didn't grow up on the beach with her, in the days when she didn't quite belong.

"I've always expected too much of men," Phyl confessed to Lois the summer after Rudy went. "I expected a hero—but heroes are scarce. And I didn't know how to handle the men I had. It was Alfred's legs that took him away from the bear, not his intentions. If I'd given him another chance . . . And Rudy really did want me, not

that other woman. I told him I'd wait till he got rid of her, even if it took years; and he was all for doing it till mother lit into him. I ought to have known enough to run off with him, and never let him meet her at all. I guess I'll have to try to make my own luck after this. In fact," said Phyl, gallantly trying to laugh about it, "I'm about ready to take any reasonable offer—and it doesn't have to be too damned reasonable, at that. But the men I meet in the winter, working for mother, are simply hopeless; and here at the lake everybody knows I'm a jinx now."

"You know what the jinx is as well as I do!" said Lois fiercely. "Break away from your mother! You could be somebody else's secretary—"

"I couldn't leave her," Phyl sighed. "Mother's feeling low, though she won't admit it. Five per cent's a miserable income, she says, so last winter she took about half her money and put it into something that would bring her ten per cent with perfect security. She got ten per cent, all right—ten per cent of her capital back, when she finally sold out. And her reform society isn't doing so well just now—"

"What of it?" Lois snapped. "You don't care about the fool thing."

"No," said Phyl, "but she does. I couldn't let her down."

So we began to worry about poor Phyl, who was only twenty-three and more beautiful than ever, but had the manner of somebody's maiden aunt aged forty-eight—pleasant but aloof, as if her life were all over. And then something incredible happened, which made the older people tell us sagely that everything came out right in the long run.

Bob Dillard fell in love with Phyl.

At first we didn't take it seriously. He flew up from Wall Street every evening, to stroll over after dinner and talk to her; but they'd grown up on the beach together and had always been like brother and sister. Then all at once they broke the news that they were going to be married in October. Lois claims

that Phyl was never crazy about Bob, the way she'd been about Rudy; but she liked him a lot, and he wasn't afraid of the jinx. And he promptly told Esmeralda she'd have to get a new secretary, for he and Phyl were going to spend their winters at Palm Beach.

How did Esmeralda like that? Nobody asked her how she liked it, but she took it. You don't argue with ten million dollars.

So all the women said it was too beautiful, the way poor Phyl's luck had turned at last. She still swam before breakfast, by the big rock next to the Dillard place—just about the time Bob took off for Wall Street. You could see the rock from our house; Lois used to get up and watch them from her window—Phyl poised on the rock, lithe and straight against the sunrise, blowing a kiss in the air as Bob flew by; and he answering her with a loop or a zoom or a barrel roll.

So it was Lois who ran to the rescue the morning something happened to his engine in the middle of a stunt, two hundred feet above the lake. She was too late to help Bob; he'd been killed when he hit the water. But Phyl had plunged in to rescue him, before she knew; and Lois managed to drag her out of the lake—fighting and sobbing, begging Lois to let her die.

After that, nobody doubted that she was a jinx.

The Dillards moved away, and put up the estate for sale; but Esmeralda and her daughter were back the next summer, and the next. They hadn't been able to sell the cottage; Esmeralda wouldn't rent it with her household treasures in it, and she couldn't afford to leave it empty. She'd been trying another of those ten-per-cent investments.

The second summer she arrived in a wheel chair, and we'd have given three cheers if it hadn't been for Phyl. The old Battleship wasn't sunk, but she was badly waterlogged. She'd had enemies in her own organization—all these re-

formers seem to hate one another like poison—and they'd got together and pitched her out. She always swore she'd have turned the tables on them at the next meeting if she hadn't had her stroke.

Apoplexy? Well, she said so; but she could still move, though not much, or suddenly; when she went anywhere Phyl had to push her. Lois, whose father was a doctor, swore it was only a neurosis; Esmeralda's nerves had faked a collapse, to give her an excuse for not making a fight she couldn't win. Maybe so. At any rate, newcomers always remarked on the brave way she bore her affliction; she didn't look at all careworn.

It was, as usual, the people around her who looked careworn.

Not Phyl, particularly; she was silent and withdrawn, but lovely. But she reminded me of the Dillard place—boarded up, untenanted, unwanted. There were no unmarried men at the lake; and in the winter, chained to her mother's wheel chair, she met no men at all. Her brown eyes were sulkier than ever; somebody said she looked like smoldering dynamite.

Some of the women were inclined to criticize her when they found that she still swam every morning at the rock where Bob had crashed. She told Lois she had had to do that—fight it out with her nerves, there on the spot, to save herself from complete collapse. But even to Lois she didn't talk much; only, one evening, when Lois mentioned some inexpensive pleasure that Phyl might enjoy in town next winter:

"I won't even be able to eat next winter," said Phyl, "unless I can leave mother and get a job. We won't have a cent of income after October. She's taken all that's left of her money—all of it, Lois!—and put it into some new company that even the broker says may not pay a dividend for years. She thinks the stock's going up, of course."

"You ought to leave her, Phyl!" said Lois savagely. "Let her sink or swim—she'd swim, I'll bet—and look out for yourself."

"For myself?" Phyl shrugged listlessly. "Oh, I'm jinxed."

In August, when I got my two weeks' vacation, I brought a guest up to the lake with me—a man I'd known at college, named Neil Desmond.

"What on earth did you do that for?" my wife demanded. "Your one chance in the summer to be alone with your family. Just because he was an old college friend you hadn't seen for years . . ."

"It wasn't just that," I explained uncomfortably. "When I told him what a quiet place this was—nobody but peaceful married couples bringing up children—he looked so wistful that I couldn't help asking him."

"So men feel that in him too," she mused. "We'll be lucky if he doesn't wreck a home before these two weeks are over."

"Not in Peatogue!" I laughed. "Besides, he isn't interested in women; he told me so. He wouldn't come till I said there wasn't an unattached woman in the place. I forgot about poor Phyl."

"She's the most attached of us all," Lois sighed. "But when women attached to husbands who are in town from Monday to Friday see those eyes of his . . . Oh, yes, my dear, even in Peatogue. I'm not sure I like him, myself; but if he were visiting somebody else, and you weren't here . . ."

"You may think that's comedy," I told her, "but I don't. Anyway, Neil's a poet. These women are literary; they'll envy his hostess."

"They would if he were Henry van Dyke," she said, "or Robert Underwood Johnson. Or if you'd stayed in town."

But Neil wrecked no homes; he stayed away from women. He hardly ever went to the beach where the crowd gathered; he used to put on a bathing suit after breakfast and go off to spend the day sun-bathing in the hills, or swimming alone, far from the settlement. But one morning he went out before breakfast; and when he came back, to

look at his face was like listening to the Philharmonic Orchestra.

"I've seen a nymph!" he burst out. "A bronze naiad with a torch of fiery hair, poised on a rock against the sunrise! We swam together, in silence; there was no need of words, in that perfect moment. But now I don't even know who she is!" he finished, petulant as a child.

"Oh, that must have been Phyllis Netherman," I told him. "Poor Phyl—no wonder she doesn't say much. She's had such hard luck . . ."

A look from my wife hit me like a blackjack, and I said no more.

"Lost her money, eh?" said Neil. "That's bad, but there are worse misfortunes. . . . Married? No? Thank God!" He prowled off to his room.

"Ben Odwell, I'd have killed you if you'd said another word!" Lois blazed. "Don't you see that this is Phyl's chance—a man who never heard of her jinx? I'll see that he doesn't hear anything, either."

"If he meets Esmeralda," I said, "he won't need to hear anything."

But Phyl had learned a lesson; she never let him meet her mother—said she was too ill to see strangers, I believe. Neil went out at dawn next morning, to come back with that same melodious face; and that afternoon he and Phyl strolled down to the beach and joined the crowd of bathers. It was her way of announcing that if anybody knew of any impediment to this affair, let them speak now or forever after hold their peace.

Nobody spoke; Lois had seen to that. Any woman who had given Phyl away would have been lynched by all the others—scratched to pieces with their finger nails. . . . Splendid sportsmanship, you say? Fine sex solidarity? Yes, it was all of that, but that wasn't all. Phyl didn't notice men, and there were no unmarried men at the lake for her to notice; but a man didn't have to be unmarried to notice that she looked like smoldering dynamite. Mothers no longer worried about her, but a few of

the wives were beginning to. (No, not my wife; at least she says not.)

There were husbands, I suppose, who thought Neil ought to be warned. You might marry a girl who had epilepsy in the family, but you'd want to know about it first; and Esmeralda was worse than epilepsy. But nobody warned him. We are experienced husbands up here in Peatogue.

"At that," I told Lois, "I don't know how Neil could support a wife. There's no money in poetry; he barely makes his own living. If he had Phyl to look after—Esmeralda too, now that she's squandered her money—"

"I don't care if he only makes a thousand dollars a year!" she said. "Phyl must have her chance! She can earn her own keep as a secretary, and we'll pass the hat for Esmeralda. If only nothing happens . . . I do hope . . . Oh, it would kill her, if anything happened now!"

But nothing happened for a week or so, except that our guest was out every day, all day and all evening. One night, however, he came in before Lois and I had gone to bed, and tried to make conversation with us; but he looked pre-occupied. I began to talk about his work.

"Hah!" he snorted. "My work! Everything I've ever written has been damned with the same adjectives—wistful, haunting, tender! They pop up in every review. And it's true! That's the kind of stuff I write—all I'm fit for. I'd like to tunnel through mountains, or discover gold fields, or fly across the North Pole; but I can't even write about such things. All I'm good for is a little verse—wistful, haunting, tender! Bah!"

He stormed off to his room. Lois looked at me, rather frightened.

"Ben, what do you suppose is the matter with him?"

"She's promised to marry him," I conjectured, "and now he feels all unworthy of the wonder girl. Don't worry; that mood will pass."

"Oh, it will, will it?" said Lois.

"Well, I hope it passes soon, whatever it is. I don't like the way he acts, Ben."

"He's all right," I said, though by now I was a little worried, too. "There never was a poet who didn't secretly believe he was better than Shakespeare, no matter what he said. There!" Overhead, we heard him walk to the corner of the room, where there was a desk; it creaked as he leaned on it. "He'll write a poem," I predicted, "and work it off."

"I do hope nothing happens," said Lois uneasily. When we went to bed, she peered through the crack of Neil's door. "He's still writing," she reported. "But I don't like it. Nothing must happen, now!"

The next thing I knew it was daylight, and Lois was shaking me.

"Ben Odwell, get up! He's gone! . . . Who? Neil, of course! That miserable creature you called your friend! Gone!"

"What of it?" I asked, trying to prop my eyes open. "He's gone for his regular sunrise swim with Phyl."

"He has not! I saw him from the window. He was dressed and he had his suitcase and he was going the other way—toward the dock! Going to take the ferry and catch the train! And read this note he left for us!"

I read it, in the pink light of the rising sun.

Dear Lois and Ben—

A thousand thanks for all your kindness; a thousand apologies for this brusque departure. But I couldn't let this go on; it would have been too horrible. I'll write you some day—from the desert, perhaps, or the South Seas.

NEIL.

"The rotten coward!" Lois cried. "Somebody must have told him something! I wonder who? If ever I find out . . ." She looked at the clock on the bedside table. "Ten minutes to ferry time, Ben! You can still catch him and bring him back."

"Bring him back? But, my dear, if he doesn't want to come back . . ."

"Drag him back! By the hair! No, don't stop to put your clothes on. If you can't go after him in your pajamas I'll go in my nightgown!"

Well, I went—in my pajamas; it seemed best. I got there with two minutes to spare; and thank God this wasn't Monday morning—there was nobody on the ferry but Neil. By that time I was about as mad as Lois. You'd be mad, too, at a man who made you run a mile before breakfast.

"You come back!" I told him. "I don't care what you've heard—come back to that girl!" He regarded me mournfully.

"And wreck both our lives? Ben, I've glimpsed Paradise this last week; but to ask that lovely girl to bear the burden that weighs me down . . ."

"What burden?" I asked. He heaved a profound sigh.

"Ben, old man, I'm jinxed. In all my love affairs some inescapable fatality pursues me. I ought to have told Phyl days ago; but I couldn't bear to wreck our idyll. But last night I wrote her a letter; I thrust it under her door as I left. She'll find it when she gets up—the story of the disaster that always follows when women's paths cross mine."

"What happens to these women?" I asked. Neil sighed again.

"Usually," he said, "they get sent around the world, by wealthy parents, to escape marriage with a wastrel. . . . There was Mildred—her father wanted me to go into his office. He said poetry wasn't a business. I refused, so they sent her around the world." He paused, shuddering.

"What then?" I asked sympathetically. "Did she— Did she die?"

"Die? Hell, no. She married the Governor of Hong Kong. Then there was Clarice. Her father said he wouldn't have me in his office. When he sent her around the world, she swore her love would endure; but she married an Argentine polo player. And then Adele—she was married already. I set myself to write a best-selling novel, so that I

could afford to ask her to leave her husband. While I was writing it he sent her around the world—and went along with her, the brute! She said when we parted that the trip would be hell on earth; but she wrote me from Singapore that it had turned out to be a second honeymoon."

"And the novel?" I asked. "Did you ever finish it?" (If it had been a best seller, he ought to be able to support Phyl, and Esmeralda too.)

"Oh, yes. It sold eight hundred copies. The critics said it was wistful, haunting, tender. . . . So don't you see, old man, that I'm doomed and damned? Phyl's mother can't afford to send her around the world, but something will happen. Something always has."

"You pusillanimous coward," I began—and then the long blast of the whistle drowned my voice. While we'd been talking, the ferry had cast off; a lane of water widened between Neil on the boat and me on the dock—too far to jump. Poor Phyl's jinx had struck her a final blow.

Thus musing, I heard the patter of bare feet on the dock; a bronze streak shot past me, topped by a torch of fiery hair, and plunged into the water. Phyl had got his letter sooner than he had expected—she got up early these mornings, for that sunrise swim with him—and had decided to make her own luck. The ferry stopped; Phyl climbed aboard, all dripping, and tumbled into Neil's arms. What about his jinx that had worried him so? Well, apparently he forgot that when Phyl kissed him. So would you.

And then the dock behind me resounded with a majestic tread, and I turned to face Esmeralda. Yes, the old Battleship, steaming along at full speed. What Phyl said to her mother before she left home nobody ever knew, but whatever it was, it cured that neurosis in a hurry.

"Young man!" boomed the Battleship. "Bring back my daughter!"

"I will not!" Neil yelled defiantly. "She's mine! I'll never let her go!"

"You poor fool!" said Esmeralda. "I only want her to come back and get her clothes on. Never shall it be said that the child of Esmeralda Ingoldsby Netherman was married in her bathing suit."

So you see it all evens up in the long run.

What's that? You don't see that marrying a crazy poet evens up for much? Well, Phyl seems to think it does; Neil's quite sane, anyway, since she took him in hand. She was too wise to make him over; he still writes poetry, which the critics still describe as wistful, haunting, and tender. But he never looks at another woman. Neither would you, if you lived with Phyl. Neither would Casanova.

How do they live? Very well indeed,

in a fourteen-room duplex on Park Avenue. No, of course the poetry doesn't pay for that; they bought it with the money Phyl got from her mother. After the wedding, Esmeralda went to the meeting of her reform society to turn her enemies out; but while she was denouncing them she had another stroke—a real one this time—and died with her boots on. And she left Phyl the remnant of Henry Netherman's money, all sunk in the stock of a new company that had never paid a dividend.

That company was called the Radio Corporation of America, and Esmeralda had picked up a couple of thousand shares—old shares, long before the split-up—at thirty-four. I'd say that evens up for quite a run of bad luck, wouldn't you?

PARTING SONG

BY SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

THE interfering stars above
Decree that we must part,
So, fare you well, my loveliest love,
With, I suppose, my heart.

And I shall grieve for you, my sweet—
For who is truly wise?—
Though all the sour facts repeat
That blessings love disguise.

Oh, other joys, they say, abound
In thoughtful Man's estate,
But Love still makes the world go round
That else were going straight.



A DEFENSE OF FRENCH MORALS

BY MARY BORDEN

TO DEFEND anything is attractive. It is a noble and agreeable occupation. The title of Defender has a splendid ring. I like it better than that of Crusader. Crusaders, indeed of any kind, fill me with horrid doubts. Not so defenders. Self-defense is a simple necessity and the defense of someone else an impulsive act that brings a glow of self-satisfaction. This is merely a way of saying that I am delighted to rush to the defense of the much abused and misunderstood group of social notions called French morals. Nor do I intend to limit myself to the easy task of saying that the French are not as immoral as they seem to foreigners, that the real Paris is not the gilded roundabout of prancing vice that it appears to the tourist, and that the French nation, like any other nation, is composed of a mass of obscure human beings good and bad. All that goes without saying; and when we are prepared to admit that on near acquaintance the French people are no better and no worse than most people, but are merely more intelligent than some and more artistic than others, and better judges in matters of taste than most, then there remains something definite that has to do with an attitude of mind towards conduct, which I call French morality.

It is a perfectly definite thing, and it is, I believe, peculiar, an indigenous product as truly as champagne, with a quality as undeniable as good cognac. It does in fact resemble old cognac. It is both sharp and subtle. It stings at first, then stupefies. It is strong and mellow with age and it is not a drink likely to

agree with foreigners. It goes to their heads, befuddles their wits, and as likely as not upsets their stomachs. No barbarian can thrive on it. It affects the primitive as rum affects negroes. Only the most thoroughly disciplined and temperate of Anglo Saxons can imbibe it with advantage, and few of them do. There is no more sorry sight on earth than that of an American or an Englishman aping what he thinks are the ways and amusements of the French. The pathos lies in the fact that he apes their ways very clumsily and in matters of amusement misses the point of the joke. He is neither light enough on his feet nor quick enough in wit, nor are his appetites sufficiently under the control of his head. He is, in other words, too human. What in the Frenchman is graceful becomes in him boorish and indecent. What on the Frenchman's lips is witty becomes on his own merely vulgar; and where the Frenchman remains an impersonal artist, creating out of puppets an aëry, wicked, mischievous pantomime, the Englishman or the American may very well become a blundering brute. And just here it is perhaps as well to make one or two definite statements about French morality.

First of all, let it be known then that its basis is a grim, prosaic thing—common sense. It has been built up, not to provide an incentive to the attainment of an impossible ideal, but to protect a community. Idealism and the pursuit of holiness are left to the Church in France, and religion in that country is so separate from conduct that a man or woman can remain a devout Catholic

yet lead quite cheerfully, according to his or her own admitted standard, a highly immoral life. Yet morality is a serious business, and the moral code is meant to be lived not merely talked about or cherished as an unattainable ideal. Its aim and object is the preservation of a permanent, orderly group, not the salvation of the individual, and it recognizes one unit only, the family. All French moral notions can be traced back to this, the good of the family. A hundred laws spoken and unspoken surround this citadel. It is the strongest citadel that I know in the western world and its power the most tyrannical. The duties of a father to his children and of a son to his father are many, and they are iron. Any failure in this respect is a grave misdemeanor. Some of them are written down in statute books, others are embodied in the powers given to the "*conseil de famille*," others are binding obligations imposed by custom and tradition. They have no parallel that I know of except in the Orient. An Englishman or an American would be strangled by them. He would die in his futile effort to get out of their iron web, but before dying he would shock his French relations profoundly. They would remember him as a very immoral man.

French morality is not sentimental. It does not flatter the individual's sense of his own importance or pander to his egotism by emphasizing the grimness of the hell he is likely to visit if he breaks the code. It merely tells the individual that in himself he is nothing, but that he is expected all the same to behave himself so that the community can prosper. It takes all his natural weaknesses into account and weighs them against the incentives towards dominating them that life offers. Balancing these two forces, original sin and ambition, in a pair of scales, it lays down a regime, difficult but not impossible to follow, and says if you will do so and so, you'll be doing well, and we can expect no more from a worm like yourself who after all is only a human being.

It is natural and inevitable that America should condemn French morality. One might almost say that America must inevitably condemn all the modern moralities of older and wiser countries. For America is to-day living its romantic "Middle Ages," and it breeds Crusaders like rabbits, while France having attained several centuries more of worldly wisdom, has long since lost interest in converting, saving, or condemning the world. Such an attitude is popularly called cynicism, and the worldly-wise Frenchman to whom the salvation of the world seems to be a matter of no interest whatever is, first of all, condemned for this apparent indifference, an indifference incomprehensible to the American.

The American is indifferent to no one and to nothing. He may despise, or envy, he may want to exterminate or reform, or snatch from the burning, but he will never be indifferent and he is never resigned to what he calls evils. Miss Mayo's book *Mother India* is a typical American response to a real enough set of tragic human facts. It could never have been written by a Frenchwoman. At any rate it never was. But here I must query the word cynicism, not because the French observer would have been indifferent to the sufferings of little Indian girls, but because she would doubt in her innermost self any stranger's solution of the problem. She would not conceive of herself as a prophetess or a savior. She would reason that such social evils have their roots in the deep and mysterious soil of a civilization that she does not understand, and she would hesitate to attack for fear of doing in the end more harm than good. She would be modest. She might even be so modest as to turn a newly critical eye on her own social system. India might, as the saying goes, be a lesson to her. If so, she would go home to Paris, or Lyons, or Nantes, or Nice with a quickened sense of duty to her own people. And that is the point. She is an "insular" woman and she knows it. Next to her family she loves

France and understands France, and she feels an obligation to no other country.

Miss Mayo is not insular in this sense. America, indeed, is not insular enough. It is living its Middle Ages but it is unfortunately not cut off from the modern world. Steamships, cables across the Atlantic, and wireless make that impossible. To develop its own peculiar civilization is going to be, therefore, a very difficult and uncomfortable business for America. To develop properly, America should hear very little of what is going on across the Atlantic. An occasional sailing vessel should be admitted to New York harbor carrying mail three months old and no immigrants. All transatlantic telephones and telegraphs should be destroyed, the wings of airplanes should be clipped, and radios should be prohibited by law from functioning outside the frontier. Then, ah, then, something extraordinary would be evolved in America. As it is, our young nation is being constantly distracted from its proper business, and is in a constant state of nerves about the rest of the world. It is self-conscious, self-opinionated, and violently resentful of interference. Incidentally, it has just discovered many things that older peoples discovered when they too were young. But it doesn't know this. It thinks that no one ever found these things out before. It looks across at China, India, England, France, Italy and is fired with the desire to enlighten these poor old countries.

And so it happens that strong in the faith of the Pilgrim Fathers, wielding the mighty double-headed battle-axe of youth and ignorance, equipped with brand new armor made in Hollywood, and a commissariat bursting with pure foods and every kind of patented vitamin, organized by such geniuses for mass production and distribution as Mr. Henry Ford, bands of American Crusaders are ready to start out at any moment in any direction, north, south, east or west, to save and Americanize the

world, any old world. They don't like the old world; it is old. They don't realize that it is much more modern than their own. They don't approve of it, they don't understand it. They don't want to understand it, they want to make it new and old-fashioned like themselves.

A conversation was reported to me the other day that struck me as very interesting. A group of famous, successful, "high-class" cinema magnates were returning from Vienna on board an Atlantic liner, and their conversation centered upon a scheme to buy Vienna and put it on its feet again. They didn't like post-war Vienna, they didn't approve of it. It seemed to them very shabby and pathetic. The palaces were cold and dreary, there was no color or glamour about the people, the streets were dismal, the cafés had no punch in them, the music had no "go." But they agreed that something could be made of the place, something that would do very well, a real old cinema city of romance. There was the skeleton, the shadowy background. All it needed was to be "done up." Why not remake Vienna a splendid eighteenth-century projection of Hollywood's genius? Why not turn it into the grandest talkie that had ever been turned out of a studio, fill the streets with duchesses in ostrich feathers, barouches with outriders, fill the Opera with chocolate soldiers, hang moons in gardens and suns in marketplaces and Vitaphones in belfries? It would be easy. It would be grand. It wouldn't cost much.

The connection between this proposal of the cinema magnates and the American attitude towards French morality may not be very obvious but there is one and it involves the main argument of my defense. The truth is that the wages of sin is vulgarity, the death of the æsthetic sense, and that where vulgarity is rampant there must be something wrong with the morality of a people. Take a very stupid and ignorant hayseed of an American, pick him out of the middle of

a Western prairie, give him money in his pocket, and put him on Broadway. The chances are that in three months he'll be a habitu   of speakeasies, talkies, and dubious brokers' offices, will have a taste for raw drinks, raw girls, raw entertainments, and raw food. In a year or two his mental and moral palate will be tickled by nothing less sharp than cayenne pepper, and his ears will be deaf to any sounds more subtle than the bellowings of loud speakers. He will still believe in the God of the American Sunday school and tell you with tears in his eyes, while he drinks his fifth highball, that his mother was a pure woman. His mother is a childish dream to him, and he professes a belief in his childish dreams, but he doesn't know what to do with them. He can't fit them into Broadway. He can only keep them quite separate and babble about them in his cups.

The odd thing is that the tendency of immorality is to reduce the most civilized and intelligent of men to just this same state of childish mawkishness. Therou  , be he a man of the most exquisite breeding, becomes vulgar inevitably. The wicked degenerate, sooner or later, to a state of childish na  vet  . They lose the one thing they've counted upon to save them, to serve them—their power to discriminate. They go back to the mental standards of the ignorant young man from the West. Their superstitions are the same as his. The Marquis de Sade was not unique. There are a hundred twin brothers of his babbling with tears in their eyes about their mothers, on seats of dirty crimson plush to the accompaniment of braying microphones, and I myself have noticed among the brilliant women whose lives I have watched in Europe, how those who chose to ignore decency for the sake of sensation have become idiotically stupid and incredibly vulgar without being for a single moment aware of it.

I think the strongest argument in favor of French morality is that it works. It is a definite conductor of

energy embedded in the life of the people. It is not separate. It is there behind conduct as an active principle, and it is evident in their good taste. Among the French aristocrats there are vulgar people to be met, of course. My point is that these are the immoral ones, the ones who have sinned against their own unwritten code.

My point about the raw vulgarity of America is quite different. It is a sign, quite simply, of the fact that no such thing as an adequate, workable morality has yet been evolved in the mass mind of the people. All they've got as yet is a set of rigid notions handed down to them by the Pilgrim Fathers and when they can't work these into the big, boisterous, modern world—well, they keep them separate, and get relief from their uneasy consciences by working themselves into a fine frenzy over fads, over horrors like the evils of smoking. Does it never strike the American people as odd that drunken men are tolerated in drawing-rooms while women smokers are not tolerated in railway carriages? One has an impression—at least I had it on my last visit to America—that thieving on a scale never known before in Christendom is a matter of no moral interest whatever, and that the financial brigands, who sacrifice men and women as Pharaoh slaughtered the innocent babes in Egypt, believe they will find salvation for their souls through drinking orange juice at breakfast.

II

It is useless to attempt a defense of French morals unless I can cut the ground from under the feet of the Crusaders who attack them. Put briefly, my counterattack is that I don't believe Americans know what they are talking about when they discuss this subject. I suspect them of being completely ignorant as to what the moral values are in France. I suspect them, indeed, of assuming that the French have a far less acute moral sense than their own. Some

of them may even go so far as to believe that the French have no moral sense at all. Perhaps they will be surprised to hear that repeatedly in conversation with French friends in Paris I've heard the following phrase on their lips—"But it is you, my dear, who are the immoral one."

Usually such talk centered on questions of marriage, sex, love, conjugal fidelity, one's duty to one's children, and so on; and because I imagine that to their critics, morality means largely if not exclusively sex morality, I may as well emphasize for a moment this aspect of my subject.

"You," said a very intelligent French woman to me, "you are the immoral one with your talk of being true to yourself, honest with your husband, frank with your children, and incapable of living in what you call a 'false relationship.'" And she smiled and her lip curled slightly. "It's egotism, *ma chère*, that and a love of romance. You are romantic egotists, all of you. You marry the man you fall in love with and expect to live with him forever in a state of high, exalted passion. Then when this lapses you feel cheated. You have a grievance against life and against your life partner. You say to yourself—"But he promised to adore me forever and to make me adore him forever. He has not kept his promise. Life has not kept its promise. The thing's a failure. It was a mistake from the beginning. Let's end it." And you do end it. Life, though it has cheated you, still appears to you to be full of romantic possibilities. It still beckons. Another man appears and you fall in love and into the same error. You have learned nothing from your first experience because of your extraordinary idea of yourself and what life owes you. So you break up your partnership and your home, cut up your children into pieces, and repeat your initial mistake. And this seems to you much more moral than sticking to your original bargain, keeping your family together, and allowing yourself, if you must have one, a lover; for

you consider yourself and your self-respect more important than the lives of your children, or the existence of that entity called the family, or that fortress in the world called a home."

But she used the word "*foyer*," and then she added, "We are not like that, we Frenchwomen. We are more Oriental. We think our first duty is to provide a solid and permanent family life for our children, and our second duty is not to complicate our lives or our husbands' lives or the life going on around us by an outrageous fuss over trifles, ephemeral things, things that come and go, that are lovely in their beginnings and dreary in their endings, like *affaires de cœur*. We don't marry, as you know, merely for love. Even when we marry for choice someone towards whom we feel a romantic affection, we don't consider that emotion alone a satisfactory basis. For we know that it doesn't last, that it is not a guarantee of stability. On the contrary, we know that what is called love is a madness, very delicious but disruptive, an influence for disorder, and for extravagant action. We are wise enough to distrust it though we are human enough to enjoy it. Indeed, I think we enjoy love more than you do, but we don't let it interfere with our marriages and our morality. We marry suitably, men of our own standing and our own '*monde*.' We each contribute equally to the bargain, property, position, and so on. Our parents consult with one another and with us. It is all gone into very carefully and decided after much reflection, and when it is finally arranged and done—well, it is permanent. We shouldn't think of undoing it because of a sentimental infidelity. We expect our husbands to care for us and respect us. We expect them to be lifelong friends. If they disappoint us—well, we accept the disappointment and concentrate on our children. Marriage after all exists for the children."

I know that by this time a great many of my American readers will have begun to bristle like porcupines. The mere sus-

picion that I am attacking the sanctity of marriage will be enough to make them throw my article into the fire. The fact is that neither I nor my intelligent French friend is doing anything of the kind. The truth is that the French take marriage much more seriously than we do in America. It is an institution more solid than any church; it involves a contract more binding than any international treaty or business partnership, and its coupon is a gilt-edged security. Moreover, the articles of its constitution are, again, made of cast iron. They can only be smashed with a hammer. Marriage in France is a building constructed with infinite pains out of steel and stone to insure the safety of its occupants, the family and, above all, of the youngest and most helpless members of the family. It is built so that it will hold together and remain a decent refuge for these, even if its tenants are completely lacking in pride or in virtue. The nation that evolved it did so with an eye to the weakest, most slovenly, most unreliable members of the community. It is not an ivory tower or a romantic castle in the clouds; it is a safe and solid refuge. And the French say, "Let us live within this institution beautifully if we can, but at any rate let us live in it. Let us achieve inside its walls, if that is possible, perfect happiness, but at the worst, if we fail in this, let us be tolerant of each other's failures and insure a decent tranquillity."

I suppose what it comes down to is that the French welcome the impossible as a lovely miracle if it comes, but do not believe in it as a basis on which to organize life. They play for safety; and this is a fundamental difference between them and the Americans. An American wants all or nothing. He is incurably romantic, and when he is not he is a cynic and probably a cheap one. If he can't go on believing in life as the lovely mistress of his dreams, he turns from her in disgust. If love is no longer dazzling him he sneers at her, soils her. If she shows him a homely, troubled, disap-

pointed face he won't settle down with the humdrum creature.

III

But, above all, is the American obsessed with the moral importance of sex, and this is perhaps the most vital and far-reaching of the differences between him and the Frenchman. To the Frenchman sex is a biological fact, not a moral one, and as a biological fact he accepts it, puts it in what he considers its proper place, relegates it to a realm next door to the kitchen or the wine cellar, whence proceed the other natural pleasures born of his physical needs. Hunger and thirst and sex, what, he asks, have they to do with ultimate ideals or absolute truth? Would he break up his family and abandon his wife because a neighboring lady cooked spinach more to his liking? Or would she divorce him and ruin his children's lives because he left her to drink a glass of wine next door? If he became addicted to the habit and wasted his substance on it, if he spent his life wine-bibbing with his neighbors, if he squandered his time, his self, and his money on them, then she might be justified in doing so. But a mild dissipation, a little bit of fun—the French wife may resent it, she may hate it and suffer all the usual pangs of jealousy, wounded pride, and all the rest, but she won't suddenly up and begin smashing her marriage to pieces. Such action would strike her as out of proportion—and there I hear a special note sound. It is one of our keynotes. The French believe in proportion, moderation, appropriateness. They use the word "*mesure*," and value measure in all things. And a man's sexual infidelity, or even a woman's, does not seem to them to be correctly measured in terms of catastrophic tragedy. It is unconsciously and naturally weighed in the balance with other things like good temper, "*bon caractère*," thrift, sobriety, intelligence, charm, a gift for laughter. If a hus-

band has most or any of these qualities, the wife puts up with her lot even if he does make her suffer. He is not to her, this man, merely a sexual animal; he is also a human being. If the human being is sympathetic and companionable why should she deprive herself of his society? Certainly if she loves him she wants to absorb him completely and not share any part of him with anyone, but she knows when she married, because she has been taught facts, that this is all but impossible, so the first years of her marriage are probably unexpectedly blissful because the impossible has come true, and when it is no longer true, well, she doesn't feel cheated; she feels, on the contrary, that she has been very fortunate to have had so much.

And the men? my readers ask, those readers who have not already thrown this article in the fire—what of them? Are they equally generous and long-suffering or do they expect the impossible like most men? My answer is that they do and they don't. Because they are men first and only civilized Frenchmen secondly. But they are, though perhaps they would not care to put this into words, more fair in these matters than Americans. They expect and exact from their wives a great decency, an immaculate dignity; but when the years of emotional intimacy are past they do not expect a woman's emotional life to end. And so, a tacit understanding is reached, and where ease of circumstances allows of it, the husband goes his way and the wife goes hers within the very definite limits, laid down but unspoken, of what they mutually know to be good behavior. And then—well, then a new set of subtle moral values evolves within the prison walls of the family citadel, and a new code of conduct is constructed by them. It is built up with very slight touches, gently accented, carefully balanced, out of mutual consideration and a common

obligation to society, and it becomes then a peculiar, delicate, intricate thing that is known in America as French immorality.

And the young American matron who rushes into the divorce court to get rid of one husband so that she can marry another is very shocked and disgusted by the behavior of these people, but not half so disgusted as they are by her. She is to them one of the most repellent types of womanhood in the world. She has only one rival, and her rival too is found more often in America, they believe, than elsewhere. Her name is Coquette, and it is not a term of opprobrium in America. Yet she is, in the eyes of her French sister, an indecent monster, for she is cruel and silly, greedy and stingy and essentially unnatural, and she cares for no one on earth but herself. I think if you took a census of opinion in France you would find that this chaste lady of impeccable virtue, who wants everything and gives nothing and who decorates her pretty throat with a necklace of scalps, is voted the most immoral woman in the world.

Summing up, what does it all amount to? A difference in national temperament. The French are conservative. They have a finished system that suits them. Their morality tolerates a great many things that shock the Puritan, but it does not tolerate anarchy. The Americans are experimenting. They believe in anarchy. They are trying out all sorts of schemes, and each one is the basis of a crusade, but they've not yet found one that will work, and in the meantime they preach stern doctrines abroad while they encourage anarchy at home. The moral structure built by their ancestors was rigid. They cannot adapt it to modern conditions. They, therefore, ignore it and they cry aloud, as they break their own laws, "We are expressing ourselves."



MOLTEN STEEL

BY C. J. FREUND

"**T**HAT is the new engineer apprentice for the foundry department," I heard someone say behind the thin wall in the employment office. "Better take him right over; he's slated to start to-night on Schmidtie's floor."

In a moment I had left a half dozen envious individuals sitting on the benches in the waiting room, and was walking rapidly with a messenger, or clerk, through the yards, across switch tracks, around great piles of rusty pig iron and steel scrap and between many immensely long shops. We turned the corner of one of the great buildings, pushed through a double door fifty feet beyond, and I then found myself in a long locker room.

The day shift had just come off, and the place teemed with men and resounded with singing, whistling, laughter, shouting back and forth, the chatter of rapid conversation in half a dozen languages, banging of steel locker doors, dropping of heavy shoes on the floor, and the swish of soapy water slipping into drains. Clothes and towels lay everywhere and much water had been spilled on the floor. The younger men caused the uproar; the older workmen had lighted pipes or cigarettes and were either dressing by themselves or talking quietly in small groups.

Most of these people were foreigners, of many nationalities, some dark while others were fair, but they had certain characteristics in common, a broad nose, thick lips, eyes set deeply behind bushy eyebrows and an indefinable expression of alertness, even when com-

bined, in some cases, with evidences of stupidity.

An elderly attendant, carrying a mop stick, came toward us and, without speaking, gave me a key, for which I signed a receipt card. The messenger found the corresponding locker, and I donned my overalls and left my coat and lunch box in the locker. Then we passed into the foundry proper.

I was almost frightened by the size of the building, the vast spaces aloft and the great distance to the far end of the shop, a thousand feet, two thousand—I could not tell. We started out in search of Schmidtie, foreman in the heavy jobbing department or "floor"; for no walls divided the building. Great bridge cranes trundled back and forth in the dim light overhead, and their warning bells clanged incessantly like the bells of trolley cars on a busy street. Along one wall stood a long row of molds, from ten to fifteen feet in diameter, looking very much like large flat cisterns except that they were made of steel and encumbered with beams, clamps, and unfamiliar paraphernalia. Some of these had been poured, and thin wisps of gray smoke rose from them as from the ruins of a recent fire. Smaller molds stood nearer the center of the bay, and all about the floor were heaps of black molding sand. The floor itself was of sand. Partly finished molds, empty flasks, long trays of cores, clamps, rails, and boxes of facing sand were scattered everywhere.

On a platform fifteen feet high near the opposite wall of the shop and a hundred yards away, the battery of open-

hearth furnaces stood end to end like so many long narrow fortresses of brick and steel, each one large enough to receive a hundred men in comfort. Most of them were in operation, and intense white light broke forth through every crevice while long tongues of yellow flame reached out eagerly through small square ports.

The night men had begun work and all kept stolidly at their tasks; there was no sign of the levity we had found in the locker room. Several handymen were building platforms around a large mold, trying the clamps which secured it, and preparing moist sand and charcoal for the pouring. Chainmen followed the cranes to fasten and unfasten slings. Laborers cleaned the floor and carried clamps and plates. A crew of half a dozen molders and helpers was completing a mold in a pit, and the drone of their air rammers could sometimes be heard during a lull in the general din.

We found Schmidtie near the glass box which he called his office. I had heard much about hostility to college graduates on the part of shop men, but there was none of it here. I was cordially received and he made me feel at ease immediately. He talked to me for fifteen or twenty minutes about my tasks, the men, safety, and the relation to one another of the various departments in the shop. He was tall and stooped and his big, dark eyes and long, thin face gave him an appearance of solemnity which did not belong to him. He wore a shapeless cap, an old blue work shirt open at the throat, colorless, baggy trousers, and heavy work shoes. While he spoke his eyes wandered all over the foundry. Occasionally a dusty workman approached and asked a question. Many of the questions I could not understand, although each of the men may have been trying to speak English. At any rate Schmidtie answered them all in English:

"Nothing doing, you got a new shovel two nights ago."

"Well, do something else, the crane's busy."

"About twenty ton."

"Three single heats and a double."

"Up to nine hundred degrees by nine o'clock, hold there till twelve and then shut off."

When he had completed his instructions to me he called a chainman who was passing alone. The man came promptly, a dark-skinned fellow with fantastic mustache and a sullen air. He looked as though he were frequently reprimanded and expected to be again. He stood with his feet far apart, his hands behind his back, and his eyes on the ground.

"Tago, here is your partner," Schmidtie said to him. The man looked up, and Schmidtie must have understood the expression in his eyes for after a long pause he asked, "You understood me, didn't you?"

The man looked me over, shrugged his shoulders, turned on his heel, and went after his crane without a word.

"Go along with him," Schmidtie directed. "He's crazy but he knows his business thoroughly."

After several hours three strokes of a bell sounded above the roar and clatter of the place. There was a bustle of preparation, and all the men became attentive. Our crane went to the end of the shop with a pile of flasks, and when we returned a huge black bucket called a ladle hung from another crane and under the spout which projected from the nearest furnace. Two weird figures were digging away at the upper end of the spout. A faint red glow appeared, and both men jumped away. A thread of molten metal crawled down the spout; but before it had reached the end there was a terrific burst of fierce white light from the furnace, and a thick stream of liquid fire rushed into the ladle with a resounding gurggle and rumble. A dense cloud of dark-brown smoke rose from the ladle but was soon dissipated and succeeded by millions of sparks which fell in graceful arcs to the floor.

The painfully strong light of the steel strained the eyes like the lights in a picture theater when they are suddenly turned on after a long feature. It smothered the thousand-watt lamps which were suspended at intervals from the roof. I could see the buttons on the shirt of the craneman high up in his cage, although he himself had hardly been visible before. He nonchalantly watched the flow of metal while he extracted a handful of tobacco from a yellow package and inserted it into his mouth. Even the steel roof truss above him was as clear as the blueprint from which it was built.

After five or ten minutes the stream of fire became thinner and more sluggish, and the craneman, his shirt buttons, and the roof truss gradually retired again into the darkness. The craneman swung the ladle away from the furnace and hoisted it higher into the air, and the crane groaned and complained under the load of forty or fifty tons. A procession formed and proceeded toward us. First came the ladle with a faint red light hovering over it. Two chainmen followed immediately and after an interval came Al, the heat pourer, magnificently alone, with his hat pulled well down, his goggles on his forehead, and long white leggings over his trousers. The heat pourer is the man who handles the ladle and pours the metal. He is the central figure while the ladle is "out on the floor." The Superintendent and Schmidie walked abreast of each other at a distance behind him, and after them in turn straggled a motley crew of about a dozen men carrying crowbars, sledge hammers, water buckets, rods, hooks, and long thin torches. Walking close together and behind the bosses provided an opportunity for some of them to indulge in mock combat and other jokes.

Al signalled the craneman to indicate the mold to be poured, and in a moment the ladle hung above it expectantly. It was a great pot, ten feet deep, ten feet in diameter at the top and eight or nine at the bottom and was built of heavy

riveted steel plates, lined with several thicknesses of fire brick and a coating of fire clay. A seven-foot lever projected horizontally from the bottom of the ladle and at a tangent to its circumference. By means of a long arm extending over the side of the ladle and a stopper inside, this lever opened and closed the nozzle in the bottom of the ladle and regulated the flow of the metal.

The men surrounded the mold and watched Al, who climbed nimbly to a platform beside it and proceeded to "spot" the ladle, that is, he turned the ladle to a convenient position and with his arms and a whistle he signalled the craneman to adjust the ladle until the nozzle in the bottom hung directly over the gate or funnel-shaped opening through which the metal flows into the mold. The whistle was almost articulate. I did not understand the signals but almost knew what they meant. "Lower down," the whistle shrieked. "This way a little," it coaxed, and then cautioned, "Hold it."

A ladleman unlocked the lever by loosening a clamp screw with his hammer; Al pushed the lever down, and a three-inch stream of white-hot metal shot six inches from the nozzle to the gate. A half dozen hollow, chimney-like structures, called heads, were built on the roof or cope of the mold. They were made of molding sand in small steel flasks and the openings in them were about eighteen inches square and led into the interior of the mold. Through these heads the air and gases escaped as the mold filled with metal. In order to direct the pouring, the Superintendent and Schmidie stood high up, looking into the interior of the mold through these heads. The metal inside lighted their faces, and as it rose higher in the mold they shielded themselves against the heat with their hands. Al poured until the metal was level with the top of the heads, but almost immediately its surface sank back into the heads as it shrunk in cooling. In order to replenish this loss in volume, Al "pumped" the

mold, that is, he poured small amounts of additional steel at frequent intervals until the condition of the metal became stable.

In the meantime each man near the mold had gone about his appointed task. One or two applied torches to vents in the mold and ignited the gas which streamed from them, others brought sand and water to the top of the mold to freeze and close off two heads, the handymen covered the remaining heads with charcoal which ignited and kept the surface of the metal liquid, the ladleman removed frozen metal from the rim of the nozzle and kept it clean; each man completed his comparatively simple task, but together they accounted for a rather complicated series of operations.

Other and smaller molds were poured until a stringy drip of slag from the nozzle told that the ladle was empty. The crew of men broke up, and the ladle was ignominiously returned to the furnaces, as dead and meaningless as a burned-out electric light bulb.

I was deeply thrilled by the performance and from then on I determined that some day I should be a heat pourer and handle the huge ladle as smartly as Al did. In fact, in the short space of an hour, he had become a great hero in my eyes. I soon learned to know him better. He was a young American and had had the advantage of some little education. He had once started to learn the pattern-making trade but had changed to the foundry. In his relaxed moments he had as much fun as anybody but on the floor he always appeared very much absorbed and serious. When actually pouring he looked at no one and noticed no one except the craneman and the Superintendent. I often spoke to him and asked him questions which he invariably answered completely and very kindly, but he always gave the impression that he was only half thinking of what he was saying. He was fair and tall and rangy and had a long stride. All his movements were direct, he wasted no motion.

II

Many months passed. Schmidtie resigned rather suddenly, and Tony, the yard boss, took his place on the big floor. I relieved Tony in the yard and spent the winter in the dark and cold, struggling with pig iron, chunks of scrap, and the frequently depressed spirits of the men. This position offered no opportunity to satisfy my great ambition, and one night in spring I summoned enough courage to ask the Superintendent if I might learn to pour. He chuckled.

"May you learn? More than that, you'll have to. I might as well tell you that Al is to become my assistant and you're to take his place on the ladle."

In due time there was attached to the yard gang a young college graduate, as awkward, bewildered and too eager to please as I had been the year before. The yard men laughed at him as they had at first laughed at me but before the first snow fell they had learned to respect him. He had learned the work, and I was spending the greater part of every night following the ladle with the Superintendent and listening to his talks on the technic of pouring different types of molds and of handling heats of various "temperaments."

The Superintendent made a deep and permanent impression upon me and stands out among all the men I have ever met. He was less than thirty years old and slight in build. At work, he wore shell-rimmed spectacles, much cracked and battered by frequent encounters with "bad heats." His mind was always in a fever of activity. Most of the time he was thinking about his work and making plans to improve this or that operation in the night shift. But sometimes, especially towards morning, when he knew that the night's work would be completed by its own momentum, he would launch with unabated vigor into discussions of sociology, religion, economics, politics, or anything at all. There seemed no limit to his interests or the range of his questioning. He

fairly vibrated with energy, but at the same time it was almost impossible to disconcert him.

He understood his work and took it seriously and to him the firing of a core oven was as important and serious a matter as the selection of the site for a new automobile plant. His resources were equal to every emergency. On one occasion a heavy truck brought into the shop a load of gravel for the repairing of a concrete pit on the following morning. The dumping mechanism of the truck was found to be out of order, and the driver and a number of laborers had begun to shovel the gravel out over the side when the Superintendent came along. He whistled for a crane, secured chains to the truck, and in a moment the vehicle had been turned upside down in midair. The shop men, who were more used to this sort of thing, laughed uproariously at the discomfiture of the driver, who was still speechless with amazement when he drove away.

I profited by the Superintendent's instruction, and one evening he called me to the store room and issued to me a pair of asbestos leggings, a pair of goggles, and a shining new whistle. I was so excited I could hardly control myself and, after I had placed the articles in my locker, I went into a dark corner and gave way to a horrible ecstasy of trembling knees, chattering teeth, and twitching hands. An hour later I had donned the equipment and stood with Al on the platform high up beside the mold for a twenty-ton fly-wheel. My excitement had unaccountably and almost unnoticeably left me. I had never been so near the ladle. Its great bulk seemed to fill all the space before me. I had never fully appreciated its size, just as you fail to appreciate the size of a passenger locomotive until you walk close by one in a terminal and find the very wheels as tall as yourself.

Al "opened up" on the mold, and I felt the heat of the steel rush against my face. Below me, I saw the circle of white faces and noticed the men nodding

to one another to look at me up on the platform.

"Grab the lever and see how it feels," Al directed, moving away from his position. "Hold it down or it will close of itself."

I took the lever from him. The graceful and slender device which he manipulated so easily with one hand was huge and clumsy in both of mine, like the pole of a wagon. I held it but felt silly because I did not know what to do with it.

"Move it up and down a little," Al suggested, smiling faintly. I moved it an inch or two, and it was easy to move, much too easy, I thought, for the size of the lever.

"Move it up and down farther and watch the stream." I complied and saw that the stream became stronger and weaker.

"Now let me have it again," he said and completed the pouring of the fly-wheel. Soon we were pouring another mold and again I took the lever.

"Finish this one yourself," Al instructed me. "Hold it wide open till I yell 'Ease up.' That means the metal is up inside almost to the cope, and if the stream's got too much pressure it'll strain the cope. When the steel's up in the heads I'll yell 'In the head' and then slam the lever up and see if your nozzle closes the way it ought to. If it does, open up again and pour easy until you're filled up."

The stream of molten metal was running full and rumbled and hissed and gurgled deep in the bottom of the mold. Al stood over one of the heads and watched the metal inside, and I fixed my eyes on his face which became brighter as the metal rose. He shielded his face with his hands, opened his lips, hesitated, then shouted "Ease up."

I raised the lever, and a dozen men cried "Hey" in warning and alarm. For an instant I was bewildered but immediately realized that instead of merely easing the stream I had shut it off entirely. Al sprang for the ladle but, in my eagerness to correct my error, I bore

down on the lever too heavily so that the full stream of metal plunged into the gate at the very moment when the mold could least stand the shock. The men growled in protest and most of them stepped back a pace or two, although nothing happened except that small yellow flames appeared for an instant at the base of the heads.

"Holy gee! go easy," Al protested as he raised the lever slightly. The Superintendent had been watching at some little distance while he talked to a ladleman and ate salted peanuts out of a bag in the pocket of his jacket. He came to our side of the mold and climbed on the platform.

"What's the big idea?" he asked me calmly enough and without interrupting the eating of peanuts. "Are you trying to kill half a dozen men and ruin the place generally?" He expected no answer, and I gave him none. I was still pouring, and the metal had risen well up into the heads.

"Now close her up and see if your stopper is working," he continued. I complied. The stopper clicked into the nozzle, and without further mishap I filled up the heads and then "pumped" the mold until the casting had set.

"Better take the ladle, Al," the Superintendent directed, "the man's had enough." He had spoken the truth. I was worn out, more by the mental and nervous strain than by physical effort.

"How do you feel?" he asked me.

"Fine," I answered.

"Yes, you look it," he said laughing. Some of my enthusiasm for pouring had left me, at least for the time being, and if I learned nothing else that night I learned that pouring was not so easy as Al made it appear.

My lessons continued regularly, and within six weeks I could pour successfully almost any kind of mold under the direction of Al and the Superintendent, but Al still spotted the nozzle over the gates. And then one night the Superintendent bade me try that. I whistled

and waved my arms and turned the ladle this way and that until I was on edge from excitement, and still the nozzle was an inch to one side of the gate.

"Do you know how long you have been fooling with that?" the Superintendent asked me after everyone's patience except his own was exhausted and the men were getting fidgety.

"A minute or two, I suppose," I replied in desperation.

"Two minutes and forty seconds, which is much too long. By this time the stopper may be stuck. It ought to be done in half a minute."

I finally succeeded in spotting the ladle and while I was pouring the mold I suggested to the Superintendent as respectfully as I could that his estimate of half a minute for spotting might be somewhat exaggerated.

"Oh, is that so?" he answered good-naturedly. "Al, here is a young fellow who says it's impossible to spot a ladle in thirty seconds. How about it?"

Al smiled a little. The Superintendent turned to me again.

"Al will take the ladle now and you get out your watch and see how long it takes him."

Within twenty seconds after the ladle reached the next mold Al had a full stream running into the gate without unduly exerting himself. However, it was not long before I could spot a ladle in a shorter time than two minutes, but to do it in less time than thirty seconds remained an unfulfilled ambition for a long time indeed.

III

During the following weeks I made steady progress but also many mistakes. On some nights I poured like a veteran. I spotted quickly, wasted no metal, judged the molds correctly, and left them "clean." The men were interested in the improvement of my skill and on those nights they would indicate their approval after the ladle was empty

by clapping their hands and nodding their heads. On other nights I spotted much too slowly and then poured the stream partly on the edge of the gate, and the hot metal splashed about. On those occasions the men's interest gave way to irritation, and sometimes I could see a delegation waiting upon the Superintendent in the distance and I knew by their gesticulations that they were complaining about the heat of the spilled metal and the labor of picking it up and of loading it into charging boxes.

About seven months after my first experience with the ladle I had become proficient enough to handle any normal heat fairly well. My skill was under discussion by the Superintendent and his staff one night during the lunch hour.

"What you still need," said the Superintendent, "is to work with a bad heat, really bad, I mean, the stopper burned off or something like that. Isn't it about time for us to have a wild night?" he asked, turning to Tony. "We've had no serious trouble for many months."

Tony was a nervous, impulsive little man and started perceptibly at the thought of something he clearly dreaded. Very likely the Superintendent had made the remark more to tease Tony than for any other reason.

Just two nights later I opened a ladle on a small riveting frame mold. Nothing happened until the metal was well up in the heads and I slammed up the lever to try the stopper.

"Try it again," cried Al, "you've got a leak. Clean her up, Joe."

I looked under the ladle and saw a quarter-inch stream of steel running out of one side of the nozzle. The ladleman dug out the nozzle with his hook. I opened the nozzle wide in order to wash out any obstruction and then put all my strength under the lever and jerked it up. But the leak persisted. Three or four times I brought every ounce of strength to bear on the lever, but the stream continued. Then Al and I tried it together. Together we grasped the lever. "One" we counted, "two," and

on the count of "three" we slammed up the lever so that it quivered. But the stream was fuller, if anything, than it had been.

"Never mind," shouted the Superintendent. "Finish the job and then we'll take it over the ingot."

In a few minutes the leaking nozzle hung over an ingot mold. The men gathered around, alert and waiting for developments. The Superintendent walked into the circle of faces and figures just as Al and I prepared to struggle with the rebellious stopper.

"I think this is a job for the boss himself," he calmly announced as he flung aside his jacket, adjusted a pair of goggles, and seized the lever. The stopper must have been on the point of falling to pieces, for he had tried it only once or twice when the trickle of steel suddenly became half the full stream. Thereupon the Superintendent stopped working with it and cast his eye rapidly over the floor. It was the first time I had seen him perturbed. The men watched him expectantly.

"There ought to be fifteen ton left and that spider over there should take most of it," he yelled and with whistle and arms he indicated a twelve-foot mold to the craneman and started to run toward it. Al and I followed. The crippled ladle was carried away from the ingot mold, and the stream of metal splattered to the floor and bounced back again, not like water but more eagerly like thousands of small, incandescent rubber balls. The flying metal lighted the dark foundry like a continuous display of fireworks. The men fled right and left, shouting warnings and directions to one another. In passing, the stream of metal fell into a small pool of water on the floor. Hiss! Bang! The water exploded into steam, and every man turned his back and pulled his shoulders up under his ears to protect himself from the steel and mud which flew in all directions as from the burst of a shell.

The craneman maneuvered the ladle

cleverly until the stream of metal flowed directly into the gate of the designated mold. There were pools of liquid steel all over the floor, and boards and wooden boxes were burning here and there where the metal had fallen upon or near them. We covered the spilled metal about the mold with a few shovelfuls of sand to protect ourselves from the heat and I opened the nozzle wide, while the men gathered again from the distances to which they had retreated.

The mold was nearly filled when Tony shouted, "Look at that," and pointed to a yellow flame which flickered at the base of one of the heads nine feet away and about a quarter around the mold from where I stood. I had learned long ago that a blue flame is a good flame and a yellow flame is a dangerous flame, because it indicates a portion of the mold which is weak and may give way. The flame grew brighter while Al and Tony hurried the men away from the place. Without further warning, the mold burst open beneath the head, a six-inch stream of metal rushed out, and the sticky, terribly hot liquid began to flow sluggishly but relentlessly out over the floor. Confusion threatened for a moment. Men shouted futile instructions and ran back and forth. The heat was unbearable, and in a moment I had to retire. Heat as ordinarily felt near a stove or small fire is uncomfortable and distressing but the heat from molten steel very quickly brings on sharp pains like a severe toothache or neuralgia. A sand box broke into flames eight feet away from the pool of metal. The Superintendent immediately had the situation in hand.

"Sand, *piasek*, sand," he thundered and, seizing a shovel and approaching as near as he could, he began himself to throw sand on the pool of metal at the point nearest the ladle. Three or four men, emboldened by his courage, joined him until the flow in that direction was stemmed. In the meantime I had found long sheets of corrugated steel which I stood on end to protect my position at

the ladle. I attempted to open the nozzle again to the full but found the lever so hot that I had to use my hat to protect my hands.

Tony and three of his men dragged in a line of fire hose, and soon a powerful stream of water played upon the breach in the mold and dense clouds of steam rose above it. Gradually, after ten or fifteen minutes, the flow of metal began to freeze as the flow of blood from a wound is congealed by the application of cold water. A dozen men continued to throw sand on the steel which had run out on the floor while I poured sufficient metal into the gate to replace that which was lost. Before long the escaping metal had become a mere trickle and then stopped altogether, leaving an ugly mass of dark red steel clinging to the side of the mold.

Thereupon Tony extinguished the fires on the floor and turned his hose for a moment upon the sheets of steel which protected me and which had become red hot. Then he drenched the steel on the floor in order to freeze it. Everyone felt relieved, the men paused to wipe perspiration from faces and necks with their red and blue handkerchiefs, and not long after there was a tired, heartless cheer as the slag dripped from the nozzle and the ladle was carried back toward the furnaces.

"Well," said the Superintendent as we slowly dragged our tired bodies to the office, "I told you the first night you were here that this foundry is no kindergarten. It's seldom as bad as this, though; we catch this thing only two or three times a year."

All this happened on a Wednesday night. Saturday morning the Superintendent stopped me and said, "They have ordered a special fifteen-ton heat for two-thirty Sunday afternoon. I want you to come in and pour it. John Pintok will be in with one of his handymen and three laborers. Frank and his chainmen will take care of the ladle. You will be in charge and I expect you will have no trouble."



THE MAD HATTER'S DIRTY TEACUP

BY STUART CHASE

A SUBWAY express roars into the Times Square Station. A portly gentleman, reasonably well dressed, arises from his seat near the middle door of one of the cars, and proceeds in a more or less routine manner to deposit the morning *Times*, the whole forty-eight pages of it, well fluffed up, upon the floor. By the time the last outgoing passenger has made his exit, the space about the door is three feet deep in boiling wood pulp, through which one wades as through a Siberian snowdrift. The portly gentleman is not apprehended; the passengers take the entanglement as part of the day's work, one or two adding their tabloids to the mêlée as they flounder out; the guards are mute. It is all part of the accredited folkways, messy but entirely permissible.

Do you ever look at your America? Do you ever really use your eyes? Of course we have all oh-ed and ah-ed at Niagara Falls, the Grand Canyon, and the Old Man of the Mountains; but how many of us have consciously and consecutively examined the lines, contours, outcroppings, surface coverings of this nation which we have built, in the line of march from home to job—or even in the line of the Buick's march (Packard, if you like) on Sunday? There are the house, the three traffic lights to Main Street, the station, the 8.17, the headlines (one never looks out of the window), the subway, the office—and eyes turned inward. We see enough—or try to—to avoid mutilation at the hands of the traffic, but do we know what our immediate world looks like, or whether it be lovely or hideous, inspiring or depress-

ing? Here it is. We get our living from it. That is about all we know. One is supposed to use one's eyes in foreign parts. Home is for sterner matters.

This little essay is a plea—and a reasonably bad-tempered one—for optical exercise in the everyday world. It conceals, furthermore, a morsel of propaganda which might as well be confessed at once. If more of us looked at our country it might be a better country to look at. If more of us felt an urge to lynch portly gentlemen making dirty snowdrifts in subway stations, portly gentlemen might see the handwriting on the wall and hold everything until the next waste barrel was reached.

Lately I have been trying to look at the native land which fundamentally I love. Its harmonies thrill me more than those of other lands; its cacophonies hurt me more. Great as are the triumphs of skyscraper architecture in New York, when I journey about the city I am aware how isolated they are and what vast and gloomy stretches of jerry-built ugliness lie between them. On Sixth Avenue, with its elevated railroad, it is difficult to find a single building with which to gladden a weary eye.

Other cities I have looked at—Boston, Springfield, Lowell, Fall River, New Haven, Baltimore, Washington, Charleston, St. Louis, Tampa, Chicago, Albany—and of them all only Washington gives consistently more pleasant than unpleasant vistas, and there in the northwest section only. All have their oases of the quaint or of the uplifting, but oases they remain in a desert of the glum

and unprepossessing. Towns I have looked at, and the open country. For every Topsfield or Old Lyme, there are a thousand Crotons, Sufferns, Naticks, Garys—sprawling and hideous. For some strange reason much of the outlying region around Philadelphia is neat and comely, while Westchester County near New York, with twice the natural setting, reeks with monstrosities.

With watch and notebook I tried to analyze a hundred miles of rural scenery from a car window on the New York to Boston run. My standards were hasty if you please, but hasty was the Merchants Limited. I sought to subdivide the route into "pleasing," "passable," and "depressing." The last took at least fifty miles of the hundred. The outstanding defacements were rickety cottages, littered yards and enclosures, tobacco barns, abandoned motor cars, signboards and advertisements on structures, filling stations and roadside eruptions generally, cut-over wood lands, factory sidings, coal and wood yards, dumps. "Pleasing" and "passable" divided the other fifty miles in rough equality. This, remember, is rural New England—no notes were taken as we passed the larger towns—the region whose embattled Chambers of Commerce advertise as the vacation land of the nation. Heaven knows what such a record would show in Ohio or Georgia. Yet nature unmolested was almost always pleasing, while white spires, old farmhouses and barns, a village green, a gentleman's estate, and even here and there a modern villa, were just and seemly. One strange reaction was the utterly irrelevant nature of the shifts from plus to minus. They came without rhyme or reason: a series of charming old houses, and then, suddenly, a blinding monstrosity—rows of signboards, a chaos of litter—followed by more fine old houses. Cheek by jowl beauty and desolation lived, apparently on the best of terms. These people had never looked at their world. If ever they do, torches will flame by night, and directors

of insurance companies huddle into their chairs. . . .

Two sorts of things distress the observant native son—fixed properties and movables. The architecture of our structures is sufficiently upsetting—as Mr. Lewis Mumford can inexhaustibly expound—but why do we gild the lily (a metaphor in reverse) by covering the country, urban and rural, with doubtless the most sublime exhibit of offscourings and litter upon which the sun has ever shone? I refer specifically to abandoned newspapers, magazines, motor cars, tin cans, go-carts, kerosene stoves, paste-board boxes, spring beds, picnic mentos, banana peels, ice boxes, glass bottles, baby carriages, mattresses, farm machinery, rags, iron barrel hoops, chicken wire, steam shovels, portable saw mills, crockery, tar barrels, cigarette containers, tires, corrugated iron, and rubber boots. I refer further to these commodities—the unsinkable varieties—on water as well as land. No inhabitant of Long Beach can fail to recognize what New York had for dinner yesterday by the deposit on the strand to-day.

Architecture we shall leave to Mr. Mumford, and pray for the best. It is better at least than in the dreadful eighties. But I propose to yield to no authority in the matter of movables and semi-movables. Here above all else we have blackened the eyes and bloodied the nose of our motherland.

II

In a nation of eighteen million bathtubs we find the dirtiest streets and parks on the planet. Dr. Bernard Sachs in a four months' survey of municipal cleanliness in France, England, Germany, Austria, and Switzerland could locate nothing to approach the gorgeous litter of New York. Garbage wagons are chronically uncovered—and reeking—here, but except for one case in London, he did not see a single uncovered garbage wagon abroad. Dawn of a

summer Monday morning finds Central Park a shambles, defaced and desolate. "In Hyde Park, London, signs are displayed that it is forbidden to throw paper on the lawns and roads and that a fine of £5 will be imposed for violation. This ordinance is enforced and as a result this park, like other London parks, is clean." Better than ordinances and fines, however, is the civic spirit which one normally finds on the Continent. Citizens tend to have the same respect for their city and its appearance as they have for their own homes. They would no more make a mess in their parks than they would throw table refuse on the floor of the dining room. Even in Russia where bathtubs take on the rarity of museum pieces, I found parks, streets, roadsides, amusement centers infinitely cleaner than at home. The Russians furthermore read newspapers almost as omnivorously as do we.

Dr. William Schroeder, Jr., Sanitation Commissioner for New York, has just (January, 1930) completed a tour of South Brooklyn, including the Red Hook section and parts of Flatbush. With a nice sense of grading he finds the condition of the streets "ranging from dirty to filthy."

Meanwhile, the Borough President of Queens, Mr. George U. Harvey, is in danger of disappearing forever beneath a mountain of abandoned motor cars. A photograph of his dilemma is on the desk before me as I write, and its bulk, if not its lines, resembles the pyramid of Cheops. Fighting for life and air, Mr. Harvey has sent out an appeal to Henry Ford. This is entirely reasonable. Most of the pyramid is composed of model T's, and why should not Henry put death on a mass production basis as well as birth? There are over five thousand wrecks in the mountain, but veterans are expiring along the roadsides of Queens faster than they can be hauled to the central graveyard. "Every morning additional scores litter the highways. People drive them from Manhattan and leave them under the Queensboro Bridge.

They drive them from Brooklyn and drop them in the Ridgewood section. They tow them and cart them. Garages and repair shops in Queens are also offenders. They usually don't haul the wrecks farther than around the corner. . . . Commissioner Grover A. Whalen has just assigned two police squads to track down owners of has-been automobiles. . . . Why, somebody even abandoned a lunch car right on the street the other day. . . . Once we had to cast away an abandoned steam roller. . . . And during the cleaning campaign a whole house was left on city property!"

Nor is the problem of the abandoned motor car localized in Queens. Here in Croton where I live, thirty-five miles from New York, there is no single county road in any direction which is not defiled with rotting iron corpses. In half a mile of what was once a wild, primitive back lane, lovely with cliffs, hemlock and birch, I counted twenty-six abandoned cars, each with its encircling spawn of tires, torn curtains, shattered glass, wrenched-off hood covers. They lie and leer at the hemlocks and birches, while the pedestrian has nowhere to look save straight into the sky.

Consider the magnitude of the desecration. Out on the highways of the Republic come snorting some five million motor cars a year. According to the terms of the annual model racket, at least half of them must presently be abandoned. Only so may prosperity be maintained. This means an annual deposit of at least two million wrecks—say eight billion pounds of metal—at the present time, and soon, when the majestic systole and diastole is complete, five million wrecks—twenty billion pounds of metal—each and every year. The current system of disposition so far as one observes it, seems to be that owner A, loath to pollute his own land, dumps his car on the estate of owner B, while owner B, similarly sensitive, dumps his contribution on the estate of owner A. As a happy alternative, where possible, both A and B will combine to dump on public prop-

erty—say a park, a highway easement, or a recreation development.

Slums and slum behavior are to be expected in American cities, for a long tradition lies back of them. Similarly for generations we have regarded as normal the defilement of the city's outskirts. In such a book as *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, we have even sought to wring what humor and philosophy may lie in the wilderness of shanties, can-eating goats, junk yards and smoldering dumps which stretch from the gas tanks to the mud flats or the river bank. In New York, indeed, we have a dump so vast that locomotives climb its sides, drawing cars of reeking refuse, great fire lines play streams of water on its unquenchable flames, and when the wind is in any quarter, one or another of the city's boroughs is buried under a murky stench which would stupefy Lucifer.

All this may be classified as business as usual. What is new, hardly a scant decade old—what has grown hand in hand with prosperity—is the *extension* of the metropolitan slum over most of rural America. Where highways run, where the motor car goes—which is practically everywhere save the tops of mountains and the middle of lakes—there deploys a vast army of junk flingers, blood brothers to the portly man in the subway. The whole country is crossed and double-crossed with their scabrous trails. They may either squat along the highway and set up shop in an acneous eruption of filling stations, hot-dog stands, Tumble Inns, garages, vegetable booths, scarifying field and forest for rods around. Or they may be sojourners only, content to befool whatever roadside pleasantness remains between the ever-encroaching filling stations. I have hunted for hours on end, growing hungrier and more indignant every moment, to find one clean and decent spot where one might stop and eat luncheon by the roadside. The banks of every bisecting brook, every inviting patch of meadow, every bed of soft pine needles, every lookout point are stale and noisome with wet

newspapers, soggy pasteboard boxes, rusting tin cans, broken bottles, flyblown magazines. Time after time I have eaten my luncheon in the car as the lesser of two evils. Swine, if given half a chance and open country in which to roam, keep reasonably clean. The troglodytes who have laid waste fifty thousand linear miles of roadside are, it is safe to assume, somewhat farther down the evolutionary ladder. What hobo would leave his "jungle" in the condition the average motorist leaves his picnic place? The blanket stiff's sense of decency would not permit it, to say nothing of the retribution at the hands of his fellow craftsmen if he did bemire a "jungle."

A secure niche has been won in the category of derelicts by chewing gum. America spends upwards of \$50,000,000 a year for this delicacy, the equivalent of 5,000,000,000 sticks or 250,000 miles of sweetened chicle—enough to send a ribbon around the moon. Save in the case of tender infants, not much of it is swallowed. The great bulk finds its place somewhere under foot or hand; by preference under chairs in movie theaters, on the decks of excursion steamers, hiding coyly beneath the edges of tables in lunch rooms. I once lost a substantial section of a new Scotch tweed overcoat by virtue of a little remembrance on the straw seat of a subway train. Another favorite temporary resting place is the floor of a dance hall. I say temporary advisedly; the five billion sticks are ever on the march. They know not what it means to die.

It is getting so no self-respecting shad dares enter the mouth of any American river. If he has no self-respect and pushes on through the murk and chemicals and gloom, a dreadful death awaits him. It is getting so no shellfish—oyster, lobster, or clam—can hope to retain his health along the bays and estuaries where these rivers empty. But he can take a just revenge. He can poison the population which has poisoned him. In ten years the crab fish-

eries of the Chesapeake and Delaware rivers have been cut in half, and the lobster catch is a third of what it was a generation ago. Not only the open sewers of rivers, but oil-burning ships void their refuse in a manner increasingly deadly to all forms of marine life.

Every day in the year a great fleet of scows, dripping with refuse, is towed past the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor. Somewhere on the line between Atlantic Highlands Light and Fire Island Light the fleet disgorges its burden. The ocean's bosom is broad, but hardly broad enough to cherish inviolate this array of orphans. Not much strays back through the Narrows (the inner harbor possesses its own unfailing sources of supply), but for fifty miles along the south shore of Long Island—one of the loveliest strips of beach in the world—the joyous bather must make his way through decayed cabbages, onions, carrots, oranges, grapefruit, cauliflower, bananas; through tomato cans, sardine cans, oil cans, tin canisters of every shape and size; through whisky bottles, bromo seltzer bottles, Father John's Medicine bottles, Ed. Pinaud bottles (soon to be broken as his happy children play); through chicken coops, shingles, two by fours, barrels, casks, piano cases, fragments of wooden boxes, all studded with nails and always business side up (evidently a law subsidiary to the physics of wave motion); and lastly—and increasingly by virtue of oil-burning vessels—through a universal stratum of tar which coats not only the vegetables, the cans, the bottles, the woodwork and the fragments of overstuffed davenport, but etches in slimy black the farthest run of every wave which breaks upon the beach. Each happy bather, if he is wise, keeps a can of gasoline back of his bungalow. After bathing he repairs to the said can, douses a rag in its spout, and spends anywhere from ten minutes to an hour cleaning the tar from his anatomy in general, and his feet in particular.

Incidentally, tar, says Mr. J. B. S. Haldane, is a substantial agent in propagating cancer. . . . For such items as cannot find lodgment on Long Island, due to the congestion of the traffic, the beaches of New Jersey beckon—and receive.

III

Closing my eyes, I can see stark and splendid the rocky cone of Chocorua rising from its heart-shaped lake, fringed with pines. It is a mountain which I love more than almost any human being. But alas, having begun to look at America, I can also see the fearful messes which gay excursionists have spread beneath those selfsame pines. I can see a woman driving down the main street of Scarsdale in a Lincoln, tearing up her morning's mail and scattering it in open-handed generosity to right and left. I can see a lovely meadow thick with daisies in the summer, not two hundred yards from where I write, where a neighbor in his neighborly way has deposited a truckload of tin cans, garnished with a folding bed. I can see the decks of the Albany day boat as the Sunday excursion crowd leaves it and heads for the subway, and the smoking car of the Croton local as it grinds into the Grand Central Station. I can see the ocean, framed between high dunes, and a man with a shack on top of one of the dunes flinging hundreds—literally hundreds—of bottles down the side, presently followed by a decayed refrigerator. (When I spent an afternoon digging a pit in which to bury the ice chest and the bottles, he was insulted, and in a sort of frenzy began hurling apparently everything movable in his house athwart my ocean view.) I can see ninety-six houses on the outskirts of Babylon, all precisely alike, all in geometrical rows, all dreadful, all falling into ruin as the "realtor's" dream of Manor Meadows collapses. I can see the Mohawk Trail made hideous with signboards; and a rusting Ford in the middle of what was once my favorite swimming pool. I can see . . . but

why go on? It takes a strong man to look at his world.

The roots of the devastation are reasonably plain. The pioneer tradition is of course to-day a cultural relic, but still sufficiently powerful to make us behave as though our land and resources were inexhaustible. Waste has ever been a national watchword. We have slashed our forests, gushed our oil, depleted and betrayed our soil on the theory that when one site was exhausted we could always move on to the next. Now, alas, like Alice, we have to move into the Mad Hatter's dirty teacup, but the realization of the fact has yet to come. We act like an exploring party in a trackless wilderness, confident that no other white man will visit our last camping place, so why bother to leave it tidy? The European has learned that others will lie where he has lain; the American has not. And the sad fact is that twenty-five million motor cars on fifty thousand miles of surfaced highway mean five hundred cars per mile, and thus a tolerably heavy percentage of double and triple bedding.

Allied to the pioneer tradition and its philosophy of waste, is the modern development of mass production. Under the canons of high-pressure selling and volume turnover we are enjoined directly and indirectly, by something in the nature of a billion dollars' worth of advertising and publicity a year, to throw things away before they are worn out, and buy a new model. The dump thus becomes the barometer of American business enterprise. The bigger it is, the better for commerce. It is a duty partaking of the sacred to keep millions of tons of motor cars, radios, phonographs, furniture, clothing, toys, printed matter moving briskly towards the junk pile with a minimum of stoppage in the hands of the user. One might say that the function of the buyer in the premises is casually to *inspect* the article as it moves, as steadily as may be, from the Mesaba iron range to Mr. Harvey's pyramid in Queens. . . . Run along

beside it and twiddle it a little. This certainly is the goal of the turnover boys, and year by year they draw nearer to its consummation. The container racket, whereby the astute merchant sells the package rather than what the package contains (a technic which reaches its sublimest levels in the field of cosmetics) also contributes its quota of abandoned glass, metal, and pasteboard; while the decline of the housewife in the face of the tin can has long complicated the American problem. The rubbish heaps of our forefathers were largely tinless, even as European rubbish heaps are to-day.

The wayfaring man is thus, it must be admitted, caught in something of a paradox. His cultural tradition is waste; he is urged by all the magnificoes of industry to waste. Against these two powerful forces he has but a feeble sense of decency and order, and an æsthetic sense only to be located by the most subtle chemical reagents—indeed a laboratory job. He has conditioned himself not to look at his country. There is thus something to be said for the poor fellow in theory, loathsome as are his tangible acts.

IV

The time draws near for constructive suggestions—that solemn and usually altogether futile rite demanded of the critic. Unfailingly polite as always, I bow to the exigencies of that demand. I have two proposals to offer, one economic and one personal.

I think the Higher Salesmanship is overreaching itself by stimulating the dumping complex without making any provisions for the care of dumps. Indirectly if not directly, it is costing them money. The issue thus moves out of the realms of æsthetics—suspect to all good Americans—and comes solidly to earth in the realm of profit, of the utmost importance to all good Americans. The littered scene is not as attractive for profitable building sites, or profitable excursion points, as the unlittered.

A project like the Bronx River Parkway which converted a sleazy, tin-embroidered creek into a soundly landscaped park, created huge real estate values in the abutting property. Æsthetic improvement paid cash dividends. With winter resorts and summer resorts competing for vacationists, and with practically every town and city in the land competing for population (via the Boosters Club), the idea should presently penetrate—and indeed here and there already has—that a clean and attractive region has a competitive advantage over a dirty and messy one. The far-sighted business man is beginning to realize that the time is coming when a well-swept town without reeking dumps and horrendous approaches will pay dividends. The various “clean-up campaigns” of recent years are harbingers of this awakening. One can only pray for more commercial vision along this line. It will not help Mr. Mumford’s architectural problem much, but it should certainly assist in a more seemly disposition of movables. Thus I refuse to be

classed as one of those infernal æsthetes who would send us all to beautiful bankruptcy.

My second proposal, I repeat, is personal. It is also criminal. On three separate occasions I have deliberately, even joyously, committed arson. I have burned to the ground (1) a boat house, (2) a barn, (3) a beach bungalow. All three were collapsed, worthless eyesores, and in each case they utterly desecrated what was otherwise a charming vista. Day by day the irritation of looking at them grew, until ultimately I destroyed them. My plans were carefully laid. I waited for a soaking rain so that the flames might not spread. I chose broad daylight and, after applying the torch, retreated; and then was first upon the scene to sound the alarm, thus escaping all possibility of suspicion. I stood and gloried in the flames, apparently as surprised as the next man, while the neighbors developed first the mouse-and-match theory, second the tramp theory, and finally the spontaneous combustion theory.





ENCARNACIÓN

A STORY

BY ALICIA O'REARDON OVERBECK

"SEÑORA."

The voice was gentle, soft, purring, with none of the dry nasal tones of Bolivia. I was leaning on the gate of our little patio, gossiping with Min, my comrade of many camps, and I turned quickly to face the speaker. A girl stood several steps above me, on the gravel path that ran around my small garden. Against the faint ash rose of the adobe wall she was a thing of loveliness and color in her wide mauve *pollera*, embroidered salmon-pink shawl, high gray kid boots, and tall, glistening white Chola hat.

"Señora," she repeated—and a shy smile revealed white, childish teeth and a dimple in her left cheek—"would you have need of a servant?"

As it happened, I had need, and very pressing need, of a servant at that precise moment, but somehow the charming, glowing figure before me seemed far removed from the realms of toil. Her skin was luminous ivory, with a hint of pink on the cheekbones, her round eyes were golden-brown velvet, her weak little mouth was damp and red, and her sepia hair, plaited into the regulation Chola *trenzas*, curled at the ends. There was nothing of the country about her save her clothes, and even these were so fresh and smart that there was a certain comic-opera quality about them.

"What is your name?" I asked, and I too found myself smiling.

"Encarnación, Señora," she answered, "and I am of Araca. I have been living with my sister there—her husband

is chauffeur for the Company. I should greatly like to work for you, Señora."

I turned to Min, and found her eyeing the girl from head to toe, tight disapproval written in every line of her face.

"What do you think?" I asked.

"Think! I don't think. I know. Take her and you take trouble. She's a darned sight too pretty for a camp servant. Wait until the boys set eyes on her. And she's not a native, either. She's half Gringo. Ask her."

The question to an outsider might seem rather delicate, but to a Bolivian a matter of natural or legitimate birth is a mere trifle; so I asked briskly:

"Are you a *Nacionale*?"

"*Sí, Señora, sí.*" She nodded her head eagerly. Then her eye caught Min's, and she hesitated. "But my papa, he was a German."

"There," cried Min triumphantly. "What did I tell you? That accounts for her light skin and eyes and hair. You know these half-breeds."

"She's sort of blossomy, isn't she? And so babyish! If someone doesn't take her in and give her a chance, what will become of her?"

"Don't fret, it'll become of her anyway. Why court trouble?"

Encarnación's eyes roved from one to the other of us as we talked her over in English and inspected her with much the same interest we might give to a chicken or a pig about to be purchased.

"How old are you, Encarnación?" I asked.

"I have thirteen years, Señora," she answered.

Thirteen years! According to our standards a little girl, but according to the standards of her people a woman grown. In the little pueblo of Rosario down the valley were the *chicheriàs*, where girls even younger than this one stood in the doorways and smiled enticingly. Just across the river was an awful, toothless old woman who collected girls and rented them out rather profitably. In the native camp itself were mothers who boldly sold their girls to the highest bidder. I knew even as I spoke that I could not spare this lovely Encarnación her ultimate fate, but she was such a baby to face it now.

"I think I'll give her a trial, Min," I said, and I felt quite as much embarrassed as if I had been caught in a petty theft. Min had her points, and we had weathered many a storm together; but at times her obvious rightness was a little overpowering.

"Well, you'll regret it. You see if you don't. She won't want to work. Look at those clothes and her smooth hands. Furthermore, it won't be a week before you have the boys throwing rocks on your roof and prowling around your house at all hours of the night, and you'll probably have to go after them with a gun, just as I did when that beast of a Parades came after my Felicidad. I—"

"Oh, well," I said hurriedly, "no harm trying it out, and at least she will be ornamental."

At the moment I felt that I simply could not listen again to the worn anecdote of the one known assault on the virtue of Min's Felicidad. Felicidad was quite the most hopeless of Bolivia's daughters—pock-marked, squint-eyed, bow-legged. No wonder she was a paragon of propriety and respectability!

"Ornamental!" Min rather snorted. "Well, I've warned you. She won't work—she's much too pretty for that—and she'll cause trouble. You see. I must run along now, and see what Felicidad is doing. *Hasta la vista!*"

Both Encarnación and I were visibly relieved at Min's departure. She heaved a deep sigh, and the questioning smile returned to her face.

"I think I'll try you out," I said. "What wages do you get?"

"What would it please you to give, Señora?"

"Twenty-five Bolivianos a month at first. Then, if you work hard, we'll see."

Apparently the sum, the equivalent of about nine dollars gold, was entirely satisfactory, for she beamed and cried:

"Bien, Señora, muy bien."

No use asking her what she could do. The truth was not even expected of her kind, and if I had asked her, she would have claimed all the domestic accomplishments.

"Come on," I said, "and I'll show you your room."

The room was nothing more than a *calamina* shed hung to the side of our tent house. One had to bend nearly double to enter, and there was no window. A small camp bed, a rickety washstand with a tin bowl and pitcher, a shattered table, and a chair were the furniture. The room had a board floor instead of the customary one of dirt, a bed instead of a bundle of rags in the corner, and a door that would lock. I noticed Encarnación looking at the door with interest.

"Es bonita, Señora," she breathed. *"Muy bonita! Linda!"*

Almost too bad that anyone should consider such a hole as *bonita*—even *muy bonita*—and *linda*, but this was no time to haggle over æsthetics.

"Where are your things?" I asked.

She pointed out the door to a large bundle wrapped in a sheet. Beside it sat a small, white woolly dog. Unlike most native dogs, he was immaculately clean, and from under his fluffy white bang his black eyes twinkled and his wet little black nose twitched eagerly.

"Is that your dog?"

"Sí, Señora." Encarnación's hands clasped and unclasped nervously, and

her eyes were imploring. "He is most loving and intelligent and peaceful."

"You can't keep him in camp," I said sternly, but at the same time carefully avoiding the earnest gaze of the small dog. "There are other dogs, and he might destroy the gardens."

"But, Señora, he is so *muy caballero*, is my little dog. And his name is Cazador."

Cazador (the hunter), at the mention of his name, threw himself up on his small rump, and lifted his paw in a smart military salute. I looked from the girl to the dog. Both were so singularly alike—so clean, so young, so almost elegantly spectacular. As Cazador caught my eye his little red tongue lolled out of the side of his mouth, and he distinctly smiled.

"Well," I conceded weakly, "I suppose you'll have to keep him. But he must not dig in the garden, and he must never enter the sala."

"*Nunca, Señora. Nunca, nunca, nunca,*" agreed Encarnación vehemently.

"Very well," I said, and I shook Cazador's paw and urged him to return to a more normal and easy position. "Take your things into your room, and when you get straightened out, come into the house quickly."

Min was wrong on one point. Encarnación could and would work. She could polish a floor until it glittered; she could make a bed—smooth and straight and taut; she could scrub and order our shabby bathroom to the point of trimness; she could arrange flowers and pillows and curtains until our dowdy living room came to life and glowed. She was gentle, too, and affectionate; and she always seemed to feel that between us was a bond of real understanding. She never talked much—she was curiously inarticulate amongst a talkative people—and our conversations were confined to inquiries as to my health and her sweet, singing "Señora." But she had my personal appearance enormously at heart, and appeared to regret my somewhat careless habits. If I were going to a party, she would powder the back of my neck so that not the least

speck showed on the edges of my hair; she would insist on a triangle of rouge on each cheek; she would adjust to the last fold the dress which she had first carefully pressed. And she developed a perfect passion for running behind me and straightening the seams of my stockings, which somehow were always a little askew.

As for Cazador, he quickly established himself in the heart of the household. The first morning he was in residence, he appeared with my breakfast tray, saluted politely, and helped me finish my toast. He was, as Encarnación had guaranteed, *muy caballero*, and his attitude toward the garden and my cat Chevalita was the essence of discretion. He quite naturally spent the best part of his days on a small rug in front of the stove in the sala. Relations between Cazador and me were always a little formal—we were acquaintances rather than friends—and although he would eat breakfast with me and invariably treat me with perfect courtesy, he would never go walking with me nor take me into his full confidence. His *patrona* owned his heart entire.

On the other point I soon found that Min was entirely right. The boys—both Gringo and native—quickly discovered Encarnación. The first Saturday night after her arrival a crowd of them came down from the mine to our base camp and, as usual, flocked into our tent for a cocktail and the gossip of the week. Among them was Jorge Ibañez, the tall, greenly pallid native accountant, who had been to the States, who spoke almost perfect English, and who was the bane of my existence. He affected Gringo ways and dress, he craved Gringo society, and wrecked our choicest gatherings by his unsolicited presence; he professed for his own people a laughing, scornful contempt.

Encarnación brought the tray of cocktails into the sitting room. Without her hat and shawl she was more than ever entrancing. Her soft hair curled over her low forehead, long gold earrings

swung in her little pink ears, and her sloping shoulders and small waist showed to perfection in her trig, tight-fitting basque. As she entered the room there was a hush. Every man there registered his own particular form of interest. Ibañez's thick, lead-colored lips fell slightly open, and the heavy lids of his eyes drooped. The young mine superintendent whistled between his teeth.

"Gee," he said, "look who's here. Where did you find it, Alicia?"

Min, sitting in the corner, cast me a triumphant smile, which quite maddened me; and I turned on my guests with asperity.

"*Cuidado, Caballeros,*" I said crisply. "*Cuidado.* This kid belongs here. She's only thirteen—do you understand, only thirteen. So remember Min and her gun, and *cuidado!*"

"You shouldn't tempt us, 'Licia,'" snickered the mine superintendent.

But our own boys were a decent lot. Sometimes they rather ran amuck, and their jokes were apt to be a bit lurid; but on the whole they were pretty straight. Ibañez it was who troubled me—Ibañez with his slow, heavy stare and his loose, twitching lips. He caught my eye and came across the room to light my cigarette.

"Your new maid, Señora," he said, "she is charming—no?"

"Yes, charming, Don Jorge," I answered in the formal voice I reserved for intruders. "Charming—and mine."

His insolent gaze shifted quickly from me back to Encarnación. As she passed her tray she bestowed on each man her moist, sweet smile, showing little pointed teeth, and the men smiled back in frank admiration. I could gaily have killed them. And Min prodded me in the ribs and said:

"Now, you see what I told you?"

I was awakened that night by the unmistakable sound of pebbles on the tin roof of Encarnación's room. I sat up quickly and called:

"Encarnación, Encarnación! *Qué la pasa?*"

Without waiting for an answer, I leaped from my bed to the window, just in time to see a man's figure flash around the corner of the tent. There was a crash, and I knew that the intruder must have tripped over my potted plants, and was probably now crouching in the shadow of the wall. As I peered into the murky blackness, the moon suddenly freed itself of a bank of cloud mist and washed the garden with ripples of cool, milky light. And the light picked out the face of Jorge Ibañez, flattened against the adobe wall, his heavy eyes alive and hating, his pendulous lips turned back from his ugly yellow teeth.

For a moment we stared at each other in mute loathing. Then I shut the window silently, hunted up my kimono and slippers, and sallied forth to see how Encarnación was taking the affair. Her door was locked, but she opened it when she heard my voice.

"It was Don Jorge, Señora," she whimpered. "He wanted to come in, but I didn't unlock the door." She was clad in a straight, old-fashioned white-cotton nightie, and her thick hair lay unplaited on her shoulders. The pink in her cheeks had deepened to scarlet, and her soft, shallow brown eyes seemed darker—more glowing.

"I think, Encarnación, I shall lock you in. It is better—no?"

She nodded, her damp red lips parted.

I slept that night with the key under my pillow.

On Monday morning early the men returned to the mine, and I breathed easier. But my relief was short-lived. A couple of days later Min came to tea with me, and I knew by the light in her eye that she had something on me. She drank her tea genteelly, her little finger thrown into second, and nibbled politely at her toast.

"Are you aware," she asked sweetly, "that the native boys from the *Oficina* are running after your Encarnación? And Ibañez must have come down from the mine again. My Felicidad saw her walking up the river trail with him yes-

terday, and the Sereno told the new boy who works in my garden that he has caught young Sanchez tapping at her door twice."

I wanted frightfully to say, "Damn your Felicidad; she's always seeing something." Instead, I choked over a swallow of very hot tea, and as Min thumped my back she continued:

"But it's only what I told you. You remember I warned you that day she first came into camp?"

So a couple of months went by. I spoke with Encarnación on the wages of sin in my halting, uncertain Spanish; and she listened with parted lips and nods of approval. I locked her in when the boys came down from the mine. I threatened the Sereno with sudden and horrible death if he allowed anyone to molest her.

Then came August and the first tender hint of spring. Frail gray clouds filmed a sky, blue so long that the eyes ached with the sight of it; a tentative flurry of rain laid the choking black dust and wooed forth tiny green shoots in the gardens; the drooping, anæmic eucalyptus trees by the camp wall revived and filled the air with their stinging, cattish odor.

In the middle of the month fell the feast of the Assumption. The Assumption in our particular part of Bolivia is one of the really important fiestas. Each year a Cholo is elected *patrón* of the festivities, and he considers himself indeed blessed, even though it may take every *centavo* of his meager savings to finance the affair. The *cura* comes from the little pueblo many kilometers down the valley, christens the year's crop of babies, and formally unites in marriage the lovers of the vicinity, who in most cases regard this benefit of clergy merely as a bit of elegance. Dancing and drinking continue for days, and the Gringo women of the camp rave helplessly because all the house servants boldly absent themselves.

Directly across the camp wall, on the other side of the little river, was the small adobe *capilla*. On the Wednesday

morning preceding the actual day of the fiesta its cracked bell rang out a summons—a jaunty, provocative summons that made the hair on the back of your neck crisp and sent little sparkling stabs through you. None of your Anglo-Saxon "come to church, come to church, come to church" peals, but a clarion call to dance, to drink, to love. In answer to the invitation a drum in the native village rolled, a reed pipe screamed, a blast of dynamite burst with a sickening crash; and the fiesta was on. For four long days and nights the earth vibrated to the scuff, scuff, scuff of feet dancing on its sun-baked face; the drums throbbed a dogged, persistent accompaniment to the pipes' endless repetition of a single theme; the dynamite blasts increased in frequency and violence. The Blessed Lady and *El Señor*, her Son, were carried from the chapel in procession, hailed with deafening roars of dynamite, twined with serpentina, pelted with confetti; then returned to the peace of their shadowed shrines—their little part in the drama quickly accomplished. About the drums and pipes men circled in a sort of hesitating trot—round and round and round, with dizzying intensity. Groups of women in brilliant *polleras* and vivid shawls clasped hands and whirled in circles—bright pinwheels of color against the toneless hills. Men and women arm in arm formed a long line and marched in a sort of follow-my-leader game, circling, wheeling, twisting snakewise. At night cheap German fireworks exploded and threw balls of red and blue and green into our camp. When for a few minutes the uproar stopped, the silence was vast, terrifying.

During those four days Encarnación worked with savage diligence. The almond-blossom pink on her cheekbones deepened, and her soft red mouth tightened a little. Each day, when the last chore had been finished to the smallest detail, she and Cazador would huddle close together by the wall and watch the dancers somberly. She never asked to join them, and I breathed easier as

each night came and I could lock the door of her room and carry the key away.

With Sunday came the final outburst of the fiesta. The dynamite had given out. Men and women lay in sodden heaps on the scarred, trodden ground—sated with dancing and the raw alcohol they had been drinking for four days. The band still mumbled on, but in spasmodic jerks, as if the players occasionally fell into fitful sleep. And when tea time came Encarnación and Cazador had vanished. I searched through our camp for them, then stood by the wall and strained my eyes for a sight of her mauve *pollera* among the few swaying forms still dancing to the lagging strains of the music. When darkness came, I sent the Sereno to hunt for her.

"*No parece, Señora,*" he reported briefly when he returned an hour later.

I went to her room. Everything was in order. The bed was smooth and neat, her clothes were hanging in the corner. The little rickety table had been turned into an altar. It was draped with cheap lace and adorned with a huge pink bow. A gay lithograph of the Virgin in a garish gilt frame stood in the center, before it a cracked cup full of pansies, and on either side candles stuck on saucers with their own grease. On the floor in front of the altar was a small pillow, still dented with the imprint of knees.

All day Monday I awaited the return of Encarnación. On Tuesday morning Pepita, my laundress, tottered in. She was frowzy and soiled, and her little felt hat—insignia of the Indian—was tilted recklessly on one eyebrow.

"You have returned," I remarked haughtily.

"I have returned, Señora." An outrageous leer disclosed her toothless jaws, and cracked tiny channels in the dirt of her face. "For five days and five nights have I danced and been very drunk, but when the fiesta is over I return to my Señora. And Encarnación?"

"I don't know," I said fretfully. The pretty, childish face had a troublesome

way of popping up before my eyes and disturbing me.

Pepita removed her hat from her tousled head, and hung it on its accustomed nail.

"I shall now wash my clothes," she announced virtuously. "She also will return."

I suspected that the old devil knew where Encarnación was, but I did not ask her. She would probably not tell the truth, and I had no way of forcing the girl to return anyway.

That day at lunchtime one of the men from the Office stopped at my gate.

"Your pretty Encarnación—hasn't she been raising hell?" he grinned.

"Encarnación! Where is she?"

"Over at the Office right now, standing up in a corner bawling her head off. It seems young Ibañez found her at the fiesta on Sunday and took her to the mine tent. He's had her locked up there ever since. The Sereno heard Cazador whining and reported it to the Office. Say, the Old Man's in a swell rage over it. You know the rules about bringing women into camp. Well, he says Ibañez's got to marry the girl or out of camp they both go. I call it nerve, this talk of marrying. Ibañez comes of a good family. Of course, he says he'll be damned if he'll marry any . . . Well, you know what he'd call the kid. So this afternoon out they go. Say, Min'll have one on you."

Something hot and savage turned me nearly blind, and I wanted to lean across the gate and smear the silly grin off the man's face with a clawing hand. Instead, I said rather thickly:

"Too bad! You fellows never gave the poor kid a chance—did you?"

And I turned and walked into my door.

I had just finished my lunch when Pepita sidled in and announced:

"Encarnación, Señora."

She was dirty and bedraggled. Her mauve skirt was torn and stained, her face was distorted with weeping. Cazador, matted and dusty, cringed at her side.

"Señora," she said softly, and her dry, swollen lips twisted into a cracked smile.

"Encarnación," I answered blankly. Cazador drew near and laid a timid paw in my lap. "You must go," I cried desperately. "You must go and now. The *Gerente* is very angry. He says you cannot stay in camp."

"But at the fiesta, Señora, they made me very drunk, and when I woke up I was in the tent of Don Jorge—locked in. And where can I go, Señora?"

Hesitatingly and with a feeling of sick revolt I tried to explain to the girl what I did not well understand myself—her sin against a society that had never given her a running chance, the reward she must expect to reap. Her round, red-rimmed eyes never left my face.

"I shall go," she said flatly, and she stumbled from the room, Cazador slinking close to her torn mauve skirt.

I had stood enough for one day. Swiftly and in abject fear of meeting my comrade Min, I left the house and climbed unhappily up the steep trail that led away from camp. The pulsing hum of spring was in the air. A couple of little green birds scolded and fussed over their housekeeping arrangements in a twisted bush; a snow-white lamb quavered after its indifferent mother with trembling, new-born legs; a pair of amorous llamas threw back their heads and regarded me with scarifying disdain. When I reached the little ledge where I was wont to retire from a distasteful world, I sat down and gazed unblinkingly down the river path. Presently around the curve emerged a small, slight figure—a figure somewhat bent beneath a bundle swung on its back. By its side padded a white dot that was a dog. The two were headed towards Rosario.

Often in the weeks that followed I met Encarnación on the trail. Her step had regained its spring, her clothes were gayer than ever. Cazador, washed and combed to a woolly whiteness, always accompanied her. Our greetings were restrained and invariably the same.

"Señora," she would breathe softly. "Encarnación," I would reply. And we would pass on our separate ways.

Then the rains came in earnest. Day after day a flat, leaden sky hung low over our heads, scudding banks of clouds raced up the valley, the river rose and cut off our source of supplies. Late in November came a short respite—hours of thin, uncertain sunshine alternated by smashing showers with thunder that roared and blared amongst the mountains like a mighty battle. And always Pepita and I kept an eye on the steep river trail, hoping for a sight of the first sad little gray head that would mean a burro train had forded the angry stream and was bringing up potatoes, green vegetables, eggs, and oranges from the hot country below. Late one afternoon slowly over the crest of the hill emerged a straggling procession—a litter carried by four Indians, and around it a milling crowd of men, women, children, and dogs. Pepita gave an appreciative cluck.

"A death, Señora?" she queried gloatingly.

"Who knows! Perhaps it is but an *enfermo* being brought up from Rosario to the hospital. However, you may go and see," I added.

She pulled her shawl over her head and dashed over the little foot bridge that led to the native village, with a speed that belied her own account of her age—either forty-five or seventy-six, she could not quite remember which.

The straggling cavalcade, augmented now by the people from our village, crawled painfully up the last cruel pull to the small *calamina* hospital owned by the Company. I watched Pepita bound up the hill behind it, close in on it, work her way to the side of the litter. Ten minutes later she stood beside me, her breath coming pantingly, her small black eyes shining, the hairs on a large mole on her chin bristling with excitement.

"Señora," she gasped, "it is Encarnación! *Jesús Maria*, Encarnación, Señora! It is terrible—most terrible. She is cut—cut in many places. There

is blood—blood everywhere. Her legs, her side, her arms, her face—cut in seven parts. One ear, Señora—gone, quite gone. And both her *trenzas* cut completely off.” Pepita held out between her thumb and forefinger one of her own thick, long-lobed ears and clutched at her untidy pigtails to demonstrate the horror of the situation.

In an instant a blossomy, child’s face swam before my eyes, and I steadied myself against the wall.

“But, Pepita, not Encarnación! Surely not Encarnación!”

“Sí, Señora, Encarnación. And she will surely die, for has she not been most wicked?” Pepita blew her nose fervently on the hem of her skirt, and in her old, dull eyes was an inarticulate triumph—the triumph of age frustrated over youth too frustrated. “*Por Dios*, did she not take from another woman her man? And the woman, with the child of the man in her belly, meets Encarnación in the plaza of Rosario, and she says, ‘Give me back my man.’ And Encarnación laughs, and says, ‘Why don’t you keep your man? I don’t want him.’ And the woman pulls a knife from under her shawl, and she cuts and cuts and cuts, and Encarnación falls on the ground, and Cazador tries to save her, and he gets cut also, and then the men come and pull the woman off. And now Encarnación is at the hospital about to die. *Jesús*, what will become of her soul?”

Pepita acted each incident of the ghastly drama. She was the woman, she was Encarnación, she was Cazador, snarling and lunging at my legs.

“I must go at once to the hospital and see her.”

Even as I spoke Felipa, the young native nurse, ran down the hill and into camp.

“Señora, the Doctor asks you to do him the grand favor of coming to the hospital at once. La Encarnación calls and calls for you, and she will surely die in a little time.”

Felipa’s face was smoky blue, and her

pale lips quivered nervously. She and Encarnación had been friends.

I ran up the steep trail, my heart pounding under my ribs, pushed my way through the crowd in front of the hospital, and met the Doctor at the door.

“She wants to see you,” he said briefly. “It’ll be over in a few minutes. It isn’t even worth while taking off her clothes. She’s hacked to a fare-you-well.”

We stepped into the tiny hospital ward. On the bed nearest the door was a huddled mound of dirty, bloody clothes—slim gray kid boots with silk laces and tassels at the top, a mauve skirt slashed into ribbons, a blood-stiffened lace blouse—and above, a head so swathed in bandages that nothing showed but a tiny circle of face with long brown lashes lying on the waxen, yellow skin. At the foot of the bed crouched Cazador, dyed scarlet with blood—scarlet like the sins of his mistress. He whined when he saw me, and sidled closer to an edge of skirt that hung to the floor.

The Doctor and I stood on either side of the bed, watching the still form, listening to the quick, painful breathing.

“God!” said the Doctor softly, “the pity of it—the waste of it. But it was inevitable. She was headed for this from the minute she was born, with her Indian mind and her Gringo soul and her beautiful body. She never had a ghost of a chance.”

As he finished speaking, the long lashes lifted. Encarnación was looking at me, and in her brown-velvet eyes was neither fright nor pain—only a sort of numbed puzzlement.

“Señora,” she said—her old greeting, but her voice was roughened and dry. I bent over her and took her cold, sweaty hand, and she seemed casting about in her slow, inarticulate way for some word. Then a shadow of her old smile crinkled the corners of her eyes, and I stooped low to catch the stumbling whisper.

“Adiós,” she said. “*Adiós, Señora mía.*”



BOOZE AND BUSINESS

BY JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

I CALLED at the office of the Big Business executive in New York City at an unfortunate moment because he was taking the train in half an hour to attend the annual convention of his industry at a Virginia resort. An Italian-American named Joe had just delivered a package of merchandise, for which the executive insisted on paying cash, though Joe protested politely that he was perfectly willing to wait until his client's return. Joe went out of the office, stuffing a bundle of ten-dollar notes in his pocket, and the executive proceeded with his preparations for the business convention. His big leather golf bag stood upright against his flat-topped desk; he removed the sticks and stowed several bottles labeled "Best Scotch," taken from the package Joe had left, at the bottom. Then he replaced the sticks carefully and called the office porter to carry the golf bag and his suitcase to the lobby of the building, twenty floors below. Putting on his hat and overcoat, the executive was ready to leave the office and take a taxi to the Pennsylvania Station. He asked me to go with him as far as the street.

On our way down I could not resist a question. The executive was not, I knew, a confirmed drinker and it would be no hardship for him to go a few days without alcoholic stimulant. The convention was to be held in Bishop Cannon's own state where the voters have declared themselves overwhelmingly for Prohibition and where citizens have been killed as a result of having in their possession as little as half a pint. These things being so, why take chances?

His reply suggested a curious phase of the Prohibition problem that has, perhaps, escaped general notice. After explaining that he was not taking liquor to the convention city for his own use, but for the entertainment of a few special customers of his corporation, he remarked:

"I'm going to a national convention of important businessmen where a little good Scotch dispensed judiciously may mean some orders for my concern. I shouldn't be true to my stockholders if I didn't do everything possible to get orders. As for taking risks, there aren't any to take. Since Prohibition became a law I've averaged a dozen business conventions a year, and I've never seen a single one that was dry. Moreover, I've never known a case where the authorities interfered in any way. So far as I can judge, it is everywhere regarded as thoroughly legitimate to use liquor to grease the wheels of business."

As a writer on business subjects, I travel about the country considerably to interview business men of every class. In all sections I find the point of view that Prohibition must not be allowed to interfere with trade. It would be reasonable to suppose this point of view should be maintained more strongly in large cities than in small ones; but the size of the community makes no apparent difference. For example, on a recent trip through the State of Pennsylvania, where Governor Pinchot fought for law enforcement so long and earnestly, I visited a town of fewer than four thousand people, where the leading hotel on Main Street maintained a

barroom at the front of its premises and vended alcoholic drinks. There was no apparent concealment or apprehension, though the pastors of the five local churches and the members of the police force must have passed it daily while on their rounds of civic duties. In conversation with the ranking hardware dealer of the community, who chanced to be a patron of the bar at the moment, I inquired the reason for the acquiescence of the good citizens in this wide-open violation of national and state laws. The words of the hardware dealer must be accepted as truth because he took care to inform me that he was a church member in good standing.

"Our town depends on one large factory which has a country-wide trade," he said. "Anything that affects the factory affects all of us, working people, merchants, and property owners. A lot of buyers come here to place orders. There are competing factories in Philadelphia and Scranton. Those are bigger places, and buyers would rather go there, so we have to offer them something special. This old-fashioned bar with a brass rail helps a lot. Maybe some of the people around here don't like it, but they know better than to say anything."

The Eighteenth Amendment was still in its infancy when evidence was forthcoming that many business men who favored Prohibition did not intend that Prohibition should interfere with gainful undertakings. Early in the Harding administration I was in San Antonio, Texas, when the Chamber of Commerce of that city undertook to sponsor a lecture by Captain William B. Stayton, who was touring the country with the object of arousing interest in the development of American merchant shipping. Captain Stayton is a former officer of the United States Navy, with a distinguished record in the Spanish War. Upon his arrival in San Antonio, however, he was told that the Chamber of Commerce would not allow him to speak under its auspices. It was learned that Captain Stayton, who is personally

an abstainer, had taken part in the formation of an organization to work for the repeal of the Prohibition Act and this, the officials of the San Antonio Chamber felt, justified the cancellation of his lecture on the grounds that a business body, representing the moral elements of the city, could not properly sponsor a lecture on American merchant shipping by a man whose private beliefs on another subject were in conflict with local opinion.

Except for another incident that took place while I was in the city, this action on the part of the San Antonio business men might have seemed quite logical, because a Texan, Senator Morris Shepard, is author of the Eighteenth Amendment. San Antonio is a strategic military point, and the citizens were anxious that the Government should select it as the site of an additional army flying field. A committee of congressmen was invited to come from Washington to investigate the matter. Speaking later with one of the Chamber of Commerce executives, he told me it had been considered advisable to purchase a quantity of liquor with which to entertain the distinguished visitors. The executive's conversation with me was in the nature of a complaint. Prohibition had so recently been inaugurated that bootlegging was still unorganized and liquor unreasonably expensive. If I remember correctly, members of the Chamber were obliged to pay something like twenty dollars a quart for authentic whisky. Not only that, but it was said one or two of the congressmen abused the Chamber's hospitality in the matter of drinking and made rather nuisances of themselves.

The inconsistent actions of the San Antonio business men must be blamed on the tenet that Prohibition shall not be allowed to interfere with prosperity. An austere Puritanism could be maintained in the case of the ex-naval officer because there was no immediate gain for an inland city in the promotion of a greater Merchant Marine. At best, its

benefits were far in the future. But an additional flying field would at once put money into circulation to enrich the citizens and make possible a finer, more virtuous community. Practically it was a public duty to entertain the visiting congressmen in such a manner that they could not think of locating the desired flying field in some rival city.

II

Naturally there has been little said for publication about the use of intoxicants in business operations. The first really official notice that this was being done on a large scale came several years ago when an organization was formed in New York known as the Committee of One Thousand. Names of private members are held secret, but the list of officers includes those of Mr. Sebastian Kresge, the Reverend S. Parkes Cadman, and Bishops James Cannon and William T. Manning. The general chairman is Mr. Fred B. Smith, who is nationally known as a paid speaker on religious topics and who is frequently employed by large corporations to deliver inspirational addresses before gatherings of salesmen. One of the first activities of the Committee of One Thousand was the broadcasting of a letter to business executives throughout the country asking that they forbid their agents to spend money for liquor for entertainment purposes.

To the lay mind it might seem strange that responsible business executives should be asked to obey the laws of the land. A cynical person might even surmise that an occasional executive, being thus apprised of what was being done by his competitors, might decide to fight fire with fire and go into the business of alcoholic entertainment on his own account. At the time the Committee of One Thousand made its appeal, General Lincoln G. Andrews was still Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of Prohibition enforcement; and the Committee revealed the shocking situation by

quoting from a letter sent by the General himself:

I was in the street railway business for four years before taking this office. On every occasion, where the street railway men got together in their annual state and national conventions, these agents of supply houses were always present as delightful hosts dispensing unlimited quantities of liquor for the jollification of the occasion. What is true in this business is undoubtedly true in other big businesses.

This publication of General Andrews' letter explained a strange statement which he made at the time he became Prohibition director. He was quoted in the press as saying, "When I took this office I quit drinking with a bang!"

It is curious how long an idea, once accepted, will persist in the face of evidence to the contrary. Though both the Committee of One Thousand and the National Prohibition Director had advertised the fact that big business was using alcohol on a large scale for commercial entertainment, many people continued to believe big business was in favor of complete Prohibition. The persistence of this belief was shown during an important law enforcement convention held in Chicago, and largely attended by Anti-Saloon League and Government officials. The statement was made that many churches were subscribing less money than formerly to the Prohibition cause. At this, according to newspaper reports, a resolution was presented to the effect that, if the church people were becoming unenthusiastic about enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment, then the matter might well be placed in the hands of American big business men. The precise wording, as reported by the newspapers, was: "Let Big Business Enforce It."

With all due respect to the Anti-Saloon League and Government officials who applauded this resolution, I would say that so-called big business is about the last agency to wish for a complete and efficient enforcement of the Prohibition law. I trust I shall offend no

one's sensibilities by speaking with extreme downrightness: Partial prohibition is beneficial to big business. Entire prohibition is not. The reason lies in the fact that with liquor fairly high priced, and with good quality liquor sometimes hard to procure, the large corporation can afford to spend the necessary money to entertain its customers, when such entertainment would be beyond the means of its smaller competitor. In New York and other great centers many important business organizations have arrangements by which out-of-town customers can be entertained at clubs where liquor is served. Some do their entertaining in their own offices. One very prominent New York corporation maintains a barroom at its headquarters in a mid-town skyscraper which is kept open until twelve o'clock every night for the free entertainment of customers. The office manager informed me recently that while the barroom is expensive, it is looked on by the board of directors as a profitable enterprise. He himself remains at the office each night and at such times frequently books orders that might otherwise go to competing concerns which cannot afford so expensive a system.

Even retail business is coming to realize the practical value of alcohol as a sales stimulant. This was explained to me recently by a stockholder in the leading department store of a small Montana city. The president of the concern, though personally fond of his drink, was an active worker for the passage of the Prohibition law on the theory that his store might do more business if the money taken in by the saloons were diverted to more useful channels. For a time following the enactment of Prohibition the theory apparently proved its soundness. Then clouds began to gather. Trading centers are far apart in the Northwest, and an enterprising merchant frequently draws business from a radius of two hundred miles or more. The department-store president found that many of his most

profitable cattlemen and ranch-owning customers were going to other communities less strict than his own, where a convivial man might enjoy a little alcoholic entertainment while the members of his family purchased their supplies. Being a resourceful man, the department-store president has found a way out. In an office building next to his department store he now maintains a club room and serves free Scotch and rye liquor to visiting heads of families. Everything goes well. During the past year the store has reached a volume of more than one million dollars. Stockholders have been paid a dividend of fifteen per cent. No one, so far as I know, has written to Senator Walsh to complain of this outrageous violation of the Prohibition law in his state.

Everywhere, even in the driest of political territory, there seems to be an informal agreement that the Eighteenth Amendment must not be allowed to stand in the way where important business enterprises are on foot. It is only a few months ago that I had occasion to visit the Pacific Coast and stopped en route in the city of Boise, Idaho. One would think that in a state which made mere possession of liquor a prison offense long before National Prohibition, and particularly in the city of Boise which is the home of Senator William E. Borah, there would be no compromise on the question of alcoholic commercial entertainment. But at the time of my visit there chanced to be a state convention of Idaho business men, and from the activities that went on in the entertainment line one might have supposed himself in a wide-open convention town like Atlantic City, or even in New York itself. Manufacturers' agents from Salt Lake City and other centers were on hand, maintaining bars in their hotel rooms and dispensing refreshments to prospective clients. So far as I could see, there was no attempt at concealment. Apparently the only persons in Boise who knew nothing about it were Senator Borah and the local Chief of Police.

It was on the same Western trip that I encountered evidence, even more striking than at the Boise convention, of the point of view that Prohibition must not interfere with business. It would be unkind to name the city, for its population is so small that any local person who might chance to read this article would at once recognize the actors. It will be enough to state that it is a highly religious community, the Methodist faith predominating, and an important center of the Ku Klux Klan. The local jail is constantly filled with foreigners and other people of no business standing who have violated the Prohibition law.

On the occasion of my visit a tremendous money-raising campaign was in progress in order to induce an industrial corporation to locate a branch factory in the community. The Chamber of Commerce had caused a wooden platform to be erected at the intersection of the two business streets, directly in front of the leading hotel; and on the night of the great rally a large crowd of loyal citizens gathered here to listen to speeches by various officials of the Chamber and to make their subscriptions toward the factory fund. Just above the speakers' platform, at the second floor of the hotel, was a large open window at which stood several enthusiastic Chamber of Commerce workers; and when a citizen in the crowd below called out the sum he intended giving to the fund, these enthusiasts in the window would beckon him to come up to the hotel room. Everyone understood what was meant. A man's subscription entitled him to free drinks. Soon there was a steady stream of citizens tramping through the hotel lobby and up the stairway to the second floor. In the lobby stood the manager of the hostelry, a worried looking man with horn-rimmed spectacles and a drooping black mustache. As the subscribers to the factory fund filed past him several spoke to him jovially, and he tried to make return in kind, but his efforts at lightheartedness were rather pitiful.

In an hour the scene was distinctly bacchanalian. One of the enthusiasts on the second floor called loudly for a rope with the intention of lowering himself to the ground. He had, he stated to admiring friends below, given everything he possessed to the factory fund and had nothing left for his hotel bill, so it was necessary to escape in that manner. Someone produced the rope, and the enthusiast seemed actually about to carry out his intention when others, who were still reasonably sober, prevented the dangerous feat. The hotel lobby was filled with a milling crowd of celebrants, and the jokes flung in the direction of the unhappy proprietor became more jovial than ever. The cause of his unhappiness disclosed itself when one learned that in private life he was a pillar of the First Methodist Church and leader of the local chapter of the Ku Klux Klan. As a churchman and a Klansman he had, more than any other person in town, been responsible for filling the jail with Prohibition malefactors. I chanced to overhear a conversation between two citizens that explained the local point of view in regard to Prohibition and big business. One of the citizens asked his neighbor apprehensively if there might not be danger that the hotel man would make trouble over the use of his premises for convivial purposes. The reply was reassuring, "Not on your life. He'd be run out of town if he did. This is a business party."

The next day's newspaper carried a front-page story recording the fact that the factory fund had been triumphantly subscribed, but gave none of the details as to the methods employed. A short time later the newspaper contained an item regarding the arrest of two Mexican sheep herders. These sinners, it appeared, were going along in a Ford car about ten miles out of town when their car became bogged in a mudhole caused by recent rains. A party of gentlemen in a more powerful machine chanced by and helped the sheep herders out of their

difficulty. One of the latter, to show his appreciation, offered the gentlemen a drink of Mountain Dew from a bottle which he had in his pocket. It was an unfortunate act, for the gentleman who received the bottle was an earnest churchman, one of the patriotic business men who assisted at the money-raising affair of the Chamber of Commerce. The Mexicans were arrested and taken into town for incarceration.

In each of the incidents I have described the participants manifested a curious unconsciousness that anything might be wrong in violating the law for the good of business. Men of apparently sound judgment in ordinary affairs have spoken to me about the wet conventions promoted by their chambers of commerce, or of the use of alcohol to influence buyers, with the same detachment they would exhibit in any other business discussion. It could hardly come under the head of hypocrisy because there was no sense of wrongdoing. Recently I had occasion to interview the president of a large commercial enterprise in a city of New York State. Luncheon time arrived, and the president extracted from his desk a bottle of apple brandy for which his county is celebrated. As he poured his drink he told me how much money the farmers of the county are making from their apples each year. The sight of his brimming tumbler prompted him to speak of law enforcement and politics. He expressed regret that Senator James Wadsworth no longer represented the Empire State at Washington, and then said:

"Jimmy Wadsworth is a good friend of mine. I like him a lot. But Jimmy Wadsworth needed to be taught that no man can be against Prohibition and get the votes of the God-fearing people of New York State!"

Following this ringing pronouncement, the friend of Senator Wadsworth drained his glass to the last drop.

III

There must be some particular reason for so much wooziness of thought among business men throughout the country. My own guess, based on my work as a business observer and writer which necessitates some hundreds of interviews with business men each year, is this:

No authoritative pronouncement as to the precise object of Prohibition has ever been made. When the measure was first proposed business men were asked to support it because it would help them make money. They were told they would have less trouble with their employees. They would also get the money that was being spent in the corner saloon. Thinkers of the school represented by Mr. Henry Ford still maintain this view, regarding Prohibition as a strictly business matter. On the other hand, many outstanding ministers of the Gospel, such as the Reverend John Haynes Holmes and Bishop William Manning, generally advance the belief that Prohibition is a moral issue only and that money-making should have no part in it.

A third point of view is maintained by many public men who derive their incomes from the Prohibition movement. These citizens claim that Prohibition is intended to promote money-making, and also that it is intended to create a higher morality. Mr. F. Scott McBride, National Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, at the beginning of the present year issued a statement that is typical of this school of thought. Reviewing the past ten years of Prohibition, he said in one paragraph, "The economic progress of the United States in this decade surpasses any in the world's history." In a succeeding paragraph he leaves out the money-making view and says that, "Prohibition has tended to the establishment of a better social order."

Perhaps all of these gentlemen are correct. Yet that in no way clears up the confusion that exists in the minds of thousands of American business men.

The average business executive is not a philosopher. He has little time for abstract thought, and is inclined to take his views from the printed utterances of public men whom he admires. Some of these men tell him Prohibition is intended to promote the sale of merchandise. Others tell him Prohibition is strictly a religious and moral matter. Still others tell him Prohibition can bring about both bigger sales and higher morality. It is only natural, in the midst of these conflicting views, that the ordinary business man should follow his own course and use Prohibition in any way that promises most advantage to himself.

One very potent factor that makes for employment of alcoholic drink as a business-getter is the increasing size of American business organizations. The bigger the business, the less liable it is to conform strictly to the Prohibition law. A small manufacturer with a local trade can issue orders to his sales force that no law-breaking will be condoned, with reasonable certainty that his orders will be observed. But this is a practical impossibility in the case of a country-wide corporation that has branches in dozens of cities and a sales force of several thousand men. The president of the big corporation may be heartily in favor of law enforcement; but the district manager or the star salesman, hundreds of miles away from headquarters and intent on making a record for himself, will not usually forego business that may be influenced by so simple a matter as a little alcoholic entertainment.

In a recent court action held in Washington the purchasing agent of an industrial plant testified that one of the salesmen for a very prominent New York manufacturing corporation called upon him each Saturday morning over a considerable period. Cross-questioning brought out the fact that at each call the salesman placed a quart bottle of choice bonded whisky upon the purchasing agent's desk.

Aside from the fact that it was one of the few cases of alcoholic bribery which has ever been officially placed upon record, this incident is nothing to wonder about. It is surprising only because the great New York corporation which employed the law-breaking salesman has often been mentioned by journalists as one organization that would tolerate no underhand practices, and this reputation has been enhanced by its frequent employment of Mr. Fred B. Smith, chairman of the Committee of One Thousand, as an inspirational speaker at its conventions of salespeople.

It would be unfair, certainly, to condemn either the corporation officials or Mr. Smith for the misdeeds of a single over-eager salesman. The incident merely shows the difficulty encountered by big business in controlling the actions of its employees who are working on their own, at great distances from the moral influences of the home office.

Recently when making preparations for the annual convention of the South-eastern Division of the National Electric Light Association, Mr. J. H. Gill, the president, felt it necessary to address an open letter to manufacturers who do business with the members of that organization, on the subject of alcoholic entertainment. Mr. Gill wrote:

The general thought has been that such excesses have resulted from the assumption, by manufacturers' representatives, that a sacred duty would be violated if they did not furnish liquor, at a convention, to make everybody gloriously drunk.

May I ask that you ask your representatives who may attend not to furnish liquor for general consumption?

No doubt a great many business men exhibit a cloudiness of thought toward the Eighteenth Amendment because its precise object has never authoritatively been stated. It would be charitable to believe this in connection with an incident which I happened recently to witness. Having occasion to speak to the ranking executive of a great New York City business concern, I was told he

might be seen at a hotel in the Grand Central section. At the hotel desk the clerk stated that the executive was possibly in a suite upon an upper floor. This turned out to be incorrect. The executive was not there, but two young men from his office were. There was a large table on which stood a great many bottles of choice intoxicants, and the two young men acted in the combined capacities of bartenders and entertainers to three gentlemen, executives of a world-renowned industrial corporation. There were present, also, other entertainers in the persons of three ladies. From the conversation which went on it was evident that none of the ladies was related by marriage or otherwise to any gentleman present.

It was hard to believe that the New York executive whom I sought should officially sanction such an affair. Rather, it seemed, the entertainment was staged sub rosa by some over-zealous salesman who hoped to further his personal fortunes by entertaining the in-

dustrial officials, who were extremely important customers. But as I took my leave one of the young bartender-employees escorted me to the elevator. There he said it was a pity I could not wait because his chief, the gentleman I wished to see, had expressed his intention of coming to the party.

It is only fair to say the gentleman did not arrive before I left. It is to be hoped he never arrived, and that he was in entire ignorance of the drinking entertainment being staged by his employees, because he is a man nationally known for his public utterances in favor of the enforcement of the dry laws.

Doubtless Prohibition is a noble experiment. But perhaps it would be less of an experiment if an authoritative decision were made as to its precise object. Is Prohibition intended to promote the sale of merchandise? Or is Prohibition intended to promote morality? Until this is settled many business men will continue to interpret the problem according to their own interests.





PHILIP SNOWDEN: A PORTRAIT

BY HAROLD J. LASKI

MR. SNOWDEN possesses all the qualities which the American people have been taught to look for in a Presidential candidate. His parents were poor, but honest; the elementary school apart, he is entirely self-educated; he has made himself, in the face of grim physical disability, by sheer determination and intelligence, one of the dozen men who essentially count in British politics. With every sort of handicap against him, he has shown how, in a country which has only just begun to experience the results of the democratic habit, gifts of character and intellect enable a man to master the hazards of destiny. The democracy respects him as part of its own self-respect. It feels for him something of the sentiment it had for John Bright half a century ago. It recognizes in him strength of mind and will, profound compassion for the weak, a high sense of justice—convictions he will maintain against all comers. His triumph has been in a way its own; and when the Labor Chancellor of the Exchequer expounds financial principles to the city of London, millions of British men and women feel, if vicariously, that they, too, have stormed the citadel of ultimate power.

II

Mr. Snowden's career before the first MacDonald government in 1924 was not markedly different, save in the qualities of mind it revealed, from that of any of his colleagues in the Labor Party. Like so many of them, he came to socialism from a personal acquaint-

ance with the grim conditions of working-class life in the seventies and eighties. There were fierce speeches on temperance, angry attacks on the Liberal Party as a false friend to Labor. Like so many, again, he contested forlorn hopes for Parliament and spent the intervals between elections in relentless propaganda for socialism all over England. It was in the hard school of the street-corner and the half-empty hall, with the men of Lancashire and Yorkshire who come to meetings as a theologian to a battle of biblical texts, that he learned the power of acid utterance relieved by grim humor and the most exquisite of smiles, which has made him, with Ramsay MacDonald, the first among Labor orators. He wrote much, too: pamphlets, leaflets, articles, books, none of them first-rate or important, all of them effective, vivid with a pungent sense of experience wrested from life. Then, on the wave of Liberal revival in 1906, he was swept into Parliament for Blackburn, a seat he retained until the war-stained election of 1918. In those first dozen years of Parliament he made for himself a national position. Leaders of all parties learned to respect this tight-lipped debater, immovable, sardonic, relentless, with all the facts at his fingertips and a power of invective which bit right into existing reputations. No one, then, doubtless, thought of him as a possible Chancellor of the Exchequer; but I remember Mr. Asquith saying to me in 1923 that by 1908 he had made up his mind that, had Snowden been a member of one of the older parties, nothing could have prevented him from attain-

ing one of the first places in the state.

The Snowden of the years before the War was very much the Snowden who is Chancellor of the Exchequer to-day. Certain experiences had made him a socialist. He knew at first hand the bitter injustice of the present industrial system; he loathed its waste and inefficiency, its maintenance in idleness and parasitism of a considerable leisured class. He demanded equal rights for the whole democracy, women as well as men. He insisted on the inequity of a society which gave to a man who had been careful in the selection of his parents access to all that made life worth living and denied that access to his neighbor. He denounced fiercely the power of the aristocracy in English politics. He protested against a foreign policy and a diplomatic technic of which war seemed to him the inevitable outcome. He was a socialist, that is, of a peculiarly English brand. His views were born not of a reading of Marx, but from the direct contemplation of the life about him. The England he dreamed of was to know no class, and the road thereto lay through rigorous national control of industrial power. On matters like free trade and national finance he spoke in the House as one of the half-dozen sure always of respect and attention. It was not merely that he possessed the orator's gift of dominating his audience; it was also that he spoke with passionate sincerity and a fullness of undeniable knowledge. He never sought to placate or to compromise. He stated what was in him as an argument that the House of Commons could take or leave. And the House—a supreme judge of men—gave him a place apart in its affections.

The coming of war did not make him move one inch from his convictions. Like MacDonald, he was opposed to British participation; like MacDonald, he fought against Labor membership of the Coalition governments. For him the War was an unholy thing, and what moved him most was its agony and its

suffering. He refused to make recruiting speeches; himself a cripple, he would not ask others to do what he could not do himself. Again and again he moved the House by his defense there of what may be termed Wilsonian principles; he asked above all for a speedy end to conflict. Few men, I suppose, were more widely hated than he in these years. He welcomed the Russian Revolution; he helped in the famous Leeds Conference in 1917 which accepted Russian war-aims, and formed a central Soldiers' and Workmen's Council for England. He denounced the Lloyd-George government more vehemently than any other member of the anti-war party. When peace and the general election came in 1918 he paid the penalty for his pacifism by an overwhelming defeat at the polls.

Mr. Snowden remained out of the House of Commons for four years. When he returned, at the election of 1922, a new England had come into being. The war-fever was dead; Mr. Lloyd George was defeated and disgraced. Men saw now the folly of the War, and it was no crime to have demonstrated the inevitability of its wanton destructiveness. The Parliament to which he returned—this time for his native district of Colne Valley—was preoccupied with economic problems. There were the million unemployed, the settlement of reparations, the payment of war-debts, the menace of Bolshevism. He had no difficulty in regaining his old ascendancy; and when, suddenly, in 1923, Mr. Baldwin risked an election on the outworn theme of protection, he was one of the dominating forces of the opposition. Mr. Baldwin was beaten in the country; and the divisions of Liberalism enabled Mr. MacDonald to form the first labor government in British history. Inevitably, Snowden became his Chancellor of the Exchequer; and his budget, a triumph of skilful exposition, "rarely," said Mr. Asquith, "surpassed in his experience of forty years," was a solid essay in Gladstonian finance. He left office with an enhanced reputation with

the sober forces of the City; and nearly five years of opposition only consolidated his standing. His skirmishes with Mr. Churchill in the House were Homeric combats which reminded old members of the great battles between Gladstone and Disraeli. When he became Chancellor for a second time, in May, 1929, men generally felt that the finances of the country were in safe hands.

Since the second Labor government took office Mr. Snowden, broadly, has had two great tasks. There was the settlement, at The Hague, of international reparations upon the basis of the Young Report; and there was the question of the limit to be placed upon social expenditure to mitigate the burden of economic depression. Everyone knows the story of Mr. Snowden at The Hague. He went there as a Labor Chancellor of the Exchequer and returned from the Conference as a national hero, so idolized that even his opponents were indignant with those who ventured upon criticism of him. What was the secret of that change? Partly, of course, the relief at finding an English statesman with a view of his own at an international conference and a determination to maintain it even if the price were breakdown; partly the pleasure Englishmen invariably feel at the spectacle of an obstinate man fighting his way to victory with the odds against him. Englishmen were delighted with The Hague Conference not because Mr. Snowden came back with great results, but because the sense that he had made up his mind marked the re-entrance of Great Britain into European politics after five years of supine acceptance of French domination. We may still pay a heavy price for Mr. Snowden's victory; but the invigorating effect of a splendid drama made almost the entire country eager to discount the possible cost. Mr. Snowden was welcomed home as Nelson might have been after Trafalgar. A half-respectable socialist cabinet was transformed at a stroke into a national government.

And Englishmen are moved by the spectacle of Mr. Snowden, the stern moralist in finance, setting limits to socialist expenditure. There will be, with him, no capitulation to the "Left Wing"; it may storm about the allowances under unemployment insurance relief, but while Mr. Snowden is there the middle classes feel that they are guaranteed against economic outrage. Imperial preference may go; there may be a "free" breakfast table; there may be the abolition of safeguarding; after all, a relentless acceptance of free trade economics is still pardonable in England. There may be a higher super-tax and higher death-duties; but these have become the wonted canons of classic English finance. So long as Mr. Snowden is Chancellor English opinion is, on the whole, content to believe that the best traditions will be observed. The pale, tight-lipped Robespierre from Blackburn of 1906 is the idol of the city of London in 1929. He lectures the Labor Party on the gold standard, and the city applauds. He denounces the Clydesiders, Mr. Wheatley, Mr. Maxton, and the rest, and timid dowagers in the Shires feel that England is still safe. He praises the simple Victorian virtues of thrift and hard work; and bankers in their clubs whisper that Gladstone has returned again to life. The pundits admire him for his grasp of principle, the weak for his obstinacy, the moderate for his caution, the respectable for his consistency. Save the Prime Minister himself, no one has made the idea of a Labor government more acceptable to the average Englishman.

III

What manner of man, in sober fact, is Philip Snowden? Certainly he has little of that combination of idealist rhetoric and Parliamentary dexterity which have made MacDonald the natural leader of the party. He has little of that art of manipulating men which has made Arthur Henderson the supreme political

organizer of modern England. He lacks altogether the suppleness of mind and vivacity of temperament which have made J. H. Thomas not only an incomparable trade union organizer but also the personal friend of those whom, otherwise, he might have feared. He does not seem, like Mr. Baldwin, the authentic voice of traditional England, capable of endless fairplay within certain limits of which he is completely unconscious. He has nothing of that genius for improvising passionate sincerity, of being all things to all men for at least the length of a deputation, which, at one time, made Mr. Lloyd George so formidable a figure. He has neither the natural ability of Lord Birkenhead, nor does he possess the supreme power of eloquent debate which has made Mr. Churchill the predominating figure in the post-war House of Commons.

Mr. Snowden is a Yorkshireman of the upper working class, and everything that he is seems largely explicable in terms of those origins. He has Yorkshire sincerity, Yorkshire obstinacy, Yorkshire dourness, and that queer half-melancholy humor of the North which at times partakes of the more metaphysical temperament of the Scot. The Yorkshireman is the best type of Northern England. He is not, as a rule, either cultured or reflective. There is in him little pleasure in dialectic or in thought for the sake of thought. He moves slowly to a political position, but when he reaches it he grasps it with hands of steel. Once he knows what he wants, he makes it a matter of conscience to obtain it. He would rather fail altogether than compromise upon principle. Mr. Snowden works at politics as his country works at cricket. There is no æsthetic pleasure in the clash of mind. There is a grim march forward to a defined end, with a ruthless attack upon every obstacle in the road. Yorkshiremen are loyal, as Mr. Snowden is intensely loyal; they are narrow, as he is intensely narrow; and they look upon consistency as one of the essential vir-

tues. To be, like Mr. Churchill, the brilliant condottiere of modern politics, would be for Mr. Snowden the sin against the light. Principles for him are not subject to the law of change. He obtained his basic positions in the eighties, and experience has only convinced him more deeply of their truth.

It is important, too, that he comes from the upper working-class, the men and women from whom the skilled craftsmen of England have been born. They are the backbone of the country, with virtues more eminent than have usually been recognized. Self-reliant, proud, self-educated, a little stern, completely honest and completely loyal, they do all for themselves and ask help and gifts from no man. They are sturdily egalitarian in temper, a little ungracious, perhaps, but capable of quite endless self-sacrifice for the attainment of their ideals. They would shut themselves in their cottages and slowly starve to death rather than admit that they have need of the poor law. They call no man master. They are rigid individualists who demand a world in which they can shape their own fate without interference. They are harsh even in their compassion, as though there is something of which to be ashamed, a confession, as it were, of weakness, in being kind to their fellows. They will give much where their devotion has been won, but they live upon the basis that they expect nothing at all. They are a grim and serious race, a little heavy in the hand, difficult to make friends with, blind to all save the elementary forces of beauty, loving nature rather than art, and character rather than intelligence. There is about them something of the bleak sternness one encounters in the Old Testament, the spirit which made Cromwell's Ironsides, the ultimate ethos of the Puritan revolution. They have no patience with the thriftless, the leisured, or the idle. They play fiercely, they work fiercely. They find a certain grim joy in the art of renunciation. Their life is lived in half-tones, and they

suspect the fullness of color as akin to softness.

These, at least, are the elements which have gone to Snowden's making. He has no debts to confess save to his mother and his wife. When you see him at work in the House of Commons you see the Puritan warrior in the field. The pale face, the thin, compressed lips, the minatory forefinger thrust forward like a spear, these take one straight back to the seventeenth century. Politics for Snowden has never been a game, as it has been to Churchill, Lloyd George, even, in a sense, Ramsay MacDonald; he has never, as they have, found pleasure in the play of mind in the House, in the niceties of strategy, the clash of personality. It is a battle of principle, in which your business is to defeat your opponent lest the worse cause should prevail. He invokes every resource he has to that end, his command of fact, his power of acid invective, his sudden, shattering contempt which depicts his opponent's cause as the incarnation of evil. He never takes things lightly. He never leaves the impression that political problems are matters of degree. He is able to divide men into the sheep and the goats much as the priest can distinguish between the saved and the damned. He conveys the impression there not only of absolute sincerity but also of the sense that what he is saying is intensely important, too important to be subject to graceful compromise of any kind. If he speaks about protection, or Mr. Churchill's recklessness in the Exchequer, it is like a Calvinist preacher denouncing the sins of Rome. Right principle is so crystal-clear to his mind that he cannot easily tolerate deviation from the dogmas that he understands.

Just as he confronts the political scene with unvaried seriousness, so also with life itself. An evening with Mr. MacDonald will be devoted to anything but politics; antique furniture, the novels of Scott, the position of Hazlitt as the prince of English critics, the unassailable pre-eminence of Robert Burns, these are

the themes upon which he likes to dwell. So, too, with Mr. Baldwin. Give him his pipe, and nature and books will take him over the spaces of English life; no one would even suspect that he played, or sought to play, a great part in politics. But with Mr. Snowden the political theme is the unstated major premise of all discussion. He has little interest in the things that are irrelevant to it. Problems of metaphysics are utterly alien from his temperament; they do not easily lend themselves to dogmas. What he likes are the questions which seek their expression in terms of right and wrong. He is the theologian in politics, judging men, examining their motives, reflecting upon the good and evil that they do. His mind does not speculate; it decides. It is not relieved by the easy gossip of drawing-rooms, but frankly bored by it. It is utilitarian in texture, practical, sober, decisive. It is a mind interested in direct results, the mind of a craftsman with a task to finish, not of an artist with a problem to solve.

No one who knows Mr. MacDonald can fail to see how much there is in him of the artist's temperament. That accounts for his aloofness, his failure to mingle easily with other men. Mr. Snowden, also, is aloof, but in a totally different way. The men who do not share his interests are almost literally without meaning for him. His intense preoccupation with the narrow field he has cultivated makes him look upon those with other interests as irrelevant. MacDonald can obtain profound pleasure from a visit to Christie's; Snowden would feel such a visit a waste of time. MacDonald visited Morley week after week merely for the joy of hearing discourse from that great critic of life; Snowden would have listened with interest to what Morley said of Mill or Gladstone or Disraeli, but he would have been bored by talk of Diderot or Rousseau or Hegel. They did not affect action in the House of Commons.

Interests so severely limited are, of course, a source of Mr. Snowden's suc-

cess. They have made him master of his subject. What he knows, he knows incomparably. What he expounds, he expounds with a sense of the central principles involved that has the neatness and finish of a mathematical exposition. He has won his position in Parliament very largely by a careful specialization. He has never indulged in that casual dialectic born of factual ignorance which enabled Mr. Balfour to charm the House of Commons without convincing it. He has nothing of that rhetorical insolence which enables Lord Birkenhead to attack opponents as an excuse for refraining from argument. He is the most deadly critic in the House because most of what he affirms is unshakable when it is examined. He never speaks without a case; he rarely speaks without a fully prepared case. He leaves the impression as he sits down that, granted his assumptions, there is nothing else to be said. And those who read his argument in the cold print of the next day's newspaper will find all the qualities still vivid which commended it to the House of Commons. It still echoes the ring of sincerity in his voice; there is still the rigorously marshalled body of relevant facts; there is always, as relief, the pitiless examination of fallacies on the other side set out in biting phrases which leave a clear but deep wound. That narrow but keen intellect, allied with a character almost exquisite in its simplicity, was made for the business of the House of Commons.

A word is necessary on the more personal side. I do not believe there is a man in English political life more respected, even by those who hate his principles. No one has ever challenged his sincerity; no one has ever suspected him of disloyalty to his friends. He has, indeed, great gifts of friendship, though they are not easily bestowed. Those who are intimate with him can count upon him for support that never questions or betrays; he will champion their cause with a solid vehemence rare enough in so complicated a scene as the House of

Commons. Notable, too, is his sense of compassion. The infliction of pain stirs him to angry indignation; there is a vein in him of almost feminine tenderness, deliberately obscured by his manner, but intensely revealed in a smile of the rarest beauty. He is, like so many tender people, inclined to harshness where he encounters obstruction. He is impatient with inefficiency and waste. He does not understand that brooding idleness of the thinker who finds abstract truth in a half-articulate unconscious; and he is inclined, accordingly, to elevate the man of practice to an unduly eminent place. He would appreciate at once a genius like that of Bentham; he would be utterly unable to understand the kind of romantic sensibility which Rousseau made into a philosophy. And it is interesting to reflect that Mr. MacDonald would seize Rousseau's secret at once, and be antagonized and irritated by the gritty concreteness of Bentham.

Snowden, moreover, has retained the Yorkshire habit of egalitarianism. That comes out in three distinct ways. Above all, he is no respecter of persons. Men for him are the embodiments of ideas, and they are judged, almost ruthlessly, by the goodness or badness of their ideas. He is at home, in the second place, in any society. In a party a little bewildered by the aristocratic contacts it has made by office Snowden moves with perfect serenity; and he is quite unconscious that there is any difference between man and man except in terms of intelligence and character. That makes him as easy and natural at an ambassador's table as in the cottage of a Yorkshire boyhood friend; it is not a thing that can be said of all his colleagues. But this same egalitarianism makes him a little blind to the reality of class-divisions in English life. Because he has transcended them himself, he underestimates the impact they make on the life of others. He exaggerates seriously the degree to which Great Britain is a democratic community. He mistakes form for substance, and builds hypotheses upon the

form. He equates the habit of the English aristocracy gracefully to make inevitable concessions to the democracy with a conviction that they ought to be made. The result of this is a serious misjudgment of the forces shaping the future of England. It makes him optimistic where he should be skeptical about the process of transition in the coming years.

IV

To explain the kind of England Mr. Snowden wants to see, it is necessary to set out the kind of socialism he typifies. For socialism in England has lost any clarity of definite outline it may have possessed before the War; the Communists apart, the differences which separate men of all parties upon this issue are of degree rather than of kind. All men admit the necessity of a considerable intervention by government in matters once deemed the natural field of private enterprise. Limitation of that intervention and the ends that intervention is to serve are the real sources of conflict in opinion.

Mr. Snowden, first of all, has no sort of sympathy with revolution. His dislike of it arises from three quite different sources. In the first place, he has an orderly and logical mind; the chaos and the unexpected of which revolution is the inevitable parent are temperamentally hostile to him. He believes, secondly, that his Utopia can be realized in terms of peace. He sees evidence—less satisfactory, in truth, than he thinks—that a democratic England can obtain through parliamentary action all the necessary concessions from a governing class. With the increase of education and power among the workers, he sees them as more and more able to take their rightful place in the state; revolution for him would be a disastrous interruption of an inevitable sequence which he sees unfolding itself before his eyes. And he hates, finally, all that is communist Russia. The cost of the dislocation, the suppression of the individual, the care-

lessness about human life, the forcible attack upon minorities, the kind of imperialism implied in the strangulation of Georgia, the mischief of Soviet propaganda—all these appear to him wholly evil things. He sees the revolution as the necessary outcome of its Tzaristic antecedents; but to an England with a constitutional tradition, increasingly broadened, of nearly three hundred years, he denies with passion that Russian experience has any relevance whatever. He rates Communists as more mischievous, and only less unintelligent, than believers in tariff reform.

Mr. Snowden, therefore, is interested in what the Webbs have called "the inevitability of gradualness." The nation is to be organized and to plan its life upon the principle that public necessity is more urgent than private gain. No single pattern of institutions will satisfy the principle. Nationalization here, municipalization there, here the public-owned but privately managed company, there the private company limited in profit, to none of these forms in major industries is he hostile. He believes profoundly in the great business man. He insists that a body like the Bank of England can remain in private hands and yet, by nature of its function, act in a wholly public-minded way. He wants the large unit rather than the small, rationalization rather than the highly individualized and nepotic firm which has been the basis of English business development. Here, clearly enough, there is little, save in degree, that distinguishes Mr. Snowden's conceptions from those of Mr. Keynes and the writers of the famous Liberal Industrial Report. They are conceptions he has held for a long time. They represent, broadly speaking, what an intelligent observer might have predicted as the rational outcome of English industrial evolution at any time since the eighties of the last century. They are the dreams of Mr. Snowden's youth, the conceptions he developed on the socialist platform forty years ago; and

he has remained completely faithful to them.

Of themselves, it is obvious, such methods will not produce an egalitarian society; and it is true to say that, viewed in a broad way, Mr. Snowden wants an egalitarian society. He has no patience with the idle rich; he has little sympathy with inheritance laws that enable the industrious rich to maintain their descendants in idleness. No one who reads Mr. Snowden's disquisitions on national finance can fail to see that for him the use of the lever of taxation as a method of levelling the economic differences between men is quite fundamental. High super-tax, high death-duties, the drastic taxation of unearned increment, especially on land, all these are to him part of the elementary canons of taxation. Their origin is obvious. The Yorkshire weaver's son learned from the school of hard experience that man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow. He learned, also, to hate wasteful expenditure as socially undesirable. He learned to see in the idle rich men and women who live several men's lives and eat several men's dinners without contributing to the common store of wealth. If his policy can injure their position he will take a savage joy in doing so.

But it must not be assumed that Snowden, who judges harshly the rich and the extravagant and the idle, is at all tender to the working people. There is in him a deep ascetic strain which makes him demand from all effort as the price of life. He has neither mercy nor compassion for the workman who is lazy or wasteful or inefficient or thriftless. He wants to see in him, before his sympathy is given, all the resplendent virtues of the industrious apprentice in the fable. Like Adam Smith, he believes that the magic of property turns sand into gold; and the worker who impresses him is the sturdy, self-reliant type (obviously the Yorkshire weaver) constantly anxious to better his condition. He has neither sympathy for, nor

understanding of, the care-free, beer-drinking type who meets his day's need and is careless of the morrow. The man who stops his day's work to go to a football match he probably regards as an enemy of society. To do one's utmost in the hours of toil, to save the most one can, to take one's pleasures a little sadly and as inexpensively as possible, to own one's home, to be so good a workman that his employer respects him—that type, the old Yorkshire type, commands Mr. Snowden's unlimited respect. He is of the epoch of the old-fashioned trade-unionist, and he shares their ideals as a precious heritage.

All of which is to say that he is deeply divided in principle from the Left Wing of the Labor Party—from Mr. Maxton, Mr. Wheatley, and their allies. They take the view that work or maintenance is a right to be extracted from society at any cost. Mr. Snowden admits the right to work; but he looks upon maintenance as an intolerable necessity, dangerous to efficiency and, in the long run, fatal to character. They preach the doctrine that a capitalist society must be held to ransom, that in post-war England the riches of the rich can justly be confiscated to equalize the burdens of the people. Mr. Snowden insists that there is not in England to-day enough wealth to make possible any serious economic inequality, that, within limits, the acquisition of wealth still plays its part in incentive to effort, that the true need is an ever-increasing productivity which can best be attained by industrial reconstruction at the apex of the pyramid. They are interested in workers' control; Mr. Snowden is interested in social control. They see in the employer the natural enemy of the worker; Mr. Snowden regards him, in a suitable environment and under proper control, as his natural ally. They think of industrial conflict as inherent in the present system; he regards it as capable of mitigation now and, as reconstruction proceeds apace, likely to be reduced to

a minimum. They have recently met him in battle over the level of unemployment insurance relief, and he has, for the moment, won. But whether his victory will be enduring depends very largely on the course of British trade in the next few years. Men will not always live quietly under conditions of semi-starvation.

In the political sphere outside of economics, Mr. Snowden has less convictions based on careful reasoning than intentions which are the intelligent outcome of half-conscious experience. It is natural to him to have contempt for the House of Lords, just as it is natural to him to have a deep resentment of the liquor traffic and its evils. It is natural to him, also, to be a pacifist. No one in England has a more genuine loathing for war, a sterner reprobation for its cruelties, its waste, its follies. But pacifism is compatible in him with a strain of nationalism which demands a somewhat close analysis.

In the crude sense of the term, there is nothing whatever of the "patriot" in Snowden. He would not spend one English life to paint the map red. He has not an atom of vainglory about the British Empire. The navy and the army, except as expensive instruments which hinder his financial schemes, simply do not interest him. But Snowden is a patriot in the sense that he unconsciously assumes that the English way of life is the best in the world. He knows it intimately, he likes it profoundly. Its fairplay, its genius, as Mr. Kingsley Martin has happily phrased it, for forgiving those whom it has grievously wronged, its practical common sense, its hatred of abstractions, all these qualities make an intimate appeal to him. While, therefore, he is an internationalist in theory, it is not improbable that, if he examined his own mind, he would find that he meant by internationalism that other nations should keep step with British policy and British methods. That was the secret of his attitude at The Hague. He

knew what he believed to be right; he had powerful, indeed unanswered, arguments to defend his belief; he thought it time for some Englishman to stick to his guns. The Hague was his Waterloo from which he was equally prepared to emerge Napoleon or Wellington.

But it is clear that, at The Hague, he did not enter at all closely into the mind of his opponents. He substituted the bluntness of the Yorkshireman for the finesse of the diplomat. He was impatient with misunderstanding, or the statement of alternative views. Mr. Henderson, with a not less difficult problem, won an equal battle with delicacy, tact, and a gracious insight which made a supreme victory look like a genial compromise. Why did Mr. Snowden adopt so different a strategy? Partly, it may be suggested, because he was tired of English subordination, partly because he was convinced that he was right. For him, the offensive is always the natural tactic. His incisive temper cannot endure the compromise, the subtle nuance, which are part of the technic of international discussion. Mr. MacDonald, a great artist in these matters, would have delighted in them for their own sake; Mr. Lloyd George would have used them to produce a formula which the next three conferences would have struggled to interpret. Mr. Snowden cut right through punctilio, protocol, convention, to the grim facts of a solution for which he was prepared to fight. He minced no words, he offered no healing balm of conciliatory technic. It is an interesting problem to know how far this disregard for international courtesies sacrificed ultimate achievement to immediate victory. It made Mr. Snowden a national hero. Would a little more subtlety, a little less stern and unbending incisiveness, have made of him, like Stresemann, not only a man who won a national triumph, but one, also, who could shape the large outline of European recovery for the next generation?

V

Future history is a Sibylline book; even its immediate pages are barely decipherable. That Mr. Snowden has, at the moment, no possible rival for a vacant Premiership in a Labor government would, I suppose, be admitted on all hands. Yet I doubt whether he would be entirely happy there. His real gifts are for what he is doing now. The manipulation of men, as in a cabinet, the task, which every Prime Minister confronts, of playing each week a dozen impossible parts upon a dozen disparate themes, these are qualities for which Mr. Snowden will seem to many too simple in mind and character to display. Most successful Prime Ministers have been, like Mr. MacDonald, complex men; where, as with Mr. Baldwin, they appear simple, that is only part of their supreme virtuosity.

I believe that ten years of Mr. Snowden at the Exchequer would give him a reputation as one of the pre-eminent Chancellors in British financial history. His great qualities, integrity, sincerity, obstinacy are exactly what is needed for the post. A Prime Minister must suffer fools gladly, must enjoy analyzing the

reactions of an intricate machine; he must know how to soothe and co-ordinate, how to yield with the appearance of victory, and triumph with the impression of compromise. Mr. MacDonald is leader of the party because he has the genius to play this part. It is not, I think, Mr. Snowden's role. There can be no Labor government in which he can avoid being the second man; there can hardly be a Labor government in which, as second man, he will not add to his reputation. But I think his type of mind was formed rather to galvanize subordinates into co-operation, than to drive a team of quasi-equals with tact and courtesy and discretion. His reputation will in the end be greater by filling the place he now occupies as it has not been filled since the days of Mr. Gladstone. So long as he is there, the middle class of England will feel that the Labor Party is not a danger to its existence. So long as he is there, also, business men will have confidence in the stability of the realm. Mr. Snowden is the natural anchor of the Labor ship. It is a different post from that of the captain; but the anchor makes it possible for the captain to bring his boat safely into port.



“AMERICAN CRUDE”

BY FRANCES WOODWARD PRENTICE

OUR town is in the Middle West. In the geographic middle of these states, in fact. From any angle, north and south, east and west, draw two straight lines and they will intersect at our town. But it is not a Middle Western city. It is phantasmagoria—what gold towns were in the nineties, plus modern transportation facilities and modern opportunities for spending quick money quickly.

Our town rises abruptly from the prairies. Eight miles away the traveler is adrift on a vast plain. Cows graze on the unpromising brown grass. Gophers rise from their hind feet to gaze for a nervous moment and pop back again into their labyrinthian warrens. Frogs boom and pipe from the brackish and infrequent pools. Jack rabbits bound from scrub oak to cactus. And a haze of dust, never laid, never still, eddies over it all, scratching the skin, palpable between reluctant teeth, thrown up by the incessant wind and the vehicles in motion along the straight road (which is also a surveyor's section line) and settling impartially on the traffic which jolts along its five-inch rutted way.

A covered wagon, driven by a woman whose face has gone the yellow tan of her faded hair, whose bleached eyes squint into the endless sun, whose mouth shows only one black, broken tooth, but who must, because a baby tugs for problematic nourishment at one withered breast, and a further litter of small children lie huddled on the dirty quilts under the canvas top, be still a little young—in years. Under the

wagon sway battered cooking vessels, missing the scarred head of the hound dog who pants in the footsteps of the spavined horse. The mister, two weeks' reddish stubble on his unwashed face, dangles his bare feet over the tailboard, and hangs negligently to the halter rope of a blind mule. Wagon folks, moving in the eternal round from being underpaid for cutting corn to being underpaid for picking cotton.

She jerks the horse aside a little, at the insistence of a three-note French horn. A large sky-blue Lincoln whirls by. White chauffeur, cigar tilt above a soiled livery. Osage Indian owner, flabby jaws moving his swinging black braids to the rhythm of his tobacco cud. An ill-directed attempt at expectoration fails to clear the half-lowered glass of the limousine's door. No matter. Plenty more cars to buy. He has had this one four months anyway.

The Lincoln sways a wide detour to clear a tool wagon. The chassis of an old Rolls Royce, cut away to accommodate a huge drilling bit. The driver and three passengers are giants in tight corduroy—tool pushers rushing equipment to the new well at 18-12-11.

“And, by God, if Sam cashes in on this one I'm going to borrow me the money and hire that offset piece I got off him drilled myself.”

A rattling Ford filled with gangling, pomaded, wide-trousered boys and painted, shrill-voiced girls. None of them over seventeen, all of them so soon in need of the paint. The sun burns women up fast in the country around our town. Give yourself a time while

you can have it. Lots of dance halls around the new pools.

The competent chatter of a Buick roadster, on whose side is painted a company name as familiar in the Argentine or at Aden as here on this flat road. Two men, khaki-clad, putteed, brown. "Well, those two thousand shares of General Electric I have . . ."

An airplane hums a thousand feet above in the immense blue sky. "Might be Slim flying up from Cisco."

Infrequent houses. Not houses at all in the Eastern sense. Unpainted shacks, their rag-stuffed windows gazing out on the trampled earth of the "yard" where hogs root and scraggly chickens scratch.

And then—suddenly—rows on gleaming rows of great squat tanks, like so many impossible aluminum-painted turtles, sitting each in its own earthen moat, each with its padlocked ladder leading to the top beneath which lies turgid, evil-smelling, crude oil. Fifty-five thousand barrels to each tank, at a dollar seventy-five a barrel. One hundred tanks on this tank farm, and it one of a dozen within a ten-mile radius.

The tanks are the offspring of those high, pointed skeletons along the skyline—slim lacework of bleached or oil-darkened wood rising from the trampled ground where slow black liquid with iridescent lights in it collects in ruts and footprints. The derricks. Restless, vibrating without pause in the month-long effort of tapping this uncompromising bosom of dry earth. One day they hit the pay sand—drive the bit a few feet deeper. The roar of gas. Tapping her—and the rush and splash of fabulous reward, or getting a dry one, and swallowing in not too stoic silence the dustiness of another heartbreaking bad guess.

And then, all at once, the derricks are infrequent, disappear. The tank farm is behind you. Where has been only dust-veiled horizon loom shapes, spires, cones of stone—our town, pushing up from its territory like the mushroom it is.

II

In the heart of our business center you might think, we say, that you were in New York. Well—in Kansas City, at any rate. But K. C. has nothing like these five blocks of ours. Our hotel. The biggest for a thousand miles. Baths with every room. An *art moderne* ballroom, done by a firm all the way from St. Louis. An orchestra even at lunch time. White head waiters. French words on the bill of fare. And all built by one of our town's own men. He came through in a wagon in the old days, peddling medicine. And look at him now!

Our white-marble banks belong to oldtimers, too. That big one there with the searchlight to guide airplanes on top of it. The president is a man who got stranded here when the horse on which he had driven cattle up from Texas to Kansas died, and he didn't have the price to get home. He can get just about anywhere he wants to now.

Our enormous, expensive churches, and our undertaking parlors. In a new country the undertaking business is pretty brisk, and a lot came out when we opened up. But those boys graduated fast. Real estate and leases. Nevertheless, we have the largest number of "morticians" and the most elegantly equipped funeral homes in the country now. Ambulances which rush to the accidents and can just as efficiently and obligingly handle the corpses as the injured, if it turns out that way. Only they've come to driving pretty fast through the streets, racing one another for the trade.

The Watts Building. Bill Watts has a private elevator up to his apartment on the top floor. But he doesn't live there. He has just built a Spanish palace out Painted Bow Road way.

The new Calker Building. Gothic elevators in which men with field boots grin uneasily and try awkwardly to find space in which to hold their ten-quart hats. Jed Calker's father rustled cows

in the old times—and got shot for it. Jed herded, and owned half of the big discovery pool. His wife was a girl from the Red Fox bottoms. Only one gingham dress to her name. She has plenty of dresses now.

And she buys them from Madame Kate, whose new shop is in the new Calker Building. The shop is more beautiful, more exclusive than any you can find on Fifth Avenue. In point of fact, the extreme refinement which reigns within those sacrosanct walls would be the death of a shop on Fifth Avenue. But Madame Kate knows our town—to her profit. A profit which would do credit to any of our most successful men. Twenty years ago, a half sick, wholly frightened ex-elocution teacher from Ohio, Kate Leary found herself deserted by the man whom she had mistakenly married, and who had mistakenly believed that his peculiar light-heartedness with other people's money would be forgotten so far from the scene of his errors. Those whose accounts privilege them to face-to-face conversations with her sometimes call her Mrs. Leary even now, but she does not encourage it.

When she was stranded in our town it was just spreading out a little into three or four streets. A switching station on the Santa Fe which had turned out to be the nearest railroad stop to the great new oil pools. No pavements, and the streets a morass of mud, or ankle deep in dust, according to the season. Mrs. Leary rented a counter at the back of a short-order lunch room, and sold cotton house dresses and yards of flannel. In a year or two she was venturing at Christmas-time on small gifts "imported from the East." In another year or two she was established in a shop of her own. Two successive moves have culminated in this elegance of carved wood and colored glass, of Louis Seize elevators and soft-spoken salesladies, of perfume at sixty dollars the ounce, and chairs or "little gowns" at whatever the traffic will bear.

It will bear a good deal; for the traffic

is of Madame Kate's making, and clings to her with a sort of pathetic insistence. She knows. She must be right about what They are wearing, using, smelling of. It was quite natural that when big Zeke Fawcett finally struck it after those eleven years of drilling dry, and came home bursting with pride and largesse, Mrs. Zeke, drying from her hands the last dish water they would ever know, turned to Madame Kate for guidance in the hasty making of a leisured lady out of someone who had never hitherto had time to wish she were a lady at all.

And Madame Kate, the illness and fright quite molded away into svelte lines, her enunciation positively frightening in its cultivation, guided her. She guides them all. Mrs. Zeke bought three fur coats that first afternoon. One for morning, one for afternoon, and one for evening. "They" always have three. The physical climate of our town does not demand fur coats, but the social exigencies do.

Through the rapid and tortuous development of our social exigencies Madame Kate has been the captain who called the step and accouterments. She has advised the women, and they in turn have advised the docile men.

"An Italian sunroom, don't you think, Mrs. McGinty? . . . I believe the next time I run over to Paris I can find you one of those perfectly lovely Normandy darned lace table cloths, to seat forty . . . from a place I know about. . . . Orange, Mrs. Swanson? Oh, I don't think you want orange. I have a little light blue in mind for you right now."

That last would be because Madame Kate had no orange in stock at the moment. But she has met more serious crises than that. There was the day when Mrs. Butch Sampson had to have mourning suddenly, her brother having succumbed to the premature explosion of a glycerine stick. Mrs. Butch thought all black. But Madame Kate personally explained to her that, just a few

touches of green . . . Mrs. Butch agreed at once.

There was the year when veils were so smart. Mrs. Hiram Chaffee, warned not to unfasten hers from the tight little toque which Madame Kate had pressed down over her bleached and tortured head, almost starved to death through one of the six-course luncheons which are the pride of our town.

Why, in this country of fabulous tales, do we dwell so long on Madame Kate? Because of all the endless stories our town has to tell, the one of our rich (and when we say rich in our town we mean *rich*), whose æsthetic progress she has so largely controlled, is unique. Not more admirable than the others. Not as stirring by half as the saga of the well shooters, or the chantey of the roustabouts. But simply a phenomenon which America, perhaps, will never see again. Something already fading as the children of our rich begin to shade it off according to little patterns they have picked up here and there. Something whose meaty savor, whose gargantuan childishness, whose unswerving belief that if you haven't got the cash you don't exist, deserves the setting down before the anæmic good taste of the East really invades our town and rarefies our palates. At the moment our rich have not good taste. Just taste, and plenty of it.

III

From the top floor of the Calker Building our town spreads below you. Miles and miles of geometrical, treeless streets. Hundreds and hundreds of red-roofed bungalows, and some score of huge brick houses, ornamented and elaborated within an inch of their lives, crowding their "lots" within an inch of their capacity. Their builders have seen so much land in their day—aching, empty miles of it. What they want is houses—not a lot of ground around a little house, but a little ground under all the house they can buy. The exterior of the houses varies only in brick pat-

tern—in whether there was enough ground left to plant one dozen arbor vitæ trees or eight dozen. The interior varies only in how much the owner has contrived to buy. Not what he wanted—what he could buy. You want all you can get, and if you get it it shows. Showing is the yardstick. Clem Hawks' builder put bookcases into one of the rooms in Clem's new house, so Clem had to get enough books to fill them. Red—to match the curtains. They show up fine.

Our town concedes that Clem's house is the proudest boast in dwellings. Clem has the most money. And Mrs. Clem, glorying in five years of affluence which have erased the memory of thirty years of keeping an oil-field boarding house, has had ideas. So, you may be sure, has Madame Kate.

There was the idea of ten thousand dollars' worth of gold fixtures for the bathrooms, installed during a hectic twenty-four hours preceding the visit of one of Clem's New York board members. Solid gold nymphs to turn on the shower. Solid gold fish from whose mouths our alkaline water spouts. Mrs. Clem thought the board member wouldn't have anything like that in his Park Avenue apartment. Nor has he.

Probably his wife hasn't a show case like Mrs. Clem's in her bedroom, either. Most women see these plate glass cases only in the great jewelry stores. But across one end of Mrs. Clem's boudoir her own case gleams, cunningly lighted to display a few of Mrs. Clem's more personal treasures, lying upon a mauve chiffon ground. Mrs. Clem's five-hundred-dollar Paris nightgown. Mrs. Clem's jeweled, three-inch slipper heels. Mrs. Clem's pearls—the two strings she isn't wearing. A tiny model of the corset Madame Kate has made especially for Mrs. Clem. Put away in drawers and closets, these things wouldn't show.

There was also the matter of the artist whom Madame Kate found to paint the walls of Mrs. Clem's dining room. Murial decorations, Mrs. Clem says.

Madame Kate put a good deal of time and personal thought in choosing the right man. She looked around till she found someone as good as the old Italians, and when she found him he was set to work, moving aside the dining room set—carved oak with gold-leaf inlay—to get at the walls. He wanted to paint right on the plaster. But Mrs. Clem could afford canvas, and she had it. It shows up better, she is sure. It took the man almost a month. Time to paint a dozen houses, Clem thought, but Madame Kate said that artists are slow like that.

However, when the job was done it filled Mrs. Clem with vague uneasiness and Clem with frank alarm. The nude is not a subject of detached, critical regard in our town. The approach is more robust, and hearty to a degree. And the figures in the murals were, barring a few scarves, in all truth nudes. Madame Kate and the artist were called in conference. Madame Kate was firm, the artist explosive in a subdued way. They explained that the "mural" was a classic subject—the seasons in their courses. Temporarily Clem and Mrs. Clem were quelled. But after a week or so an Old Timers' Dinner was imminent, to be held at Clem's because he was this year's holder of the Most Useful Old Timer's Cup. And Clem and Mrs. Clem, talking across the expanse of mulberry-colored velvet carpet which separates their carved and painted beds, decided definitely that the Old Timers and the seasons in their courses would be an unfortunate combination. So morning saw the artist firmly recalled, and the end of the week saw the wall scheme changed. For the four seasons now read four women of history. The ruff and velvets of Elizabeth fit smoothly and with chastity over the lissom limbs of Spring.

IV

The social diversions of our rich are largely the fact itself—the amazing, glamorous, potent business of being very

rich. Of playing poker games in which the low chips cost fifty dollars. Of having more kinds of drinks, and more of each kind, than were to be had at the party last week. Of having three colored boys sit up all night and mix the drinks.

A party in our town will start, say, with dinner at Clem's, and progress all over the city. Until, about four or five in the morning, the guests and the Clems, and various other people who have been summoned by telephone or dragged bodily from their beds by hilarious delegations, and have stopped at a dozen or more hospitable houses, will all end up in the yellow dawn, eating eggs and bacon at Zeke's, sitting on Mrs. Zeke's mammoth white kitchen table, exploring her storage warehouse of an electric ice box. All more than a little drunk. Most very good-natured about it.

At these parties the singing gets pretty high and the jokes pretty low. Mrs. Clem's liquid-powdered white arms are apt to wreath around Zeke's neck. Mrs. Zeke and Clem may sit on the doubtful Louis Quinze sofa locked in an embrace. What with one thing and another, the atmosphere is a good deal relaxed. But not so relaxed as you might think. Not so relaxed as a good many visiting gentlemen from the East, who nurse a fixed delusion that once west of the Mississippi anything goes, have thought to their cost. We are just a large, affectionate family. The bearish fondlings that go on, go on right in the limelight—and end there. Clem is given to announcing that our women are pure. And, curious as it may seem to their Park Avenue sisters, so they are.

They are still too pleased and interested to be anything else. Our rich do not read books, but if they did they would not be reading Mr. Aldous Huxley, nor the *Well of Loneliness*. A child who has suddenly been presented with a whole playroom full of toys and candy, plus Aladdin's lamp, has no need to flick his interest. His interest is enormous, just as it is. He wants to play.

It is only the bored children, who have had their toys a long time and broken most of them, who whisper in corners and take apart the mechanical doll to see what makes it get that way.

The morning after these parties sees Clem and Zeke, steady of hand and reasonably bright of eye, back in their offices or thundering out along the section lines to drilling wells. And they see Mrs. Clem being a great lady all day. Playing more with that lovely money. Buying more things and more things. Going to luncheons where all the shades are drawn down to keep out the brilliant prairie sun and enhance the effects of elaborate costumes. Playing very competent bridge, for stakes which would have paid two months' grocery bills for her not so long ago. Having expensive things rubbed and patted and steamed into her hair and skin. Getting out her car to go three blocks.

Mrs. Clem doesn't walk, just as she doesn't ride horseback. Our town tried having a riding club, largely because visitors were forever saying, "Oh, *what* riding you must have out here!" But somehow we are still too close to the time when horses were part of the necessary equipment of living for us to find these tame, fancy creatures very fascinating toys. The men tried polo, too. But they couldn't work up the proper solemn fervor for it. They whooped about on their ponies and disgusted the imported English coach (who didn't ride as well as any one of them), and gave it up. Well, it's only a *game*, isn't it? Hell!

Golf goes a little better. And Mrs. Zeke has a swimming pool. A unique stroke has been developed whereby one can swim the whole length of the thing and not wet the rouge nor smear the mascara. Mrs. Kate has provided astonishing Lido costumes. But the Bermuda grass is prickly to loll on, and the countless insects don't understand the game and bite just as fiercely as if it were a church picnic still, and not something smart.

Frankly, Mrs. Clem doesn't want to ex-

ercise. She wants to relax, and expand, and buy new things. The conglomerate traffic around our town doesn't amuse her. She doesn't consider our town quaint or astonishing. But it is the best place in the world to live. A lady novelist of considerable importance visited us not long since, in search of color for a book. She wanted cowboys, and Indians who did not ride in limousines, and she wanted Clem in his shirt sleeves, and Mrs. Clem in a house dress and lace boudoir cap. And when she didn't find them, when Mrs. Clem, aided by Madame Kate, gave her a dinner which would have done Berlin proud, the lady novelist turned nasty, and said our rich were vulgarians, and their homes monstrosities. Said so to their faces. Why couldn't they preserve their fine prairie traditions?

It was rude of the lady novelist. Would she expect Mrs. Astor to discuss the price of fox skins over her dinner table with her? And though it angered Mrs. Clem, it confused and hurt her, too. Just as she has been confused and hurt at large Eastern summer resorts. She goes to them a little wistfully, because she knows she should no longer be able to bear the burning heat of the six months' summer in our town. (Only it *is* fun in our town in the summer!) And a little excitedly, because with all that money why shouldn't she get friendly with all those Social Register-ites? When she doesn't, when her three-hundred-dollar silver-sequin dress sits against the wall in the hotel ballroom and sees thirty-dollar chiffons whirling around in the arms of men whom Clem could buy out ten times over and yet somehow can't; when she sees shabby cars rumbling confidently up to houses which have ignored her special Packard with the canary-yellow body—she turns scornful, and a little bitter.

If it is envy that Mrs. Clem feels now it wasn't that to begin with. It started by being expectancy. What are these people talking about? Social position? Family? Education? All right. How

much? When evasions, instead of a good, thumping price, met the questions Mrs. Clem was bewildered. And now she is somewhat bruised, and actively antagonistic. Shoot—keep it, then! Our rich will build their own social position and traditions. They can't see that education counts much. Plenty of college fellows are working for them right now.

So our rich are forming their own colonies in Colorado and California, where the climate and manners are easier than on the chill Atlantic coast. They'll make their own society.

They will. It has been done before. Even in Virginia once.

And when they are as slavish to great Parisian couturiers as they are now to Madame Kate it will not, probably, be considered absurd, though the Parisians are simply Madame Kate with a more accepted rapacity.

Our rich are not native to our town. There was no town to be native to a generation ago. The Indians are the natives. Yet our town is no melting pot. There are literally no foreigners, bar a few furtive Mexican laborers. More truly our town is a great, live, bubbling caldron of crude oil, breaking into a dozen by-products above the heat of success, but always with honest American crude as the essential base. Clem Hawks came down from Kansas. The Wattses beat up from West Virginia. The Calkers worried it out from Ohio.

Every state in the Union is represented in our town; but when the Old Timers meet, the blood relation between all these men and women strikes the eye.

They all have the flair for adventure, the courage to find out what it's like a hundred miles farther on, the ability not to care about a lean belly and calloused hands, the unvitiated, unimaginative, insensitive power to ride roughshod to money. They are the same men who froze it out along the New England coast, opened up Ohio, shot and panted their way to Oregon.

Our town is the last frontier, already fading into the pattern the earlier frontiers have hastened to set as correct. So look well at our rich. They will not happen again. And they are not a comic strip. They are America, whether you like to admit it in the Café Dôme or not. If they look absurd in their hand-painted dining rooms be sure their children won't. They have wrested the fantastic setting which is our town from the unpromising bosom of the bleakest state in the Union. And one more generation of Madame Kates will whittle them into the delicate proportions which will really fit quietly into really quiet rooms.

Whether that will be a gain or a loss we do not presume to decide. And fortunately it is a problem which does not keep Clem and Mrs. Clem awake between their colored linen sheets. They are rich and, having earned that priceless boon, they sleep well.



THE BARREN TWIG PROTESTS

ANONYMOUS

SOME years ago, when Theodore Roosevelt was upbraiding the well-to-do and the relatively fit for not doing their duty by the race, he was met in some quarters by the assertion that he was judging by such exceptional cases as had come to his notice. There was really no danger of race suicide. Intelligent and successful women (and men) were having as large families as needful. We have now passed the stage of assertion and counter-assertion. The facts are already known, and they support Roosevelt's case even if, perhaps, they do not lend direct approval to his conclusions. The declining birth rate among all classes of the population has been noted, and it is most marked, as it is most important, in the prosperous urban classes.

Now there are two main grounds upon which educated women defend themselves in spinsterhood and childless marriage: the first, that they cannot afford to marry or have children, considering the low earning power of attractive men on their own mental level; the second, that their duty to the race is rather to contribute to the solution of urgent social problems. To the charge that they surrender the best chance of living a full personal life by not having children, they reply either by reliance upon the notion that their careers are a sublimation of sex or, more recently and perhaps more logically, by a denial of any inherited need for sex fulfillment, in so far as this would imply maternity and the responsibilities and sacrifices of child-care.

This latter defense is necessary, it seems, to those women who lack any

definite vocation in business, social welfare, or religion. Frankly, they work for money—in the sense, of course, of its efferent satisfactions—and for money alone and, married or single, fill in their time with concerts, lectures, bridge, plays, sports, and gossip.

I am not speaking from the sidelines. I married a woman of this type, am still married to her, and shall probably remain married to her. I have spent more time in the society of women of the professional and business classes, aged seventeen to seventy, than in that of any other kind of people; and I have some basis for critical conclusions, apart from personal experience, in the fact that I am a student and teacher of the social sciences.

II

Susan and I have been married about fourteen years. During all of that time we have both worked. My occupation has varied, although for the past ten years I have been a teacher and lecturer. She has a well-paid super-clerical routine job. At any time since we were married my earnings have equalled or exceeded the mean for my age-group and education. We both know many families living without undue strain on incomes less than my sole earnings, although I do not deny that we should have to practice rigid economy to maintain two or three children. Mathematically, it can be shown that the overhead due to our habits of life exceeds Susan's salary. By this I mean that, if we were to lead a settled housekeeping life, the savings on our food bill, traveling expenses, extra

clothes, and innumerable extravagances of bachelorhood might easily exceed the two thousand dollars representing her average earnings.

For of course we live like bachelors, except that we inhabit the same apartment from midnight to eight in the morning. Our "home" costs us about a hundred dollars a month, and consists of living room, two bedrooms, and a kitchen-dinette. We eat at home very rarely. My meals cost about two dollars a day. I used to economize by patronizing cheaper places, but have no good reason for doing so any longer. Susan's meals cost considerably less than mine, but so long as I am assured that she is well fed my conscience does not trouble me on that score, as I do not censor her expenditures. We spend about all we earn, although we keep a cash reserve for emergencies and have a few minor investments. I am not heavily insured, but what I leave may enable Susan to quit her job sooner than she otherwise would. In the sense of acquiring wealth we don't seem to "get ahead."

The importance of the last observation lies in its alleged relation to our childlessness. Susan can always point to our present impecuniousness and say, "Look at what we have (or haven't) after all these years of work! Where should we be if we had children? In the poorhouse." I usually reply, as calmly as possible, that if we had children we'd lead an altogether different life and should economize in many ways. Then Susan flies to another argument: she says that the so-called extravagances are what make life worth living. This, I have come to know, is a closer reflection of her real feelings: her concerts, lectures, and bridge are the heart of her mental life, as I am the center of her emotional, or at least of her sex life. She sees in children the possibility of being deprived of these mental pleasures, and of having her relation to the second group of satisfactions radically and perhaps painfully altered.

Susan is, I am inclined to think, more morbidly afraid of childbearing than the average of her class (college women of the Northeastern States), although it is clear that most of them are afraid of life. It will help to an understanding of what I mean to explain that on the only occasion when she believed herself to be pregnant she absolutely refused to see any possibility of ultimate happiness from having a baby. She was sure she would die. If she did not, the infant would be still-born or crippled—or, if neither of these sad events transpired, we should never be able to give the youngster a decent chance in life.

The experience of the few days before her fears proved baseless made a profound and regrettable impression upon both of us. May I add that Susan has not lost a week from work in ten years on account of illness, except for a minor operation. I have not lost a day. The first statement contradicts any presumption that she is basically delicate, while the second disposes of the notion that I may be, for physical reasons, an economic uncertainty.

There was a time, approximately between 1922 and 1925, when the whole question of having children was thoroughly discussed. That is when our marriage should have been abandoned, for I listened to Susan's admission that she believes the institution of marriage, under modern conditions, is perfectly satisfactory as no more than a legalized state of cohabitation for the purpose of satisfying sexual appetite. In common with thousands of intellectual women, she regards the "maternal instinct" as a myth. Children come unwanted and because women are too ignorant to avoid them. They may be very lovable after they come; but what one has never had one cannot miss.

And in her philosophy the same reasoning applies to the idea of a family. I am simply sentimental in thinking I should be happy "in a miserable little house with babies and messes and noise." Am I not free to go and come as I please,

eat wherever I happen to be, run off to Canada or Europe in the summer? And at the same time haven't I a loving wife who simply adores me, babies me, admires me, will do anything for me—anything but spoil my life and hers with children? Or keep house. (Our apartment is always upset. Susan has no more interest in any phase of homemaking than a butcher has in Brahms.)

This debate invariably ended in Susan's wail, "Why can't you be satisfied, after all I have done for you, just to love me?" And tears, tears, tears. Finally we awoke to find ourselves in our middle thirties. She was relieved, for I began to realize that it was too late to start having children. Consequently I have dropped the subject, except for an occasional impersonal reference, made more and more infrequently. *I have reached the point where I do not wish to have children by Susan: as a mother, she does not fit the picture any longer.* She is a useful social adjunct, and I am still fond of her. That's all.

Now, I am willing to admit, tentatively, that I should never have been concerned about the matter of children if we had, at the outset of our married life, reached a frank agreement that we should never have any. No such arrangement was made. Looking back, I cannot believe that I should ever have married on such conditions. But let me also make it quite clear that I am not laying the blame for our misunderstanding and my relative unhappiness at her door: we simply failed to settle certain important matters, as thousands of other ignorant young couples have done.

On the whole, I think Susan is quite normal, or at least typical. Her attitude is identical with that of her woman friends (with exceptions, perhaps, that I do not know about). For instance, there is Grace.

Grace and Herbert are just about our age, and have been married a little longer. Both are college graduates. Grace has neither job nor calling, but has a little money. Herbert travels a good

deal in connection with his profession. They have a beautiful home in a nearby suburb of our city. And no children. From as good information as one can obtain in such cases, I know that, lacking the economic excuse for childlessness, Grace has invented reasons of health. She has an obscure ailment which is always in evidence when her husband is at home, usually latent when he is absent. Specifically, she agrees heartily with certain feminists that the "maternal instinct" was an invention of men during the long ages of woman's subjection, and that it is now the latest refuge of (male) psychology as a form of social control over her sex. When Herbert comes home from a five-thousand-mile trip, she drags him to concerts, lectures, plays, cafeterias, and bridge—six nights a week. Maybe he likes it. She does, and that is the decisive factor.

And there is Clara. Clara is not married. She can, therefore, speak dispassionately on the subject, and does, indeed. In fact, lack of passion is her specialty. Clara likes men. She is neither a Narcissan nor a homosexual, I fancy. She has, report says, considered matrimony on numerous occasions, but has found two insuperable objections: she must marry a man, and she must have children. She is clear that the latter are nuisances, and that men as husbands are likely to compel the introduction of such nuisances into the house. Men are to be avoided unless they are very, very rich. Clara is thirty-five, and Croesus has not proposed.

I speak somewhat heatedly of Clara, since she seems to be a positive influence in the lives of her married female friends, being the expert little deviser of excuses for them to go somewhere except home. Clara has a vocation: making money. It is as near an emotional interest as she seems likely to get. A few years ago she fought a moderately well-to-do fiancé to a verbal show-down on the subject of children. He yielded, until the night before the wedding, when he recanted and told her frankly that he

should expect her to have babies if he married her. As I have said, she is still single.

Again, consider the case of Madge. Refined, musical, decidedly "feminine," she is the known example of many suspected counterparts. It happens that she is not a friend of Susan, but the wife of a friend of mine. He is well able to support her, but she quite rightly desires to continue giving music lessons. The point is that she would not marry him, so great was her fear of childbearing and its consequences, unless he would consent to her having an operation making it impossible for her to conceive. After months of expostulation, he consented.

Men are blind (and "dumb" of course). I have two friends who have married women they knew to be physically incapable of being mothers, and I know of three other men who did the same thing. It is possible for me to add, from positive knowledge, that these men are all unhappy in these so-called marriages. One case is striking. I relate the main facts.

The man to whom I refer married a sterile woman as his second wife, after the death of the first. The change that took place in him thereafter was one of the most shocking things I have ever witnessed. He had three children by his first wife. While she was living, he came to his office neatly dressed, had the dignity becoming a member of a respectable calling, was interested in literature, and placed his family in the center of his scheme of life. Shortly after his remarriage I went to his office. I should hardly have known him.

He needed a shave and a haircut, to say nothing of the attentions of dentist, bootblack, and tailor. Papers littered his desk and dust gathered on his books. Clients had dwindled to a few unprofitable tag-enders. Soon afterward he closed out and recovered a certain amount of mental health by abandoning a profession requiring concentration for the absorbingly trivial pursuit of a sub-

urban real estate business. I am not drawing upon my imagination in picturing his mental state nor its connection with his marital condition, for he put it more expressively than I have done here, in pretty strong language. No doubt the experience was spiritually more repugnant to a Roman Catholic like him than it would be to one less grounded in ideas of the sacredness of the family and of marriage. While it cannot be proven, it seems to me to be reasonable to suppose that his second wife's sexual inadequacy was the basic cause of the destruction of his home life and of his marital happiness and peace of mind.

III

Here, ladies, is the crux of the matter. What is the essence of these gorgeous dreams of social amelioration on the mystic altar of which you are willing to sacrifice the solid contentment of the fireside? There is a woman lecturing on Modern French Art . . . another on the League of Nations . . . another on Woman in Industry . . . still another on Contemporary Dramatists . . . and so on. Excellent subjects. I, a mere man, make bold to hold forth on similar subjects. Really, I do it for the sake of food-clothing-and-shelter, not as a substitute for sex nor to save the human race. I am fond of the race, for it has many excellencies. And I belong to it. And so do you women folk, though you may be surprised to hear a man admit it. How ancient and (pardon me) how silly is your delusion in believing that the easier way is the more noble! Yes, it is easier, at least for a time. The day of our damnation was the day we discovered how much more impressive the orator is than the cook.

My answer to the claim that the woman orator has as much right to her thrill as has the male offender is a waiver: a father or mother, as such, is far more useful than either, if not as ornamental. Do not be afraid of overpopulating the earth—that is a more or less fantastic

nightmare. Pray what are you going to do with the race after you have saved it? You cannot live with the whole human family without becoming a misanthrope. With a modicum of good sense and a little plain courage (such as accounts for your presence on the planet), you can live with one man and three or four children, and keep sweet. Men are not so terrible, being sons of mothers.

As for the women who do not seek careers and yet remain childless, what of them? They are social liabilities, of that there is no doubt. The work they do could be done as well, or better, by men, while their removal from an overcrowded "white collar" labor market would be a gain to many families. Their view of life (as not worth perpetuating) is a spiritual poison, a denial of all purpose or meaning except sensuous pleasure—an attitude which no philosopher, no serious person, least of all a student of human society, can accept as even personally satisfactory. It is the doctrine of negation, of futility, pessimism, despair, and suicide. It is high time somebody gave thought to this disease of the will among our educated women. The disease may make them happy; it does not make men happy. I speak for the men. We have some rights, although I am aware the assertion sounds old-fashioned and presumptuous. This is no question of bringing children into the world for the satisfaction of parents, though I can see no real objection to that. Surely parents who want children are the ones, other things being equal, who are most likely to do well by them. The bugaboo of overpopulation has been disposed of by the studies of Dublin and others.

IV

Now my readers will ask why I have not divorced Susan if I want a family as badly as I say I do. Before assuming that I am unstable and insincere, listen to one thing more.

Susan's job is not a vocation—except

for the wages, it does not claim any real interest. It leads nowhere. When she is too old to work she will retire on a pension. If she loses the job she has no profession. In short, her concerts, bridge, and late hours are her means of escape from monotonous routine. Her one strong hold upon life is myself, whom, I think, she quite literally adores. I am, then, the unifying element in her emotional life. I possess power to injure her amounting, apparently, to that of life or death. Therefore, in a sense I faced this problem: my life or hers? It is clear that I decided in her favor. I am not sure that I was right in doing so.

The years ahead look black. I happen to be one of those persons, by no means rare though perhaps disappearing, to whom the diffusion of response attendant upon modern social complexity makes necessary a refuge where one can bring to bear upon life a sense of permanence, stability, and continuity. This sense cannot be obtained on the purely mental conceptual plane, as a creed or a philosophy. Ideas are themselves in a state of flux. The refuge must be a place of direct contact with reality, and I picture it as I always have, from childhood, as a "home"—complete with all the paraphernalia. Granting that a home does not necessarily include children, I can only say that to some of us their lack is a most distinct misfortune, precisely because we have founded our ideas of the family upon our own childhood experience and that of the rank and file of human beings.

I was unwilling to extinguish the torch passed to my hand by countless generations of forbears. To change the figure, it was my desire to be a fruitful branch, not a barren twig. In my old age I should have liked something more significant than a place to sit and read: I should have liked a house full of the memories of a normal family life, and a prospect of life beyond death in the lives of my descendants. Ladies, if this be romanticism, then I cast a vote for my romance and against your reality.



EDUCATION: SAVAGE AND CIVILIZED

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

WHEN we speak of a savage community we mean one where there is hardly any progress from one generation to another, where change is looked on with more than suspicion, and all human energies are concentrated upon maintaining the *status quo*. Such communities are usually so busy defending themselves in the primeval struggle against unsubdued nature that they can do little but dig themselves in and be stubborn in the face of circumstances. A civilized community—a purely relative term—is one wherein progress and change are the life-blood of every activity, economic, æsthetic, ethical; its citizens may allow a healthy conservatism to hold a watching brief for things as they are, but they never forget that without evolution there is no life. Pericles, in summing up the whole art of being civilized, especially emphasized that the Athenians showed their civility by forever seeking after a new thing.

And so too with savage parents and civilized parents: savage parents are those who regard education as the art of making out of their children replicas of themselves; their watchword is, "What was good enough for me is good enough for my children." Civilized parents are those who use every available device and ingenuity to prevent their children being like themselves; they seek for an education which will enable the next generation to face life a few steps farther on. There are rudimentarily civilized parents in many primitive societies; civilized communities, so-called, are honeycombed with savage ones.

The task of savage parents in educating their children is far easier than that of civilized ones; for the former know precisely what they want, while the latter know only what they do not want, and have to call upon their imagination—a fatiguing exercise—for their more positive ideals. Savage parents regard education as much like the art of making boxes of toy soldiers: a dozen "useful citizens," a dozen "godfearing clean men," all neatly painted and bent into the correct, rigid, drill-like attitudes. It is an easy task for them to choose the right college for their sons: a little trouble will reveal where the most successful generals, lawyers, business men, Bible-class leaders were molded; while it is still easier to cut the knot and send the son to his father's college, which, if it has preserved itself from change, ought to turn him out better than can any other institution. It is when you look for the college which will turn out the best human being, judged by the higher standards of the unborn future, that the real difficulties begin.

All educational systems are largely concerned with the fitting of the child to become a satisfactory member of the community. This is the central problem of all education; and if we want light upon how to tackle it in our own cases we cannot do better than turn an eye to the way in which primitive communities have solved it. Our own ideas bear within them indelible traces of their lowly origin in the minds of our even more savage ancestors; and the key to many an educational difficulty has been thrown into the swamps of the Congo

or lost in the sands of Australia, where we must look for it before we can unlock the gate of truth.

Here is an interesting summary* of the means adopted by most savage communities for educating children, that is, for turning boys into men:

1. Purification by emetics, sweating, bathing, scrubbing with sand, and the making of cutaneous incisions.

2. Circumcision, incision, and subincision.

3. Physical suffering caused by a great variety of tests of endurance such as extreme fatigue in the chase, tattooing, cicatrizing, heating, cooling, knocking out teeth, immobility for long periods, and whipping.

4. Moral instruction, including tribal usages, relating to obedience, courage, truth, hospitality, sexual relationships, reticence, and perseverance.

5. Transfer of power from elders to novices through the motions of hauling a rope, blood transfer, rubbing with crystals, or blowing.

6. Isolation accompanied by a taboo of silence, disguise by paint and dress, reception of a new name, and rebirth into the social group with many formalities.

7. Training in magic of the so-called sympathetic variety whereby love is required or an enemy injured.

We have only to read this curriculum to be struck by a very important fact: with scarcely any change it is the curriculum used to this day in our own communities as an integral part of normal orthodox education; we do not have to go to China or Peru, or the Warra-munga or the Waja to find it in use; we can stop in New York or London. It is, of course, perfectly true that no public school or college prospectus mentions the contents of section three as being normally practiced within their establishments, but that proves nothing; for hardly any of the most important features of education are mentioned in these pieces of conventional hypocrisy. They deal only with that insignificant part of education which is transacted between the faculty and the students and scarcely mention the vital part, which is purely

a matter between one student and another.

We can put the whole matter briefly in this way: the orthodox educational establishment is a device for carrying out two quite different forms of education at once; on the one hand, the more or less civilized or, at any rate, conventionalized form, for which the faculty are responsible; on the other the savage form, summarized above, which is in the hands of the students themselves. Since its details are such that the orthodox civilized conscience will not permit of adults openly countenancing it, it is carried on in a clandestine manner; but since the adult, being still three parts savage, heartily believes in its necessity, he gives every facility for its continuance, provided he can pretend to know nothing about it. The existence of this dual education, the civilized, or at least conventional, controlled by the faculty, and the savage, controlled by the students themselves, is of the utmost significance to the understanding of modern life; for the people who are making such a slaughter of human happiness in the world to-day are the natural product of it.

The key to the lasting effects of our orthodox educational system lies in this, that we are most influenced and shaped by what we learned from our contemporaries and that they taught us a savage code enforced by savage sanctions; or to use a synonym which may bring out the significance more forcibly, a neurotic code enforced by neurotic sanctions. What we learned about morality in the school chapel or in the headmaster's study fell off us with the greatest ease; what we learned from our fellow savages stuck; and either we spent the next ten years painfully unlearning it again or we remain savages to this day. Moreover, the adults responsible for orthodox education are in the conspiracy because, although they are compelled to a pretended acquiescence in civilization, they unconsciously believe that the savage code and method

*From W. D. Hambly: *Origins of Education among Primitive Peoples*.

are better. This tendency is made more universal by the fact that these particular adults have so often never been in the world of men at all: from seven until thirteen they went to one school, from thirteen to eighteen to another, from eighteen to twenty-two to a glorified school called a university, and then back to school again immediately as masters. No wonder the savage tradition can be maintained unbroken when those chiefly responsible have never moved among men and women of the world: the orthodox schoolmaster is a man whose whole life has been passed in the atmosphere of the neurotic race memory with not even an occasional cooling breath from the grown-up world.

II

Let us look at some details of this moral code which is never the adult code but always the neurotic savage code learned from the race memory kept alive by the group traditions of the school. As in all more primitive communities, it deals with "tribal usages relating to obedience, courage, truth, sexual relationships, reticence, and perseverance."

Obedience: "the bond of rule" and the mainspring of savage education. To savages it is always the obedience to be desired in parts of a machine; mechanical subservience all the better for being "unreasoned." When the English Workers Educational Association approached a certain manufacturer with offers of classes for his factory girls he replied, "I don't want my girls to think. If they begin thinking they will get their hands caught in the machinery. I want them as mechanical as possible." Savage education in an English Public School* teaches obedience precisely as the Warramunga teach it, as a complete sinking of the personality in the race memory or tradition and the herd

mind or public opinion. That is why these schools have always been so successful as preparations for savage situations in adult life; for example, the winning of the battle of Waterloo: the post-humous winning of that battle on their playing fields is the chief business of English public schools to this day. Since civilization is largely the refusal of the individual to sink his glimmerings of common sense in the neurotic herd, it is clear what a powerful influence towards savagery an education based on this type of obedience must be.

Courage: To the savage group-mind courage boils down to the ability to endure physical pain without making a grimace. In orthodox schools arm-twisting, ear-pulling, frog-marching, and other delights, in which the race memory is rich, are used as a means to inculcate the virtue, as so often the real object is not to make the sufferer virtuous, but to give his instructors plenty of the pleasure of cruelty. In America initiations into college fraternities embrace nearly all the items included in our list of savage tortures, with the possible exception of the more difficult surgical operations such as subincision. In England I myself have seen a boy of eleven forcibly held down while some thirty or forty small boys were compelled by the presiding bullies to beat him in turn. He attended the next class in a very natural state of collapse, and when the head teacher found himself disturbed by the sobs, he said, "Really, if you can't control yourself you had better go home." There was no indiscreet delving into possible causes—the adult was too wise to risk revealing any emanation of the savage clandestine system—simply a hint that the child had failed to show "courage," just as an Australian child may scream from time to time while being circumcized with a flint knife—a rare and unfortunate lapse from virtue. Nor was the boy in question one of those "exceptional boys" who must be "expected to have a bad time": he grew up to do all the orthodox things

*When I use the term "public school" I am thinking of a school for boys of thirteen to eighteen owned by a private corporation, usually of ancient foundation, expensive, snobbish, and exclusive, like Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby.

desired by the public-school system of its products, to be captain of the school, captain of the football fifteen, a scholar at Cambridge, and to be killed in the Great War. Among Australian savages an important part of the educational curriculum is the roasting of the small boy over a hot fire; the same thing was done in *Tom Brown's School Days*, and I myself have met with examples in my own school career. As for "cooling," only last year I heard of a millionaire's daughter at one of the leading American universities who was kept in a zero temperature for an hour or so at night as part of her initiation into a sorority.

Such cruelties technically forbidden by law, at least when done by adults to children, are a commonplace in orthodox education. No adults, no school authority could advocate torture as an educational weapon; torture is not so much as mentioned in any school prospectus; but subconsciously most adults believe it to be valuable and provide for its practice in secret. Thus they avoid responsibility without having to give up methods on which they rely. As adults in modern society, their bullying of children must be confined to intellectual and emotional bullying; but the necessary physical bullying is safeguarded by herding a few hundred savages together and putting them on their honor—the honor of neurotic savages—and looking the other way. In this way physical "courage," which lies at the root of all the vices, is secured in modern education in spite of the humanitarian alloy which prevents instruction in it by adults.

Truth: The orthodox savage parent values in his son nothing above truth. "If my son told a lie," he says, "I should thrash him to within an inch of his life." The very idea sends a quiver of ecstasy down his spine. I have heard precisely this sentiment expressed three times by three different "savages," all of them respected in their community. Truth as taught by one savage to another in orthodox schools is simply loyalty to

the group; a blending of lies which will keep the group from being found out. It is not surprising that in adult life truth is assumed to be synonymous with propaganda. Loyalty to a neurotic group-mind is hardly likely to produce any nice distinction between the two. To thine own group be true, it then shall follow, as the night the day, thou canst not help being false to other men. It is often called "learning to play for your side" and rates high in the neurotic code. Its use to the community is that it trains people to realize how wrong Nurse Edith Cavell was when she said, "Patriotism is not enough." Besides, the battle of Waterloo was won by propaganda, by that idea of truth learned on the playing fields of the public schools.

Sexual relationships: Probably not even economic injustice causes so much pain in the world of adult human beings as the sex-code learned entirely from the neurotic group-mind of childhood. Sex is always learned from the savage race memory, and the instruction of adults has hardly any influence at all. Put four hundred boys together and keep them "ignorant" of anything civilized about sex and, far from remaining in a state of frigid suspended animation, their "being's inmost cells" will boil over in response to the stimuli and reactions imparted by their fellow-savages. We do not learn the art of sexual conduct from manuals, nor from lectures given by adults, but from sexual experience. Such experience may consist only of feelings, and not at all of acts, but, nevertheless, it is authentic experience which alone teaches us how to behave sexually. Now the sexual experience of four hundred boys isolated together in a school can be only of two sorts, autoerotic and homosexual; and these two lie at the basis of all sex knowledge imbibed by those whose education has been orthodox. The attitude of English education towards homosexuality can only be described as droll. The education itself is tinged

through and through with the Greek tradition; in the classrooms we translate the Greek tragedians; on the playing fields we emulate the Discobolus; yet we are constantly guarded against the emotion which permeates everything in Greek art, literature, and history. On the one hand, we are violently punished for any homosexual lapse; on the other, we are soaked in the Greek spirit and incarcerated in barracks where heterosexual stimulus does not exist. Occasionally two boys are found to have been too far soaked in the Greek spirit, and expulsion follows. Of course, there are cases like that of Young Woodley, where a boy falls in love with one of the few women he ever sees, a housemaid, or a master's wife; but such cases are rare, largely because of the type of women schoolmasters marry and the type of women these employ as housemaids. Thus the sex education of the ordinary public-school boy consists, according to his temperament, either of messy and vulgar attempts at auto-eroticism and homosexuality, or of something even more dangerous, idealistic Galahad-like attachments to women he sees in holiday time, which are complicated and usually wrecked by the loathing of sex set up in such a boy's mind by his term-time experiences. It is not surprising that such exposure to the savage neurotic group-mind during the course of orthodox education usually insures that in after life a civilized outlook on sex will not be forthcoming.

Reticence: The refusal to show any emotion of pleasure, whatever the provocation, unless the group as a whole sanctions it. Its keynote is a complete indifference to anything which is an individual pleasure rather than a group pleasure. You may enjoy football, nay, you must enjoy it, because it is a group pleasure; but all the little savages will be at your throat if you show signs of enjoying a picture, a poem, or a sunset. Here the English public-school system has certainly triumphed and produced a veritable fear of ever expressing feeling.

Every boy is taught by the savage group-mind that nobody but a baby ever cries; and it is probably true that young children cry more than adults; they have more to cry for. We cry less because our reactions are blunted, not because we have greater self-control. The process of learning self-control, as it is called, the process of blunting the emotions, as it really is, is well cared for in savage education.

Perseverance: or habitual mental and physical overstraining. An essential quality in any human being is the ability to stick to something provided that something is valuable and attainable. In the savage educational code it is sticking for sticking's sake. The object is never the one for which perseverance is obviously most worth while, namely the ability to live a civilized adult life in the future; it is always some activity which leads to deformity of body or mind; a sport which will strain the heart or an examination which will warp the brain. The former is the aim more closely related to the savage group-mind, the latter appeals more to the adults; since it is the savages who rule, it is the former rather than the latter which is regarded by the school as most essential to a praiseworthy character. Hence it is "the thing" to persevere to the extent of deformity at games, but not "the thing" to persevere at work; this, seeing what the orthodox curriculum usually involves, is not altogether to the bad. The boy leaves school with a strained heart but only an empty brain, not a strained one; there is still a chance to fill it, though a very small one, it is true, seeing that the knowledge of how to fill can be acquired only in early life, when the savage domination is most complete.

III

So much for the savage, orthodox, neurotic code of education as it is to be found in English public schools and—unless I am mistaken—in certain American institutions of polite learning. It

seems to have taken a war to convince a minority of human beings that the system was not worth the candle. At least the post-war period has seen a powerful increase of the movement away from orthodox education. There are still plenty of old gentlemen who read romantic virtues into their old public school, just as they read glory into the trenches; but the younger generation of more thoughtful parents regards orthodox schools as places where their children will be surrendered to a neurotic atmosphere. Our attitude towards children has radically changed: it used to be the fashion to regard them as trailing clouds of glory from a land beyond the womb, and these clouds, we pretended, made of childhood the brightest, purest, happiest of episodes before the prison house of adult life had to be entered. This attitude was made up of hypocrisy and deliberate blindness; nobody who really remembers his childhood can pretend to believe in it; though it is true the symptoms of the disease called childhood are often not so painful to oneself as to others—a fact which sometimes obscures its nature. The man who says that there was no bullying in his school was probably the bully rather than the bullied.

Parents now frankly admit that children are sick persons to be nursed into the health and happiness of adulthood. Unfortunately, the realization of this fact does not in itself lead direct to the palace of wisdom. Savage parents do not always give place to civilized ones; a third type is very noticeable, it may be called the anti-savage type. The anti-savage parent is reacting away from the restraints and repressions of his own childhood; he is in revolt against the emptiness, emotional and intellectual, of his own life, an emptiness largely the product of orthodox education; he has read Freud or Jung or Adler. Indeed, if the anti-savage parent were a race horse, one might say that it was got by Psychoanalysis out of Post-war Disillusion. Now, whatever the breed of

the sire (some suspect a mongrel strain even there), there can be no doubt that the mother had very bad blood in her veins and, therefore, their offspring is of a mongrel disposition.

The anti-savage parent can almost always be discovered by his use of the phrase "freedom in education." Freedom is considered to be as absolutely good as obedience is in the savage code. And yet we can say of it, as of all ideas in education, that it is not the thing itself which is good or bad but the motive of the adult. We must ask why the adult wants "freedom" for the child in given instances: if the motive is good, then freedom will be good for the child; but there are often bad motives. Chief of these is desire to save trouble—the parent who gives its child complete freedom is really saying, "Go to hell your own way and don't worry me"—and, second, desire to make up for the parent's slavery vicariously in the child's freedom; or, in other words, anger at savage obedience makes any form of disobedience seem a virtue.

Nor must we forget that free children require free adults, and we ask, what does freedom mean to the anti-savage parent? Often all that this type of adult means by freedom in his or her own life is the right to be free with his or her neighbor's husband or wife, which may be all very well as far as it goes, but is not a very wide philosophic basis for the use of freedom in life or in education.

Parents who are too busy to be free in their own lives are not likely to know what they mean by freedom for their children, yet these are often the very parents who talk most about freedom. Being too busy and incompetent to control their children, they make a virtue of insubordination, and try to convince us that their object in telling their children to do something is to give them the bracing experience of doing the opposite out of sheer spite. It may be imputed as a matter of pride to the anti-savage parent that he real-

izes that he has been suffocated to spiritual death by savage obedience, but that does not excuse him for drowning his children in a raging sea of freedom.

IV

Before considering the absurdity which is caused by anti-savage parents, we will set down a few examples of freedom as it may be applied to educational problems:

1. Children in savage schools are tied to a classroom, where they follow mechanically the motions and mouthings of a teacher. They must be silent and motionless. They must not answer back, nor disagree, nor question.

Freedom in education means the giving to children some project to be worked out by themselves, with the teacher in the background like a breathing book of reference, able to turn over its own pages, to answer questions, to argue.

2. Children in savage schools are faced with a curriculum: a sort of obstacle race in which you must crawl under a tarpaulin and climb over a hurdle before you can get to the end. Rewards and punishments combat the effects of boredom and mental fatigue.

Freedom in education means giving children a free choice as to what they will learn and what they will not learn. Learning is its own reward, and only in so far as the child is attracted or sees the use of a given subject, will that subject be learned.

3. Children in savage schools are taught by discipline what they may do and what they may not do. They are stopped from eating in class or between meals; they must not interrupt; they must wash their hands; they must not be late nor play truant.

Freedom in education means that by a process of trial and error children will learn by experience what is good and bad for them. They will work out a code of reasonable behavior because they are essentially reasonable beings at least in the making.

4. There is a fourth matter which is advocated by the most enthusiastic believer in freedom in education: the community of children must have freedom to learn to get on with one another without adult interference; they must settle their own private relationships.

Here we have four stages or applications of a principle, which at first sight seem to have a great deal to be said for them and nothing to be said against them. The reaction from the savage code is evident; yet instead of the result being a civilized code, it may be merely an anti-savage one. Thus the first application involves the removal of routine and order and the substitution of a daily program largely the product of will-power. Freewill to do work as one likes is obviously a blessing to many adults; to many children it is nothing but an additional burden. The young child cannot always stand freedom of choice, simply because it involves the use of more mental strength than has yet been acquired. And so we see that some children brought up in the most modern methods seem far more generally tired than their less fortunate contemporaries who are told what to do and how to do it. The anti-savage new school puts all the responsibility on the child and overtires it mentally in consequence; the civilized new school realizes that to be told what to do is often much more restful, and concentrates on seeing that the telling is done by intelligent people.

If the first example of freedom leads often to over-exercise of will, the second leads to over-emphasis of passing whim. It is anti-savage, not civilized, to suggest that children should never be bored. Boredom, suitably spaced, is in life what rests are in music; a sort of pause for breath, or a waking sleep when some of the faculties may day-dream. And it is fortunate that this is so, since certain forms of valuable human activity require a gruelling, boring training and preparation before their fruits can be enjoyed. To say that a child should

feel that learning is its own reward is to show an adult blindness to what a child can feel. To learn arithmetic is not its own reward; it leads to the understanding of God and the universe by way of the Quantum Theory and Relativity; but it is no use telling a child that either. If a third possible motive, punishment and reward, is to be ruled out as barbaric, only one motive is left for such labors, and that is the desire to please the person who sets the task. Work for work's sake is just a phrase; the value of some day understanding Einstein, or more modestly one's bank book, is hard to demonstrate; work so as not to be beaten is out of the question; but there is always left desire to please someone who is loved, as the best motive for child and adult alike. But the doctrinaire anti-savage parent will not have it so.

The third example of freedom in education brings with it still greater difficulties; yet there are anti-savage schools and parents who regard it as an unwarrantable curtailment of children's freedom that they should be forced to eat decently at fixed times, to wash decently at fixed times, and even to perform their physical functions according to rule. Naturally such parents are delightfully inconsistent; for example I have met a mother, not yet recovered from a psycho-pedagogic reading orgy, who erected an eiffel tower of aluminium around her son's thumb in the conviction that thumb-sucking would ruin his chance of a happy married life—thus curtailing his freedom of action to a considerable extent—and yet at the same time she would not curtail his freedom to perform his physical functions how and when he would, lest this should set up analerotic repressions, which also would upset his future married life. In cases such as this, common as they are to a surprising degree, the critic has to be careful. He may be painfully aware that some parents seem to be so busy cleaning and beautifying their children's unconscious that their

conscious becomes atrocious and unbearable; but if he says so he will be told that it is no criterion of sound education that a child should be made pleasant and satisfactory for adult consumption. Nor is it likely to lead him far if he suggests that a great deal of this delving into the psychology of the child, of this obsession with its murky emotions and thoroughly unwashed desires is probably due to the bad condition of the parental sex-life. Nevertheless, it will be his private opinion, unwhispered to his friends, that if business men became more interested in women and wives, and less interested in business and golf, there would be an immediate slump in the sales of books on psychopedagogy.

Fortunately for adults, children do not love freedom so much as ritual. Ritual consists in doing things not because one consciously decides to do them rather than to do something else, nor because we have been told to do them, but because it "comes natural" to us to do them just as it came natural to our ancestors. Ritual is to sociology what reflex action is to biology. If we had freedom of choice every time our heart beat, our bowels contracted, our stomach secreted, our lungs contracted, our eyelids blinked, we should not get anywhere, for we should have no time to think about more important things. Ritual helps us to do all sorts of necessary things, which are not biologically inherited, such as dressing, washing, going to bed, getting up, without wasting time on them; for ritual is routine with frills on it. The child who at seven-thirty P.M. instinctively goes to a certain spot, takes down a tooth brush in a certain manner, puts it away again with scrupulous exactitude because it has been drilled into routine disguised as ritual by wise adults is far happier than a child whose freedom is vindicated while its teeth rot. Routine helped out by love of ritual is a valuable and necessary curtailment of freedom throughout the child's day and night.

V

But it is the fourth example of freedom in education which most clearly distinguishes the anti-savage from the civilized. At first sight it would seem incontrovertible that children must learn to get on with one another and that the less adults interfere in this the better. Further thought backed by a little observation will show to what a very limited extent it can be true. Indeed, a strict interpretation of the doctrine would be playing directly into the hands of savage education. As we have seen, the leaving of children alone to form a community of neurotic savages is the keystone of the old, bad, orthodox education from which we are all in revolt. Freedom unchecked by common sense could lead immediately back to precisely the same position, but to a position made more dangerous by each increase of freedom in other directions. For children free to do what they like or to do nothing and to go and come as they please will have increased opportunities to indulge any whim that the neurotic race memory may suggest to them. They will bully one another, interfere with one another's development, make life a burden for one another with renewed vigor. The anti-savage parent will probably say that all this is good for the child and that children must learn to get on together without adults stepping in to interfere. The civilized parent will see that necessary and valuable freedom are possible only at the price of constant and intelligent interference, supervision, watching on the part of adults for twenty-four hours in the day. Otherwise, the savage code will develop, the weakest go to the wall, and all the savage sanctions with their cruelty and stupidity be reinforced. For it is not the interference of adults which makes orthodox education so savage; it is savage because there is too little interference and because what there is is stupid. Do what we may, there always remains the savage child to be tamed to

health; in the old days we pretended it was an angel but violently repressed its neuroses in order to produce an adult who was necessarily warped; civilized education does not let the little angels fight it out alone but elaborately steps in to sublimate instead of to repress.

After all, it is falling into a sort of Wordsworthian mysticism to imagine that children left to themselves can produce a new and better world. What is it that lies between them and a civilized adult? It is a thousand generations of sublimation. Left to themselves, we should not expect them to produce an airplane, Shakespeare, or modern physics; nor should we expect them to produce the manners, disciplined emotions, and attitudes to other people and the world which are an even greater part of inherited civilization. The problem here is, therefore, not to leave children alone in freedom to build Jerusalem, but to see that only civilized adults have anything to do with them; and that is why civilized education is so difficult, because civilized adults are so rare.

It has been possible here to take only one of the antitheses to the savage code of education in order to suggest that whereas "obedience" may be the basis of the old, bad outlook, the cry of freedom may not necessarily prove that its user is civilized. If the reader will consider the savage code and the reaction against it word by word, he will be able to note everywhere the existence of the merely anti-savage attitude. If he will patiently observe the product of many modern "emancipated" schools, he will note a tired look on the faces of the free children; he will discover a heavy doctor's bill lurking in the family cupboard, and he will find that many of the adults responsible seem to lack the essential of all educators, personal happiness and equilibrium. These symptoms will show him that he has stepped on a hornet's nest of anti-savagery, and he will send his children to play with animals in a field as far away from this atmosphere as possible.

Anti-savage educators are phrasemongers first and last; at best, they treat children as proofs of a theory, at worst, they treat them as living dolls through whom they can excrete their passions. They can be welcomed as signs of revolt from the old system which I have sketched above, but they are not the final product which all good parents are demanding. That product is going to be very difficult to find; for if civilized education is needed to produce civilized adults, and civilized adults are needed to produce civilized education, where are we to begin and which are we to expect

first? We need not despair; a hen is needed to produce an egg, and an egg to produce a hen, nevertheless, both hens and eggs have come into existence; so too we may hope for civilized adults and civilized education. Meanwhile any human being who happens to be free from complexes, intelligent about the world, the flesh and the devil, gifted with an ability to be friends with children, and able to explain things in words of one or two syllables, ought to be forcibly prevented by the community from doing anything but educate.

PHILADELPHIA

BY LOUISE DRISCOLL

*THE wind that goes through dusty streets
Still looks for what it may not find,
For when the trees are dead and gone
They leave no loveliness behind.
Hazel, Cedar, Appletree,
Are now only a memory.*

*The axe rang and the great trees fell,
Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce and Pine.
Only the wind remembers now
Buttonwood and Peach and Vine,
And men forget that Sassafras
Once shaded the bleak ways they pass.*

*When paths went winding under trees
And overhead bough met green bough,
The little foxes played and hid
Where stone is laid upon stone now.
Still with remembrance old and sweet
The wind goes down Spring Garden Street.*



FUNNELING THE EUROPEAN NEWS

BY JOHN GUNTHER

THE news from perhaps six hundred million people reaches the United States funneled through the agency of perhaps three hundred men. These three hundred American journalists, living abroad, are the direct and decisive communicants to the new world of all the lives, interests, events, and activities of Europe and the East. Perhaps one-twentieth of all the news our American newspapers print is foreign news. Who gets this news? What are its sources? And how is it controlled?

Since the time of Herodotus, foreign correspondence has existed; but it may be said to have begun in the modern sense when James Gordon Bennett assigned Stanley to find Livingstone. This was in 1870. But there was not much field for European news when it took two weeks for a dispatch to reach New York from London. Then came the cables. By the turn of the century news was crossing the Atlantic in thirty seconds; several American newspapers had comprehensive European organizations by the time the Great War came, when European news dominated all news, and were equipped to handle it. During the War and after, other newspapers built up foreign services, and form the basis of American news reporting in Europe to-day.

News from Europe includes any catastrophe, whether act of God or man; any general election or change of government in an important country; any scandal affecting prominent Americans abroad; important conferences, diplomatic or political; gossip about royalty;

anything at all about the queer headline team which comprises Einstein, Mussolini, Shaw, Nancy Astor, and the Prince of Wales; anything significant or picturesque about the second team, King Alphonso, Trotsky, Lloyd George, Queen Marie, and Hindenburg; and anything even remotely suggesting a *coup d'état*, revolution, or war.

Catastrophes don't happen every day. What makes news when there is no news? The answer is that Europe is both remote and different from America. Because it is remote, the foreign correspondent is spared the necessity of covering routine scandal, murder, or politics. What is news on Halsted Street or in the Bronx is not news—to us—in Paris or Berlin. Because Europe is different from America, the foreign correspondent may discuss the points of difference, whether of silk stockings, aviation, or sociology. The exoticism of Europe gives him an enormous field. The standard definition of news in America is that it is anything new, true, and interesting. This holds for Europe if you add a fourth adjective—significant. Not because all editors have serious minds, but because cable-tolls cost money, European news is normally limited to things "important."

Two technical points must be faced. The first concerns the clock. When it is 5 P.M. in London, it is, of course, only 12 noon in New York and, therefore—a paramount item in foreign correspondence—European news may be published in the United States before it happens. This is of especial value to afternoon newspapers. Transmission

time across the Atlantic varies from a few seconds for urgent bulletins to three or four hours for long press-rate dispatches. From Cairo I have written and filed a dispatch at 12 o'clock noon; it was in London for relay at 11 A.M.; it was in Chicago, in type and on sale in the streets, by 9 A.M.—three clock hours before I wrote it. Conversely, it is obvious, Pacific countries are behind American time.

Sometimes the press of a sudden enormous story completely wrecks available means of communication. The foreign correspondent always has two jobs, first, to get and write his story, second, to see that it is promptly and efficiently transmitted by wireless or cable. If a reporter is visiting a remote country, for example the Ukraine, his line of communication is his first imperative preoccupation. Even in London or Paris cable services sometimes break down. When Colonel Lindbergh arrived at Le Bourget, for instance, the whole daily file of some newspapers arrived in America twenty-four hours late.

The second point is the cost of cables. This is the chief factor in limiting the quantity of foreign news in print. Because cables cost so heavily, even at the reduced press rate, almost all messages are skeletonized, and the curious pep-tonized language known as "cablese" has been evolved. This perhaps accounts for the singular similarity in style of most cable messages in most newspapers, and also the standardized dullness of that style. Literature has little chance when "Chamberlain Pariswarding" is the simple method whereby Sir Austen Chamberlain's trip to Paris is made known. In cablese a gentleman with a vandyke beard is "vandyked"; shot by a revolver, he is "revolvered"; falling into a river, he "infalls"; writing a poem, he "poetizes." And so on. But now the cable companies are stricter. Cablese is theoretically limited to dictionary words. Actual codes, by the way, are almost

never used, because it takes too long to decipher them.

Also, of course, codes give rise to confusion. A famous case is in point. The Moscow correspondent of an American agency arranged with his London office the simple code "Send me forty pounds" to announce the death of Lenin, then very ill. Lenin died, and the correspondent sent off his innocent message, while all his rivals were delayed eighteen full hours by an iron censorship. But in London the manager of the bureau was absent, and his assistant had forgotten the code. "These Moscow men are too damned expensive," he said to himself—and threw the precious bulletin into the waste-basket.

Of course much news is transmitted by mail. But not "hot" news. Still, on many stories, the bulk of the facts may be sent to New York in advance by mail; then on the proper day only a single paragraph is cabled, to head the story—about an election or a holiday or anything of similar "set" nature. Many feature stories are sent by mail and then in the United States released under a faked cable "dateline." In every newspaper office in America there are thousands upon thousands of words in type describing the procession of events in England following the death of King George V. King George is not dead yet. But he was ill once. When he does die all this "advance" matter will find its "release."

II

Three American news agencies and seven American newspapers have complete news services in Europe. This is all. Expense has eliminated the rest. The *Chicago Daily News* reckons that its foreign news costs one thousand dollars per day; that of the *New York Times* probably costs a great deal more. This is because the *Times* has a pleasant bias, namely, never to print in 500 words a story that can be told just as well in 5,000. Because a foreign service is so expensive, American newspapers main-

taining them are forced to syndicate their European news to as many other papers in America as possible, in order to recoup the loss. Thus newspapers from coast to coast print identical foreign news, just, of course, as they print identical comic strips, editorial features, and "boiler plate," so that we have in the United States not only mass production of automobiles and cans of soup, but mass distribution of facts, opinions, ideas.

The three great agencies are the Associated Press, the United Press, and the Hearst services. They are occupied more or less exclusively by fact. (When they send rumor, it is rumor of a fact.) They each maintain a twenty-four hour service, concentrating their activity in minute-by-minute reporting of any "running" story going on. They send "flashes" when prominent people die; they cover great conferences speech by speech, at least in theory; they transmit important documents textually; they handle routine news. The A.P. has the bulk of tradition on its side, but lately has taken to "jazzing up" its service to meet spicy U.P. competition. The U.P. is devoted preëminently to speed; so fast is it, in fact, that once it ended the Great War four days ahead of time.

An important and interesting development has occurred recently in the work of all three agencies. Originally they existed to transmit news solely to the United States. This function is now greatly modified. The bulk, for instance, of U.P. dispatches across the Atlantic are addressed from London, not to New York, but to Buenos Aires; New York simply gets a "drop copy" of an otherwise uninterrupted South American cable. This is because the U.P. invaded South America some years ago—so successfully that now a great many South American newspapers—perhaps an actual majority of them—purchase from it their world-news service. The A.P. too has stepped into the South American field. Both organizations then set about ramifying their services

throughout Europe and the East, so that, certainly as far as the U.P. is concerned, their work in Europe is almost as largely the distribution and sale of news—to European clients—as the gathering it for America. The U.P. services go to papers in Hungary, in Spain, in England, in Japan, in Germany, in a dozen other countries. The Hearst services attempt the same thing. But no other organization is half so successful at it as the U.P. All this means, in the first place, a healthy international point of view toward news; second, an enormous American influence all over the world in disseminating it.

The following are the individual newspapers maintaining a special foreign service:

The New York Times
The New York Herald-Tribune
The New York World
The New York Evening Post
The Christian Science Monitor
The Chicago Tribune
The Chicago Daily News

A few other newspapers do, it is true, get some exclusive European news. The *Wall Street Journal*, for instance, has correspondents in three cities; the *Detroit News* and the *Brooklyn Eagle* has each a correspondent in Paris, and the *Baltimore Sun* keeps one in London; the *Buffalo News* occasionally sends a staff man abroad. But the seven mentioned above are the only ones with complete services. The *New York Sun* has one European correspondent, in London, but until recently for other capitals it bought the service of the *Chicago Daily News*.

The work of the agency man and the special correspondent are fundamentally similar, but in technic their activities diverge. The great newspapers get at least one agency service, so that their special correspondents do not have to compete with A.P. or U.P. on routine news, and often they do not bother to compete on "spot" news. While the agency man goes after facts, the special correspondent is often free of them.

Thus we read in short bulletin fashion from U.P. or A.P. that Mussolini wants more *bambini* in Italy, or that Lady Astor tried to bite off the nose of a Labor M.P., or that hungry Signor Zappi (so the rumors went) ate Professor Malmgren. From the special correspondent, however, we get a story about the influence of Italian birthrate on Italian foreign policy, or the place of women in the new British electorate, or the international tangle behind the Nobile rescue. I don't mean to imply that agency news is trivial. (But it often is.) Or that agency men and "specials" do not often—very often—compete for news. I mean simply that agency news has to be "newsy," and agency dispatches are usually short. The special staff man, on the other hand, is often free to devote himself to the significance behind the facts. He can explore, elucidate, and editorialize. Not only facts count for him, but opinion.

III

So much for technic and personnel. The scene is set, the correspondents are ready, the cables yawn, and something happens. But only once in ten thousand times is the reporter a directly intimate witness of what he describes. In your morning paper to-day you read of a revolution (another one) in Afghanistan, or the bi-monthly derailment of the Simplon-Orient express near Belgrade, or a report of a speech by Mr. Winston Churchill. What are the sources of the correspondent? Where does he get his news, so that you read it at your breakfast table?

The major source is a pretty tame one. It is the local newspaper. There is very little original reporting in Europe. Original reporting is physically impossible when fewer than three hundred men face four continents, and when a single man may be responsible for—incredibly—England. So the foreign reporter reads all his local papers, persistently and assiduously. On the pedi-

ment which these give him he may scroll ornament and add design. But he seldom escapes from the vicious circle of news *already* in print. The American reader only rarely gets absolutely first-hand news; snapped across the cables to him, at least in agency reporting, are unabashed rewritings of news someone else is getting.

London is typical. Everything printed in every London newspaper is available to every American correspondent. It cannot be copied verbatim except by arrangement; the *New York Times* for instance co-operates with the *London Times*; the *N. Y. Evening Post* with the *Daily Chronicle*; the *Chicago Tribune* with the *Daily Telegraph*; and so on. In Paris, similarly, the *N. Y. Evening Post* ties up with the *Petit Parisien*, and the *N. Y. Times* with the *Matin*. There is nothing reprehensible in this. The arrangements serve to pool facts, and they give the American reporters "protection." Meantime, aside from verbatim copy, all the papers are used by all the correspondents, clipped to tatters by them, used to suggest mail articles, to furnish background, to supply basic or additional facts for cables.

Then, too, many correspondents subscribe to a ticker service. These "back-stop" him on facts; also they are a convenient and often indispensable source for financial news, for news from provincial towns, and for parliamentary reports. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred if you read in New York of a debate in the House of Commons you are reading, not direct reporting by an American correspondent, but a scissors-and-paste compilation of English ticker-tape. In Paris, however, there is no good ticker service, and important sessions of the *Chambre des Députés* are often covered directly.

Often news "breaks" elsewhere than in the great capitals. What then? In the secondary and tertiary capitals most newspapers maintain a picket-line of local correspondents, usually natives of their various countries; these local corre-

spondents, "string men," report to the nearest regular bureau of the paper by telephone or telegraph, adding, by reading their own local newspapers, their grist of fact, rumor, lie, to the world's news. Usually their stuff is awful. Beyond this picket-line everything is haphazard. Luck and ingenuity count high. The U.P., for instance, has performed miracles of complex and agile news-getting from, say, Afghanistan, or from points in Africa like Tanganyika, when the Prince of Wales was rushing home.

One of the results of this system of local correspondents is an unavoidable concentration of news-gathering in the minor capitals. In Bucharest, for instance, or Helsingfors, only very rarely can an honest journalist be found, who speaks and writes English (the first qualification), who knows what news is and can go after it, who, in a word, is any good at all. As a result many newspapers and agencies are forced to hire the same man. Frequently he keeps secret from one newspaper his connection with another.

I know, for instance, in Jerusalem, a reporter who works for seven different newspapers, American and English—at the same time! One man, in effect, and a competent man, an American, controls a very fair share of the news the world gets about Jerusalem. Cities like Jerusalem are known as "joy-shops," since competition hardly exists and scoops are almost unknown. Tokio is a famous case in point. Three or four men, all on the staff of the local *Japan Advertiser*, "cover" Japan for the *New York Times*, the *London Times*, the *Chicago Daily News*, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *New York World*, the *Christian Science Monitor*, and half a dozen other newspapers.

In remoter capitals it is very difficult to get anybody at all. The A.P. does pretty well. Yet consider its men in southeastern Europe. It has its own exclusive staff correspondent in Vienna. After Vienna—what? The A.P. man

in Belgrade is a clerk in an American engineering firm; in Sofia a minor official in the Bulgarian foreign office; in Bucharest a clerk in one of the legations; in Athens a professional historian; in Constantinople a young lady missionary. "Journalists" who are not even journalists, in other words, give to five hundred or six hundred American newspapers the bulk of the agency news which reaches the United States from these half-dozen often important capitals.

I should interpolate a detail here, which is that the A.P. has an important news source not available to its competitors—the official government news of various countries. The Stefani agency in Italy, Havas in France, Reuters in England, Avala in Yugoslavia, Tass in Russia, officially and exclusively dispense news (and propaganda) to the A.P. Sometimes these foreign agencies let the A.P. down badly on important stories. Havas "landed" Commander Byrd near Paris some ten hours before his plane did actually crack up on the French coast, and the A.P., by its Havas arrangement, got this beautiful scoop and shot it to America—exclusively. On the other hand the tie-up with these agencies is often inestimably valuable. The A.P. usually gets first peep at official news.

When the riots broke out in Jerusalem in August my friend there who commanded the press of the world was unfortunately absent on holiday in London. The story was of enormous interest to the United States; the *N. Y. Times*, for instance, the Tuesday following the outbreak, printed over fifteen solid columns on Palestine, and the *N. Y. Herald-Tribune* twelve. The *Times* had a resident staff man on the spot, though his value was diminished because, Jewish but not a Zionist, it was hard for him to get about during the first few days. When his dispatches were late his boss in London wired him, "Hire an Arab messenger!" Where the *Herald-Tribune* got its twelve columns from heaven only knows. There was no reg-

ular *Herald-Tribune* man in Jerusalem, nor did one arrive. Only two American newspapers (as against seven British) sent out special correspondents from western Europe, the *Chicago Daily News* and the *Chicago Tribune*. All the agencies, caught sadly dozing, illustrated equally the extreme fortuitousness of news covering in the minor capitals. The A.P. was at first represented by a local correspondent who spent some days in a cellar and then, emerging, immediately took an automobile in Richard Harding Davis fashion to the Syrian frontier, there to smuggle his cables out (although there was no censorship); then—tragi-comic climax!—he was not permitted to re-enter Palestine! The U.P. had no one in Jerusalem at all, but by providential mercy picked up excellent protection from a clerk in one of the consulates. An able and experienced (but occasional) correspondent for a third agency happened to be on the spot, with a great exclusive story under his hat; but when he telegraphed his organization, asking the usual credit privilege for his cables, the reply came—with Jerusalem all but in flames—"Can't You Send It by Mail?" As to the Hearst services, and all the New York papers except the *Times*, they must have got their Palestine news from Kamchatka or Zanzibar. (The Jewish Telegraph Agency, which links up with the A.P., covered the story, but with natural bias.) In contrast, seven British papers dispatched experienced correspondents to Jerusalem all the way from London.

The second great source of news is outright purchase. In general, for example, interviews with famous personages in Europe are not free, as in America, but must be bought and paid for. As a result, agencies and newspapers compete to buy exclusive rights to such personages, for their interviews and articles; during the Scopes trial, for instance, Mr. Bernard Shaw was the property of Mr. Hearst, and the U.P., having "owned" Mr. Lloyd George for many years, sometimes buys

Mussolini. The *New York Times* by its brilliant seizure of Colonel Lindbergh gained practically a monopoly of exclusive aviation news. The Graf Zeppelin, however, has been Hearst property, and one of the Amundsen expeditions belonged to the North American Newspaper Alliance, as did the American tour of Queen Marie. The Byrd expedition belongs to the *N. Y. Times* and the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. When Trotsky arrived in Constantinople a syndicate promptly bought him. Anyone who reads credit-lines on newspaper stories can duplicate these instances almost unendingly. As a result, personal initiative by an individual correspondent on many big stories has all but disappeared; "reporting" is a matter of executive financial arrangement long before the "story" happens.

Much news, naturally, still exists which must be handled originally. The illness of King George was an example; the quarrel in Manchuria another; the London Naval Conference a third. In such cases the reporter's value is largely dependent, as in America, on his background, his judgment, his celerity, and his wits. The agency men can really go out and get news on stories like these, and the "special" can bring into play his various personal sources. But in Europe "open" stories of this type seem to be dwindling; more and more, news gathering is being systematized into something like a universal ticker-tape to which everyone contributes, and which some people buy.

The third great source of the foreign correspondent is personal friendship. The higher journalism goes in Europe the more personal it becomes. If the correspondent is a good correspondent, either in London or Paris or out somewhere on assignment, he knows personally someone who can tell him quickly and authoritatively what he wants, whether it concerns steel cartels, Baltic frontiers, or fashions for men. The correspondent builds up a precious circle

of personal sources of news—people who give news to him and to whom in return he passes on what he knows. Good journalism in Europe is a process of reciprocal barter between friends. The good reporter hoards his funds of personal information; he never goes to a tea party without thought of picking up some new “source”; he knows (and sends Christmas cards to) barmen, chauffeurs, missionaries, diplomats, policemen, bankers, and small fry in foreign offices.

Often, as his friends ramify, as his sources are irrigated by new friends, the correspondent becomes a source himself. A good foreign news man has to be something more than a good police reporter. Usually he is. Men like Edwin L. James and Paul Scott Mowrer and Raymond Gram Swing and Junius B. Wood and Walter Duranty are personages of real importance in the political life of Europe. It is no secret that a group of newspaper men first cogently presented the notion of the Kellogg Pact to M. Briand. Or that an American reporter himself performed all the early negotiations to bring about Mr. MacDonald's trip to Washington. Or that three American newspaper men got to Abdel Krim in the Riff before the French army did.

Finally, there is another source. Perhaps it is greater than all the others. It is what is in the correspondent's head.

IV

The American newspaper man in Europe not only represents a country to his newspaper, he also represents his newspaper to that country; he is a servant, in an intimate sense, both of his publisher and the government under which he works: because obviously his work would become impossible if he found he could not live at his post without serious friction with the government. Out of this duality arise most of the peculiar problems of the foreign correspondent. Also arises an impor-

tant factor in European journalism, one which is partly a source of news, partly something which controls it.

I refer to the press departments now maintained by the Foreign Offices (the equivalents of our Department of State) in most European countries. The press department is something of a novelty; it may have existed before the War, but not importantly. During the War the intense value of news—and propaganda—became manifest even to the more stupid chancelleries. The job of the press department to-day is simple. It maintains “good relations” with the foreign correspondents, especially the Americans. It acts as a liaison between press and government; issues statements and compiles statistics; assembles information, arranges interviews, circulates documents; in a word, is the official press-agent of the country.

The influence of the men who head these press departments is not yet really profound, but it is considerable. Almost as important in England as Stanley Baldwin or Ramsay MacDonald, one might argue, is an all but anonymous civil servant named Sir Arthur Willert. Year in and year out this capable official controls, or at least directs the relations of the British government and the press of the world. The most important man in Rome, so far as American journalists are concerned, is not, alas, Mussolini, but his foreign office press *attaché*, Count Capasso-Torré.

These press departments differ. Some are good, some worse than useless. The press *attaché* at Constantinople speaks neither French, English, or German, but only Turkish! In Yugoslavia the press department of the Foreign Office, like everything else in Belgrade, is at the mercy of Serbian politicians; one never knows how long Mr. X is going to hold his job as press *attaché*, nor does Mr. X; one can go to his office time and time again, throttled in red tape, and ask him for statistical matter on a non-controversial topic, in order to write news certainly not unfavorable to Yugo-

slavia—and have the request sneered at.

Both Italy and France have still to learn some of the nicer details of press technic. In Rome the press department has a thankless job, and it has never been actually famous for the help it gives to independent correspondents. In Paris, at the Quai d'Orsay, there is, it hardly need be said, no hostility. The officials are well-informed, courteous, and prompt. But, a minor point perhaps, no one in the press department speaks English in official contact even with American journalists. (In England, by the way, *au contraire*, an English official who speaks French deals with the French correspondents, one fluent in German sees the Germans, and so on.)

In most other countries in Europe the press departments are alert, useful, and almost embarrassingly friendly. In Helsingfors the press *attaché* gives the visiting correspondent a magnificent series of books, available in French, English, or German, containing anything conceivably useful about Finland; in Greece Mr. Kalopothakes, a Harvard graduate, will do for you anything it is possible to do in Greece (though he will ask for a carbon of your dispatches too); in Stockholm, Madrid, Bucharest the press departments are friendly and efficient; in Sofia Mr. Popoff, though he speaks no English, is responsible for a handy daily newspaper in French; in Poland the press department people turn chauvinistic somersaults from railway station to your hotel in almost egregious welcome.

The British press department is probably the most efficient of all. Sir Arthur Willert and his assistants are admirably informed, always accessible, and very frank; they are forthright on the subject of what you may or may not print. What is more, they will actually give news over the telephone. In Berlin, too, the press department is admirably alert and friendly; Herr Stresemann himself, the foreign minister, used to meet

the foreign correspondents regularly at informal conferences. Ramsay MacDonald did this too, for a time, but no other foreign minister I ever heard of.

The press department in Moscow works under great difficulties, partly because it is also entrusted with the censorship. Censorship aside, most correspondents in Russia think that the organization is helpful, and, for Russia, efficient. Mr. Rothstein and his assistants, speaking French, German, and English, are quite aggressively willing to arrange interviews and present information, but unfortunately they have very little actual power when it comes to something important, because in Russia the government's suspicion of all foreigners is so great. Twice, however, Mr. Rothstein has interceded successfully for correspondents whom the G.P.U., the political police, wished to expel. And the Russian press department is the only one in Europe which telephones every foreign correspondent to advise him every time a big story "breaks."

I do not want to labor the point that these officials are of paramount importance to the reporter. Rather, they are simply a convenience. But I do suggest the importance of the reporter to the various governments, and the growing realization throughout Europe of this importance. Almost every chancellor has come to accept the vital necessity of good relations with the American press, *i.e.*, the American people. The British realized this first. It is not generally known that the Association of American Correspondents in London was founded, not on purely American initiative, but with the "advice" of a British cabinet minister. Other countries, following this lead, have stepped farther, jumping the gap of journalism and proceeding directly to forthright propaganda. For instance, Greece maintains an information bureau in Washington, represented by a prominent American—not a Greek—in Athens. And Poland is in the hands of Mr. Ivy Lee.

V

The question now arises of propaganda. The range of propaganda is, of course, enormous. At one extreme is the formal or informal assistance given by the press departments just discussed; at the other perhaps is the small red ribbon of the Legion of Honor (or some similar order) in the correspondent's buttonhole. In between are the "hand-outs" of any number of European organizations; statistics of bankers negotiating international loans; friendly tea parties with members of the government or imposing buffet suppers given by the great embassies; the plausible conversations of military experts; information sheets, economic surveys, industrial charts, maps—even whole newspapers. My notion, in short, is that any bit of news issued by anybody is, *ipso facto*, propaganda; and every government worth a pinch of salt on its tail admits it.

Now of course the bulk of this propaganda is perfectly legitimate. From one point of view the sole question to arise is whether it is good or bad propaganda. If good, it gets into the papers; if bad, it does not. Pragmatically, the test of propaganda is just that. Someone in Bucharest, for instance, is doing a beautiful job getting stories of the young King into the news; but after all news of a boy king undeniably is interesting to most American readers. Maybe this proves that any editor will print propaganda, even if he concedes it to be propaganda, provided it hurts no one and is yet interesting enough.

The business of the good foreign correspondent climbing the incessant wall of propaganda is not so simple. Propaganda is undeniably a menace to the careless correspondent. It is more of a menace than censorship, partly because it is more common, partly because it is persuasive, whereas censorship is necessarily minatory. The job of the good correspondent is selective. He knows that propaganda exists everywhere, and must be faced; it is one of his

inevitable controls; he knows, too, that all governments by this time have sense enough to keep their facts straight. The basis, indeed, of successful propaganda is understatement; the cleverest propagandists do not exaggerate. Instead they are truthful, but they—omit. But the good correspondent must be well-informed enough to know *all* the facts. Having first discarded outright a great mass of material, he then winnows the rest, out of his experience and judgment taking note of the facts remaining, weighing, discounting, checking, and finally selecting them.

Suppose Mr. Lee issues a new brochure about Poland. An extremely interesting one appeared some months ago. (The title page contained no hint, however, of the source.) I was in Warsaw at the time, and I used carefully a considerable number of statistics from it. In this I feel sure I was perfectly correct. But if I had reproduced all the statistics, or had quoted *in toto* the textual matter, which, obviously, was designed to give the best possible color to the figures, then I should have been an idiot.

Another example is any session of any council or assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva. Here functions one of the best information services in Europe. At the regular sessions, verbatim reports of the proceedings are ready in two languages within an hour or so of each speech. At big conferences a special daily newspaper is issued. Summaries of points at issue, schedules of impending events, abstracts of speeches slide hour by hour from the mimeograph machines. Now an enemy of the League would call this propaganda. And doubtless it is propaganda. But does any correspondent working against time at Geneva fail to make use of it?

As to the overt propagandist, he who draws fake maps, who deliberately distorts figures, who consciously stirs up ill feeling, he is, certainly, a different sort of menace. But usually he defeats himself by his own excesses. The case of Mr. Shearer at Geneva is in point.

Mr. Shearer had really very little to do with the break-up of the naval conference. He strongly influenced two American correspondents there; the others, thirty or forty, gave him wide clearance. At first they may have used his convenient statistics, but later, even knowing that the statistics, *per se*, were correct, they dropped them; simply because his own attitude would have made suspicious quotations from the World Almanac or Holy Writ. As to the two men who did use his stuff, one, shortly after the Senate Shearer investigation, was fired.

I should mention, finally, one other item, but a rare one. For some time in Italy an arrangement was suggested to certain correspondents whereby the cable company handling their dispatches would secretly refund each month a large proportion of the bill for tolls. One or two correspondents may have accepted this bribe. There was no direct implication of the government in the scheme, which, shortly, was dropped, and, except for the smell, buried. In one other country in Europe, Yugoslavia, I have come across traces of a similar practice.

VI

At the antipodal pole to propaganda stands censorship. Propaganda is persuasion; censorship is prohibition. Censorship is still a serious problem for the foreign correspondent, though less serious than it once was; my notion is that, save in occasional circumstances of military censorship, it is diminishing as a really critical force; but it does still exist, and in three different forms.

The first is purely sporadic. There is a revolution in Warsaw; for twenty-four hours the telegraph office shuts down. There is a *coup d'état* in Bucharest; for a few days or, annoyingly, for a few weeks, the censor functions. This type of censorship may exist occasionally without any apparent pressure of external circumstance. There is certainly no censorship in France; yet during the

crisis with Italy in 1927 an important American correspondent found his dispatches held up—they related to French army movements—and the police were mildly unpleasant for half an hour.

The second type is furtive. It exists in Italy, in Japan, and probably in other countries. Officially, no censorship exists. Any message is theoretically free. And the vast majority of messages are free. Yet they are watched, not officially by the foreign office, but by an agent posted at the cable company, who reads every message handed in. Then occasionally a dispatch is returned by the cable company in Rome to the correspondent—twenty-four hours after it was filed, so that its value is gone—with the polite regrets of the company that a word, for instance, was found “illegible.” Or some similar trumpery technical excuse is adduced for the delay. But officially there is “no censorship.”

The third system is forthright. It existed until very recently in Spain, and for extended periods it has operated in Poland and in Greece. But it is most manifest, of course, in Russia. The Russian system has at least the dubious merit that it works openly. There is no false-face about it. Every press message that leaves the Soviet Union must first bear the stamp of Mr. Podolsky, the censor. Mail copy is theoretically free, but actually is liable to casual interception.

When I was in Moscow in 1928 I found the censorship annoying and stupid in itself, but fairly liberal in application. There were at that time three subjects absolutely barred: import of grain, praise of Trotsky, and mention of the G.P.U. As to the rest, the censor often argued about words, and occasionally deleted phrases which he thought “misleading”; but, I found, if you phrased your message carefully enough, there was really very little you could not get through. The G.P.U. building was bombed one summer evening, and no mention of this was permitted for five days; but the news was in Warsaw the morning after.

There is an old saying among explorers that the really competent adventurer does not have adventures. Similarly, in all except extreme cases, the good correspondent does not often suffer by censorship. He avoids it first by astute phrasing of his dispatch, second, if necessary, by mechanical means. One can usually find a friendly embassy the outgoing diplomatic pouch of which is handy; or, if the trains are running, some porter or conductor may serve as courier; or, if everything else fails, the correspondent can hire an automobile or airplane to the nearest frontier. Nowhere in Europe is this more than a day's journey. One verity exists about news, as about murder—that it will out.

Occasionally correspondents are subject to expulsion, as my friend George Seldes found out. But I think one should mention that Mr. Seldes left Russia in 1922, and was expelled from Italy in 1925; and things are a good deal quieter now. I can think of only two other *bona fide* American newspaper men who have been expelled from a European country in the past five years. One was a *New York Times* man in Rumania who was chucked over the frontier for a story unwelcome (and with a reason!) to Queen Marie. The other was Mr. Horan of the Hearst service in Paris, who bought a pact, left Paris, and earned a good promotion.

VII

Now there is a second phase to censorship, which—a final item in the control of news—brings up the issue of the ethical relation of the reporter to his newspaper. I mean censorship by the newspaper itself. Perhaps censorship is too strong a word. Perhaps I should say editorial bias. In any case, I will bet Mr. Seldes the nice hat I saw him wear in Syria that his paper, the *Chicago Tribune*, cut more out of his dispatches than Lenin, Bratianu, and Mussolini rolled into one. Moreover, I will bet

my own hat that his own valuable and important book, *You Can't Print That*, which was about censorship, was censored by its publisher.

No newspaper, obviously, goes to the expense of training and commissioning a correspondent only to cut his stuff deliberately or offensively when he writes it. Nor do I mean the inevitable loss which many cables suffer either in expansion from "cablese" or at the hands of the malefic Procrustes in the composing room.

What I do mean is the perfectly obvious but seldom recognized fact that it takes two to make a censorship. Suppression of the news of the murder of Matteotti was effective first because Mussolini held down the news at one end, but second only because American editors didn't show much zest for printing it at the other.

I might interpolate here that it is the rarest of rare occasions for a newspaper to dictate to an experienced correspondent what he should print. Very little perversion of news by correspondents exists. There are overt fakes—of course. But almost all correspondents, fakers or not, write what they genuinely believe. How irritated and bored every newspaper man is, as F.P.A. pointed out, when his friends say, after he has written a story, "Now tell me what you *really* thought!" He has written what he has thought. When a reporter writes something ridiculous, whether about Primo de Rivera or the price of pigs, the chances are at least twenty to one that he believes he has written the truth. The *Chicago Tribune* does not maliciously invent its Russian policy, any more than its Russian correspondent, outside Russia in Riga, knows how foolish his stuff sounds to someone who is in Moscow; both, unbelievably enough, believe in what they print. And most newspapers in regard to foreign news (possibly because foreign news is pretty far away) give the good correspondent as much freedom as he can ever use.

All news, let me say on the other hand,

is biased. No two people ever see the identical event identically. Some news is more biased than the rest. But even the correspondent of the most glittering integrity has some dull spots in him somewhere. He may be pro-French; he may be an irremediable Anglophobe; he may even think that Egyptian politics are honest, or Greek wine drinkable. These are extreme cases. Various subtle attenuations are more common. A correspondent may be constitutionally incapable of sympathy with socialism; he may be afraid of airplanes; he may dislike French beer; perhaps in Poland once a barber shaved him badly. All these details color news.

Now, further, every newspaper has bias. Every correspondent, early in his career, performs an adjustment between his private opinions about life and politics and those of his newspaper, and if the adjustment is successful, he is happy at his job and keeps it. Inevitably the correspondent comes to associate himself with the character of his newspaper. Perhaps the adjustment is conscious, more often not. In almost every case of a successful journalist the coalescence does take place; and it is effective, of course, both ways. The correspondent gives the paper bias, and the paper gives bias to him.

These biases must be obvious to every attentive reader of American newspapers. The *N. Y. Times* is extremely fair, very thorough, and usually on the side of the angels. Once it fell for a fake about a revolution in the Ukraine, but it retracted the next day. It was annoying, however, to know that the retraction was written by the same correspondent who filed the fake, while his name was acknowledged only on the second dispatch. The *N. Y. Herald-Tribune* is pro-English and conservative. The *N. Y. World* is traditionally liberal, sometimes mildly anti-French, usually aggressively anti-Fascist. The *Chicago Daily News* is independent and conservative. The *Chicago Tribune*, the most irresponsible of American newspapers, is

anti-Russian, anti-English, and anti-League. The *N. Y. Evening Post* is isolationist. The editorial policy of most other papers consists of the phrase "on the other hand."

The great agencies have their editorial leanings too. The A.P. tries to be strictly non-partisan, but was born conservative. The Hearst services change policy frequently; but they have a fairly permanent isolationist bias. Witness the Hearst campaign against the World Court. The U.P. is aggressive, independent, and, as are the Scripps-Howard papers at home, definitely liberal. I do not think that employees of agencies ever get instructions to editorialize; their headquarters in New York keep them far too busy chasing facts. Just the same, witness the staunch old A.P. handling the Soviet disarmament proposals at Geneva, and describing their rejection as the defeat of a nefarious plot, actually as if M. Litvinoff had suggested cutting the ears off all the babies in the world, instead of having had the temerity to come to a disarmament conference and suggest disarmament.

VIII

News, then, among the six hundred million odd people who ever get into it, exists, and a small group of Americans, beset by many devils, nurses it into print. The general trend is manifest. Transmission of news is seldom perfectly objective. Four groups of circumstances affect it. First there is genesis—very seldom witnessed at first hand by American correspondents. Next it may be disclosed by a foreign news source, colored by foreign propaganda or diverted by a foreign censor. Next it is salted by the correspondent's own personality, and dyed with his bias. Finally it is influenced, and has been influenced all along, by the character of the newspaper. Of course one might add a further item—it reaches eventually the private bias of the reader. Thus is the foreign policy of the breakfast table determined.

The miracle is that so much sound journalism from Europe does manage to appear. The organization is slipshod, the personnel is miscellaneous, and the technic extremely helter-skelter. So many correspondents think in rubber-stamps; so many are careless of their sources; so many, for want of enterprise, dust off, year after year, the same old features. I have read at least a dozen different times of the entire village in the middle of Poland found frozen to death after a severe, protracted storm, and of the cannibal gypsies of Czechoslovakia, who, hungry, set upon and

gobbled a whole schoolroom full of golden-haired children.

Yet news comes, and news is printed, and much of it—a very great deal of it—is good news. More and more, correspondents in Europe are doing better work—and against what obstacles! More and more American reporters are pasting into their hats the old dictum of Wickham Steed's—"The value of a foreign correspondent is based solely on the proved accuracy of his information and his judgment over a long period"—and trying to make the others, and their editors, understand that it is true.

THIS RAINY DAY

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

BY EVERY law of strict inheritance
 I should have saved against this rainy day;
 Bonded my youth to age; in thrifty gray
 That will not soil nor fade, have met each chance.
 But though they died more rich in circumstance,
 Were they not also wastrels in their way?
 Was not lost loveliness the piper's pay
 Of those who met in April the advance
 Of winter's duns. Now settling down to rain,
 It pours in torrents. Yet with naught to show
 Save rags that match these dismal clouds, I go
 Persuaded still of reason to be vain
 If I have lived exultantly as one
 Who, in her best apparel, braved the sun.



The Lion's Mouth



THE HEROIC CUSTOMS MEN

BY FILLMORE HYDE

O agents of a land benign,
O caste of Irishmen divine,
O duty levyers and fine
Collectors;
Alert as Rome's historic geese,
'Tis yours to open every piece;
Hail to you, baggage and valise
Inspectors!

New York's constructed marvels soar
A half a thousand feet or more
Above the big White Starer or
Cunardian;
And what in that stupendous view
Of what prosperity can do
Is more magnificent than you,
Its guardian?

Of course some naughty people state
That "money doth alleviate"—
That yours is not an armor-plate
Acumen;
But it's a shame, it seems to me,
To undermine with calumny
Such pillars of Democracy
As you men.

Your dominating zealotry
Inspires you, it seems to me,
To heights of the unmannerly
Observant;
And indicate how well you can
Forget that you're a public man
And less the public's master than
Its servant.

How pitilessly do you come
Our personal effects to plumb
With a not over-cleanly thumb
Or finger;

Or watch us languishing in queues
To pay our penny-pinching dues
While you majestically choose
To linger!

This fabulously wealthy land
That stretches its protecting hand
To Philippines, the Indies, and
The Isthmus,
At any cost of pride intends
To learn what everybody spends
On little things to give their friends
For Christmas.

And you, selected by the laws
As watchman at the golden doors,
Must tabulate our underdrawers
And collars;
And plague us with official duns
Though Mr. Mellon's surplus runs
To many hundred millions
Of dollars.

O noble object of abuse,
Until salubrious time shall loose
The spells which common sense reduce
To zero;
So long as tariff walls sustain
A world commercially insane
You are and always will remain
Our hero.



WELCOME TO OUR COUNTRY

BY GEORGE S. DALGETY

A FEW months ago I had to take my
wife to the Federal Building,
have her forswear allegiance to
King George and all his works, and take
the oath of allegiance that would make
her a citizen of this great and glorious
republic, although she was born in
Iowa, of American parents, and had

never been out of the United States. You see, she married a foreigner.

I was born in Canada. My parents came to Buffalo when I was less than ten years old. My father took out his first papers, and we believed that he had taken out his second. At any rate, he voted and even held office.

During the War my sister was accepted for overseas service and went to New York ready to sail. Everything had been cared for except the little matter of a passport. She applied for a passport and was asked, "Where were you born?" and answered, "Canada." "Was your father a citizen?" She answered, "Yes." "You must have a copy of his naturalization certificate." Then the fun began.

I was working away from New York at the time. She got in touch with me. I chased down to Buffalo. My first inquiry was at the Federal Building. The clerk could find no record but said that the papers themselves might be found "over there," pointing to a table on which rested an open box. I pawed through these dust-covered relics of the past seventy years. There was nothing in that mess, but the clerk referred me to the County Clerk.

Here I had a measure of success. A competent clerk looked up the records and found entries of my father's application for citizenship in 1894. But there the record stopped. This seemed conclusive that either father had never completed his application, or that possibly because of the efficient methods of the Federal Department those papers had been lost.

It seemed, then, that technically my sister and I were aliens. We got the best legal advice to be had and learned that we should avoid a good deal of future difficulty if we went through the form of naturalization; so, we started. We found that under the law of 1906 one who had been in this country a sufficient time and had voted under the impression that one was a citizen, could achieve citizenship by filing the proper affidavit

before the Clerk of the Federal District Court, and that at the first session of the Court, held ninety days after filing the application, one might appear and be sworn in by the Judge of the District Federal Court.

So far, so good. But we had not allowed for local ordinances or for the personal idiosyncrasies of minor officials who took their badge of office too seriously.

My sister had served several winters as a volunteer instructor in the evening Americanization School. Now she learned that before she could complete her naturalization she had to attend this same school a full term as a student! She went to school.

Encouraged by her success, I thought I should have little difficulty. I had graduated from two institutions of higher learning and taught in three others before going into business.

I knew that when I made application I had to be accompanied by two citizens of the United States who had known me continuously for five years previously. That sounds simple, but I had come to New York City so recently that there were fewer than half a dozen in New York who could qualify. However, I found two witnesses. We three trekked down to the Naturalization Department to get the blanks and fill them out, so that nothing more would be needed before the final appearance ninety days later.

This was somewhat optimistic, for a very courteous clerk in the office said, "Your story is very clear, but we want to make sure that it is necessary for you to go to all this trouble, so we will check up on the investigation which you conducted in Buffalo, then notify you, and if possible save you the trouble and embarrassment which would be entailed."

Two or three months later word came from the Naturalization Department that the facts were exactly as stated, and for me to bring my two witnesses. I was on the road at this time and only reached New York once a month and

then for only a day at a time. However, a month or two later I was in the city, hunted up my witnesses, found the same courteous clerk, got the necessary blanks, filled them out, and was told to take them over to the Clerk of the Federal District Court. My witnesses and I did this.

Mr. W., the clerk, said, "This is the wrong place. Go over to the City Hall and file your application."

Over at the City Hall at the proper department the application blank was looked at, and in a tone of little less than tolerance and contempt at the ignorance of the invading alien, they said, "We handle only cases south of the Bronx. You are north of that. Go back to the Clerk of the Federal Court." It was then four o'clock, too late to go back that day.

A couple of months later the three of us were able to get together again and went down to see the clerk of the Federal District Court a second time. Mr. W. growled, "My stenographer hurt her finger and has gone home. I can't do anything with this until she gets back." Again a couple of months later we came down to the clerk, who with impatience and contempt which there was no effort to conceal said, "We have changed the whole system now. You get here at nine o'clock in the morning and you get a number and stick around until your number is called—if it is. If it isn't called before eleven, you come again the next day at nine." Again we tried to crash the line—arrived, got our number, waited, but the number wasn't reached.

Then I was called to Chicago permanently and had to pass up my acquaintanceship with the clerk of the New York area.

When I got to Chicago I hunted up two old friends and went down to the Federal Building Naturalization Department. The clerk looked at my application and said, "How long have you been in this State?" My answer was, "About a month." He said, "Come back again after you have been

here a year, for you have to be a year in the State before you make application."

A year later the three of us went down to the Federal Building and stated the case all over again. The clerk looked at the application blank and said, "Why, this thing is three years old. You have been neglecting it. If you are not sufficiently interested to follow through a simple proposition like this you are not entitled to this ninety-day provision. It is too late to do anything now. You will have to become naturalized in the regular course without the benefit of this ninety-day section." I explained carefully the circumstances that had led to this delay and tried to show that it was due to no neglect on my part. The clerk overruled the defense. Then I blew up.

I said in effect that if I were a more or less illiterate alien with the backing of a ward politician who wanted a vote I could probably get by without trouble. I suggested bringing in some prominent legal friends to check him up. He understood this language, excused himself, and evidently talked with one of his superiors. He came back and conducted us to this superior—a suave, polished, efficient gentleman. He courteously and with a kindly twinkle asked the circumstances. These were explained and he said, "Well, we can fix that without difficulty."

He penned a little note and sent us to a department where the clerical records were. Certain entries were made in the books, and we were told that it was all done except to appear ninety days later to take the oath of allegiance. Incidentally, the names of the two witnesses were placed in the record and the names of two alternate witnesses were asked for in case either of the two present were not available. Everybody was happy.

About four months later the summons came: "Bring your witnesses and appear before Judge Blank of the Federal Court."

One of the original witnesses was out of the city for thirty days on a business trip, but I went down with the other

witness and one of the alternates, waited until twelve o'clock, and then appeared before the Judge and the Clerk. The Judge took the testimony of one of the witnesses. He turned to the other witness and called him by the name of the missing witness. I explained that my original witness was out of the city, and that I had brought one of the alternates. The Judge accepted this, but the Clerk of the Court said, "Your Honor, that won't do, for under the legislation the original witnesses must be present unless they have died or permanently left the jurisdiction, and then substitutes' names will have to be advertised as were the original." I said, "Why then take the trouble to ask for alternates if they are no use?" The Clerk answered that he was following the custom and that because of the expense of advertising so many thousand alternates each year it was not done; therefore, they could not legally appear. The Judge asked the Clerk, "Isn't there some way that this can be fixed and avoid the necessity of this man coming back again when he has complied with all that was asked of him?" The Clerk said, "I'm sorry, your Honor, but there isn't. The law is specific, and we observe the practice that is general of not advertising the names of the alternates." The Judge then did the best he could. He accepted the testimony of the first witness and excused him from coming back, and told me that it would be necessary for me to return with the second witness when he returned to the city.

A month or so later this second witness was in the city and we went back to the Federal Building to finish it up. The clerk greeted us with the information, "Can't do anything now—you are within thirty days of an election and no one can be naturalized thirty days prior to an election."

By this time I began to doubt whether or not I had any distinct contribution to make to the country's good. However, this friend came in a few days after election and said, "Come on, we are

going to see this thing through if it takes another three years." So we went down, appeared before the same Judge, who took the testimony of the witness. A few days later—five years after we started—I received a document stating that I was a citizen of this great and glorious republic and entitled to all of its rights and privileges including, I hope, the benefit of clergy.

My wife went down one day last fall to act as a witness for another woman who wanted the responsibilities of citizenship. The examining clerk checked up on my wife. He said, "Born here?" "Yes." "Married?" "Yes." "Husband born here?" "No." "Is he a citizen?" "Yes." "When was he naturalized?" "1923." "When were you married?" "1916." "Then, my dear lady, you are not a citizen yourself, for legislation was passed in 1922 by which a wife neither gains nor loses citizenship by reason of marriage. You lost your citizenship when you married him, but inasmuch as he was naturalized a year after this legislation was passed to protect you, you are a subject of King George the Fifth."

I wish you could have heard my wife sputter. I have had a lot of fun priming the children to ask her to sing "God Save the King" and explaining to her the forms and functions of our Government. My humor really was not appreciated.

There was only one thing to do—my wife must be naturalized. I might want to leave the country sometime and be old-fashioned enough to want to take her with me. She might be able to get out of the country but might have to stay out until there was an opening in her national quota.

She started under the same enabling legislation as I did—ninety days, Federal District Court, and all—and it worked. Possibly if I had been an attractive lady I might have been naturalized without difficulty. Officials made everything as simple and as pleasant for her as possible.

However, she got quite a jolt when she read the questions in her application blank. They certainly were not designed for one born in this country. Imagine her trying to answer some of these questions:

4. (a) The place where I took ship or train which landed me in the United States was.....
- (c) The name of the ship or railroad on which I came was.....
- (e) I arrived as (passenger, stowaway, deserting seaman, or otherwise)....
- (h) The names of some of the persons or passengers I traveled with were....
8. I can speak English.

Anyway she took her place before the Judge along with all her foreign brothers and sisters, swore to uphold the constitution of this her adopted country, and once more we are a united family in so far as national affiliations are concerned.

But still there was one more cracker. On July Fourth I found an imposing looking Government envelope in the mail. Here on the glorious Fourth of

July—the anniversary of the nation's birth—my wife received her certificate of citizenship, and from henceforth we can celebrate the emancipation of our country and my wife from their respective King Georges on the Fourth of July.

A lot of acrid criticism of foreign red tape and bumptiousness has been voiced by irate Americans. A lot of it can be excused because of a difference in customs and language. I doubt, however, if our foreign cousins could act with as great a degree of pigheadedness and as little sense as has been described. What impression must it make on outsiders when they meet with such treatment?

These are questions which naturally arise in the mind of a person going through such experiences. I have been in touch with the manners of political appointees long enough and closely enough to know that it must be expected and endured. It is a part of the system and undoubtedly will continue to be as long as appointments are the rewards of political services rendered.



Editor's Easy Chair



THE WANING FAITH IN FORCE

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

MISS WHITMAN remarks in *Scribner's* anent the efforts of Christian Scientists officially and individually to suppress Mr. Dakin's book about Mrs. Eddy: "If the method seems peculiar it must be remembered that Christian Science headquarters are in Boston, where an elementary law of pneumatics dealing with the relation between pressure and expansion seems generally misunderstood."

But even outside of Boston that elementary law is not so well understood as it should be. In New York the other day (late in January) some communists undertook without a permit to hold an outdoor meeting on the City Hall steps and were banged about by the police, and some of them hurt, and got right into all the headlines and picture departments of all the papers for the next week. So their meeting was a success, all contributed by the one-hundred-percent-American fervor of the police and whoever set them on.

Not that the police were wrong, except in their manners. The Reds did not have a permit and, to that extent, were outside of the law; but it was a pity to be so rough with them and give their vagaries so much advertisement.

Ordinarily explosion depends upon compression. Indeed, it always does, though some things burn so quickly that a sufficient compression is afforded by the atmosphere or the bare ground. Somehow connected with these facts is the great, perplexing doctrine of non-

resistance, which seems to say to us, "Your efforts to suppress evil by force usually increase it. There is a better way, and you should find it."

In London the agents of the Western nations are trying to devise an international Sullivan Law by arranging for the nations to do with less and smaller guns and fewer gunships. That is a great recognition that force in human affairs is getting out of date. It went out of date in theology some time since, after a most thorough and widespread trial that lasted for centuries. It was an appalling failure in theology. It is not quite demonstrated yet that it is so in international matters, but things are fairly going that way. We are trying a great experiment in the use of it to improve our national drinking habits. Some persons think the experiment is going well; others think the bad of it far outweighs the good, and that it is not going well at all. (Mr. Towner, who wrote *The Philosophy of Civilization*, argued that the main trouble with rum was the attempt to suppress it, and he even thought the same about narcotics, which last seems extravagant when one considers the harm that narcotics can do. But Towner believed if you kept hands off them for a century, there would be no more trouble about them. What seems to support his theory is that we have lots of strict narcotic laws and all the enforcement that can be provided, and practically everybody in favor of that enforcement, and yet the

supply of narcotics still seems to be fairly ample. Were things so much worse a generation or two ago when you could go down to the drug store and get half a pint of laudanum at any time and no questions asked and not very much to pay? De Quincey used to drink it and write about it and say what a fine drink it was. But, as I remember, it was not then looked upon as one of the great international problems.

We have had so much experience with bad drinks and dear, that it is getting to be almost safe to say in public that the cure for the rum evil is good drinks and cheap. But don't base public revenues on things that do mischief when used in excess, unless, perhaps, the government itself undertakes to sell them! If you put a high tax on drinks and sell licenses to sell them they will naturally be oversold because the owner of the license must get back his tax money. That is the way to stimulate the drink traffic, which is something that no true temperance advocate wants to do.

The trouble about narcotics seems to be bootleggers. The desire for narcotics by their victims is so intense as to produce concentration in many unscrupulous people to provide them for customers and collect a fabulous profit in doing so. Moreover, the narcotic victims are in a sad case, since when they cannot get dope they suffer intensely for lack of it. Very intelligent people, however, have the narcotic job in hand; they have all the support that public opinion can give them, and they ought to be able somehow to work the problem out.

THE truth is that we had such an overdose of force in the War and such a penetrating exposition of its drawbacks, that it has made the Sermon on the Mount seem quite plausible; and what remains to be done in that same line is being accomplished in this country with fair speed and reasonable efficiency by Prohibition enforcement. Mr. Mitchell, the Attorney General, is out just at this

writing with the declaration that enforcement of the rum laws should not be trusted to persons who are not in favor of it and of the laws behind it. He makes an exception of these laws and calls for measures to enforce them that do not apply to other laws. Because of the great number of cases under them and their unpopularity, he aims to do away as far as possible with jury trials in rum cases. Now Mr. Mitchell is really a lawyer and ought to know and probably does know that when a law cannot be enforced in the ordinary way there is something the matter with it. For all laws rest finally on public opinion, and when there is sufficient public opinion against any law to make its enforcement impossible by the usual methods of administering justice, Mr. Mitchell must know where the real trouble lies. And that leaves doubt in some minds whether he really himself approves of the present rum laws and, under the rules that he has himself suggested, is a fit person to enforce them.

But it will not make much difference about enforcement even if Mr. Mitchell can find enforcers enough who like the law. Enforcers of these laws have to be not only rum proof but money proof. From the start it has been found difficult to find snoopers and other enforcement officers who can really qualify as fit. The Baumes Law and the Jones Law, exaggerating penalties, are merely new forms of an experiment that has been tried over and over again and discarded. They merely say: When force won't do the job, use more force! That was done, of course, in the War, and it is not a principle for the reclamation of society that is at present in good standing. It has been succeeded by the suggestion: When force won't do it, try something else and arrange for it by general agreement.

CONSIDER our troubles in the prisons. When there was a blow-out in Auburn it was said in some quarters, "The Warden is a softy.

What they need is discipline." So they got some discipline. There must doubtless be discipline in prisons, as there is outside of them, but it has been easy to see and the prevailing opinion has been that prisons cannot be kept orderly by mere severity. There was a cry from California in the morning paper that the bane of prisons out that way is idleness. Of course it is. Few things are so unwholesome as idleness. But the whole job of prison management seems to be in process of reconstruction, and that is because of repeated and resounding advertisement of its defects.

At the recent opening of the Tom Brown House in New York Senator Cutting said we only tolerate prisons to-day because we have not thought of anything better; imprisonment as we know it is merely an outgrowth of the ancient detention of men and women charged with crime until they were convicted or acquitted; incarceration achieves none of the four purposes for which it is maintained: the punishment of criminals, their reformation, the deterrence of crime, and the protection of society. Sooner or later, he thought, somebody is going to submit a new plan, doing away with so much imprisonment as is not connected with hospitals and asylums. Meanwhile, the statutes that govern imprisonment are based, not on the theory of protecting society, but on the theory of punishment. Except in details as to proper punishment they have not been changed, he said, since the 15th century. ✕

That throws some light on the origin of prisons as we know them. Maybe, sometime, human intelligence will develop to the extent of realizing that punishment is not our job and that we shall do better to concentrate more on prevention and cure. When the skull of an Australian murderer was examined the other day after his execution, scientific gentlemen reported it as typical of prehistoric man of the most primitive type known to science. Their verdict was that he was probably incapable of

retaining moral precepts and was little more than a dangerous animal.

One cause of prison riots has been overcrowding, but the most significant cause of all seems to have been that the Baumes and the Jones Laws, providing excessively severe sentences for moderate offenses, have shut the door of hope on their victims and made them desperate and indifferent to the consequences of what they do.

That is a bad case. The fact that in New York State the program calls for an expenditure of \$38,000,000 for new prisons and about \$50,000,000 for a better line of insane asylums suggests with a good deal of emphasis that there is something the matter with the regulation of human life in that state. Vast expenditures for convicts and insane people mean taxes; and taxes as a means of making an impression are apt to beat exhortation.

Then there is the matter of marriage and morals, which have been affected by the immense increase of national wealth. In the good old Colony days, so-called, and in the later times of the 18th and 19th centuries down to and after the rise of Darwin, marriages seemed to hold better than they do now. Most married people could not afford to quit even if they wanted to. Also they had more children, and childbearing was less expensive than now, and it was easier to start the children once they were born. The great flood of immigration from 1840 on produced a competition with the older American stock which had the result of reducing the size of their families. That was bad for marriage, because children commonly, when there are enough of them, keep their parents too busy to separate. Then in this century, as said, has come a great flood of money which has enabled more people than before to do what they thought they liked, and has resulted in an increase of divorce which neither Church nor secular law has been able to control. So it seems to be coming about that more and more

people are being left to arrange and rearrange their marital adventures to suit themselves; and certainly as divorce has increased, the old-time stigma that was attached to it has grown fainter.

This is the greatest time for spending money that ever was. Money spent as we spend it does a lot of things, some good, some bad. It is profusely disbursed for what is called education; the churches get a lot of it; charities a lot of it; education enormous sums; war preparation a huge lot, and roads some more. Maybe in the end it will do us some good, but so far domestic life in the Colonial times has little to lose by comparison with domestic life in the 20th century.

BUT let us take courage, for human life generally seems in process of reconstruction. A visitor from England said the other day, "Has the world ever been so interesting as it is to-day—Lenin, Gandhi, science, the reconstruction of religion, the unity of the human family, all stirring in human consciousness? I think a tremendous lot of rubbish is coming to the surface, thanks to such agencies as Katherine Mayo, Chicago gangs, and wars, and gradually people are getting rid of a lot of nonsense and becoming more sensible. People complain of the world becoming Americanized (mechanized), but the human type is becoming more efficient, more clean, more energetic, instead of immersed in dreams, sex, and idleness, as too much of Southern Europe and Asia has been so far. I think Russia has let loose ideas, as did the French Revolution, which will profoundly affect the whole world, but it will not be by a repetition of Communism."

Miss Mayo, whom he speaks of, has survived criticism and is credited pretty generally with a useful performance, whatever its defects. If the world was ever more interesting than it is now, at least it can be said that never before was the news of it so well distributed. When all the lies have been told and the false

news has been printed and the various propaganda have done their various turns, we still do know more or less of what is going on, and there are far more of us who know that much than ever knew it before. What you can't print in one place you can print in another. If the papers and periodicals and books that you read seem not to tell you what you want to know, there are other papers and other books and other periodicals to turn to; and just the common news of the day, if it comes to a tolerably alert mind, says a great deal more than is contained in its printed words. One of the scientific gentlemen lately remarked that nothing is incredible any more. No, nothing! And all the time new vistas are opening, more light is coming, more knowledge is accumulating, and if one can keep an open mind he can refill it once a week.

Possibly in the course of time humanity will develop intelligence enough to comprehend the principle that underlies that remarkable maxim: "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good!"

Obviously that does not prohibit us from resisting the evil in ourselves but only that in other people. All the same it is one of the great fundamentals of Christ's teaching. The Quakers seem to beat us to understanding of it.

Non-resistance does not mean lying down on the job and letting things slide. It means a resort to something stronger than force. Perhaps it means an appeal to what we call public opinion, but not to that alone. At any rate compulsion as a cure-all is losing authority. Revelations of what war really is are turning men away from it. Disclosure of the minds of militant teetotalers make observers think better of drink. Vast appropriations for new insane asylums make us wonder whether our marriage laws are as good as they should be, and big appropriations for new prisons make us think we are not intelligent in our handling of convicts. So perhaps we are getting on.



Personal and Otherwise



ONE of the characteristics of the really valuable magazine article is that it suggests more than it says. **James Truslow Adams's** reminder of the inexorable workings of the law of diminishing returns seems to us to do this. For example, last month Mr. Tunis described the destruction of the old Bermuda by the American invasion; this month Mr. Chase describes the uglification of the American scene by those who forget that there are no longer fresh fields to move on to: does not Mr. Adams offer a clue to both phenomena? Look at our present day problems, whether of industrial over-production or of overgrown colleges or of overgrown cities: does not Mr. Adams throw light on them? His article is timely in the broadest sense: he suggests a principle which has never needed to be borne in mind by Americans as much as it does to-day. Mr. Adams is known to readers through previous articles such as "The Mucker Pose," "The High Cost of Prosperity," and "A Business Man's Civilization." After several years with a New York Stock Exchange house, he turned to the writing of history and produced *The Founding of New England* and several other volumes on our American beginnings. He has recently been living in London, dividing his time between historical work and magazine writing.

Libbian Benedict is a young New York writer who contributed two stories ("Engaged" and "The Apartment") to the Magazine in 1927, and whom we are glad to welcome back to our pages.

Joseph M. Proskauer's paper on "Dissenting Opinions" makes especially interesting reading in connection with Mr. Laski's portrait of Mr. Justice Holmes in our last issue. Judge Proskauer was Associate Justice of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York until his resignation a

few months ago. He was one of Governor Smith's closest and ablest advisers during the latter's term of service in Albany. He has appeared once before in *HARPER'S*, with an article entitled "How Shall We Deal with Crime?" (published last September).

As a demonstration of versatility, we call attention to **Elmer Davis's** production, in two successive months, of "God Without Religion" and "The Jinx and Phyllis." That Mr. Davis can write farce is no surprise, however, to those who have read *I'll Show You the Town*, *Friends of Mr. Sweeney*, and his other agreeable novels.

Few writers could be as well fitted as **Mary Borden** to compare American customs and codes with those of Europe; for not only has she the novelist's understanding of character and motives (witness *Jane*, *Our Stranger*, *Flamingo*, and her other novels) but she is an American by birth (she comes of a well-known Chicago family), an Englishwoman by her marriage to Brigadier-General E. L. Spears, C.B., and a cosmopolite by reason of travel and association with the people of many countries. Last December she compared English and American manners; now she explains why it is that the French, whose morals have shocked Americans for generations, are in turn shocked by American ideas of marriage.

If you think that the machine is making robots of all American workingmen, read **C. J. Freund's** account of his apprenticeship in a steel foundry. Mr. Freund is with the Falk Corporation of Milwaukee. This is his first appearance in *HARPER'S*.

Those who feel strongly about the littering of the American landscape with junk will read **Stuart Chase's** blast with sympathetic indignation. Mr. Chase is the author of *Your Money's Worth*, *Men and Machines*, and *Prosperity, Fact or Myth?* He is also the president of the Labor Bureau, Inc.

His latest HARPER article was "The Future of the Great City" (published last December).

After contributing two amusing articles based on her experiences as a mining engineer's wife in the Bolivian Andes, *Alicia O'Reardon Overbeck* recently returned to her native Baltimore for a brief visit and brought with her the manuscript of "Encarnación." Though we have classed this narrative as fiction, we understand that it is based on fact throughout.

Business is behind the prohibition law, it is said; but as *Jesse Rainsford Sprague* indicates, its championship of the noble experiment would appear to be undertaken with generous reservations. This is not the first time that Mr. Sprague has pointed out curious contrasts between the resounding protestations of big business and some of its actual practices; many a reader will recall such previous articles of his as "The Confessions of a Ford Agent," "Religion in Business," "The Chain-Store Mind," etc. He had many years of practical experience in retail business before he retired to give his time to writing; and since then he has not ceased to study business methods.

Harold J. Laski, author of several important books on the theory of government, is professor of political science in the University of London; he has recently been chosen by Ramsay MacDonald to lead in an investigation of the administrative machinery of the English government. Having eloquently portrayed an American Supreme Court Justice in our March issue, he now sketches one of the most striking figures in British politics, the Chancellor of the Exchequer who, after having long been a target for denunciation among the propertied classes, came back from The Hague last summer to find himself the idol of Tories as well as of Laborites. Incidentally, a volume of Mr. Laski's essays will be published shortly with the title, *The Dangers of Obedience*.

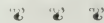
It is always entertaining to hear how people behave when they become millionaires overnight. *Frances Woodward Prentice*, who describes the manners and customs of the new rich of the oil belt, came originally

from Buffalo but is now living in Philadelphia; she has had newspaper experience but has been writing for the magazines only a year and a half. This is her first appearance in HARPER'S.

It would obviously be improper for us to divulge the authorship of "The Barren Twig Protests."

Many readers will probably point out that the barbaric customs in school life of which *John Langdon-Davies* speaks are less prevalent in this country than in his native England, where flogging, for example, is still very common. His criticism of such customs seems to us, however, to be pertinent here as well as abroad—and his criticism of schools which would substitute for barbarian discipline no discipline at all is perhaps of wider application here. Mr. Langdon-Davies is the author of *The New Age of Faith*, *A Short History of Women*, and several HARPER articles, the latest of which have been on Spanish women and "The Loves of Orchids." A new book of his, *Man and His Universe*, will appear shortly.

John Gunther is the man whose article (last October) on "The High Cost of Hoodlums" described the actual workings of "rackets" in Chicago and elsewhere. He is a European correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*—which accounts for his knowledge of the processes by which the news from across the ocean is filtered through to the American press.



It again happens, as it did last month, that *Samuel Hoffenstein* is the sole representative of his sex among the poets. Mr. Hoffenstein was chiefly known as the resourceful press-agent for Al Woods, the theatrical producer, until he captured the public two years ago with *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing*; he has a new volume of verse coming out this spring. The other poets are *Katherine Garrison Chapin* (Mrs. Francis Biddle) of Philadelphia, who has appeared in our last two issues with "Ice Storm in Spring" and "Heloïse in Brittany"; *Mary Brent Whiteside*, a leading member of the Atlanta group of poets; and *Louise Driscoll*, an occasional contributor, whose

poem comes to us not from Philadelphia but from Catskill, New York.

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The Lion's Mouth is devoted this month exclusively to the manners and practices of officialdom. *Fillmore Hyde*, a New York writer who used to be on the staff of the *New Yorker* and was recently squash-tennis champion of the United States, puts in a word for the Customs Service; while *George S. Dalgety*, assistant business manager of Northwestern University, describes his experiences with our mysterious processes of naturalization.

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Louis Lozowick, graduate of Ohio State University, who studied art at the National Academy of Design and in Berlin and Paris, is not only an etcher but a painter and scene-designer; but his growing reputation is based largely on his etchings which make decorative use of bridges, skyscrapers, engines, and other phenomena of the machine age. Last May we reproduced his "Under the Elevated"; now we present his "Hell Gate Bridge" as the frontispiece of this issue.

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A correspondent writes to Mrs. Banning that she overlooked a point in her recent article on feminine drinking:

I have just finished "Lit Ladies." Why, oh, why did you fail to emphasize the most important phase of women's drinking, the excitation of the sexual impulse? Surely you know your Freud, Forel, Ellis, Krafft-Ebing. Surely you know that alcohol has always been the first aid to man in the pursuit (sexual) of the female. Furthermore, you must be aware of the fact that, particularly in the smaller communities, alcoholic parties have resulted in greater promiscuity, in extra-marital relations based not on intellectual conviction but on excitation by booze.

I can visualize the type of woman you write of—most of them bourgeois, vain, superficial, with interests that are of no importance. (You of course include some who are not in this category.) I have known during the past twenty-five years many women in the radical and especially the Socialist movement and assure you they do not fit into your picture. Not all of those of whom I speak are working women or wives of workingmen.

Some of them, economically, belong to the middle class. The point is, they have *interests* and *ideals* and do not need the spur of alcohol as do the women of whom you write.

So, I repeat, I wish you had made more of this aspect of the matter.

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A comment from Indiana on the midwives' superstitions described by Miss Van Blarcom:

Is the state of ignorance depicted in "Rat Pie" confined to negroes in the South? I doubt it. Last fall we had an experience that rather shook my faith in our modern "educated" era.

A young woman was visiting here from a neighboring town. We had known her, casually, for several years and had regarded her as a rather bright, interesting specimen of her generation. We had known that for some time she had been bothered with a slight skin infection on one of her hands.

My wife asked her how the trouble was getting along.

"Oh," she answered, "it's completely gone—I had it charmed."

Explanations brought out the fact that a "charmer" in the neighborhood of the young woman's home was gaining a wide following by "charming away" all sorts of disorders.

Now, don't get the idea that this girl was of our hill natives. She was not. She was a graduate of a small-town high school and had had a year or so at Indiana University. Further, I find that a good many people of her class take this sort of thing just as seriously as the negro women took the rat pie.

I'm wondering if careful investigation would not bring out some mighty interesting stuff along this line. We know, of course, about the York, Pennsylvania, "witches." Just how widespread is this modern American witchcraft?

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Here is part of a belated letter from an Australian reader who takes issue with Professor Gilbert Murray's article on "The Crisis in Morals." It is only fair to the author of the letter to say that elsewhere in it he explains that he is not trying to justify promiscuity or free love, but simply to explain the revolt in recent years—especially in the countries which suffered most from the war—against the code which claims that "all sex relations within marriage are right, and all without it are wrong."

There is no "crisis in morals"; there is rather a new valuation of social codes displacing a decayed and immoral morality. The moderns are not compelled by uncontrollable physical desires, profligacy, laxity, or libertinism. They have no desire to gain something for nothing, despite some measure of heroics and recklessness. The moderns' code is their answer to the economic evils, rotten sophistries, and hypocrisy of their elders who imposed, or seek to impose, upon posterity the burdens of their own stupidity in the form of increased cost of living, decreased earning power, increased taxation, and deferred happiness. The elders widened the years of repression and yet expect the maturing youth to meet their special formulae on sexual intercourse, especially the outward profession of chastity with its poorly concealed evasions.

At the behest of Church and State our forbears overpopulated the world. They inspired marriage, forbade divorce except upon drastic terms, inculcated fruitfulness, and forbade birth control. They punished illegal sex and put a stigma upon its offspring. And now that the world is slowly recovering from the shock of nine million deaths they once more would seek to impose their conventional rules of chastity upon the surplus womanhood. The young men who would have become the mates of this womanhood were killed in the war, or else, if they survived, have found their places in the economic scheme filled by younger and less disillusioned youth.

These are perhaps the principal root causes of the transition in morals. Critics rarely analyze its component parts. There are, for instance, the young men supporting widowed mothers with money which should be supporting a wife; there are daughters supporting fatherless and brotherless families; there are daughters supporting themselves, hence the mass entry of women into business fields; and there are millions of surplus women of all classes. None of them has more than a very remote chance of normally completing the cycle of existence, or attaining to the happiness associated with regulated marriage. And this brief category leaves out of our reckoning the hasty, ill-assorted marriages of war years, which have since ended disastrously, the maimed and incapable husbands who still live, and the women whose husbands have been forced overseas, by industrial stagnation and unemployment, to earn a living.

All these are individual units of the modern generation which receives so much ill-tempered criticism. I grant that in the United States they do not exist in appreciable numbers, but I still believe that what is happening in America is similar

to that in Europe, revealing that the transition in morals is world-wide. America escaped many after-effects of the war, but she by no means escaped the equally provocative effects of Victorian hypocrisy which saddled on her the attempted legislation of morality.

If my arguments would seem to savor too strongly of *tu quoque* I would at once acknowledge that certain groups of our immediate ancestors did provide, and do provide us with an admirable conformation to their accepted moral principles. But if we analyze their individual lives we will find that they were seldom faced with the choice of repression or illegal love. The maiden's dream of romantic fruition in marriage was always near enough in prospect to keep her absorbed in its golden aura, while the young male's hope of leading "the only girl in the world" to the altar was not as a rule deferred too far ahead to make the glory worth waiting for.

And if it is thus impossible to deny that these unfortunate groups conscientiously lived up to their ethical standards and found beauty and spirituality in doing so, it is also equally impossible to deny that there are similar groups in the present rebellious generations who also find beauty and spirituality in following the only course left open to them by hard, economic facts. As for the libertine and the lewd, with whom indiscriminating critics carelessly class all the rest, they have never been absent from any generation past or present. And if we hear too often of their unchaste behavior it is more because the morbid taste for press sensationalism brings them frequently into the limelight, than because they exist in greater numbers.

Although I am not one who holds current drama as an infallible mirror of society, I still am tempted to end this reply with a quotation from the recent American production, "The Trial of Mary Dugan." In response to a question, put in the midst of a vigorous cross-examination by the prosecuting attorney, as to whether Mary Dugan could claim that an unlegalized relationship such as hers with the dead man could be real love, the girl replied, "Yes, it is, so long as you're honest."

That, I believe, is the keynote of the new morality.

If we do not want this type of moral behavior, if we prefer rather to retain the ethics of our own immediate past, then the Church and State will have to set about the task of recreating the civilization in which they were nurtured. Either that or admit the conclusion that our present "progressive" civilization is a failure upon clearly circumstantial evidence.





FLIRT

By Albert Besnard

Courtesy of the Keppel Galleries



Harper's *Magazine*

ROOSEVELT AND THE 1912 DISASTER

A FRIEND REMEMBERS—AND INTERPRETS

BY OWEN WISTER

Mr. Wister has been gathering together his memories of his long and intimate association with Theodore Roosevelt. We publish herewith the first of two articles drawn from this record of friendship. It deals with a series of events which have been more fiercely debated, perhaps, than anything else in Roosevelt's career.—*The Editors.*

WHEN Roosevelt landed in New York on June 18, 1910, he was already disenchanted by what had been going on during the year of his absence in Africa. His successor in the Presidency seemed to be drifting farther and farther from conservation of national resources, or any other conservation, except of what had come to be known as the stand-pat group in the Republican party; he seemed to be as wax in the hands of Big Business, and his sincere belief in the Roosevelt policies seemed to have been changed to an implicit faith in all the people who had been so eagerly waiting for Roosevelt to be out of their way. Nevertheless, Roosevelt gave out, in the first words that he uttered on his arrival, that he meant to remain nothing more than a citizen. He said, in his reply to Mayor Gaynor's speech of welcome, that it was peculiarly

the duty of one who had been President of the United States to help to solve our problems "in private life as much as in public life."

Just nine days afterwards, he said, "I had intended to keep absolutely clear from any kind of public or political question after coming home . . . until I met the Governor this morning . . . and after a very brief conversation, I put up my hands and agreed to help him."

A very brief conversation—and the Rubicon crossed! Not at all in his own interest; wholly against it. For Roosevelt's Rubicon flowed between the territory of his privacy at Sagamore Hill; his ease, his liberty to go and come as he wished, to do what he liked, to hunt game, to write books, to see his friends, to be domestic and at his own disposal—flowed between this and more controversy, more campaigns, more speeches,

more miles of travel in sleeping cars, more of everything he had told himself he was going to drop. In all his life I see no decision more crucial than this one; and he crossed the Rubicon. He had told himself that he was henceforth to be a private citizen, and this he sincerely meant. Then, "after a very brief conversation," good-by to privacy! In a character of such determination as Roosevelt's to change a meditated plan of life so utterly in a few minutes' talk is a very striking act. This, with all the events which flowed from it inevitably as fate, has been accounted for differently by friends and enemies. I am at variance with both.

Many a man has told himself something that he thought he meant, and when the time came has found that he did not mean it. I do not agree with Roosevelt's enemies that ambition had anything to do with his sudden change of plan—then or thereafter; nobody can read his letters and hold such an opinion; nor do I think with his friends that the choice he made that morning after his brief conversation with the Governor was a piece of obvious duty, the performance of a plain obligation—though he put it that way to himself and believed it just as sincerely as he had believed until that moment that he had done with politics. My explanation of it is, that below every motive attributed by him, or by friend or enemy, to his action lay the strongest element in his character.

Pierpont Morgan once said, "A man always has two reasons for what he does—a good one, and the real one."

The lynx-eyed Winty Chanler saw that brief conversation taking place, though he could not hear a word of it. He was with Dr. William S. Thayer in the rear of Sanders Theatre, at Harvard. It was June 29th, Commencement day, and they were attending the exercises. On the platform with other personages sat Roosevelt, then president of the Alumni, and Hughes, the Governor of New York. This was the first time

Hughes had seen Roosevelt since his homecoming. He turned to Roosevelt and spoke to him with great earnestness, beating one hand into the other to emphasize his words; and Roosevelt listened with increasing attention and animation.

"Look at them!" said Chanler to Thayer. "Do you know what Hughes is saying? He's telling Roosevelt that the Republican party is in a bad way in New York, and that Roosevelt's duty is to jump in and back the direct primary bill. And Theodore is going to do it."

The exercises took place, and the company went to lunch. At that lunch Roosevelt made his announcement that he had "put up his hands," and agreed to help Hughes in New York. He telegraphed that day to Senator Davenport, Progressive leader for the bill against William Barnes, head of the Stand-pat Republicans in New York, that he would support the bill.

I would not go so far as to argue that a generous impulse to stand by those now who had stood by him in other days did not count with Roosevelt in making this decision. Of course it did. But what had Hughes told him that he did not know already? Before he sailed home, he had learned from Pinchot how ill his friends the Progressives were faring; he knew that the Administration had fallen into the hands of his opponents, that Cannon, and Aldrich, and Payne, and all their friends were having their way, and that his way had been abandoned wherever it could be—yet with this knowledge, his first word to the country on landing at New York had been that he was out of politics. He had refused to listen to the appeals that he resume his leadership of the Progressive party, which various people had made to him during the nine days before the Harvard Commencement. I think that the "real reason" for his change of mind on the platform of Sanders Theatre was the same reason that a duck takes to the water. Among all his bents, historical, zoölogical, whatever,

he was the preacher militant perpetual, and to be in a fight for his beliefs was to be in his true native element. In the appeals made to him before he met Hughes, the water had not come quite so close to the duck. Hughes had dragged him to the edge of a definite pond, and into the pond he plumped. What a small pond after all—one bill in one State—for an ex-President to notice! And then the pond flowed speedily into a brook, and the brook speedily into a river, and down the river he went toward a sea that neither he nor friend nor enemy dreamed of.

II

All this is perfectly clear now, as simple as a detective story—when you have finished it. Some shake their heads over it to-day as if they had foreseen all from the beginning. I certainly foresaw not even the near future; I was very glad that he was going to take a hand in public affairs again. Public affairs, ever since his back had been turned on them, had begun by bewildering me, and ended by filling me with much stronger emotions. I was not alone in my joy. By August some two thousand requests had come that he make a speech in some two thousand places. Did this sign of discontent convey no warning to Senator Aldrich, and Payne, and Crane, and Speaker Cannon, and the Administration in general? Did the fact that their unquestionably excellent and desirable bill, providing for what we know now as the Federal Reserve Bank, was rejected because they had so disgusted public opinion in general that nothing they proposed was acceptable any longer—did this signify nothing to them? Apparently everything outside their own designs was insignificant to them; and so they too went sailing down the river to the sea.

The point as to what Roosevelt's real reason was for the step he had taken must not be labored too far. I think

the preacher militant in him drove him to leap before he looked into the New York fight; after he had leaped, he saw what was ahead without a particle of illusion, he even saw obscurely what his mind by no means yet accepted, the inevitable break with the friend he had left behind him in the White House. His letters show this unanswerably, and they also dispose of the idea that personal ambition had anything to do with his course. No honest mind could read the letters and retain such a notion.

"The fight is very disagreeable," he writes Cabot Lodge, September 21, 1910. "Twenty years ago I should not have minded it in the least . . . but it is not the kind of fight into which an ex-President should be required to go. I could not help myself . . ."

"I have been cordially helping the election of a Republican Congress," he writes Root a little later, "having definitely split with the Insurgents on this point . . . though I am bitterly disappointed with Taft . . . very possibly circumstances will be such that I shall support Taft for the Presidency next time. . . ."

In those words one sees the coming events cast their shadow before. They cast a much sharper shadow a month later, when the Democrats carried any number of other States, as well as New York. But Speaker Cannon, Senator Aldrich, Payne, and Crane, and the rest of that company in Washington seemed to discern nothing ominous in this. I have often come from a long American journey to Washington to find how little my impressions of the general popular feeling in the country corresponded with the notions of it which even the political leaders entertained. Can it be that in Washington some special atmosphere prevails which blinds officeholders to the true state of things? Half-way to the end of Taft's administration the country was already in a temper to vote any Republican candidate for the Presidency down, ex-

cepting Roosevelt. But of Roosevelt they were afraid, those people in Washington—afraid instantly. His announcement at Harvard that he would support Governor Hughes and his direct primary bill may be likened to the dropping of a hat which starts a race. They began the race in their newspapers. Attacks upon Roosevelt were appearing in a very few weeks. Speaker Cannon's press, and Senator Aldrich's press, and every Stand-pat press were busy by August, 1910—in less than five weeks after Harvard Commencement. Two hypnotic suggestions were either crudely or ingeniously imbedded in every specimen of this propaganda that I saw for the next two years; one was that Roosevelt was a dangerous and ambitious demagogue, and the other was that he had solemnly promised the American people never again to run for President.

He had promised nobody anything. After his election he had made a voluntary statement. This the propaganda distorted. Plenty of active minds in Wall Street and elsewhere required no hypnotizing; but upon passive minds it stamped the grotesque myth that the American people had said to Roosevelt, "We'll vote for you this once if you'll promise never to run again." That is the English of the myth; but passive minds don't reason things out. So, through hearing about the broken promise every day for many days, simple citizens lost touch with fact and grew to thinking of a voluntary statement made after election as if it had been an exacted promise given before election. A man of honor keeps a promise; but what law binds him never to change his mind? To-day, when I hear the old song sung that when Roosevelt returned from Africa his personal ambition led him to break his promise to the American people, I am apt to say: "That is odd, because in order to nominate Taft in 1912 they had to steal seventy-four delegates instructed for Roosevelt by the American people, and people as a rule don't enjoy being lied to."

Let us look a little more at his own mind during that period.

"As for the nomination, I should regard it from my personal standpoint as little short of a calamity." This is from a letter to his friend Joseph Bucklin Bishop in 1911, when discontent with the Administration was deep and wide.

Somewhat earlier, to William Allen White: "... I think the American people feel a little tired of me, a feeling with which I cordially sympathize. . . . I feel most strongly that I never again should take any public position unless it could be made perfectly clear that I was taking it not for my own sake, but because the people thought it would be to their advantage to have me do so."

He was not at all deceived by the situation he had created for himself by his capitulation to Governor Hughes. Oscar King Davis, to whom I think he gave his intimate and hearty trust, reports in his admirable and graphic book a talk held with Roosevelt in his office at the *Outlook* about the propaganda that was being so busily manufactured, even by August, 1910.

"There are only two elevators in this building," said Roosevelt, "and I must use one or other of them. If I go down by the side elevator, that is evidence of furtiveness. If I go down in front, that is proof of ostentation."

And it is in his letter to William Allen White, in December, when the campaign was over, with the Democrats victorious in many places, and he could rest from his speech making, that he says:

"I have been almost ashamed of the fact that in spite of my concern and indignation over Stimson's defeat, I have been unable to keep from being thoroughly happy since election." Henry L. Stimson had run for Governor of New York on the Republican ticket. The letter continues; he is writing from Sagamore Hill:

"Mrs. Roosevelt and I have been out here in our own home, with our books and pictures and bronzes, and big wood fires and horses to ride, and the knowl-

edge that our children are doing well. I do not think that I have had such a pleasant five weeks for a great many years. In fact I know I have not."

Mrs. Roosevelt had married the whirlwind, and for a while it was not blowing!

Is it not plain what he wanted to do? Is it not plain that his mind during the recent campaign had not been at ease over the position into which he had got himself? Just after the campaign was over he wrote in a letter to Bishop:

"They have no business to expect me to take command of a ship simply because the ship is sinking."

Does not that sound like a cry from the heart?

"My anxieties are in this order . . . not to be nominated if it can be honorably avoided . . . and . . . if nominated, to have it . . . clear that it is because . . . the public wishes me to serve them for their purpose . . ."

That is Roosevelt at the end of 1911, writing to Bishop in a private letter.

Ambition!

And all the while a college President was making quite a stir at Princeton.

III

It is here that a letter properly belongs, written by Roosevelt in reply to one I had sent him after reading what is still known as his Osawatomie speech. This letter is unluckily missing. It was not long; the wonder is that he found time in the rush of that 1910 campaign to write at all. He told me that he was glad I liked that speech, because it was a statement of his "American creed"—those two are the only words I can recall from the letter. The greater wonder is that he could go through those weeks, and many worse weeks that were to come, and speak so vigorously when his heart was but half in it. Three weeks after the address at Osawatomie he writes Lodge in a way that makes the mood he was in even plainer than what I have already quoted from his letters. He says:

"This whole political business now is bitterly distasteful to me."

I fancy that Cabot Lodge, for reasons quite different, enjoyed this fight Roosevelt was making even less than Roosevelt did. Lodge, whose personal sympathies were with Roosevelt, was politically with the Administration, and he could not possibly have failed to see that his friend was helping the popular mind to turn more and more against the Administration. Did Roosevelt see it as clearly? Did he see as early as 1910 that he was heading straight for the worst hole he had ever got into, or was ever going to get into? That remark in his letter to Root, written about the same time, that he might "very possibly" support Taft at the next election, looks as if his mind was refusing to acknowledge to itself what was quite certainly bound to happen. I suppose that he was keeping out of his thought as hard as he could the idea of a personal break with the friend he had chosen and persuaded to be his successor in the White House. I only imagine this; but I more than imagine how he looked back upon that time of distress, and the error of his choice, and its consequences. I was at lunch one day long after, at Sagamore Hill, and talk had touched upon those years. I spoke out my undisguised feeling about the successor he had given us. To say that Roosevelt winced is a little too strong; but his face filled with that look of pain that I knew so well. He did not take my head off for my bluntness; he was silent a moment, before he leaned forward and said, almost as if in apology for his choice:

"He was such a good lieutenant!"

Some things Roosevelt was perfectly clear about. He knew that too many of his enthusiastic followers now belonged to that element which he had years earlier described as the "lunatic fringe"; that he was powerless to disavow these ragged thinkers who were enlisting in his army; and that, worse still, some of those temperate citizens who had been his cordial adherents

hitherto, were falling out of his ranks. He had no faith in the Democrats, he believed that the welfare of the country was much safer in Republican hands; yet he saw in the Republican ranks men so unbalanced in their violence as to constitute another lunatic fringe, exactly as wild in its demands as were the star gazers who had tagged on to him. In short, he forced himself onward, unhappy, haunted by doubts as to the validity of his own position, yet able to keep up his momentum because all the combative elements in him, the preacher militant, the canny political strategist, were aroused; and they saw him through.

One symptom of his disturbed state is the phraseology which began to appear in his addresses. Their most salient characteristic had always been the balance of their statements, such as that the door of the White House should swing open as easily to the poor as to the rich, and not one bit easier. A masterly power of proportion, of stating the common sense in any controversy where something was to be said on both sides, this, with his buoyant and fearless outspokenness, had won him the hearts and the heads of all sorts and conditions of men. He now at times misrepresented himself, made use of phrases that overstated what he really meant. The hurricane of controversy put him into mental haste, deprived him not only of the leisure, but of the critical serenity with which he was in the habit of going over a public address beforehand, and pruning down any overemphatic statements that went beyond the limit of his meaning.

"I had no business to take that position in the fashion that I did. A public man is to be condemned if he fails to make his point clear . . . and it was a blunder of some gravity not to do it."

That is what he wrote Lodge. He had never had to make such an admission as this before; often enough he had hammered his thoughts hard to drive them home, but now he was hitting them out of shape. Acerbity on the part of every-

body grew worse and worse; past matters were raked up and flung at him, incidents about which the general mind had forgotten the details—if it had ever known them. He had caused the panic of 1907, and would cause another. He had been false to his own doctrine about the trusts, when he allowed the Steel Trust to purchase the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, and so permitted a "combination in restraint of trade" just like the Northern Securities, which he had stopped. Nobody remembered the truth. Two courts later sustained his action as perfectly consistent. One declared that the transaction was as he had stated it, "made in fair business course"; the Supreme Court laid additional emphasis on this, adding: "The law does not make mere size an offense." Nobody does remember in such times of excitement. They create mob thought. A phrase, a fact, is wrenched from its context, caught up and hurled about and, regardless of its being utterly senseless, does just as much damage as if it were pregnant with significance. To use a misused term, politics creates a *complex* in human beings which delivers them to the mercy of prejudices more blind and violent than any save those which are created by the religious *complex*.

It is later in the progress of this acerbity and tumult that Roosevelt again failed through haste to make his point clear. It was so little clear that I fancy he never recovered from the political injury which it did him; and if one thing more than any other startled his friends and lost him adherents, it was this particular phrase that he used. Two other novelties had raised considerable outcry—the "initiative" and the "referendum." Does the reader understand these methods of reaching what was called "social justice"? You hardly ever hear them mentioned any more, and they are very rarely put into use. They were short cuts by which popular will or popular discontent could override the established forms of legislation or redress, and get something or

stop something that it wanted without delay. To put it boldly and briefly, they express American impatience. It was a kick at the legal thwarting of what might be very desirable, but was far more likely to be an ephemeral whim. It was ephemeral whims that the makers of the Constitution had clearly foreseen, wisely dreaded, and carefully provided against. Roosevelt would have said that the initiative and referendum were engines of popular power to be used only on very special occasions. He did say so; but not often or emphatically enough to reassure his friends and confute his enemies. But the "recall of judicial decisions" was a phrase which struck at the very root of our system. It was the climax. People said that Roosevelt was simply running amuck. In this case, too, he had misrepresented himself and, according to his own confession in the letter to Lodge, "a public man is to be condemned if he fails to make his meaning clear."

And so he thought, and so he said in another way to his friend Thomas Robins five years later. He had come to Philadelphia to address the Railroad Trainmen's Union in June, 1917. After the speech, when he and Robins were alone, Robins said:

"What you proposed in 1912, I believe, lost you the Republican nomination for the Presidency. It was really Constitutional revision by popular vote in the states: in other words, revision by the same power that approved the Constitution. Who gave it the name of 'Recall of Judicial Decisions'?"

"I did, for my sins!" exclaimed Roosevelt. "The label did not describe the commodity; it was inaccurate and unlucky."

Yet in the heat of all this battle he was not in too much of a hurry to step out of politics and talk morals. There is something comic as well as endearing in the preacher militant and the old-fashioned mid-Victorian emerging suddenly in Roosevelt the progressive when he spoke at Reno.

"I don't care what you do with those of your own State who seek divorces, but keep citizens out of other States who want divorces out of Nevada. Don't allow yourselves to be deceived by the argument that such a colony brings money to your city. You can't afford to have that kind of money brought here."

Equally endearing and comic is his astonishment on the first election day after women had obtained the vote. His conventions had finally come round to female suffrage, bowing to the course of human events. The November day arrived, and he entered his car to go to the polls at Oyster Bay. Mrs. Roosevelt got into the car with him.

"Why Eedie, why are you coming?"

"I'm going to vote, of course, Theodore."

"Going to vote!" . . .

He sat back in the car, silent for some time. Female suffrage as a just principle, as a Constitutional Amendment, was one thing; the sight of his own wife casting a ballot took his breath away. This old-fashioned, conventional streak in him lived in a compartment shut entirely off from initiative, referendum, recall, and from his whole progressive political make-up; and so it remained as long as he lived.

IV

By the end of 1911 the hurricane was blowing ever and ever more fiercely. Roosevelt was exaggerated alike by the lunatic fringe of friends and enemies, whose language did not fall far short of making him out in their papers every morning both the savior of the nation and the enemy of mankind. The lunatic fringe of his enemies was by now in hysterical alarm lest he break into the White House again. Hence their violent language. Behind them, silent, were the masters of that party, Aldrich, Payne, Boies Penrose, and the rest, with their eyes upon the Republican Convention, less than a year ahead. They were going to see to it that Taft was

renominated. It may be that they had already picked on Elihu Root as chairman of the convention. No skill equal to theirs was to be found in the camp of their opponents. The Progressives were counting simply on the preponderating will of the people. The people wanted no more of the oligarchy of wealth; they wanted the thing called "social justice," a fairer distribution of the dollars earned by an ordered and harmonious collaboration of brains and hands, and laws to alleviate hardship which the courts should not declare unconstitutional. Roosevelt would do this for them. The lunatic fringe on their side promised he would shower blessings upon the country in such quantity and of such a kind as truly none but a supernatural power could have wrought. That was the trouble; a great deal too much was promised in his name. He was not a magician; he was merely a man whose extraordinary gifts made him seem able to work miracles. And he still battled on through that autumn, preaching his doctrines, overstating himself in the exasperation of the effort he was making, affording his enemies grounds for their denunciations that were only too plausible and, worst of all, steadily estranging many good people who had until now given him their confidence and sympathy.

If only he had kept silent during those years! But the duck had taken to the water, and it had carried him from the original pond down into a raging river. Even now he did not see what was coming, though it lay right ahead.

None of this gave much comfort to me. I made him as public a gesture of affection and faith as I was able, in a second and much longer dedication to him of *The Virginian*, handsomely republished just then, with a quantity of new illustrations. He was passing into an eclipse with many of my own friends, people of his kind and mine, not because of his politics, not because they were afraid of their pockets; he had done something which they felt "isn't done."

How was it possible to go on opposing

the course of the Administration without the thing becoming eventually personal? You can easily differ politically with a man you have never known and make no enemy of him; you can differ with a friend, as Roosevelt constantly did with Lodge, without any hurt to friendship; but with the very friend whom you put in your own place against his inclination—how can you attack his official acts while he still holds the office which you persuaded him to accept?

"It isn't done."

This is what I felt, even in the silence of friends who abstained from saying it, and it was what I had to answer and defend when it was said.

Matters quickly came to a head in the new year. The President's chronic and unsuspecting amiability had been surprised in the early days of Roosevelt's public divergence; as this continued and grew more outspoken and more unmeasured in its expression, the President grew ruffled, then at length outraged. But the worst had not come yet. The two were at swords' points, but they were not actual competitors for the next Presidential nomination by the Republican party. Roosevelt was far from any wish to enter those lists. Senator La Follette had been the possible candidate for the Progressives. That Roosevelt himself should be was no new suggestion; it had often been made to him during the recent months, and he invariably repelled it. It was as late as December 13, 1911, that he had written Bishop he would regard his nomination, from a personal standpoint, as "little short of a calamity." Later still, January 29, 1912, he writes:

"Very possibly I will have to speak at the open primaries. I hope not, however. . . . If I speak it looks as if I were making myself a candidate. . . ."

Just four days later, Senator La Follette laid to rest his own chances forever. What he did makes one of those spectacular and supreme dramatic moments that set in with the assassination of McKinley, and became, before they

stopped, momentous not merely for the United States, but the world.

On February 2, 1912, the Periodical Publishers gave a great dinner in Philadelphia. I was a guest of *The Saturday Evening Post*. I listened to speeches by Weir Mitchell and by Woodrow Wilson, no longer a college president, but now Governor of New Jersey, and whispered about as destined to fill a greater office. He spoke with flawless art; his dignity and upstanding presence commanded attention, while his voice made every symmetrical sentence melodious. The whole company, easily eight hundred men, sat under the spell.

Then the turn was La Follette's. I had admired him from a distance so heartily that I had gone once to the Senate and begged for a word with him. When he came I said that it was merely to shake his hand—that, in spite of being a Philadelphian, I was a Progressive, merely a private citizen, who desired to express my admiration of his course. His face as I was speaking was not what I had expected. I had looked for rugged, belligerent candor. Craft was what I saw, and coldness, not warmth. It was an instantaneous disillusion, much more effective than some previous words of Roosevelt one day at Sagamore Hill. Roosevelt had said that La Follette had never been of real support in his Progressive measures in the Senate. La Follette thanked me and said we should win out. Looking back, I see the explanation of his coldness: I had told him of my admiration for Roosevelt.

And now La Follette rose to address those eight hundred men. Before he began, he made Woodrow Wilson a bow. I have never seen such a performance on such an occasion. The sentence of salute with which he accompanied it was spoken in a tone just like the bow; the two together were a mocking defiance.

I wondered in stupefaction. I didn't discern then that it was La Follette's political instinct, scenting a competitor. My stupefaction did not end with that.

With manuscript in hand, he began to speak. He was going to tell, he said, the true story of money in the United States; by whom it was actually earned, into whose hands it had invariably gone, by what means it had been stolen from those to whom it rightfully belonged. He prefaced this with an attack on journalism and journalists. As he was the guest of journalists, this was an unusual beginning.

Presently those at our table had begun to look at one another. Next, I saw the faces at neighboring tables staring in the same surprise. We were soon listening to not even a pretense of accurate financial history, but a harangue of distorted denunciation, aimed apparently at us all. The speaker's voice grew acid and raucous, his statements had ceased to be even caricatures of reality. I could not understand why he should take the trouble to utter such absurdities before an audience that he must be aware knew better, until it was explained to me that this speech was made for home consumption, where it would appear in all the papers and save his paying for publicity.

But he had not counted on what was rapidly overtaking him. He was not worth listening to, even as a curiosity, and people began to leave the room by the glass doors at the end opposite him. He shook his fist at them and said, "There go some of the fellows I'm hitting. They don't want to hear about themselves."

The chairman called him to order and told him that personal abuse would not be permitted.

He continued his speech, and a new astonishment came over us; whole passages were being repeated. At first one was not sure, then it was obvious. And the repetitions made havoc with his coherence. In fact, all consecutive meaning departed. It was noticed by those sitting closer to the speaker's table that La Follette was not laying the finished pages of his address down but shuffling them among what were still to

be delivered. At half-past eleven I went home. He had been speaking since ten. The hall was half empty.

Next day, I learned that he had spoken until half-past twelve, and then sank forward on the table. He had been under a great strain of suspense owing to a domestic anxiety, a surgical operation on one of his family, as I recollect. A nervous collapse followed. La Follette dropped from the list of possible Progressive candidates.

Eight days after that the Republican governors of seven States wrote Roosevelt, asking him to be their man. They put it on the ground of duty to the American people, thwarted in all their hopes by the Administration.

This brought out the not unnaturally indignant Taft in a speech at New York. He alluded to extremists; such persons were not Progressives; such people were "political emotionalists or neurotics."

This could not have been more damaging to himself if an enemy had said it. Who was the neurotic? If, after the letter of the seven governors, any desire to keep out of it still held Roosevelt back, "neurotic" settled him.

So did these two old friends reach the personal break which was bound to come, once Roosevelt had stepped out of private life to champion, no matter how impersonally at first, the cause he had confided to Taft's inappropriate hands, which Aldrich and the others had taken good care should slide out of those hands to the ground.

Roosevelt put "his hat in the ring." Within nine days he made a speech at Columbus that drove more of his former friends away from him. Next, he sent his acceptance to the seven governors. It is strange to note how temperate, how reasonable, many passages in his speeches at that time seem to-day. For example, he said in New York, shortly after his Columbus speech:

"If on this new continent we merely build another country of great but unjustly divided material prosperity, we shall have done nothing; and we shall do

as little if we merely *set the greed of envy against the greed of arrogance, and thereby destroy the material well-being of all of us.*"

Not many would disagree with that to-day. My italics emphasize his unchanged hostility to the extremes of Labor and of Capital, the balanced, measured attitude which had always brought him the enmity of the Gomperses and the Haywoods, alike with that of the Harrimans and the Aldriches, and the love and confidence of the people at large. He did not lose the people at large in 1912. Enough of them all over the country wished him enthusiastically to be the next President; but he had alarmed too many trained and thoughtful minds, who saw our institutions steadily and saw them whole. To these minds, Roosevelt's utterances during this tempestuous period sounded constantly as if his intention were to wade to "social justice" through the wreck of every Constitutional barrier that stood in the way of his impatience. His phrase, the "recall of judicial decisions," sounded his final knell as definitely, I think, as the remark of the now thoroughly upset Taft about "even a cornered rat" fighting, finished him by bringing upon him the deadly laugh of ridicule. He hadn't a chance of election, even if the machinery of conventions, as worked by Penrose and Aldrich, should force upon the will of the majority his nomination by a skilful, unscrupulous, and determined few. And this machinery was going to be worked by Penrose and Aldrich, with the last turn of its wheels engineered by Elihu Root.

Let me do those men justice. In their place, with their perfectly wise and well-founded value for the system of government so slowly and thoroughly forged for us at the beginning, and quite aside from their determination to uphold a vicious and dangerous oligarchy, I should have been so concerned at the intemperance with which Roosevelt only too often defined his aims that I should have been afraid of him. I was not in their place, I was not afraid of him; I had heard him

run away with himself in private; and now the roughness of his public phrases in my opinion corresponded as little with what his deliberate acts were likely to be as it always had. I was not much enamored of the initiative and referendum, still less with the recall; I classed them with those quack medicines of which Americans are so fond, but I doubted their being administered in the prodigal doses that Roosevelt sounded as if he were prescribing. I am certain that in the intensity of that campaign and the exasperation at finding himself enmeshed in it against his inclination, though absolutely in consequence of every step he had taken, he lost his sense of proportion, and had no idea how much farther his words went than his intentions. Once in the White House he invited me to look on while a Japanese expert taught him the tricks of jiu-jitsu. Did I catch the way one of them was done? he inquired. I hadn't; the motions of the wrestling had been too quick. He would show me, he said. He took hold of me, told me how to put my arms in defense, and then he showed me. It may have taken thirty seconds. After that illustration my Adam's apple was sore for three days. Swallowing hurt. Of course he never knew it, and of course I never told him. In 1912 he had no notion of how it hurt to swallow some of the things he was saying.

But more than his political doctrines, his break with Taft damaged him with many friends of mine. To hear him called ambitious, which I knew very well that he was not, save in the same sense that Washington was ambitious, could only be met by amicable contradiction. None of us ever quarrelled about it; appearances seemed to favor it; and until his letters after his death proved how little it was true, there could be no proof. It was more difficult to answer the charge of disloyalty to an old friend for whose predicament he was responsible. He owed it to the friend to keep silence and stand off, no matter what his thoughts were.

In my secret heart I wished that he had never spoken, but I went about maintaining that it was the only thing he could possibly do: what was friendship when the welfare of the nation, as he saw it, was being betrayed? Could he allow that to go on, and not speak? So I contended, so I replied to letters. Worse, however, than what I had to hear, was what I sometimes overheard. Not aware I was within earshot, an old and dear friend said:

"If I met Roosevelt in the street I would not speak to him. I would not permit him inside my house."

This was the eclipse into which Roosevelt passed in 1912, and out of which by 1917 he was destined so wholly and splendidly to emerge.

"During the days of the Bull Moose aberration," said Dr. Fred Shattuck as I was driving in Boston with him in 1916, "I considered Roosevelt the most dangerous influence in the country. And I would vote for him as President tomorrow." Shattuck was not hasty-minded, his wisdom is remembered in Boston. His remark expresses the opinion of many thousands.

It was an exciting but not a happy time for anyone who had taken part in the White House years, and could never forget the Familiars, their laughter, their good will, and the mutual regard between Roosevelt the President and Taft his Secretary.

V

White and Van Valkenburg were now the leaders of our small, ardent, and widely frowned-on Roosevelt group in Philadelphia. White had come to me and said that I must introduce Roosevelt when he made his speech at our Metropolitan Opera House. I was very glad of this chance to show my allegiance by something more conspicuous than the re-dedication of *The Virginian*.

It was to come in some seven days. I set to work to think up something with a point and short, that I could say in three minutes or so to very much the largest

crowd I had ever faced. On the day itself, a day of heavy clouds, a devoted three of us met Roosevelt at Coatesville on his way east through the State in his special train. He was indeed the buzz saw that Winty Chanler had called him at the White House table. His greeting was enough to reward one doubly for the small part I was playing. I went through a whirling introduction to people I had never heard of, who had never heard of me, and whose names I totally failed to grasp and retain.

We moved eastward out of Coatesville. Roosevelt shut himself in with papers and secretaries. I had my little speech with me, ready for criticism. White and Robins pronounced it too short. So we worked together to add a couple of minutes to it, while the train rolled on; and at the stations along its course, crowds to the right of us, crowds to the left of us volleyed and thundered. They demanded the buzz saw—a look at him, a word from him. He gave it often, bursting out of his busy seclusion and back into it again, all in a breath. The energy, the action, the hammered words, the blaze of genial, jocund power, the prompt and marvelous application of some special sentence to some special place—I can call it nothing but gigantic.

One lull in this tempest came with dinner in a small room, high up in the hotel at Philadelphia. It was at this meal that Roosevelt's manner of drinking was illustrated as well and typically as ever I saw it. The rest of us had something before sitting down, and at table some champagne. Roosevelt took none of it. He asked if he might have some white wine. A bottle of sauterne was brought him. "Thank you!" he interrupted his stream of talk to say to the waiter and resumed his talk instantly. Throughout the meal he discoursed to us steadily—I don't remember any words from any of us but a syllable of assent or something now and then—and so to the coffee. We got up to start for the Metropolitan Opera House. There near his plate on the

table was the bottle with its cork half drawn. The bottle was full. His glass was dry. He had forgotten all about the white wine he had asked for.

Up the street to the Opera House more crowds volleyed and thundered, and outside the place itself was a swimming sea of people who could not get in. Inside, back of the stage, music started. I marched forward in a sort of daze, was aware of palms and flags and chairs and a table and a white welter of faces gazing and hands clapping from floor to roof; then a wilder crash of applause as Roosevelt pranced into full sight—for he did literally swing and step to the music—then silence, and my turn.

An inspiration flashed on me. "The weather was dark this morning," I began, "but to-night the sun is shining."

It went off well. They were with me, and I gave them no time to become impatient. When I turned to Roosevelt, he was not prepared for the gesture I made. Being an amateur at this game, I walked to him and shook hands; he looked at me a little at a loss; I sat down at once. I had wanted to emphasize in the sight of that crowd what my feeling was for him.

He made one happy improvisation during his speech. A voice from the gallery called out something indistinguishable.

"What was that?" asked Roosevelt, looking up.

No reply.

"What did you say?" Roosevelt repeated.

Again silence.

"Well," said Roosevelt, "a Bull Moose can make various sounds."

It was in Milwaukee a few months later that he made another happy improvisation. On his way to make an address he had just been shot in the street by an assassin; but he would not stop. On the platform he drew his manuscript from his pocket and found the hole made by the bullet which it had deflected from his heart. He held up the perforated wad of manuscript.

"It takes more than that to kill a Bull Moose!" he told them—and spoke to the finish.

The bullet put an end to his speaking tour, but not to any inch of Roosevelt. In bed at the hospital in Chicago next day, he dictated to Beveridge a message to his party:

"It matters little about me," it began. "Always the cause is there," it ended.

This is his letter to us in Philadelphia, written the day after our meeting at the Metropolitan Opera House.

April 11, 1912.

En Route
Pullman Private Car "Convoy"

My Dear Doctor:

I wish you would show this letter to Messrs. Wister, Robins, and Morris.

In the first place, I wish you to understand that I appreciate all that you four men have done for me and all that your support has meant to me.

In the next place, I feel I ought to tell you that Mr. Van Valkenburg informs me that it is you four men to whom most is owing for the success of the great meeting last night, and indeed for the success of the whole movement here in Philadelphia. As Mr. Van Valkenburg says, it needed genuine courage to take the stand that you did at the time that you did. Believe me, my dear fellow, I appreciate it and I want you four men to know that I understand very clearly and value very, very highly what all of you did.

Give my love to Mrs. White,

Always yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Dr. J. William White,
1810 S. Rittenhouse Square,
Philadelphia, Pa.

The others, not I, had done all the heavy work—but who would object to being included in such a letter?

VI

Two days before his letter to us, the voters in Illinois had fired the first shot of popular opinion. They elected at their primaries fifty-eight delegates to the Republican convention. Fifty-six were for Roosevelt. Thirteen states had

presently chosen two hundred and seventy-eight delegates instructed for Roosevelt against sixty-eight for Taft. Great excitement prevailed at all the primaries, the count of the votes was challenged in many districts, and a storm of discontent rolled up, ready to break at Chicago. It did break there against Taft bulwarks that were storm-proof. The mood of the powers behind Taft was implacable to the point that so long as Taft was nominated in June, his defeat in November was of less importance. What their eyes were fixed on was the present moment alone. Let the Democrats win and have the next four years. In 1916 the Republicans would come back. Roosevelt must be choked off now at any cost. Some of them foresaw well enough by then that it would cost them the election.

And there sat Mrs. Roosevelt watching Elihu Root ruling out her husband, his old associate and friend, throwing in some extra Taft delegates from Massachusetts and Louisiana for good measure, and carefully avoiding her eyes.

In breaking with Taft, Roosevelt allowed sincere political convictions to outweigh friendship. In breaking with Roosevelt, Root allowed sincere political convictions to outweigh friendship. Is there much difference between these cases? I see little. Yet never once have I heard a critic of Roosevelt's act apply the same reasoning to Root's. Is it that they avoid a parallel which fails so strikingly at one point? Roosevelt would take nothing from that convention because it was crooked; upon this crookedness Root had deliberately set his seal.

Perhaps some others are of my mind and wish that both Roosevelt and Root for the sake of the days of auld lang syne had held back. Lodge did. Though the recall of judicial decisions was to him just the reckless slashing of a rift in the great levee which had been raised to fend the nation from the floods of mob rule, altogether the worst heresy yet, nevertheless Lodge took no active hand in

defeating his friend. He held aloof. I know that those days were deeply painful both to him and to Mrs. Lodge; and I know also that Roosevelt was more hurt by Lodge's silence in those same days than by anything that ever wounded him.

How can a preacher militant see eye to eye with legal minds? As Tweed, another legal mind, and chief counsel for the Southern Pacific System, summed the preacher up to me during an ocean voyage in 1906:

"He is very lawless."

"He is," I admitted.

For Tweed, for Lodge, for Root, quite aside from Roosevelt's brusque foreshortening phrase for the process, it was intellectually impossible not to recoil from the slashing of the levee; intellectually impossible not to think that some other—if slower—road to social justice should be surveyed according to law, and that meanwhile it was better for the future of all the people that some of the people should suffer injustice for the present. I am sure this was their view, and I know that it is mine. Time may show that the Constitution can be improved; never that it must be undermined.

It was in a quiet valley of New York State that I read day by day of the very unquiet scenes at Chicago; and of how, when the powers behind Taft had consummated their work and put the Republican party in a hole, Roosevelt with his Bull Moose followers had walked out of the convention and started their own campaign amid the singing of hymns.

I was not enthusiastic about this singing of hymns. Had such psalmody broken out over the emancipation of slaves, well and good. But heartily as I hated the undoing of Roosevelt's progressive work under the Taft Administration, equally in my heart I did not think initiative, referendum, and recall quite sacred enough for hymns. This singing did not cease with its first spontaneous outburst. The Bull Moose kept it up at later meetings, when it was high time that they cool off and settle down to

work that was more practical, if less inspirational. Moreover, there was nothing inspired in the manner of their falling out with one another over the Sherman Anti-Trust law, which they proceeded promptly to do. Some wished it amended thus, and some thus; and this early mess came all too soon upon what I had written Roosevelt from my valley. I had bidden him Godspeed, but to beware of his own lunatic fringe. Of course my allusion to it was more cautious than that. He replied, addressing me by my college nickname:

The Outlook
287 Fourth Avenue
New York

Office of
Theodore Roosevelt

June 28th, 1912.

Dear Dan:

You are absolutely right. But, my dear Dan, that danger is only one of a multitude of dangers ahead of me! I have had to do a good many difficult and perplexing jobs in my time, but never one as perplexing and difficult as that on which I am now engaged.

With love to Mrs. Dan.

Sincerely yours,

T. R.

This followed me from my valley and found me in Santa Barbara. The Democrats had held their Convention at Baltimore and nominated Woodrow Wilson. Bryan went there to head off the nomination of Champ Clark, which would have put the Democrats in the same sort of hole that the Republicans were in. To Bryan's own surprise, he succeeded not only in keeping them out, but in deepening the hole for the Republicans. The political creed of Wilson was progressive like Roosevelt's; if elected, he was certain to push liberal measures and oppose such measures as would have been urged by Champ Clark and the Tammany powers behind him. The fact is, that if Roosevelt had not been running, I should have voted for Wilson, and so would many like me all over the country. So far from killing Taft's chances—which had already

ceased to exist—Roosevelt's candidacy took more votes from Wilson than it took from Taft.

Henry S. Pritchett was in Santa Barbara, and we discussed the highly dramatic situation. I confessed to him that although I should vote for Roosevelt, naturally, he had been committed by some of his followers to so many and such extreme promises of reform that he could not possibly fulfill all of them, and that his prestige would in consequence inevitably suffer. I almost hoped that Wilson would win. Pritchett could not hope such a thing. His personal acquaintance with Wilson had convinced him that Wilson had a curiously inflexible mind. Once he had made it up, neither reasoning nor facts could alter it. This, Pritchett feared, might prove dangerous for the country should some crisis arise where the President must follow events with an open and ready mind.

Although this did not affect my opinion at the time, in after days it came back to me with great force. I suppose that all prophecy since prophesying began, no matter how sound, has had the fate of falling in vain upon unwilling ears.

I went from Santa Barbara back to Jackson's Hole, and on the way there did my little bit, a very little bit, for the cause of the Bull Moose party. At the Idaho town of St. Anthony I made a speech. I told them about a sparring match in the old Harvard Gymnasium, March, 1879, when I was a freshman, Roosevelt a junior. It was my first sight of him. Time was called. Roosevelt heard it and lowered his guard. His opponent did not hear, and hit Roosevelt's nose heavily. The audience burst into hisses. Roosevelt stopped them instantly, explained, and with nose profusely bleeding walked up to his opponent and shook his hand. I told them that we had the same Roosevelt now, and I developed the theme of his magnanimity and fair-mindedness by sundry illustrations. I doubt that I won many votes. Borah was in com-

mand of Idaho; and though Borah had been ardent for Roosevelt at the start in Chicago, he found himself at the finish in a position so delicate that nothing but the nicest skill could adequately deal with it. The only other bit I did was to write an article for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, making more elaborately the same points of my St. Anthony speech.

But all those months of 1912 were bitter ones to live, in spite of their excitement; and not a word that Roosevelt wrote, or said that I know of, gives the slightest notion that he took any joy in them. He had not wished to be nominated at the beginning, he would not accept nomination from a crooked convention at the end, he had little belief that he could be elected by the Bull Moose party, and little in common with their lunatic fringe. I believe that the only thing which kept him going at all was the zest of action in battle which came from the preacher militant.

I went from Jackson's Hole to Boston to attend the first meeting of the Harvard Overseers in late September. There I fell into talk with President Eliot about the three candidates for the Presidency.

"For whom do you intend to vote?" he asked.

"I always voted for Cleveland," I answered, "though I'm a Republican, I suppose. But I'll never vote for Taft again."

"You're for Roosevelt, then?"

"Oh, yes."

"I could not support him. He is too headlong," said President Eliot, without harshness, with a sort of almost indulgent disapproval. I had heard him express great admiration for Roosevelt.

"Well, Mr. Eliot, I should be for Wilson—but how can I vote against my friend?"

"No, you can't do that!" he assented, with his quiet, wise, and magnanimous smile.

When news came of Wilson's election, it was a positive relief!

VII

Whether or not I told Roosevelt this at Sagamore Hill that autumn I cannot remember. The very fact that no recollection of our touching upon politics at all remains with me is good evidence that if we did it must have been very slight. The only talk we had which is still vivid was quite wide of politics. We were in the great back room that Grant La Farge had built for him.

"Listen and attend with care," I began. "I want your advice. Which of these books shall I write?"

Then I sketched the plan of each. One was to be the story of a young actor and his wife. The young actor makes a great hit, which casts his wife and her acting wholly into the shade. He becomes an idol, she remains nobody. But after his first success he meets failure after failure. His hit was the accident of his part calling merely for a playing of his own personality. He goes steadily into the shade, while she emerges steadily into the light because she has genuine talent and works very hard. Develop this situation. Title: *The Fixed Star*.

Roosevelt had listened in silence. "Now for the next," was all he said.

I sketched it. A picture of Philadelphia, and its passing from the old to the new order; the hero of no social position, married to a wife of good social position elsewhere, and turning out superior to his wife. Possible title: *Dividends in Democracy*.

"Now for the third," said Roosevelt.

"That is to be called *The Marriages of Scipio*," I said. "Scipio Le Moyne, a character in *The Virginian*, will be the central figure. It is to be the tragedy of the cowpuncher who survives his own era and cannot adjust himself to the more civilized era which succeeds it." And I told him some of the chief incidents and the conclusion.

"Why, my dear Dan," he exclaimed, "you must write all three! And you must

begin with your Philadelphia story. And when you come to your cowboy tragedy, why—don't leave it in such unrelieved blackness. Let in some sunlight, somehow. Leave your reader with the feeling that life, after all, does—go—on."

While he was saying this—in fact his tone was one of urging—that look of wistfulness which I had come to know so well clouded his face and eyes.

What history will say about the bitter days of 1912 when three ran for President and the Democrat won, who can tell? History often misses the truth, or we should not have contradictory versions of many an event. Two opinions, both cocksure, prevail to-day, according to which camp you are in: that Roosevelt lost Taft the election by running independently, and that the Republican managers killed the party by forcing Taft upon an angry people. I am convinced that no Republican but Roosevelt could have been elected in 1912, just as no Democrat at all could have been elected in 1920. That I am in the Roosevelt camp hinders neither my regret that he did not keep silent on returning from Africa, nor my belief that Taft had a right to feel hurt. He had not wished to be President, but a judge. He was the victim of Roosevelt's honest enthusiasm for him. The whole story would be irredeemably painful had not these old friends come together before the end, and had not Taft come to his own as Chief Justice of our Supreme Court.

In his reply to a letter I wrote him for verification of a certain anecdote about Roosevelt, his genial kindness and generosity shine forth:

"What Doctor Thayer of Baltimore has said to you is quite true. You are a friend of Roosevelt, I know, and, therefore, would use the story in a way that would not bring any criticism upon Mr. Roosevelt, for I would not wish to circulate it and have any such result. . . ."

This was in 1929, from the Supreme Court.



COME DAY, GO DAY

A STORY

BY ROARK BRADFORD

BUGABOO JONES was an artist. He lived his life according to an idea rather than according to a plan. A plan would limit him; an idea would grow or shrink, expand or contract to meet the current situation. And an idea was better for him, too. An idea was something that remained in the back of a boy's head and didn't ever trouble him, whereas a plan had to be figured out with much mental labor, for which the big roustabout's brain was not adapted.

So, when the steamboat *John D. Grace* passed Harahan that Thursday noon, *en route* for New Orleans, and the old Captain called the roustabouts to the boiler deck and stuffed payday into their pockets, Bugaboo went back to the main deck to let the idea pleasure itself with imaginings. He lay down upon some sacks of cottonseed and turned his mind loose. In almost no time he was singing a disorganized song:

"N'Awlins womens is so tall and funny.
Jest won't leave a hard-workin' man alone.
Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawd.
I don't keer how much dey bothers me.
I likes to be bothered by a good-lookin' woman.

'Cause I got a good-time on my mind.
And de doctor can't do me no good."

That was Bugaboo's idea. He had eleven dollars and a red ticket in his pocket. As soon as the *Grace* was properly tied up at the landing at Bienville Street the mate would take that red ticket and give him his last dollar of wages. And with twelve dollars in sil-

ver in his pocket, Bugaboo would go "back of town" and paint a huge picture of joy.

Thursday was ever a big day in the life of Bugaboo Jones. It was the climax of the good-timing that started off each Saturday when the *Grace* got herself loaded down with freight and roustabouts and pulled out up the river for Baton Rouge and Natchez and Vicksburg and all sorts of little country landings in between. On Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday the *Grace* pulled in at these landings, and Bugaboo toted on and off freight while the country girls, with pop eyes in their heads and jokes on their tongues, lined the top of the levee and giggled and remarked at the audacious carryings-on of the big, fast-talking steamboating man.

Then would come Thursday! Payday in his pockets and good-timing in his soul! Over back of town—between Rampart Street and Claiborne Avenue, a boy with payday in his pockets always could make some kind of fun . . .

I'm gonter eat po'k chops to I gits sick.
And cyore myse'f wid old Mink Eye's gin.
Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawd.

Suddenly, in the midst of Bugaboo's happy thoughts came an idea that soured his very soul. Friday!

Friday was that day that always came after Thursday. It was the day that Bugaboo awoke, somewhere over back of town, with a gin-fogged brain and no more payday in his pockets. There was something about Friday that stripped the tinseled back-of-town of its glamour.

The odors of restaurant food that on Thursday had been so tantalizing, on Friday were sickening. The women who, on Thursday, had been so gay and good-looking, on Friday were dull, ugly creatures with hard faces and sluggish, uncompanionable souls that lacked all the healthy spontaneous fun found in the country girls up the river. And the worst part of it all was that there never was a thing Bugaboo could do about it but just sit around and feel miserable until Saturday came and the boat pulled out again.

"I swear!" he grumbled. "I don't see how come I got to go studyin' about old hard-luck Friday! Hyar I was havin' me some fun gittin' ready for Thursday, and hyar old bad-news Friday had to come crowdin' into my haid! I be dog! Friday is bad enough when she gits hyar widout comin' into my haid before time."

The more Bugaboo thought of the way his brains were doing him about Friday, the madder he got. Bugaboo seldom worried about what his brains did. They worked or they didn't work, according to their own whim, which was quite removed from Bugaboo. And so long as they didn't interfere with Bugaboo's personal happiness he paid it no mind. But for a man's brains to jump into doleful thoughts about Friday when the man himself was busy anticipating the joys of Thursday was too much even for the good-natured Bugaboo to stand. Such action called for reprisals. Bugaboo determined to punish his unruly brains by putting them to work.

"Friday jest popped into my mind," he said. "Now, I'm gonter set hyar and weary my mind to I tricks me out a trick so's Friday won't be so bad."

It was hard work. Bugaboo was not accustomed to making his mind work, and all sorts of wild ideas popped into it the moment he tried to concentrate. The unpleasant fact of Friday was apparent—a day and night of waiting for the boat to pull out again. But Bugaboo persisted. "I'm gonter set hyar

and think to my brains git so hot they b'iles," he said, "or else I'm gonter trick out a trick on old mean Friday."

Presently the idea began forming. He had recreated in his mind the previous Fridays he had spent in misery, and the first thing which occurred to him was the fact that he always awoke on Friday morning wanting some coffee. And because he never had any money left when he awoke on Friday, he always had to walk from Saratoga Street to the Bienville Street Landing, and argue Jesse Dunbar, the steamboat cook, out of a cup before he got one.

"Maybe," he ruminated, "did I take and hide out me a nickel in my yuther pockets, I might forgit to spend hit, and and den I c'd buy me a cup er cawfee, over back er town."

With that much accomplished, Bugaboo gave his thought-heated brain a recess and resumed his contemplations on the good-time.

The work of tying up the *Grace* was quickly accomplished. The roustabouts were paid their final dollar of wages, and the mate turned his attention to the business of getting the boat unloaded by wharf contract labor. The roustabouts quickly changed into their best clothes and made for back of town. Many of them were met at the boat by their wives or women friends, who were to accompany them on their holiday. But not Bugaboo. He never had any wives or women friends waiting for him. If a woman sang a song that he liked, or made a joke that struck him as being jolly, that was the woman who won his favor for the moment. But being a steady friend of any woman, experience had taught him, was a worrisome ordeal, and he didn't like worrisome ordeals.

By the time Bugaboo got across Rampart Street his mind had tricked out the trick with which he planned to defeat the Friday all-overs. As was his custom, he went straight to Mink Eye's. Mink Eye's was a restaurant that developed cabaret inclinations when the sun went down.

"Mink Eye," he said as he seated himself at a table, "go start fryin' me up about five po'k chops and a heap er 'taters. And den come hyar and make tawk wid me."

"Hey, Bugaboo," responded Mink Eye. "Eatin' five po'k chops, dis lick, hunh?"

"Not to you gits 'em cooked," asserted Bugaboo. "Go git busy cookin' me dem po'k chops and 'taters, 'cause I'm hongry. And den come hyar."

Mink Eye spread five chops upon the grill and returned to Bugaboo's table. "I figgered y'all boys'd git in to-day, so I got some new gin—"

"No mind de gin tawk," Bugaboo stated. "Looky hyar." He pulled his twelve silver dollars from his pocket and piled them in a heap upon the table. "Now watch what I'm fixin' to do."

He picked up one dollar and set it aside. "Dis is a Thursday dollar," he said. And, picking up another dollar, he placed it in another spot on the table. "Dis is a Friday dollar." Then he continued the assorting process, calling "Thursday, Friday, Thursday, Friday" until he had two equal stacks of silver dollars.

"Now, Mink Eye," he said, "I'm puttin' dis Thursday money in my pockets. And you take dis Friday money and hold for me to in de mawnin' when I comes in to git hit."

"You want me to keep dis six dollars, hunh?" asked Mink Eye.

"Yeah," said Bugaboo. "Dat's my Friday money which I'm gonter save to Friday so's I won't be broke and lonesome when Friday git hyar."

"Sposin'," speculated Mink Eye, "I forgits to give you dis money when you axes me? Sposin' I forgits you gimme hit?"

Bugaboo grinned. "You got a roof on yo' house, ain't you? Well, efn you forgits to gimme dis money, even efn I don't ask for hit, well, I'm gonter take you by de heels and knock de roof offn dis house."

Mink Eye laughed, took the six dol-

lars, and served Bugaboo a slug of raw gin. "Whet yo' appetite up for dem po'k chops and 'taters," he explained.

The pork chops and potatoes were served presently, and Bugaboo consumed them with businesslike method. He got up, handed Mink Eye a dollar from his "Thursday" allotment and, with five dollars in his pocket, he went out upon the street to paint such a picture of joy as should happen to pop into his mind.

The first thing that caught his attention was a garish poster in front of a moving-picture establishment. It was the picture of a man with hairy pants on, riding a pitching horse over a high cliff and into a pool of water, below.

"Ah, Lawd," chuckled Bugaboo. "Ride dat hoss, in de river, son! I'll pull you out quick as you hits de water!"

"He sho' do ride him, now, don't he?" The voice came from a woman who stood near Bugaboo.

Bugaboo turned and saw a bright-skinned young woman with a friendly smile on her face. "I say he kin ride him," agreed Bugaboo. "And de doctor can't do him no good!"

The woman laughed. "I bet you can't ride dat ole buckin' hoss like dat man kin," she offered.

"I bet I kin, too, efn I had me a Texas saddle and some hairy pants," Bugaboo declared, "and I ain't no hoss rider, neither."

"What kind er rider is you?"

"I'm a steamboat rider. I rides de steamboat to she moans and groans."

The woman laughed again. "I don't blame de steamboat f'm moanin' and groanin' wid a big ole thing like you ridin' hit."

Bugaboo stuck his hand into his pocket and pulled out a dollar. "Hyar," he said. "Go over yonder at de window and buy us some tickets to see dis man ride de hoss. And jest keep de change."

"I knowed you was a lonesome spo't quick as I seed you," the woman said. "I said to myse'f, I said, 'I bet yonder is a big, good-lookin' rounder which is a dead game spo't, but he ain't spo'tin'."

'cause he ain't got no lady friend to go spo'tin' wid.' I said, 'I bet efn I was a good-lookin' woman, I bet I could make friends wid dat big sapsucker.' Dat's jest what I said."

Bugaboo was happy all over. "You must be a good-lookin' woman, den," he assured her, "'cause you sho' done made friends wid me. My name is Bugaboo. What's yo'n?"

"Alberta."

"Well, Alberta," said Bugaboo. "I used to sing a song about a lady named Alberta. Hit say like dis:

'I would give you mo' money den yo' aprons can hold,

Poor Alberta, don't you grieve about no dime.

'Cause de doctor can't do you no good.'"

"I don't need no doctor when I got you, Big'n," Alberta laughed.

The show was dull so far as Bugaboo was concerned. The stuffy air of the theater, the flicker of the picture before his eyes, and the five pork chops, a mountain of potatoes, and a slug of wild gin in his stomach, all combined to put him into restful slumber.

When the picture ended Alberta shook him awake and led him outside. The streets were dark, save for the occasional carbon electric lights that flickered and clattered overhead. "I bet I'm gonter take dis change I had f'm de dollar," she told him, "and go buy I and you a drink er gin. You likes gin?"

Bugaboo took another dollar from his pocket and gave it to her. "When you uses up dat change," he said to her, "take dis dollar and buy us some more gin."

He guided her back to Mink Eye's. The place was fairly crowded with night revelers. The waiters were busy serving food and drinks. A jangly upright piano in the corner was being performed upon by a tall, yellow man. Everybody was gay.

Alberta ordered two drinks of gin. The drinks were ten cents each, and she had seventy cents change from the dollar with which she had bought the show

tickets, besides the whole dollar Bugaboo had given her. But after the third drink Bugaboo emptied his pockets of money. "Take dese three dollars," he said, "and keep on buyin' us some more gin. I'm got a gin cravin' in my soul, and de doctor can't do me no good."

But Alberta was getting mellow, too. "Nawp," she said. "I ain't gonter buy you no more gin to drink to I gits up and sings me a song."

"Sing dat song, gal," urged Bugaboo, "'cause I'm makin' me some fun, and I craves me a heap er singin'. Go on and sing me dat song at me."

Alberta got to the floor and asked the piano player to "gimme a chord." She sang:

"Drink a ba'al er Mink Eye's gin.

Drink a ba'al er rye.

But I ain't gonter drink no cawn whisky.

'Cause I 'fraid I'll die."

"Go on wid dat song, baby!" Bugaboo cheered. "De doctor can't do you no good!"

Alberta essayed another verse:

"Jest a little bit er whisky.

Jest a little bit er gin.

Doctor say hit'd kill poor me.

But he didn't say when."

The patrons joined Bugaboo in cheering the second verse, and Bugaboo, who was having more fun than he knew how to handle sitting down, got to his feet and joined Alberta.

"Now, you done sung dat song," he said. "Now, le's I and you dance. Le's do de po'k chop dance!"

"I don't know dat dance," confessed Alberta.

"I don't neither, yit," Bugaboo laughed, "'cause I'm jest fixin' to make hit up, now. Us'll git hit started and spread out as we goes along."

He caught Alberta by the hand and started walking around in a small circle.

"Play us some music," he told the piano player. "Somethin' kind er slow and jumpy. So's I kin tawk and dance, too."

The piano player improvised some kind of happy foolishness, and Bugaboo began, "Well, I went in and told Alberta, hyar, I say, 'Alberta, I wants me some po'k chops.'" He did an intricate shuffle with his feet to simulate the decision for pork chops. "Now, Alberta," he directed, "you take and dance a few licks and say us ain't got no po'k chops."

Alberta, catching the spirit of the dance, did her steps and said, "Us ain't got no po'k chops, son." And she added out of her own imagination, "You know po'k chops don't grow. You can't have no po'k chops unless you go buys some."

Bugaboo did another step. "Well, efn hit ain't no po'k chops hyar, I'm gonter go git me some, 'cause I'm pyore po'k chop hongry." And he danced to the butcher shop.

"Now Alberta," he directed again, "you got to be de butcher whilst I buys some po'k chops."

He danced up the butcher shop steps and ordered four pounds of pork chops, to the stop-time of the piano. Alberta laid the pork loin on the block and cut off each of the dozens of chops that were needed to make the four pounds. She sliced the meat with a knife, and when she struck the bone, she sawed through it, hissing through her teeth to imitate the noise of the saw, and doing a graceful side step to give her body the motion of wielding the saw. She put the chops on the scale and weighed them, and had an extended argument with Bugaboo about the price. Finally she wrapped them up, and Bugaboo took them and danced home, where Alberta, now in her original role, broiled them. Then the happy couple ate them, and finally fed the bones to the dog—all to the stop-time improvisations of the piano player.

Everybody was hilarious. Bugaboo and Alberta were the center of attraction and the recipients of many drinks. Mink Eye broke his long-standing custom and treated. The patrons fol-

lowed suit, and the two dancers soon were literally flooded with gin.

"I ain't never had so much fun in my life!" exclaimed Bugaboo. "And de doctor can't do me no good!"

But after all the human system can stand only so much of Mink Eye's gin, and under the shower that followed the dance, Bugaboo's system soon reached that point. He went to sleep.

When he awoke it was morning. He was sitting in his chair with his arms and head resting on the table. The room was empty, save for a sleepy-eyed cook and Bugaboo. And the room, which the night before had presented such a joyous aspect, was a dreary, sordid place that morning. The place reeked with odors—food, dead cigar and cigarette butts, and stale gin.

Bugaboo raised his head wearily and surveyed the scene with a heavy eye. "Ugh!" he grunted.

"You's awake, hunh?" asked the cook. "I thought you wan't never gonter wake up. Mink Eye say let you lay dar and git yo' nap out—"

Bugaboo turned a bleary eye upon the cook, passed a dry, thick tongue about his lips, and groaned again.

"What de matter, son?" pressed the cook. "You ain't feelin' sick, is you?"

Bugaboo once more surveyed the landscape, stupidly, this time. "I don't know whar I'm at," he grumbled, "but I bet to-day's Friday."

"You bets right," confirmed the cook. "Now, hyar's dem six dollars which Mink Eye say I got to give to you quick as you wakes up."

Bugaboo put the money into his pocket without enthusiasm. "What I wants," he announced, "is some cawfee. Hot and black."

The cook served the steaming hot drink. Bugaboo tasted it and grimaced. "Boy," he said, "I told you I wanted some cawfee."

"Dat's cawfee," the cook maintained.

"You go look and see efn you didn't git mixed up, son," Bugaboo said.

"Go see efn you didn't wash de dishes in de cawfee and put de dish water in de cawfee pot."

"Go on and drink dat cawfee, son," the cook grinned. "You needs hit. Or maybe efn hit ain't strong enough, maybe I kin find somethin' in de jug somewhars which is."

The cook presently brought out a slug of gin. Bugaboo raised it to his lips, but something grabbed him by the throat and choked him, and his stomach began jumping up and down inside him. He set the drink down, untouched.

After looking at the coffee and the gin for several miserable minutes, he got up. "Hyar, take dis dollar for dat stuff," he told the cook, "and keep de change."

"Naw, suh," grinned the cook. "Mink Eye say after last night, you can't pay for nothin' in dis place. He say you jest ax for what you wants and hit's yo'n."

But Bugaboo didn't hear; he stumbled out the door and into Saratoga Street.

Saratoga Street looked no happier than the inside of Mink Eye's. Already the sun was shining hot upon the open gutters, bringing up offensive odors from decaying refuse. The houses were jammed too close together, and emitted odors of people too closely congregated together.

"Ugh," groaned Bugaboo. "Old Friday sho' done crope up on me again."

Suddenly a shutter of one of the houses flew open, and a woman stuck her head out. She was a sorry-looking woman, bleary-eyed, with tousled hair, and a sour expression on her face.

"Hey, dere, you!" she called.

Bugaboo stopped and turned. "You heyin' at me?" he asked.

"Yo' name is Bugaboo, ain't hit?" the woman asked.

"Maybe," he admitted. "How come?"

"Well," said the woman, "come hyar and git yo' money."

"Which money?"

"Yo' money," she repeated. "You

gived me a dollar to buy de show tickets, and dat was only thirty cents. Den you gived me one more dollar and three more dollars to buy gin wid. And I didn't bought only but three drinks er gin for me and you, and dat's sixty cents more. And thirty cents for de show and sixty cents for de drinks outn all dem five dollars you gived me, well, dat leaves four dollars and a dime. Hyar, come git hit."

Bugaboo blinked his eyes. Faintly he began recalling things. "Yo' name must be Alberta, ain't hit?"

"No mind what my name must be," she retorted. "Take dis money and don't argy wid me."

"Well, Alberta," Bugaboo said with feeling, "you sho' don't look as good dis mawnin' as you did last night."

"You don't look so handsome, yo' ownse'f, you soot-colored ape," she came back. "Come git dis money and go on about yo' business."

"Aw, don't worry me," grumbled Bugaboo, "go on and keep dat money."

Alberta leaped through the window and grabbed Bugaboo viciously. "Don't you come tryin' to give *me* no money!" she yelled. "I'm a nice lady and I don't take money f'm *no* man. I works for my money. Washin' and ironin' clothes! And you, you baboon-wid-his-tail-rubbed-off, you gonter take dis money, or else I'm gonter call de police!"

"Aw, shet up," growled Bugaboo. "Gimme de money and git back in de house. Hit makes me sick to my stummick to jest look at you. I don't like you nohow."

Mechanically he turned his steps toward the Bienville Street landing. His head hurt and his stomach floated around inside him like a balloon.

There was much activity at the landing. The *Kersweg* was almost loaded and ready to pull out for the Teche country. The *Andes* would follow soon, as far as Baton Rouge. A long stream of freight toters went back and forth on the *Tennessee Belle*, like so many ants, stowing away cargo for the Bends.

But the old *John D. Grace*, her unloading process completed and the reloading not to begin for hours, rode high in the water.

Bugaboo climbed upon a stack of cottonseeds and lay down. Although freight toting in New Orleans was strictly work for stay-at-home men who toiled by the hour, and no self-respecting roustabout would stoop to such work, Bugaboo almost wished that he was toting freight instead of lying upon the cottonseed. He rolled upon his back and looked straight into the sky overhead. He wasn't sleepy. He wasn't hungry. He just had the Fridays. He lay still, feeling terrible, for a long time. The sun rose higher and shot its straight rays through his black skin.

Hours later a group of women came to the wharf and stood about, waiting for the steamer *Ouachita*, which was due in from the tributaries in the middle of the afternoon. Their chatter annoyed Bugaboo and once more he put his troubles into a song:

"Women chatter like a old guinea-hen.
Don't say nothin' I want to listen at.
Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawdy, Lawd."

The chatter ceased immediately, and one of the women—one with a quick tongue and fast words, spoke. "Boy," she said, "you sho' is singin' a crazy song."

"Cou'se I'm singin' me a crazy song," he growled, "'cause I'm crazy."

"Hit sounds purty good, even efn hit is crazy," the woman said. "Sing some more at me."

"I ain't singin' at you." Bugaboo remained flat on his back, not even interested enough in the fast-talking woman to roll over and look at her. "Y'all womens jest tawk and tawk and tawk to you drives a man crazy. I swear! Ev'y since y'all been hyar, I ain't hyared nothin' but 'chippy-chippy-chippy-chippy'—jest like a drove er jay-birds argyin' about which one is gonter eat de worm, did they had a worm to eat! How'm I gonter git any sleep wid all dat kind er racket goin' on?"

"You wan't sleepin'," the woman reminded him. "You was singin'."

"How'm I gonter sing, den?" demanded Bugaboo.

"You had done quit singin'," the woman argued. "You was jest layin' up yonder, like a old possum on a log."

But Bugaboo was mad. "Well, how'm I gonter lay up hyar like a possum on a log wid a bunch er y'all feist dogs yippin' and carryin' on at me?"

"Well," conceded the woman, "go on and lay. Lay! And hatch, too! And I'll bet when you hatches, you'll be a buzzard!"

Bugaboo almost grinned at that smart talk. But he didn't. The Fridays had him too strongly. He just lay still, feeling sorry for himself.

Presently, the *Ouachita* whistled for the landing, and he rolled over. In a few minutes the roustabouts had her moored in her berth and were receiving their final dollar of wages from the mate. The women paired off with their men and lost no time getting off to the good-times that awaited over back of town for roustabouts with a payday. That is, all the women except one. She stayed and argued with the mate about something.

Bugaboo could not hear what she was saying and, although she was not fast-talking with the mate, he could tell that she was the same one who had annoyed him a few minutes before. He watched her, mildly interested.

Presently the woman walked away. She was crying a little, Bugaboo noted. He poked his head over the side of the cottonseed pile when she passed and called to her.

"What you want?" she demanded, gruffly.

"Somethin' de matter, hunh?" suggested Bugaboo.

The woman looked at him, hard and cold. "None er yo' business," she said.

"Shawt-tawkin' me don't he'p yo' troubles none. I got troubles my ownse'f, and shawt-tawkin' don't cyore

'em. Now, come on and tell me what de trouble before I smacks you down."

"Yancey," the woman whined. "He didn't comed back. He was jue back, but he didn't git hyar. Cap'm Sam say he quit de boat at Monroe and went off wid a gal up de river."

"So dat make you cry, hunh!" snorted Bugaboo. "Cryin' about a man which is done left you!"

"He was jue back wid some wages," wailed the woman. "And I had done quit my job er work on account er hit wan't no sense in me and him bofe workin'. And now I ain't got no work, and I ain't got no money, and I ain't got—"

Bugaboo emptied the money from his pocket and handed it to the woman. "Hyar," he said, "take dis money and stop yo' blubberin'. Now, you got money, and you don't need to work. I swear! A blubberin' woman makes me mad jest to look at. Now, git!"

The woman's face brightened. "And money ain't de mainest thing I got now," she grinned. "I got me a big ole man like you to he'p me spend hit! You dat song-singin' man, ain't you? Quick as I hyared you singin' dat song, I says to myse'f, I says, 'I bet dat big scound'el c'd change my mind about Yancey.' I said, 'I bet I c'd love dat big old song-singin' sapsucker!'"

"Naw, you don't!" Bugaboo declared emphatically. "I gived you dat money but dat ain't de sign I'm gonter love you. I ain't lovin' wid *no* woman!"

"And you don't love me?"

"Naw! I gived you dat money 'cause hit was a burden in my pocket—"

"But darlin'—"

"Don't you darlin' me!" Bugaboo exploded. "Git on away f'm me and let me be. Or else I'll take dat money away f'm you and chunk you in de river!"

The woman left. Bugaboo returned to his pastime of feeling miserable.

Nearing sundown, he went aboard the *Grace*, hunted up the cook, and asked for some supper.

Although his actual connection with the steamboat began with each trip that he made as a roustabout and ended when he received his final dollar pay when she was tied up at the landing, he always managed to talk Jesse Dunbar out of a few spare meals after his money was gone. Sometimes he had to beg; frequently he manufactured marvelous promises of return favors; and on occasions, when Jesse was especially obstinate, he threatened violence. But always he got food. And after enjoying a thoroughly miserable day, baking in the hot sun, the idea of an argument with Jesse appealed to him.

But there was no argument. Jesse greeted him the instant he poked his head above the boiler deck. "Hey, Bugaboo!" he called. "I been kind er watchin' out for you. I knowed you was jue to git broke and hongry before pullin'-out time, and I kotched me a big catfish which got to messin' around a hook I had in de river, and I got him all fried up brown. Open yo' mouf and see how he tastes."

Bugaboo feasted. Then he went below and to sleep.

When he awoke it was morning once more. Freight was stacked all over the main deck. All night the toters had worked, and the feverish activities continued well into the day. When he was up, getting breakfast from Jesse, he heard the captain tell the mate to hurry things along, as there were four thousand sacks of sugar to be loaded at Reserve.

Bugaboo grinned to himself. Friday was gone, now. Long gone. It was Saturday! He busied himself about the boat, assisting the driver in having the freight placed on deck, and the day sped by swiftly. Just before pulling-out time, he ambled ashore, joined the other roustabouts who were to make the trip, got his ticket from the mate, and led the crew down the gangplank with his own elaborate brand of the coonjine step. He was a happy man. Payday Thursday was gone. But so was old

Friday, too. And now it was Saturday, with a whole bunch of country landings and just enough freight toting to keep his appetite whetted before him! He was fixing to ride the old whistle-blowing, bell-ringing, water-churning *John D. Grace* plum up to Vicksburg and back again, painting a picture of pure joy all the way up and down, with finishing touches over back of town in New Orleans!

He had just completed one such picture and now he was beginning on another. But like all pictures, the picture he had just completed needed a few final touches—touches that would give it the desired balance and feel. These touches were not made until the *Grace* had squared herself in the river and actually was churning her way up stream. Bugaboo was on the forward main deck, comfortably sprawled upon some grain bags. Around him were other roustabouts, bragging and talking of the fun they had had on their holiday.

"Shuh!" he snorted. "Y'all boys ain't made no fun. You had jest ought to see me! Hit was a lady over back er town named Miss Alberta. And Lawd, Lawd! Me and dat good-lookin' heifer done us a po'k chop dance at Mink Eye's dat was more fun den I kin shake a stick at! I axed her to cook me some

po'k chops, and she say she didn't had none. So I danced all de way to de butcher shop to git some, and Alberta she was de butcher and she sawed 'em off for me! And when dat gal started sawin' dem po'k chops off! Ay-eigh! De doctor couldn't do her no good!"

"You don't saw off po'k chops," objected one of the rousters.

"Who don't saw off po'k chops?" demanded Bugaboo.

"De butcher don't," stated the objector. "He chops 'em off! Dat's how come dey's po'k chops. He takes his cleaver and chops 'em off."

"Dat what de butcher do, hunh!" snorted Bugaboo. "Well, did de butcher jest git one look at old good-lookin' Alberta standin' flat-footed up in de floor, zizzin' wid her teeth and rockin' herse'f on her laigs whilst she's sawin' off dem po'k chops, well, I bet de butcher gonter th'ow his cleaver away and buy him a saw! Lawdy, Lawd, Alberta! Quick as I gets back to N'Awlins I'm gonter hunt you up and make you saw me off some more po'k chops! Lawdy, Lawd! I'm crazy about dat woman, and de doctor can't do me no good! I done had me so much fun I'm tired er thinkin' about hit. Now, y'all boys git on away and leave me git a little sleep agin all dat sugar totin' up de river."





THE FUTILITY OF FARM RELIEF

BY JOSEPH STAGG LAWRENCE

FARM relief has become the bitter article of political strife. It has burst the fraternal priesthood in the temple of politics into hostile factions, and we find ourselves as a nation engulfed once more in a savage sectionalism which has closed our hearts to charity, forbearance, and the golden rule. If we examine the list of political issues which most frequently find the front pages of the press we discover how seldom the national stake is considered and how often narrow local interest provides the driving energy of advocacy. This is true of the tariff, flood relief, taxation, prohibition, and most emphatically of farm relief. It is seldom realized that the states of New York and Pennsylvania—certainly not to be found among those clamoring for aid—produce farm crops whose total value exceeds the aggregate worth of all the crops of North and South Dakota, Idaho, and Montana. Farm relief is a sectional issue.

Why relieve the farmer? Many other industries have had their seven years of famine without provoking the beneficent solicitude of Uncle Sam. For years the bituminous coal industry has been battling against a pervasive and persistent depression. Yet there were no proposals on the part of the state to open a royal road to credit for the coal miner, no schemes for the control of surpluses, no involved calculations to demonstrate the "remunerative" price which the miner must receive for a ton of coal, no reverberant declarations of economic equality between the miner and the industrial worker, and no

"revolving funds" to peg the price of coal at compensatory levels.

Consider the case of the railroads. In the desperate drive for victory during the late war their direction was assumed by the state. The competitive interests of individual lines were suspended. Freight rates were maintained at sub-compensatory levels so that the productive ardor of the farmer and manufacturer might not suffer. The stockholder of railroad shares? Well, this was war, and the denial of dividends but a paltry sacrifice in the great cause. The conflict terminated, the roads were passed back to their owners. The sacrifices which wartime service had entailed left some of the properties in a stricken condition.

The Government could not abjure its responsibility. With a magnificent gesture Congress appropriated a revolving fund of three hundred million dollars to be loaned to impecunious railroads—at six per cent and on adequate security. The administration of this fund reveals the fact that not a dollar was loaned whose repayment was not fortified by every security which a private banking house would demand. A number of small lines in extreme want were denied loans simply because the Interstate Commerce Commission would not assume the risk. It is pertinent to note that the interest charged—six per cent—exceeded that which the government in turn paid. Because of the meticulous caution of the Commission the fund showed no losses. Because of the differential in interest charges its operations returned a definite profit to the

treasury. This lucrative precedent is not destined to be repeated in the case of farm relief.

In the past the farmer has been the object of favored legislation. But conditions have changed. Food has departed from the spotlight of human wants. Famine, that gaunt and spectral horseman of the Apocalypse, no longer has any terrors for us. However, the agrarian bloc to-day holds the balance of power in the national legislature, and the farmer with a certain professional aptitude is making hay while the sun shines. Formerly, he was the object of the state's benign attention because, in more ways than one, he was the backbone of the nation. His political representatives to-day will, on the slightest provocation—or no provocation at all—asseverate the ancient claim. A little attention, however, to the oratory of these raucous spokesmen will convince the listener that a grave error in anatomical identification has been made. Whatever it may have been a century ago, the backbone has apparently become a mouthpiece.

In the last five presidential campaigns, the farmer has been wooed ardently, necessitously, and probably indiscreetly. This farmer is not the one who tills the soil in New York or Pennsylvania, but rather he who votes in those states of the central and northwest from which the insurgent and radical agrarian Congressional bloc comes. The aid which he has received and is receiving is merely an expression of political blandishment.

In extenuation of the farmer's insistent demand for relief his distress is pleaded. The picture of this suffering, as drawn by his political spokesmen, is subject to liberal discount although it contains a measure of truth. Since when is the victim of those vicissitudes which attend economic fortune entitled to state charity? The grain farmer of the central and northwestern states is in difficulties because he has failed—either through disinclination or positive inability—to accept that deflation which

has exacted its penalty in every other industry.

The value of a farm is determined by the value of the products which it turns out. When land produces wheat that sells for \$2.50 a bushel, it is worth more than when wheat sells at \$1.00 a bushel, though it produce the same quantity in each case. Such a drop in the value of the product compels a complete reappraisal of plant. Capital values must be revised and losses written off. This is an old and sad story to the American business man. He took his medicine in 1921 and 1922. The farmer is unwilling or unable to take his medicine. Instead of writing land values down, he is asking Congress to write wheat prices up. Obviously, dollar wheat cannot sustain land values based upon the inflated prices of wartime.

There is an element of genuine difficulty in the farmer's position which must be conceded. He is not merely a perverse creature who resists the retributive processes of economics. The rapid rise of agricultural prices during and after the War stimulated speculation in farm land which consequently changed hands with unwonted frequency. These changes were accompanied by an increase in farm indebtedness as new owners acquired land and old owners sought to convert their paper appreciation into automobiles and other comforts. Where every \$100 of farm investment bore a long-term liability of \$8 in 1910, it sustained a debt of \$10 in 1920, and \$16 in 1928. In 1910 one-third of our farmers had mortgages on their property. To-day 43 or 44 farmers out of every 100 are in mortgaged debt. It happens that most of the fifty-seven free of debt live along the Atlantic seacoast, while most of those under long-term burdens are in the central and northwestern states. In this group of states approximately sixty per cent of the farms are mortgaged. North Dakota leads the list with 76.3 per cent of her farms pledged for debt.

Declining land values can wipe out the equity of the owner. They cannot release him from his burden of debt. That can be accomplished only through the purging process of bankruptcy. The creditor of the farmer is as reluctant to resort to summary liquidation as the farmer is to submit to it. Between the two the evil day has been protracted and postponed.

Other forms of industry have passed through the post-war vale of tears. The farmer is taking his punishment to-day. He deserves sympathy. Does his condition constitute such a grave emergency as to justify the heroic relief measures of the state?

Moreover, the farmer is not without comfort. Inventive genius has emancipated him from the dour drudgery of his forefathers. The painful toil of the archaic flail has long since yielded to the power-driven thresher; the back-breaking scythe has given place to the harvester; the slow, plodding hand-plow to the tractor. No longer does the farmer facetiously define his eight-hour day as "eight hours before dinner and eight hours after." He now has some of the leisure which the tide of industrial progress has bestowed upon his urban brother.

The day's work done, and after a refreshing bath and a well-balanced meal he seats himself in an upholstered armchair under the subdued rays of an electric bridge lamp and, turning on the radio, he tunes in on the jazz music of a distant city. Or—the town is only fifteen miles away. In the daily paper, delivered to him on the day of issue, he notes a movie that appeals to him. With his family he piles into the car and, in less time than it takes the Bronxite to get downtown, he stands before the glittering lights of the Golden Palace.

It is a matter of record that the pre-Revolutionary farmer had but one suit of "good" clothes which was tenderly cherished and, with the family Bible and other heirlooms, passed on to the oldest son at time of death. Even so

late as the ante-Great War days the stage offered constant and burlesque testimony to the distinguishing character of the countryman's garments. To mention these matters is but to affirm the great change which has come upon the farmer. He is now as other mortals. Their pleasures are his. So likewise their mode of attire and the comforts with which kindly progress has endowed them.

Just one thing churns in the farmer's craw. He has moved ahead. By all odds he has moved more rapidly and farther during the past decade than in any other similar period in history—but—his urban brother has done even better. There is the rub. There lies the *disparity* about which such copious and bitter tears have been shed. It has created profound discontent among the farmers of the non-industrial areas; and the politician with his highly sensitized antennæ, ever seeking states of mind which may profitably be exploited, has discovered here a virgin field of bilious complexes.

It is always a matter of some social consequence when Mrs. Smith is able to buy a fur coat far beyond the purse of Mrs. Jones. The latter suffers not in any material sense of the word. Yet an invidious distinction has been created which tends to disrupt the community morale. The farmer is now in the position of Mrs. Jones. He is human, and we must not condemn him for reactions to which in similar circumstances we should fall easy prey. Something should be done about it.

II

The farmer's "plight" is due to three causes. We may label these briefly as a lag in productive efficiency, the domination of uncontrolled crop-surpluses, and the illogical trend of farm aid.

The suggestion that agriculture is lagging in the general advance toward greater productive efficiency may startle the reader no less than the farmer

himself. Let us examine some of the criteria of effectiveness in production. The first is the size of the unit, whether farm, bank, power station, steel mill, or factory. Greater size is usually indicative of better team work and co-operation. It means that one hundred have learned to pull together where formerly only fifty could manage without getting in one another's way. It means, furthermore, that the hundred would not continue to work together unless they could produce more than twice as much as a group half the size. Ever since Watt and his legendary tea kettle ushered in the industrial revolution, our producing units have been moving forward relentlessly to greater stature. Has the farmer kept pace? Let us see.

In 1900 the average farm in this country contained 146 acres—in 1925, 145 acres. In the same period our banks have doubled in size. Our factories, on the basis of horse-power consumed, were four times as large in the latter year as in the former, while our steel mills and blast furnaces have grown fivefold in the same period. In so far as size is the expression of effectively correlated effort, the farmer apparently has been marking time.

If we glance at the output per individual during this quarter century, we find that the farmer's performance compares quite well with that of workers in other fields. Using approximate proportions, we can say that two farm workers in 1925 accounted for as much output as did three in 1900. This is as good a record as the factory and railroad worker can show, although not as good as that of the miner, whose output during this period has doubled. The fact that the farmer has made such progress in spite of a failure to seize the advantages of large-scale production indicates that farming benefits readily from mechanization and that the possibilities of high productivity in this field have barely been scratched.

The second shadow on the farm hori-

zon is the problem of surplus crops. The farmer complains bitterly about prices which contain no profit. He raises cotton at a "cost" of eighteen cents a pound, and must sell it at sixteen cents or not at all. The wheat producer alleges that it "costs" him \$1.25 to raise a bushel of wheat for which he gets less than \$1.25. The salutary ozone which he inhales on the farm and the outdoor diversions which his occupation provides constitute inadequate compensation. They are a form of currency which the tax-gatherer and the marketplace will not accept.

The estimated "costs of production" mentioned above should be accepted with a grain of salt. It is possible to establish a cost of production for wheat varying anywhere from fifty cents to three dollars. There are more than three million farms in this country, and the cost of producing a single crop is probably not the same on any two. Much depends on the area consulted in the calculation and the farm group which provides the figures. Furthermore, the costs will vary from year to year, depending upon the charity of the elements and the variation in the cost items.

The cost of production has very little more than nothing to do with the price of wheat. The price of wheat is determined in a world market by the most elementary and yet most profound rule of economics, supply and demand. As far as the American farmer is concerned, the price he receives for his wheat is not satisfactory. The fact of his discontent is of greater concern than the relationship of the price to a strained and hypothetical cost of production. The price is unsatisfactory because he, the American farmer, produces in the aggregate more wheat than can be sold at a "compensatory" price. The only way in which that elusive price which would content the farmer can be attained is through a reduction of the amount of grain offered in the market. Such a reduction in turn can be effected only

in one of two ways: a destruction of the surplus which has created an unsatisfactory supply, or a diminution in the acreage devoted to the production of the grain.

It is of interest to note that the much discussed McNary-Haugen and export-debenture plans addressed themselves to the first solution. Both contemplated the disposition of the surplus and the maintenance of an artificial and relatively high domestic price. Each plan involved such a radical departure from traditional American political philosophy and the creation of such a colossal structure of officialdom as to drive conservative and sober-minded leaders to despair. The cost of establishing these Gargantuan devices was to rest upon the Federal Government. Most of the revenue collected by Washington comes from the wealthy and urbanized East and Middle West. That is why these plans looked so attractive to the would-be beneficiaries of the South and Northwest. Something for nothing! The illusive grail of costless relief dangled before their eyes. It is the key to the vehemence and persistence of farm-relief agitation.

III

The public is scarcely aware of the extent to which the agrarian advocates have realized and exceeded their original program. Of the many schemes for the salvation of the farmer none received so much attention or enlisted so completely the support of the farm group as the McNary-Haugen Plan. Under this plan only that portion of a particular crop would be marketed in the United States which could be sold at an "adequate" price. It was a frank policy of restriction of supply. The surplus would be sold in the markets of the world at any price it would bring. The loss sustained in the sale of this surplus would then be pro-rated among the profiting American producers. Dubious as this scheme was, its cost,

through the equalization fee, was to be met by the intended beneficiaries. Uncle Sam, it is true, would have been saddled with the odious role of supervision and enforcement, and an army of officials would have been created to carry out the experiment.

Has the Farm Marketing Act, passed under the Hoover administration, in any way spared this country the unsavory consequences of the McNary-Haugen plan? The working out of the Farm Marketing Act is rapidly assuming a form which makes the rejected alternative method seem innocuous by comparison. The McNary-Haugen Plan contemplated an artificial, controlled price for staple farm products. Present farm relief has achieved precisely that. The former plan proposed the removal of the surplus from the American market. What else, pray, is the purchase of cotton and wheat at a fixed price above the market leading us to? Both plans solemnly affirmed an intention to help the farmer help himself. Under the conservative provisions of the McNary-Haugen plan the farmer levied upon himself for the cost of the experiment. Under the Farm Marketing Act the farmer levies upon the taxpayer.

We have intimated that the present plan of farm relief is more vicious in its implications and more inequitable in its incidence than the McNary-Haugen plan. The clear implication in the premise of the act holds that it is the duty of the state to establish that parity in economic power among various groups which the law presumably guarantees in the political field. We have thus recognized in statutory terms the fundamental premise of the Soviet State. Yet we pretend to a sanctimonious abhorrence of Bolshevism and make short shrift of our indigenous communists.

Farm relief to-day strikes at two groups, the taxpayer and the independent grain merchant. The \$500,000,000 appropriated by Congress to grant succor to the needy farmer comes

from the Federal Treasury. The statute refers to it as a "revolving" fund, and that is a euphemism of sweet sound. If the Farm Board buys wheat at one price and sells it at a lower price, even the most elementary intelligence can perceive that the fund will gradually approach zero. It is a matter of some consequence to the taxpayer to know that the loans made from this fund have vanishing qualities somewhat like the loans which enthusiastic alumni make to good football players who enter the right college. It is a matter of still greater consequence to him to know that he is cast in the role of the philanthropic alumnus.

Let us identify this benevolent patron as well as the protégé whom he is supporting. The latter consists chiefly of those grain-producing states known as the West North Central group—Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas. These seven states contribute a little less than 5 per cent of the total internal revenue which flows into the Federal Treasury. Almost two-thirds of the auriferous stream that finds its way to Washington each year comes from seven other states, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan. The bulk of the cost of farm relief is paid by the tax-paying citizens of the latter states. The bulk of the benefits passes to the farmers of the former states.

In addition to exacting the means of relief from our more affluent citizens, the current experiment in economic equalization is striking ruthlessly at the property rights of an innocent group of citizens. The independent grain dealer has been striving to earn a modest livelihood as the marketing agent of the farmer's crops. The farmer has cherished a profound though unwarranted resentment toward the grain merchant. The latter has been the point of contact between the farmer and those iniquitous outside markets which have refused to pay him a proper price for his grain.

In most cases he has been unable to see beyond the intermediary and has consequently visited upon him that accumulated bitterness which disappointment generates.

The grain merchant has held no patents of monopoly. If and when his business yielded an unfair profit, competition appeared to restrain excessive margins. The grain dealer played the game in accordance with those rules which prevail in an individualistic society. In a fair field without favor this entrepreneur served his community. He was always willing to pit his acumen against that of other men and face competition as the inevitable hazard of trade. Never did he suspect that the state in its pursuit of sectional and class gratification would complacently exterminate him. Yet that may come to pass. The government has entered the grain business. It has usurped the functions of the grain dealer and turned him out in the cold. A wanton gesture from the state, and his painstakingly established equity vanishes. He recalls the ancient charter of human rights: no man shall be deprived of property without due process of law. Instead of compensation he is tossed a literal veil of casuistry. He is merely another victim on the altar of social progress. A selfish group has no right to impair the welfare of a great class. Let him join the saloon keeper and the brewery owner.

Nor can we ignore the effect of this experiment on the state itself. In 1922 a great American who had just completed a mission of mercy in war-torn Europe wrote a little book called *American Individualism*. It is a glowing apostrophe to the American creed and is lighted in spots by a vision truly apocalyptic. It was written by Herbert Hoover.

Seven years of contending with economic degeneration, with social disintegration, with incessant political dislocation, with all of its seething and ferment of individual and class conflict, could not but impress me with the

primary motivation of social forces, and the necessity for broader thought upon their great issues to humanity. And from it all I emerge an individualist—an unashamed individualist. But let me say also that I am an American individualist. For America has been steadily developing the ideals that constitute progressive individualism.

. . . the Government has become through its relations to economic life the most potent force for the maintenance or destruction of our American individualism.

To curb the forces in business which would destroy equality of opportunity and yet maintain the initiative and creative faculties of our people are the twin objects we must attain. To preserve the former we must regulate that type of activity that would dominate. To preserve the latter, the Government must keep out of production and distribution of commodities and services. This is the deadline between our system and socialism. Regulations to prevent domination and unfair practices, yet preserving rightful initiative, are in keeping with our social foundations. Nationalization of industry or business is their negation.

Is farm relief the knell that summons America across that "deadline"?

The second specific for crop overproduction is the curtailment of acreage. The essential soundness of this solution collapses before the impossibility of its realization. It calls first for a degree of co-operation which the farmer constitutionally and chronically is incapable of achieving. He has ever been a lone wolf and has opposed with dour passivity any attempt to adopt the collective system. The annual advice of the Department of Agriculture relative to desirable acreages for the coming season he regards with cynicism. It influences his conduct only if he thinks his neighbors are likely to accept it. With characteristic, provincial shrewdness he then does the precise opposite. If his neighbors decide to curtail wheat acreage in order to secure a higher price, then that is exactly the occasion for an increase in his own. The farmer is an inveterate and incorrigible individualist. In the second place, curtailment is a sacrificial remedy. It calls for the

negation of productive capacity. The cost of the experiment falls upon the farmer, and the hazards are substantial.

As the political representatives of the farmer see the matter, the cost of one solution of the crop surplus falls upon the wealthy taxpayer and the great corporation. The other solution takes place at the initial expense of the farmer. If it is the purpose of the state to achieve in economics that parity among the various groups which the Constitution assures in the field of politics, then there can be no choice. Let the state take care of the crop surplus. By the same token let the more prosperous classes through the instrumentality of the taxing power foot the bill. As the doughty and ever-audible Senator Brookhart has said, it will be necessary to kill off half the farmers before they will consent to acreage restriction.

IV

Digression is here necessary. Certain vicious and impotent palliatives are being condoned under the illusion that conditions in some inexplicable fashion will correct themselves, that the gentle passage of time will bring about natural changes to relieve harassed statesmen from an insoluble dilemma. Such optimism springs from the hope—not the reasoned probability—that the farm problem is temporary. Let us pinch ourselves. It has been "temporary" for the past nine years. The prospect of natural solution lies in an increase in the demand for the products of the farm which will afford that mythical "satisfactory" price for which the farmer is clamoring. This resolves itself into a comparison of population trends and the course of food production.

Population increases through an excess of births over deaths, and immigration over emigration. In 1885 we had an estimated birth rate of 35 per thousand. In 1915, this had declined to 25 per thousand and in 1928 to 19.7 per thousand. So serious is the decline

of our birth rate that a continuation of the drop registered in four years, 1925-1928, should give us a balance of births and "natural" deaths by the end of 1932. A little reflection will demonstrate the improbability of any increase in our birth rate. How many of our young couples plan to have more than two children and how many actually have two or more as compared with those who have but one or none at all? The growing economic independence of women, the increase in our divorce rate, the wider dissemination of contraceptive knowledge, and our higher standards of living all provide but one answer—a declining birth rate.

Prior to the War we could, on the average, count each year on an addition to our population from abroad of six to seven hundred thousand immigrants. This has declined to a trifle more than two hundred thousand, and there is no indication of any relaxation in our immigration policy. The application of the national origins quota and the imposition of restrictions upon immigration from countries in the Western hemisphere may further constrict this human stream.

Taking all these factors into account, it is not improbable that we shall have a stationary population varying between one hundred and forty to one hundred and fifty million people before another generation has passed.

It is an error, therefore, to expect our much extolled growth to provide a solution for the farm problem. As a matter of fact, there are factors on the supply side which further aggravate it. Farm output has kept pace with population since 1899. Certain changes have taken place which have compelled the farmer to place a larger portion of this output upon the domestic market. We have referred to the mechanization of the farm. Every tractor is capable of displacing from two to four horses. The tractor consumes gasoline and oil while Dobbin demands hay and oats. When the latter retires, he leaves the

acres devoted to his support for other purposes. The Department of Agriculture has estimated that the tractors now on American farms have released more than twenty-five million acres formerly set aside for our toiling quadrupeds. This area exceeds the total crop land of the nine states composing the New England and Middle Atlantic group.

Better seed selection, the intelligent use of chemical fertilizers, amazingly revelatory animal husbandry, one and all they inflate that aggregate of food with which the farmer greets a diminishing market. When Malthus formulated his dismal concept of population he based it on the premise of a growing population pressing upon a means of subsistence outstripped by human fecundity. Time and progress have forced the facts observed by Malthus through an arc of 180 degrees. To-day, we are confronted by the means of subsistence pressing upon population. Our statesmen are struggling desperately with a surplus of food.

Nor are we meeting the situation in the most intelligent manner. Our leaders, erroneously assuming the temporary character of the emergency, are applying stimulants which necessarily aggravate the very evil from which we are seeking to escape. In the golden age of monopoly satisfactory prices were obtained through a strict control of the supply. Every student of elementary economics is familiar with the paradox of value and the illustration supplied by the East India Company. The paradox consists of the fact that a small supply of a commodity will often bring a greater aggregate market price than a much larger supply. It has often happened that a lean year in cotton will bring the farmer more than a year of abounding crops. When the East India Company on making port found a supply of spices still on the market, they dumped some of their cargoes into the sea knowing that they could get more for the remainder than for the original total.

The entire trend of farm relief legislation is illogical and calculated to defeat its own purpose. Certain clear and elementary economic principles apply. *The maintenance of stable and remunerative farm prices requires conscious and deliberate control of the output.* That is our first axiom, hoary with age and validated by centuries of experience. *Under any given set of conditions any increase in the output will result in lower prices and any decrease in output will conversely bring about higher prices.* That is our second axiom.

Nevertheless, every step which the state has taken to "relieve" the farmer has overtly ignored these principles and tended on the contrary to increase output without regard to demand. In 1916 we created a system of Federal Land Banks and private Joint Stock Land Banks. Through the sale of tax-exempt bonds the farmer was accorded privileged access to the money market. It enabled some farmers to buy land who otherwise could never have secured the wherewithal for purchase. It fostered the development of marginal lands whose products competed with those of fertile and productive areas. This was notably true of the cut-over lands of northern Wisconsin and Michigan and the Triangle Territory of Montana. Uncle Sam has spent hundreds of millions of dollars in irrigation and reclamation projects, the effect of which is to increase the total arable farm land at a time when the farmer is suffering from too much land under cultivation. Finally he has appropriated the enormous sum of \$500,000,000 out of the Federal treasury to lend to farm organizations to enable their members to hold their crops for better prices. In the case of cotton and wheat, loans have been made exceeding the market value of the crops offered as security. The admitted purpose is to peg the prices of these crops at levels "remunerative" to the farmer. Aside from the vague promises of the Farm Board and the pietistic adjurations of the Department

of Agriculture, not a single effective measure for the control of output has been taken.

V

What of the future? The Farm Board is gradually accumulating the American surplus of cotton and wheat. Existing storage facilities are groaning under the strain. They were not designed for any such colossal experiment in market control. The Board, with courageous logic, is constructing additional warehouses. Its future course discloses two alternatives. It can hold the surplus acquired in one year over to another. The American surplus for the year 1929 is approximately 400,000,000 bushels. The surplus of cotton is less definite. It is not impossible that 1930 will prove to be another bumper crop year. The assurance of a remunerative price by the Farm Board will scarcely reduce the acreage planted to cotton and wheat. Whither then? On the other hand the Board may take the surplus and dump it on the world market for anything it will bring. This will lead to protective measures by other governments who are in no mood to see their own farmers victimized by the exigencies of American farm relief. We grant that protection to our own producers. Retaliatory measures will further restrict the market, reduce the price received, and increase the losses borne—by the American taxpayer. Neither fork of the road leads to an agreeable destination.

Furthermore, the experiment in addition to destroying the marketing machinery created in the days when American individualism was a fact and not a fiction will cause heavy investments by the Government—paid by the taxpayer—and create a new body of vested interests together with another bureaucratic army of officials. Such a structure cannot be swept away in that distant hour when reason will demand a reckoning.

The initial \$500,000,000 appropriated

to "facilitate" the marketing of farm products is merely the prelude to further exactions. This fund, within the spirit of the act, is being capably administered. In Mr. Legge and Mr. Teague the Farm Board has two exceptionally able business men. A capable business executive sits in the White House. It is too much to expect things to be ever thus. Farm politicians are itching to get their hands on all that hard cash. Hundreds of millions have already been spent for reclamation and irrigation. If the final total of farm relief is reckoned in anything less than billions, we shall be extremely fortunate. And the ultimate irony of it all is that it is not likely to relieve the farmer.

Since billions of dollars are going to be spent, why not try a solution that is more in accord with the tested principles of market control? First, a complete abandonment of all irrigation and reclamation projects as well as the closing of all public lands still open for homesteading. Second, the purchase by the state of all marginal farm lands and their complete retirement from cultivation.

Marginal farm land refers to that land under cultivation which barely yields the husbandman a return on his efforts. With it he earns no more than if he sold his services to another. Such land is worth nothing at all. There are millions of acres under cultivation which do not yield the operator as much as he could get in the form of wages elsewhere. Through lack of perception, sheer inertia, or a speculative hope for a turn in values, he clings on. The wheat and cotton coming from such lands competes with the products of profitable farm land no less effectively because it fails to yield a return to the cultivator. If we grant the categorical premise that the farmer must be relieved, then the purchase of this marginal land is by all odds the least vicious solution of the problem.

The proposal is fortified by some precedent. The Commonwealths of Pennsylvania and New York discovered that the cost of providing governmental services, free mail delivery, schools, roads, and police protection to certain sparsely settled rural communities was not justified by the value of the property served. The respective states have acquired such areas by purchase and closed them to settlement. The economies effected have fully justified the purchases.

The investment need not be a total loss. Our dwindling forests have given us considerable concern. We could reforest much of these lands, and in twenty-five or thirty years recover a part of our investment.

Farm prices are suffering from too much farm land. The remedy lies not in a pegging of prices but in a reduction of acreage. Our suggestion, we confess, is a radical approach to farm relief. The plan betrays many weaknesses of a practical nature. Where a choice must be made of the least of many evils, it would be folly to pretend perfection. Our little scheme is merely a modest challenge. Is farm relief on the right track?

We are impelled to raise once more those greater questions. Are we conscious of the price we are paying for group and sectional privilege, a price written in terms of taxpayers' funds, the summary sacrifice of an unoffending class, the creation of a new horde of officials, the unblushing participation of the state in the "production and distribution of commodities" and the utter vitiation of American individualism? What manner of man is the American farmer that we should resign supinely our precious patrimony and embrace the odious and blighting premises of state socialism? Is farm relief worth the price?



MASTER BUILDER

A STORY

BY LEE FOSTER HARTMAN

MRS. SADLER, with tear-dimmed eyes, looked out upon a melancholy landscape, as the special train, bearing the body of her husband, made its way westward. Jerome Sadler, ripe in years and achievements, was dead. Across the continent the newspapers of the nation carried the announcement in black headlines, while the telegraph wires were laden with the picturesque story of his career. Prospector, miner, railroad-builder, financial magnate: it was a typical chronicle of American super-achievement, from penury to multi-millions; and a new-world empire lay witness to it. Through a vast sector of the continent, once a stubborn, unclaimed wilderness, Jerome Sadler had thrust the thin wedge of his railroad by sheer, grim persistence. Forests had been felled, rivers spanned, mountains pierced. And in time the prairie had blossomed into wheat farms, towns had sprung up, and the smoke of industrial centers now blackened the once empty skies. He had been one of the last of the nation's builders, and he had built well.

It was through this vast domain, over the straight, shining rails of steel which he had laid himself, that the special train now bore his body westward to the once lowly town of his humble origin. Sadler-ville it had been renamed long ago. In the center of a green open square, fronted by tall office buildings, including one of the Sadler banks, was a massive bronze statue of the master builder who had brought prosperity and fame to the place

of his birth. Although for two decades the Sadler mansion in Chicago had been one of the imposing show-places of that city, its humble predecessor in Sadler-ville remained a kind of historic shrine for visitors, and to Mrs. Sadler would always be "home."

Everything about her in the now somewhat outmoded private car bore reminder of the many trips which she and her husband had made together in it. She herself had named the car "Sunnyside," after their camp in northern Minnesota, to which Jerome Sadler liked to escape from increasing business cares in order to smoke and fish, and where Mrs. Sadler—in the years after the children were grown up and they were much alone once more—could cook for him herself, unhampered by a retinue of servants. For the first time in their many journeyings together they were now separated: in the baggage car ahead his body reposed in an imposing bronze casket, banked with floral tributes that choked the thick air with a cloying scent. Behind the "Sunnyside" was attached the sumptuous "Royalton," loaned by the friendly president of another road, for the further accommodation of the numerous Sadler family—sons, daughters, daughters-in-law, grandchildren; and last came a Pullman occupied by representatives of the press.

The train wound its way through a vast, prosperous land, over which October had thrown a somber, russet mantle. Mrs. Sadler, holding a black-edged handkerchief to her tremulous lips, gazed

wanly out at a familiar landscape. She knew every mile of that long journey, visioning it from a retrospect of many years: the broad fields and rich farms, the thriving, prosperous towns, the striving industrial centers that seemed to thrust up chimneys almost overnight. At every turn the past merged with the present and with the portentous future, testifying to Sadler's vision, courage, and enduring strength. Each stage of that forlorn processional had its reminder of him; each familiar landmark brought its pang to her heart. She remembered these towns when they were mere outposts of civilization, struggling to establish themselves in a vast alien wilderness. She remembered how year by year the flat brown prairie land had yielded before the advance of the wheat's billowing green, and the little homesteads had begun to dot bravely the unbroken plain. And she remembered her husband's glowing pride in it all as the years mounted and they watched the culmination of the miracle he had wrought.

Now she seemed to be making the journey utterly alone, for the children and the grandchildren around her hardly seemed to count; and never had the trip "home" seemed so slow and so long. It was taxing the last of her ebbing strength. At every station where the train drew in for a brief halt, she could see gathered a curious but hushed crowd with uncovered heads. There would be brisk, important looking persons wearing white badges labelled "Committee." She could see the station trucks, laden with fresh floral offerings, wheeled slowly forward to add their tribute to the already choked baggage car. Gentlemen from the Chamber of Commerce or the Municipal Council, conspicuously silk-hatted and dressed in black, bore resolutions of sympathy tied with purple ribbon, which would eventually be brought to her private compartment and placed in her hands. At each new testimonial of this sort, her tears would start again. And then the train, with a long shuddering jerk, would lurch forward, and

the slow processional resume its course.

Her grandson, Paul, was an excited and highly interested participant in this unprecedented adventure. He had been garbed in a new suit of black, with a jaunty black sailor tie at his throat. He had been told, and was aware in his childish way, that grandpa was dead; but the novelty of this strange journey, the throngs at the railroad stations, checked any stirring of grief. He was never quiet for an instant on this extraordinary train, where he was free to roam wherever he liked. He had penetrated into the Pullman in the rear, where he had fraternized with the newspaper men and come to know them by name. With his cousin Barbara, two years his junior, he had explored the mysteries of the buffet kitchen, and now he was back in the "Sunnyside" again, invading Mrs. Sadler's compartment.

"When do we get to Sadlerville, grandma?"

"Not till this evening," the little white-haired woman answered in an empty, tired voice.

"Will there be a brass band at the station?"

"I don't know, dear. Why don't you go and play with Barbara?"

The boy ignored the question. His nose was pressed against the car window as some passing object drew his attention.

"What's your father doing?" she asked at length.

"Playing bridge with Uncle Bert and Aunt Daisy and Aunt Genevieve."

Mrs. Sadler's eyes closed sharply as if at some sudden hurt.

"I wish they wouldn't—not now!" And then after a silence she added, "Go and ask your father to come here, please."

Paul ignored the request. Instead, he demanded suddenly, "Will they be selling black balloons instead of red ones at the station?"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Mr. Sparks said they would. He's one of the reporters in the back car."

"He was only fooling you, dear."

Just then a tall, hard-faced man of forty, Lynch Sadler, her eldest son, entered the compartment. He frowned at the boy, and said, in curt, parental tones, "Get out of here, and stop annoying your grandmother."

The boy went.

"Lynch, I wish you wouldn't play cards. It don't seem right—" Mrs. Sadler's voice broke, and the black-bordered handkerchief went to her eyes.

Lynch Sadler frowned and looked down uncomfortably at his cigarette. "It's a deuce of a long trip, mother," he said lamely. "Got to do something to kill time."

"But think of your father . . . in the baggage car . . ."

Lynch gloomed uneasily under the rebuke. "Well, it wasn't me that got up the game. Daisy and Bert were crazy to play, so I said I'd sit in."

"And you're playing for money?"

"You'd hardly call ten cents a point money," he defended. "Good Lord, mother, you can't play for nothing."

Mrs. Sadler leaned back with a heavy sigh. As usual the children had their way, as they had always had it. "I wish you wouldn't," she pleaded weakly, gazing out of the car window.

Lynch said nothing. The hand, in which he was dummy, would be about finished, he reflected, and the next deal was his. He rose slowly to his feet, and cast a vague look around.

"You all right in here by yourself? Got everything you want?"

Mrs. Sadler nodded absently without replying, and Lynch left.

For a while her old misgiving about the children troubled her. They were grown now and had taken their place in the world, all except the youngest, Jerome, Jr., who was in college. Their six successive births and their early rearing had spanned the stretch of years when her husband was in the thick of his superhuman achievement which had absorbed all his energies. He had hardly been aware of the increasing family

growing up around him. All his time and thought were so inexorably demanded elsewhere. But the children had been looked after—the tide of wealth that had begun to mount had made that an easy task to delegate to other hands; and Jerome Sadler had that genius beyond all other men of knowing where his personal attention was vitally demanded and what he could safely leave to subordinates.

Bert Sadler, one year younger than his brother Lynch and in many respects a replica of him, glanced idly out the car window while Lynch swiftly dealt the cards for a new hand. Suddenly his face darkened with annoyance.

"We're coming to another town, and it's a big one," he announced in disgust. "Somebody else has got to play reception committee to this next bunch of plug hats. How about Raymond taking a turn at representing the family? Where's he keeping himself?"

At this mention of the wastrel of the Sadler clan, Lynch merely shrugged his shoulders. He had not spoken to his brother Raymond in five years, following a violent quarrel with him, and only their father's death had compelled their presence together on the same train, where they kept aloof from each other in a sort of cold truce.

"He's treating the reporters to drinks in the rear car," said Lynch indifferently. "The conductor tells me there's quite a spree going on back there."

"Trust Raymond to improve a chance like this," grumbled Bert.

"I think it's disgusting!" said Daisy, who was Bert's wife. The fact that she was not a Sadler born but came of a New England family that had acquired affluence and social position before the War of 1812 was a fact that Genevieve Sadler, now Mrs. Robert Griscom, could never quite forget, and which she felt sometimes tinged Daisy's sardonic comment in a family discussion. Now Genevieve bridled.

"I never see you passing up a sixth

cocktail if the shaker holds out," she said tartly, gathering up her cards and sorting them with a hawklike eagerness. She was all for the rigor of the game. "Did you pass, Lynch? I bid three spades."

Daisy regarded her sister-in-law with a supercilious smile. "So sweet of you, Genevieve, to bring up my failings." She studied her cards vindictively. "Four hearts!" she announced.

"Double," said Bert.

Lynch frowned. As he debated over his hand, the train began to slacken speed and the wheels of the car jolted over switches. Grimy warehouses and factories swept past.

"Pull down the window-shades, somebody. We don't want a lot of rubes staring in at us."

Daisy snickered. She secretly disliked Lynch, who as eldest son took precedence in the family councils over her husband Bert. His concern for the proprieties of the occasion now stirred her cynical mirth.

"Do it yourself, Lynch," she retorted. "You're the head of the house now and guardian of its reputation."

"Pass four hearts, doubled," Genevieve cut in on Daisy's comment. "Try and make it!" She gathered her cards defiantly together, hoping for a slaughter, and glared at Daisy.

"Yes, darling," said Daisy sweetly.

In the rear Pullman, where a haze of tobacco smoke filled the air, Raymond Sadler held the center of the stage among a group of newspaper men. Raymond was only thirty-two, but his hair had already taken on a tinge of gray above the ears; a weak, ingratiating smile lighted up his face, which looked a little sodden and pallid.

Born almost a decade later than his brothers Lynch and Bert, when the Sadler fortune was mounting to considerable proportions, he had not shared the rigors of their earliest boyhood. The harsh, sturdy Sadler fiber in him had been softened by indulgence. He had

spent four desultory but expensive years at Harvard, where he had developed a taste for clothes and sports. A trail of squandered gold had marked his later progress through Paris, San Remo, and Vienna. He had acquired the minor vices of Europe, as well as a blasé, man-of-the-world air. For his native West he had come to have nothing but a bored contempt, as well as for his older brothers Lynch and Bert, since they could not comprehend how anyone should care to live east of Chicago or pursue anything else than a money-making career.

"I never did understand what fun the old man got out of this God-forsaken country aside from the easy money to be made out of it," he confided to the group around him. His protuberant and slightly bloodshot eyes regarded the drab landscape with infinite boredom while his half-filled glass hung limply in his hand. "It's nothing but a boosters' paradise, overgrown mushroom towns, choked with Ford cars, Rotary clubs, and Boy Scouts. Realtors yapping at every corner about its being 'God's own country.' As if the poor saps knew anything about God's taste in real estate, or had ever seen a civilized part of the globe. I'd as soon live in China. Or in the Balkans, where men are men without making such a noise about it."

"You've said it," Sparks warmly agreed. He was ready to agree with any pronouncement made by a man about to inherit millions of dollars. Besides, he and the other reporters were aglow with Raymond's superb Scotch whisky, which the latter dispensed with a lavish hand.

"What time is it?" their host inquired.

Half a dozen watches were outthrust on sycophantic wrists. "Half-past four, Mr. Sadler."

"This must be Centralia we're pulling into now," added Sparks.

"Let's have another drink," said Raymond. "And porter," he called to the Pullman attendant, "see if you can't rustle on board a case of Apollinaris at

the next stop, while the town boys are up in front doing their stuff. Damned if I like this club soda."

Hilda Sadler, Lynch's tall, angular, and somewhat formidable wife, was sitting in a secluded corner of the "Royalton." At length she tossed aside a translation of Andre Gide's *Les Faux-Monnayeurs*, in which she had vainly tried to become interested. It was a stupid story, and she could make nothing of it. She wished that she had a novel as good as *The Sheik*, which she still remembered fondly, or better still, some motion-picture magazines filled with rotogravure pictures. But she had neglected to provide herself and had to make the best of what reading matter Phyllis Sadler had brought with her.

She couldn't understand Phyllis's taste in books, nor did she, in fact, understand Phyllis. She did not know her very well. Phyllis was twenty-five—with the exception of Jerome, Jr., the youngest of the Sadler children. She had vague artistic ambitions, which had inclined her to an aloof and independent existence. Inheriting something of her father's stubborn resolution, she had contrived to detach herself from the family circle, and she now lived most of the time in Paris, where she painted fitfully in the *ateliers* and spent her life in other ways wholly mysterious to the Sadler clan.

Hilda yawned, covered her mouth with her hand, and then inspected her carefully manicured nails. Her fingers were heavily ringed with unpleasantly large and expensive stones, which Lynch had given her. He liked her to "dress the part," as he termed it, and she, too, felt that she would not be living up to her role as the wife of Jerome Sadler's eldest son if she did not display upon her person conspicuous evidence and reminder of the Sadler millions.

She took from her bag a small mirror and inspected her face and hair. She was far from beautiful, but she considered that she had a "good" face, and

she was always pridefully aware that she was Mrs. Lynch Sadler. Now she examined the state of the wave in her hair and wondered if there might not be a decent beauty parlor established in Sadlerville since her last reluctant visit there. After the burial of Lynch's father, she reflected with relief, she would never again have to make this long and tedious journey.

She fell to thinking again about Jerome Sadler's will and speculating as to the distribution of the estate among the six children. She was desperately eager that Lynch, as the eldest son, should receive the lion's share. She would not be happy unless his portion overtopped very measurably that which would fall to Bert and Daisy. Unfortunately, Bert was only a year or so younger than Lynch, and old Jerome Sadler had always treated his two oldest sons very much alike. She suspected that Stanley Price, his confidential secretary, knew more about the terms of the will than he would admit, but she had never been able to pry or wheedle any definite information out of him.

Where was Stanley, by the way? Probably improving the opportunity for a *tête-à-tête* with Phyllis. A smoldering jealousy broke again into flame. Stanley Price, it was becoming more and more evident to her sharp observation, was slipping out of her grasp. Although several years his senior, she loved him secretly with a desperate intensity which she had never felt toward Lynch. But since Phyllis's latest return from Paris she had detected signs of a change in his attitude. She would have to have it out with Stanley, she reflected, her lips tightening to a hard line. Thank Heaven, Phyllis wasn't interested in a man like Stanley, or in any man for that matter.

Jerome, Jr., wandering aimlessly through the train, at a loss for amusement or occupation, halted to watch the card game. He did not care for bridge, which he felt was too intellectual to be a

pastime. He stood at Lynch's elbow, indifferently observant of his older brother's cool, dexterous play. It was the rubber game, and the spirited bidding had carried Lynch to five diamonds, which Genevieve had promptly doubled. A grim tension filled the silence. A card accidentally slipped from Bert's hand, which he hurriedly caught up.

"Exposed card!" said Lynch sternly. "Put it down."

Bert laid on the table the nine of spades. Lynch studied a moment. The ace, king, and ten of spades were in the dummy hand; he himself held three to the knave. He led a spade from his own hand, Genevieve on his left played one of the three low spades she held, and Lynch drew the ten from dummy.

"Play the nine," he commanded his brother, who held the queen.

Genevieve instantly divined that by this maneuver the doubled contract would be made and the rubber won. She flung her cards down on the table and turned furiously upon her brother.

"You're a dirty, low-down sneak, Lynch Sadler!" she assailed him in a voice tense with rage. "So help me God, if I ever play with you again as long as I live!"

"Shut your mouth!" said Lynch angrily. "Are we playing the rules, or aren't we?" he demanded.

"Rules—rubbish! If you make Bert play the nine, I'm through. And what's more, you can wait till hell freezes over before I settle for this rubber!"

"So you're a welcher, are you?" sneered Lynch.

"I wonder how much of this Mother Sadler can hear in her stateroom," interposed Daisy in her maddening, mock-sweet tones.

"Shut up, all of you," said Bert morosely. "This is getting to be one hell of a trip, and I tell you right now that when we start back to Chicago Daisy and I are going to take a train by ourselves."

"Suits me," said Lynch.

Jerome, Jr., wandered off from the card-table. Being cooped up on a train in this fashion, without companions of his own age and kind, made him glum and restive. He had been abruptly called away from college in the very thick of the October football activities because of his father's death, and he gloomed over his hard luck in not being able to play in the game with Northwestern on Saturday. He had brought some text-books along, for he was seriously behind in his classes, but he had not opened them. When his sister Genevieve said to him sharply, "Why don't you go and sit with mother for a while?" he had listlessly obeyed, chiefly because he did not know what else to do with himself.

"Hello, mother," he said awkwardly in his big, booming voice, as he looked in at the apartment where she kept her lonely vigil by the car window.

Mrs. Sadler regarded her youngest son. Everything about the nineteen-year-old youth was large, heavy, ponderous.

"What were Lynch and Genevieve quarreling about?"

Jerome, Jr., shrugged his broad shoulders and looked down at his white-and-black, wing-tipped shoes. "Oh, nothing," he answered.

"Have they stopped playing cards?"

"I'll say they have!"—the youth grinned broadly.

There fell a silence. Jerome, Jr., yawned, took a gold-mounted fountain pen out of his pocket and aimlessly inspected it.

"Say, mother," he began at length, in a wheedling, querulous tone.

"What is it?"

"Can't I have an airplane when I go back to the university? A lot of the fellows have them, and there ain't any of them as rich as we are."

"Why do you bring that up again?" his mother pleaded in a choked, unhappy voice. "You know your poor father absolutely put his foot down on it. If he were alive to-day—" Mrs. Sadler's words broke off, and she began to cry.

The youth frowned uncomfortably at the floor. "But mother, there really isn't any danger—"

Mrs. Sadler, weeping softly into her handkerchief, was no longer listening. Presently Jerome, Jr., got ponderously to his feet and wandered away. He was always getting a tough break, he told himself. The other fellows had air-planes. Well, he was going to have one himself, and he thought he knew how privately he could get it. And once secured, he would like to see anybody take it away from him.

His sister-in-law Hilda would have to come across with the money. Not that Hilda was likely to hand over five thousand dollars of her own free will. She was the tightest one in the family. But Jerome, Jr., calculated that when he told her what he happened to know about her and Stanley Price, she would consider his silence a good investment. And this trip seemed as good a time as any to have it out with her.

Night at last had fallen, and the train pursued its way through a black, obliterated land. Sadlerville would be reached in the course of a couple of hours. The imminence of that arrival had begun to weigh upon the thoughts of the Sadler heirs.

"Mother's had some tea and toast, and I've persuaded her to lie down and take a nap," said Phyllis, returning to the dinner table set in the "Royalton," where the family still lingered over coffee. The grandchildren, Paul and Barbara, had been convoyed away by Hilda's maid. The last of the dinner dishes had been removed by the negro steward, who brought ash-trays to the table. Then he had discreetly vanished.

Raymond, lounging at one end of the table, produced a silver flask from his pocket and poured some of its contents into his half empty water-glass.

"Give us a drink, Ray," said Bert.

"Help yourself, but the flask doesn't go farther."

Lynch, who sat just beyond Bert,

flushed darkly, but he ignored the remark just as he continued stubbornly to ignore the existence of his brother Raymond at the other end of the table. He turned to Hilda. "Want a drink, old girl? Have the steward bring that bottle in my stateroom. How about a drink, Phyllis? It might pep you up."

"Thanks, I will," Phyllis promptly accepted. "One needs it after a dinner like this."

"What's the matter with you?" tartly demanded Genevieve, regarding with cold asperity the *chic* Paris frock which her younger sister was wearing. She could never buy anything like that in Chicago. She resented in a way the comfortable independence that Phyllis had gained for herself by taking her life into her own hands and living it abroad. Instead, she had chosen to marry Robert Griscom, and while Robert was capable, kind, and attentive to her, she felt that her status in the family had become somehow subordinate. Robert, not being a Sadler, was quite overshadowed by Lynch and Bert.

Dinner had been a dull, lugubrious affair, for the quarrel between Lynch and Genevieve over the card game still hung oppressively in the air. Now and then some question was raised regarding the arrival at Sadlerville and the arrangements for their reception at the station. The family *en masse* would have to play their ceremonial part under the public gaze.

"Phyllis doesn't like us," said Raymond maliciously, catching up Genevieve's remark. He was sipping his glass in comfort, and quite willing to precipitate a battle of words between Genevieve and Phyllis, always at odds with each other because of a deep, inveterate antipathy. Phyllis had a spunky temper despite her schooling in old-world graces, and Raymond, who liked her because she was something of a renegade in the family, like himself, knew that she could more than hold her own against the entire Sadler field. Now he egged her on.

"Phyllis thinks we're a rum bunch."

"Well, aren't we?" said Phyllis, quite matter of fact.

"What do you mean?" Lynch broke in heavily from the head of the table. "Leave yourself out if you like. But the rest of us are one hundred per cent Sadlers. Say, listen. The money represented around this table could pretty nearly buy up the state. There isn't a newspaper in the country to-night that hasn't got columns about Jerome Sadler and us. Jerome Sadler, Master Builder of the West. We are his descendants and heirs."

Phyllis met this with a short, scornful laugh. "Little masterpieces. Just look at us."

"Well, what's the matter with us?" Bert stolidly demanded.

"Everything!" retorted Phyllis, "if you had eyes in your head. We're just a common, nondescript, mediocre lot, without a shred of distinction of any sort. All we've got is money. As biological specimens we couldn't take third prize at a cat show. We shouldn't even be entered. We're rolling in wealth simply because we were lucky enough to be born in a land that can't help but exude wealth upon any Tom, Dick, or Harry equipped with enough low-grade horse-sense to squeeze the juice out of an orange that is ready to burst. Father, bless him, was better than the best of them at that game, and that's why we're sitting on top of the heap."

"You be careful how you talk about father," muttered Lynch.

"Don't worry. I've got more real respect for father than you have. Not being blinded by all the wealth he piled up for us, I can see where he succeeded and where he failed—"

"Failed! Get that!" scoffed Bert.

"I can see where his real efforts were expended and where they weren't," Phyllis went on, ignoring the interruption. "And that's why to-day Sadler railroad stock amounts to something, and the Sadler live stock doesn't."

Bert eyed her balefully. "You're

one of these stuck-up, expatriated Americans, full of foreign notions, that ought to be run out and kept out of the country."

"Thank you, Bert. If you could be run out of this country long enough to get a few foreign notions, as you call them, you'd be a damn' sight better and bigger American than you are now. You're all just a small-town, provincial, middle-class lot, smug and self-satisfied, and you'll never rise above it, because you don't dream that anything better exists. The whole bunch of you have come to think that the sun rises in Chicago and sets in Sadlerville, and that this railroad in between is the backbone of the universe."

"This is getting rather tiresome, if you don't mind," interrupted Hilda, with an attempt at *hauteur*.

Phyllis quashed her cigarette and rose from the table. "Oh, I've finished," she said blandly.

"Atta girl!" cheered Raymond as she departed.

One by one the family drifted away from the table. The conductor came in with a telegram regarding some last-minute changes in the arrangements at Sadlerville.

"Give it to Mr. Price," Lynch directed. "He's looking after all those matters."

Daisy returned to counsel Bert. "Somebody ought to keep an eye on Raymond, unless you want him to disgrace the family when we arrive."

"I want to have a talk with Lynch," answered her husband. "About the estate. Go and get Genevieve."

Lynch shrugged his shoulders at this suggestion. "I tell you what you do, Daisy. Go and tell Price he's got to see that Raymond stays sober."

As she departed, Lynch turned to his brother. "One thing I want to say right at the start, Bert,"—he paused significantly—"it will be money in our pockets instead of the lawyers' if we agree in advance to keep everything on a

square and friendly basis from first to last."

"Just what I was going to say to you," said Bert, looking his brother directly in the eye.

"That's agreed, then? Nothing but square shooting. Shake."

Bert extended his hand and the compact was sealed. "Just the same, I shouldn't feel sorry if Phyllis happened to get the small end of it," he reflected aloud.

"Well, look here, I've got an idea about that. I think it's quite sound and will hold at law."

Black and purple drapings swathed the Sadlerville station, into which the train rolled slowly. Against the night sky electric arcs blazed harshly above a vast, hushed throng that surged and moiled about the halted cars.

Sparks, leaving the Pullman with the other reporters, gained a vantage point from which he could watch over the heads of the crowd the lowering of the massive casket, followed by masses of flowers, from the baggage car. The Sadler family descended and were escorted to waiting automobiles, which

were presently marshalled into the slow procession that bore the body of the Master Builder to the city hall, there to lie in state.

Sparks gazed upon the scene unmoved, but his mind was fitting it into grandiloquent phrases. He had already typed the story he was to wire back to his newspaper. It lacked only a few paragraphs—something colorful and poignant—about the arrival at Sadlerville, the hushed wait, the vast assemblage, the arrival of the body and the Sadler heirs.

This last was worth a special touch, he reflected, when presently in the telegraph office his pencil raced over the sheets of copy paper. In the flow of his fulsome description, he went on:

". . . a moving spectacle, sturdy sons and loyal daughters, with heads bowed in a common grief, marching in slow, impressive file behind the casket. . . . A stalwart throng of three generations, in which the great Master Builder might well take pride, united in a high, indomitable purpose to carry on his work, to emblazon on the Sadler escut—"

Sparks turned to the reporter beside him:

"Bill, how do you spell 'escutcheon'?"



OUR SUBSTITUTE LIVES

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

A CLEVER man of my acquaintance remarked in 1919 that the direst product of the Great War was propaganda. I have often pondered on that saying, and I think he was probably right. Certainly the propaganda habit fitted in, with devilish aptness, to the American vice of advertising one's own wares, one's own prejudices, one's own convictions, as if they had some right in themselves to be thus advertised. The American advertiser of anything not only conceals, he almost denies, any profit accruing to himself; it is of your welfare alone that he affects to think, and not simply of your material welfare. He nearly always makes the implication that to use the advertised object or wear the advertised opinion will make you a better citizen. By propaganda, I take it, our friend meant just that veiling of personal advantages under moral sanctions—not only concealing but somehow transmuting the greed or inaccuracy that lies beneath. Inasmuch as propaganda is usually a deliberate or a hysterical perversion of fact, it is a menace; and in so far as the exigencies of war fostered and defended propaganda, we may blame the War. But we were a splendid culture for the germ.

Another by-product of the War, less notable but no less insidious—it, too, arriving to minds prepared—was the substitution of inferior articles for good ones. Those of us who lived through the War as adults know that the best sections of the citizenry never complained of the Food Administration, never failed to abide faithfully by

its restrictions. Most of us saw why we must go without things, and went without them, uncomplaining. In America, to be sure, we never suffered the *Ersatz* ignominies to which Europe was subjected. (Even though at local Food Administration headquarters they did give us dreadful messes to eat and showed us how to reproduce them in our own kitchens.) “The best cuts,” my butcher used to say to me, in 1918, with an honest tear in his eye, “are all going to our soldier boys; and that’s the way it ought to be.” One agreed. But any housewife knows that some articles of food have never “come back” since the War. The best cuts seem still to be going to the soldier boys. Many inferior substitutes are still with us; and that is more difficult to understand.

If it were only a matter of food and drink—if it meant only that bread, and cereals, and oil, and vinegar, and marmalade, and a lot of unimportant staples, have been permanently cheapened or adulterated—we might adjust our palates and think of other things. Though food is, all in all, pretty important, still conquering races have been bred on bad food, and probably we ought not to take our bad food too tragically. The serious trouble is that we are over-docile to lowering of standards. We take too easily to substitutes. A palate, in the gastronomic sense, is important, perhaps, only as it shows the way to a nice discrimination in other matters. A man who does not know good pictures, good music, good books, good manners can yet be trained to know good food and drink. He can learn

through the most despised of the five senses the immensely important gesture of selecting some things and rejecting others on the score of quality. The man who will not drink bootleg liquor because it is raw or "cut" is perhaps nearer heaven than the man who will not drink it because of the eighteenth amendment. He is, at all events, rejecting something because it is, in itself, unworthy of him. From such beginnings come the choices which develop eventually into a moral code; on however low a plane, the distinction has been made between shoddiness and excellence, pretense and reality, between truth and a lie. The greatest peril in which we walk socially, at the present American day, may well be the peril of substitutes—foisted on us to some extent, no doubt, by mass-production and a false conception of democracy, yet encouraged certainly by a wartime inversion of values which made it as virtuous to pretend that saccharine was sugar as to stab a total stranger with a bayonet.

The humanist sometimes reflects a little sadly that the scientists, who now control us wholly, have not even been faithful to their own principles. The layman cannot easily separate applied science from pure science, since they are bred in the same laboratories. We can never forget that the scientist's claim to supremacy was based on his promise to seek and adhere to nothing but the truth, duly proved. He would never sell his soul to the Powers that Were: he would brandish his Q.E.D. in the face of all superstitions, sacred or profane, elect or vulgar. As he would take his stand always on the firm foundation of demonstrated fact, he could never be dislodged; he could not even be criticized; no unworthy motive could be imputed to him. His heart was more than pure: it was sterilized.

Now the humanist, in comparison, was in bad case, since his conclusions rested on material as arguable as human experience. He too wanted truth, but

it was a vaster, vaguer, subtler truth, at the heart of which mere facts sometimes danced disconcertingly, like motes. You could find exceptions to all his rules. He could rely on no body of moral and social knowledge which imposed itself ineluctably on all critics. Therefore, the men of science, and the public nose-led by them, contemned him. To those crystalline minds, he was "only old Kaa making circles in the dust." The humanist himself was fairly humble about it. He also was ready to be convinced by demonstrated facts. But he did venture sometimes to say, "Yes; and then, what?" In other words, since human experience was to him the chief importance of organic life, he wanted to know what science was doing for human experience. As long as the scientists confined themselves to statements about the nature of the universe, no one except the fundamentalists worried much. There were still twenty-four hours in a day. Even a mechanistic philosophy did not change the immediate problems of those twenty-four hours; love and work remained the chief preoccupations of the average man. Spectroscopy and palæontology and the like could not touch the humanist's conclusions, because he was concerned only with historic man on this particular planet. But when the scientist began to fiddle about with the common material of man's daily life, the humanist had to take notice and ask his question.

Now the creation (in the laboratories) of all sorts of "synthetic" stuffs may not seem, at first blush, to make much more difference to social life and human character than does the nebular hypothesis. Yet it does. I have never discovered that scientists were less sensitive to moral values than other men; outside their laboratories, they seem fairly human, even normal. But it is science, with its analyses and explorations and new-created formulæ, that has made possible all the profound alterations in our material civilization. Manufacturers harness scientific experts to their

factories, promoters to their projects; the scientists are deeply concerned in making our food, our clothes, our entertainments, our wars. It is due to the cleverness of the scientists that we live nowadays largely on substitutes. Since the moving spirit of modern democracy seems to be a militant unwillingness to let anyone have anything everyone else cannot have, business has employed science to teach it processes of mass-production. They may call it bringing the blessings of civilization within the reach of all; too often it means dumping an inferior product on fifty million people, and by inuring them to its use, permitting the superior product to be forgotten, if not lost. We accept these products because we know no better; we know no better because the spectacle and experience of excellence are lost to us; that spectacle and experience are lost to us because we have to live with these products. A perfect, vicious circle.

Not long ago I was talking at dinner with one of America's distinguished scientists, and happened to ask him if he thought modern inventions had made life pleasanter or the human race happier. Sadly, he shook his head; somewhat hesitatingly, he ventured the opinion that the laboratories had done much to make life more difficult, less valuable, to the civilized person. We were more comfortable, he positively opined, thirty years ago. Perhaps neither he nor I was young enough to move quite happily to the staccato rhythms of contemporary life.

A few days since, I saw a full-page spread statement in one of the popular magazines, signed by a musicians' union. (I forget the official name of the organization.) It was a plea to the American public to realize that they were losing music out of their lives; that the mechanical reproduction of musical sounds was not the same thing as the direct communication thereof from performer to listener, without mechanical intervention. I smiled rather wryly over it. Did it hope, for all its truth, to have any

effect? Would the hard-boiled commuter, reading the words, do more than grin, saying, "Yeah, those fellows are squealing because they're out of a job"? Out of a thousand perusers of their plea would they get one shiver of realization? I fear not. The hard-boiled commuter, never having in his life, perhaps, heard any real music, would not know that the musicians, however prompted by self-interest, were none the less uttering facts. I should be more encouraged than I am by the figures that show the spread in America of musical organizations, both amateur and professional, if I were not forced to realize that no sporadic attempts on the part of two performers, or fifty, to produce good music for themselves and their friends can hope to stem the advance of player pianos, phonographs, radios, and sound films. It is more educative, I firmly believe, to have heard, face to face, one symphony given by a first-rate orchestra—one symphony, yes, if only one, in a lifetime—than to have listened through long years, once a week, to the same orchestra brought half way to one through some mechanical device. I still cannot stop myself from being disconcerted when friends tell me they have just heard such and such a concert, and I find in the next breath that they have "heard" it over the radio.

A recent article on "The Twilight of the Concert Gods" makes the interesting statement that "only seventeen artists in the entire world can fill Carnegie Hall." "Musicians of distinction are abandoning their careers," says the writer, "and one hears of concert managers selling out and going bankrupt." The article ends on a cheerful note, hoping that these drastic changes may bring us closer to music. Yet the writer herself has given the whole situation away in one sentence: "Nobody who could be æsthetically satisfied by the turn of a disc would go out in the rain to a distant music hall." Of course not. The point is that we are becoming people who can be æsthetically satisfied

by the turn of a disc. The writer of the article saw love of music disseminated and increased by radio. That, indeed, is the great hope of all of us. The mechanical contrivance is invaluable while it attempts and pretends only to supplement our lack of opportunity; while it does not drug us into forgetting that the highest æsthetic enjoyment cannot be had at the turn of a disc—at least, not yet. It is not mere egotism that makes the great singer, the great instrumentalist, prefer to meet his audience face to face, to communicate with them, sway them, compel them, without static.

II

As one looks out as from a watch tower—and each of us must now and then so isolate himself—on American life, one sees a curious mingling, in the dynamic attitudes of his fellow-citizens, of speed and laziness. Never before have we gone so fast—and with so little effort. It is not as if we generated our own speed: that might, indeed, be a physical triumph. Elevators shoot us to appointments on the fiftieth floor; motor cars shoot us to engagements fifty miles away. For the young, athletics take the place of exercise; for the old, indigestion or golf. Road-work, which used to be the salvation of all of us, is confined to pugilists and track teams. Watch the advertisements and see how prevailingly they promise you peace or joy without striving. For a change of air they recommend the Antipodes, no less—and assure you that all trouble will be taken for you. We are to move as glorified freight, ever farther and to more romantically distant crannies, but still as freight. How well you will sleep, how thoroughly you will be amused, and how little thought you will have to take! What you will come back with—except German loot out of Eastern bazaars and a mileage record you can show to your friends—is not so clear. Thoreau once spent a week on the Concord and Merrimack

rivers, and got a lot out of it, one seems to remember. Stevenson did some immortal traveling, once upon a time, with a donkey. But these men more or less worked their passage. To travel successfully and richly, indeed, one has to work; but we are losing the sense of cause and effect as between work and pleasure. Machinery has not only reduced physical effort; by reducing it, it has made of physical effort either an athletic fad or an unfortunate economic necessity. There is a way of talking about mountains (I was led to note this recently in Switzerland) as if they were mere obstacles to transportation; there is also a way of talking about them as if they were nothing but material for Alpinist exploits; there is, too, a way of sitting heavily and humbly at their feet for a few moments at sunset, to watch them change shape and color—more respectable, no doubt, than the other two, yet not quite all that can be done with mountains. There is an intimacy to be won, by some fortunate people; not the restricted interest of the engineer, of the Alpinist, or the Cook's tourist: an intimacy that Thoreau doubtless won with his little rivers, Stevenson with his Cévennes; an intimacy won with mind and heart and body all working together to achieve and perfect knowledge. But it involves time and meditation, as well as effort; and we demand that our time be saved for us, and our meditation be done by others.

Time-saving, indeed, has become a fetish with us; yet no one asks for what purposes we save our time. To save the time of cooks, we eat canned and cartoned food; to save the time of the business man, we issue news sheets in tabloid form; to save the time of the artisan, we set up machinery; to save the time of the family on pleasure bent, we produce motor cars and install radios. Thus, presumably, we ruin our digestions, cloud our understanding of national issues, lose our sense of craftsmanship, unlearn æsthetic values, all to save time. Time for what? That, I

have not yet been able to find out. Perhaps, to read the books that affect to explain to us things we are positively unequipped to understand.

Some newspapers made editorial fun the other day of the mob that stormed the hall where some film or other was to make Einstein comprehensible. The chief problem among the learned is still, I understand, to decide whether the men on this planet who thoroughly understand Einstein's theories can be counted on the fingers of two hands, or on the fingers of only one. Almost certainly, those rioting thousands included no one who could possibly hope to understand Einstein to any valuable extent. We are flooded, in these days, with pseudo-serious books purporting to popularize—i.e., to bring within the comprehension of the common man—foreign languages, history, science, philosophy. Why the public is taken in, one does not quite see. No manufacturer thinks that he can explain the intricate workings and problems of his business, in one free evening, to an untrained, inexperienced youth. Are not the sons of American millionaires always being piously enjoined to start in at the bottom, work up, and learn the business? Starting at the beginning has become almost a sacred doctrine. Yet the man who preaches that sacred doctrine for his own branch of industry apparently believes that he himself can understand, in a few hours' casual reading, some subject that it needs equal years of special training and research to master.

Here, indeed, is where the substitute life becomes perilous to the community. Because of our false reading of democracy we look askance at any excellence not open to all. As if excellence were not, by definition, restricted! The principle of mass-production was not, I suspect, altruistic in origin; but it played into the hands of popular—in the literal sense, vulgar—vanity. Turn everything out in millions so that millions may possess it. And since there

are some things that cannot be possessed by millions, even in America, imitate those things, and produce the imitation on such a vast scale that it will flood out, and cause to be forgotten, the rare original. (Protective tariffs often help this process.)

I can remember shopping expeditions made by me, as a child, with my mother; I can remember that, if she was buying silk for a dress, she usually came back, after looking elsewhere, to Blank's. "Blank's for silk" was almost *de rigueur*. The feel of silk—how well I recall it, and what a pleasure went from life when we lost it! There is still silk in the world? Oh, certainly; but how many of us are sure of it, any more? I speak as a modest and far from inveterate shopper; yet is it not true that we are met at every counter by combinations of silk-and-something-else, by frank imitations, by materials that, whatever their luster, there is no sensuous joy in feeling?

This is no attack on a prosperous industry! The silk substitutes have come to stay, I have no doubt. They interest me, indeed, only psychologically. The cleverness of creating a silklike fabric out of sugar-cane stalks, or whatever the basis really is, I can only admire. What really perplexes me is the state of mind of the American women who are wholly content with the substitutes. Do they never miss the fine cottons we used to have? Have they so little sense of the quality of silk that they really think shimmer is all of it? Have their skins lost their sensitiveness? Or is it this abominable democratic vanity, which makes them careless of everything except the appearance of wearing what richer women wear? Surely it is the latter which makes the announcement of a fur sale sound like a diplomatic reception in the Balkans. Half the furs now worn by women have invented, non-animal, trade names. Now the only conceivable reason for this is that the furs are made out of animals we prefer not to be conscious of wearing

—or else that they are not fur at all. But why this state of things? Only, one supposes, because everyone must have fur, and the sables and seals and foxes of the world are not numerous enough to warm the whole race of women. True, we wear furs that our mothers scorned; skunk and squirrel are positively expensive these days. I can remember when mink was considered useful but not exactly handsome, and otter was just good 'enough for little girls' muffs. . . . The fact is that as soon as anything becomes fashionable it is then imitated for the whole population. In many cases the original is presently forgotten; it passes from the market entirely, while some substitute carries on. Often, it does not matter. Personally, I would far rather wear imitation rattlesnake or alligator skin shoes than carry about on my feet the cast integument of either reptile. My pride—what I have of it—is perhaps a little more real than false. One resents being compelled to use substitutes for things in themselves good; a substitute for something in itself barbaric or detestable may have its humble antiseptic merit.

III

What earthly difference can it make to our civilization, someone may ask, that women should wear one thing or the other, so long as they are decently clothed? What inherent nobility was there in silkworm or seal that you should regret them? None, perhaps. Yet the easy use of substitutes, whether for clothing, or food, or entertainment, has vicious results, both morally and practically. It is a matter of practical fact that the substitute is usually impermanent: it does not wear. With our modern fickleness, we do not so much mind this, since our possessions are to us temporary conveniences rather than continuing treasures. No one now wants to keep a silk dress, a fur coat, a wooden bedstead, a motor car very long. Therefore, we do not ask of them the

power to endure, unfrayed, unfaded, unbroken. A thing good in itself compels a certain loyalty, educates us, indeed, as we possess it. But nothing, I had nearly said, can be both fashionable and beautiful, or "good," for "fashionable" connotes the immediate decay of value. "Fashion" itself is a synonym of impermanence. Fashion obsesses us all; yet I believe we might have more opportunity of learning loyalty to a given object if objects were more generally worth staying loyal to. You cannot be loyal to a substitute, an imitation. It carries no virtue within itself. Perhaps you cannot put all the blame of substitutes on our fickleness; some of our fickleness can be imputed to the substitutes.

The art of cooking, the art of dress, I shall be told—the decent salad dressing and the feel of silk—are not very important. I think, on the contrary, they are. For it would seem fairly obvious that the way the peoples of the world have trained themselves into civilized habit is by the trial-and-error method, exercised on the commonest factors of their daily lives. "Hold fast that which is good" is not simply the utterance of a prophet; it is a counsel derived from hard-won collective experience. In most fields permanence is a positive element in beauty. The thing that would not last was usually the ugly makeshift. The house, the furniture, the linen and the damask, the ballad, the tale, the painting, the sculpture that were good were so well wrought that they endured. The flimsy and the ephemeral seldom add up to beauty. I am quite willing to admit that beauty was, for the folk, a secondary consideration; but when people spent their time and effort on making something that would wear, they were apt to stumble on beauty, if only because beauty comes chiefly from the perfect adaptation of an object to its essential purpose—which necessitates fidelity to fundamental laws of proportion and strength. People who make things slowly, by hand, cannot afford to make

things that will presently be superseded or replaced. Into them they must build quality and form. With quality and form goes beauty; and, as appetite comes with eating, so with the achieving of beauty comes scorn of ugliness.

It is too late to Ruskinize our civilization, even if we would; and most of us would not. We cannot go back to guilds, and no community of any size is going to attempt it. Perhaps it does not matter much that the stuff of our physical existence should be increasingly "synthetic"—if we could only stop it there. The danger lies in the fact that most people acquire their first lessons in discrimination, in relative values, on very humble material, and physical material, at that. The perception and rejection of shoddiness in food and dress and furniture are the first steps towards rejection of shoddiness in moral and social matters. The man or woman who has learned to put up, uncomplainingly (and, finally, unaware) with physical substitutes will learn the more easily to live in a morally and socially tasteless world. He or she will come to use opinions, ideas, standards that will "do." Thus, incidentally, we escape the strenuous business of judging things on their merits. No one, any longer, expects any new-created object to last. The biggest buildings in New York will be torn down before our children grow old. No house is built with the expectation that it will be inhabited by sons and grandsons. We may have inherited heirlooms, but we do not expect anything made in our own time to be, in its

turn, an heirloom. Our very books are "of the month"; and no one is taken in by easy prophecies of immortality, least of all the public which is looking forward already to the book of the next month. The popular lecture, the extension course, the correspondence school, the translations into the vernacular of scientific thought and historic theory, all admirable in intention, do us the disservice of continuing the substitute game. They tend, that is, to make us believe that in a few evenings we can do the work of years, that a few brief hours of attention are a real substitute for learning. As if "real substitute" were not, in itself, a misnomer! A substitute is something that will serve if you cannot get the real thing. When you live wholly on substitutes you become incapable of recognizing the real thing, since you have never experienced it.

A great many factors, of course, enter into the present decline of taste among us. The use of substitutes, I admit, is only one. The greatest peril of the substitute is its pretense. It pretends to feed our stomach, our ear, our eye, our mind, whereas it merely fills them, *tant bien que mal*. Canned food may not matter; canned music may not matter; canned thought may not matter: each one of the imitations may be in itself fairly harmless. But it is a chain of which not one link is missing—from near-silk to near-love and near-courage and near-loyalty is a gapless road. And in the crises of life you need the real thing, if you are to be something more than a near-hero.



TWO FLIGHTS IN THE FOG

AN AIR-MAIL PILOT'S EXPERIENCES

BY MYRON M. STEARNS

AMONG the pioneers of commercial air transport, in which millionaires and mechanics meet as Harry and Phil and Erik and Jack, E. T. Allen is known as Eddie. As a pilot he has "pushed mail" for years on the transcontinental run from Chicago to Omaha, from Oakland to Reno, over almost any division you care to mention. He has served as test pilot at McCook Field, the army proving-ground near Dayton, Ohio. He has been stunt instructor in the army. Experimenting with gliders in Germany, he has been flopped over on his back, a hundred feet up, to land a few seconds later in a tree and a few hours later in a hospital. He has flown helicopters, and crashed from fifteen feet. He has designed, built, and piloted planes of his own. He is a graduate of Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He has had more than six thousand hours in the air, which would mean, reckoned in distance, about as much as twenty-five times around the world. Recently he zoomed a new-model pursuit plane from the ground up to ten thousand feet and back in five minutes. He has been flying for more than twelve years.

Yet, among the men who fly mail, he is merely another good pilot. Bob Ellis has been in the air more hours than he. E. A. Collison—whom they sometimes call "No Collision Collison" because he has never had an accident—has flown a thousand hours more. So has Jack Knight. So has Arthur Starbuck. Frank Yager and Slim Lewis

have done two thousand more. Burr Winslow has flown across the Sierras more than one thousand nine hundred times. C. K. Vance can add another hundred to that. In the East, in the South, in the Southwest, there are pilots who are as good. Against Allen's six or seven hundred thousand miles in the air, E. Hamilton Lee has flown nearly twice as many—more than a million and a quarter.

Just as many of these men, who write "None" on their reports after "Records Held," "Achievements," and "Outstanding Flights"—just as they can equal or eclipse almost any adventure of Eddie Allen, so Allen himself can narrate episode after episode more dramatic than the two set forth below. In one week, at McCook Field, trying out new army planes, he had twenty forced landings in thirty flights. Once, with half the tail surfaces of his plane broken off, he sailed straight ahead, hardly touching his controls for fear of losing the rest, and made a perfect landing on Wright Field, twelve miles away. Once, when the crankshaft of a rebuilt Liberty motor broke, with the propeller and the front two cylinders of the engine dropping off, he ordered his observer not to jump (that heft in the rear cockpit was needed to hold down the tail of the plane after the loss of weight forward) and glided against the wind to the very edge of the airport, where the machine crashed without injuring either man. At night above the prairies, at dawn over the Sierras, at dusk above the Wasatch

range of Utah, he has had adventure after adventure. In 1927, above the Sand Point field, proving-ground of the Boeing Company, near Seattle, he ran out of oxygen at 29,000 feet while he was making a ceiling test of a pursuit plane; falling forward unconscious against the stick, he pushed the ship into a dive straight for the earth more than five miles below, with his motor roaring wide open. Eleven thousand feet he fell, that time, before he regained consciousness and miraculously levelled off, at 18,000 feet, safe.

The accounts of the two trips I am going to relate, however, though they may seem less blood-curdling than falling helpless two miles in a power-dive, strike me as significant. With a reasonable degree of drama—no man can fight for life above the clouds without furnishing those earth-dwellers of us who learn about it something of a thrill—they carry information and impressions about flying that are important. At least it seems so to me—and while I am merely a dabbler in aeronautical lore compared to pilots of the mail, I have already traveled many thousands of miles in the air as a passenger, and am beginning to fancy myself, in certain of the more general aspects, something of an authority on the subject. As a nation, we shall never become intelligently "air-minded," I believe, until we know more about the dangers and difficulties of flying, under adverse weather conditions, which these two episodes reveal.

II

Early one evening, in the winter of 1925-26, Eddie Allen took off from the Salt Lake City airport for Cheyenne, some 417 miles to the east. He was flying a De Haviland plane, with a full cargo of mail—about two hundred and fifty pounds. When he left Salt Lake it was already dusk. Night came on clear, with a crescent moon. Snow lay on the higher ranges, but there was none in the valleys between. He flew high,

with a good tail wind. For more than three-quarters of the way to Cheyenne there was nothing to bother him.

Then, nearing Laramie, he noticed that the lights of the town were dimmed by a low layer of fog, lying close to the ground. Over the Sherman mountains and to the east it grew thicker. The sky, too, was overcast above the mountains. Between these two layers of fog, or cloud, Allen flew on towards Cheyenne. He had only a few minutes farther to go. The fog-layer below him, however, was rising; the cloud-layer above was dropping down. The moon had set, and the night was now very dark. An approaching storm was squeezing the two layers together.

He flew on to the vicinity of Cheyenne, looking for the glow of city lights on the cloud-layer below him. He could not locate the city. The cloud-layer was too thick; no light from beneath could penetrate it.

Remember that a plane, in clouds or fog, cannot descend to land unless the pilot knows exactly how far down he can come without striking some hill-side or other obstacle. Roaring along at one hundred and fifty feet a second, sudden collision usually means death. Not knowing exactly where he is, a pilot cannot descend through clouds to find out whether or not there is a clear space under the fog, for fear there may be no such clear space. In that event his first warning of proximity to the ground is likely to be the crash that kills him. At Spokane, a few months ago, a tri-motor crashed in fog and killed several people. The pilot mistook a dimly seen darker area for an opening in the clouds, and flew into it. It was a potato patch.

Unable to land, Allen circled a couple of times in wide circles, still hoping to find Cheyenne. The narrowing space between the cloud-layers grew darker and darker. His gas was running low. He had already flown perhaps 450 miles since leaving Salt Lake. The cloud-layers came together, and he had to "fly blind."

Here is the moment to explain what "flying blind" means. The term is so widely and loosely used that even many aviators, I find, are not quite sure about it. On the ground we speak glibly of a "blind fog." We know that even the captain of the *Leviathan*, trying to make port in such a fog, slows down or anchors. He cannot see where he is going. But such a fog as that does not necessarily "blind" a flyer. As long as he can see the light of sun or moon behind the clouds above him, or the glow of city lights beneath the clouds below, as long as one-half of the fog-filled globe in which he is flying is lighter or darker than the other half, he is not, in any complete sense, "flying blind." He can still tell which is *up*, and which is *down*. Only when he can no longer gain that knowledge from the world about him, when he can no longer tell, except from his instruments, which direction is "up," and which is "down," does he become truly "blind," in the aeronautical sense.

You may think our sense of equilibrium alone, without our eyes, could tell us that. Pilots soon learn that it can't. And without that knowledge flying becomes, as we shall see, trebly hazardous.

Recently I asked one of the oldest and most capable of the Transcontinental Air Transport pilots if he had ever flown blind, and what he thought of it.

"I had to pass a test in blind flying before I got the job," he told me, "but of course that was a sort of stunt. I've never done it on the line. The more I know about it, the more I'm convinced the only way to do blind flying safely is not to do it at all." And that, mind you, was in these later days of radiophone and radio beacon and all the rest.

Flying blind, by compass, Eddie Allen turned west to recross the Sherman range and return to Laramie, into the clear. There he could land. He had to make it before his gas gave out.

He cooked his motor up to 13,000 feet, trying to get above the clouds. Impossible. The Sherman mountains—or

Sherman Hill, as the range is called at Cheyenne—rise to 10,000 feet. He was 3,000 feet above them. He tried to keep his plane level by watching the bank and turn indicator and his air-speed indicator. Realizing that he was making a failure of it, he tried to hold a straight course by compass. Suddenly the compass went completely daft. So did Eddie Allen. He realized that the plane was falling. The next moment he was in a spin.

There lies the great danger in blind flying. The wings of an airplane, flying horizontally, hold it in the air. If the pilot, watching his compass or his altimeter, allows his plane, tilting this way or that in the air currents, to tip too far to right or left, the plane falls. If, watching his turn and bank indicator to prevent this, he lets the nose of his plane tip upward, there is danger of climbing too steeply. The plane then loses air-speed, stalls, and falls. If the nose tips downward, there is danger of a dive and tail-spin. Over the Pacific Ocean, you may remember, the last tragic message from the plane that set out to search for the lost Dole Prize fliers, was "We are in another spin."

Allen was a seasoned pilot. He had years of steady flying behind him. He had been taught to "fly blind," with the assistance of nothing but his instruments. Again and again, in clear weather, he had been in tail-spins. But this was at night, over the fifteen-mile-wide Sherman range. He was in a panic. He was alone in a plane with two hundred and fifty pounds of mail, falling toward the summits with all his instruments suddenly gone crazy. The whirling tended to push him against the side of the cockpit.

"It was almost as though I were another person, watching myself," he told me. "I knew perfectly well the different ways of getting a ship out of a spin—opposite rudder, controls to neutral—all the simple, obvious things that had been part of my experience for years. Only—I couldn't do them.

I couldn't make my mind work. I couldn't interpret perfectly obvious data. It was straight panic."

For what seemed like a long time the plane fell, whirling downward towards the summits. Allen tried to force himself to think. He was wearing a parachute. Why, if he couldn't regain control of the plane, he could at least jump! Coming partly out of his paralysis, he looked at his altimeter. He had to find out whether or not he still had time to jump. His parachute might not open in less than 500 feet. He should have 1,000. The altimeter read 8,000 feet.

He went into another panic. He had already fallen 2,000 feet *below the summits!* Evidently he wasn't over the range; at least not over any of the peaks. But it was too late to jump. He *must* get control of the plane!

"All of a sudden," he says, "something black went past the wings."

It seemed to him, for the moment, that it was over his head as it whirled past. A gray quality had come into the darkness about him; this sudden shape was blacker than the rest.

"Then I realized what had happened," he told me. "The plane had fallen out of the clouds, into the clear. The black shape was a plowed field. Everywhere else the ground was covered with snow, but it had melted on that plowed place."

The clear space under the clouds was perhaps three hundred feet high. He brought the plane out of its spin, and levelled off. He was only fifty feet or so above the ground, in a valley at the base of the range. An air-beacon blinked at him. It marked the field at Federal, Wyoming, the first station west of Cheyenne. He flew in to Cheyenne and delivered his mail.

That's all there is to the first episode. Eddie Allen, one of the fifty or so best pilots in the world, with years of steady flying behind him, caught blind in a couple of cloud-layers at night, unable to keep his plane from stalling and falling into a spin, then paralyzed with

panic, and saved from a crash only by falling out of the clouds. A mile farther along, over the range, and his would have been merely one more of the unaccountable disasters of the air.

III

The second episode is longer.

Again the account starts at Salt Lake City. This time it is a year later—the winter of 1926–27, the last season of air-mail operation by the post-office department itself. During the intervening year Allen had reverted again and again, in his hours above the ranges, to his panic in a tail-spin over Sherman the winter before. The experience had bewildered him. If he should be caught blind again, would the same thing happen? Would he again become confused, paralyzed with fear at his own inability to keep the plane from falling, and crash like a helpless fool? Again and again he rehearsed the things, the obvious, simple things that he should do. In the meanwhile he used more and more of his steadily accumulating judgment of weather to keep out of trouble. A pilot is like the captain of a ship; although in the old days there was a mistaken idea in the post-office department that the mail must go through whatever the weather, later knowledge soon wiped it out; no pilot on a wisely run line is ever ordered to fly. He uses his own judgment. And on that judgment, exercised with all freedom and full responsibility, the safety of mail and plane, the pilot's life and the lives of his passengers, all depend.

Again the start was made late in the afternoon. Allen says this was the first mistake—to take off at all, under conditions that were not sufficiently favorable. There was snow ahead in patches all along the line. Allen figured that by dodging the storm he could get through. Instead of a De Haviland, he was flying a Douglas. It showed the advance in airplane design during the year. With the same engine, it was faster, and could

take a much larger pay-load—nearly a quarter of a ton more. Allen had nearly a full load of mail, about six hundred and fifty pounds. He had trouble getting through even the first two hundred miles. By that time night had fallen. Then he ran into a snowstorm that he couldn't avoid. He had to fly close to the ground. At even fifty feet above it the snow was so thick he was "blind." Near Rawlins he found himself over the tracks of the Union Pacific. He managed to turn around, only ten or fifteen feet above the ground, and find his way back to the small emergency field at Cherokee, Wyoming. He "sat down" there, thankfully. He thought he was pretty lucky to get down at all without a bad crack-up.

Then he made another mistake. After calling up each of the fields that lay ahead of him, to find out about the weather, he decided to go on.

"At the first field," he told me, "it was snowing hard. At the next it was clear. At the next it was snowing. It was like that all the way to Cheyenne, alternating open and shut. So I figured I could get through. After what I'd just been in I should have known better."

He gassed up his plane and started on. It was just six o'clock. At any time the separate snowstorms were likely to join and make flying practically impossible. As a matter of fact, that very thing happened, rapidly developing into one of the worst blizzards of the year. At the Laramie field the snow was so thick the ground-crew couldn't see from one boundary-light to the next—thirty feet. At Cheyenne it was the same. The Field Manager had all the lights turned on, and the great beacon pointed straight up to pierce the storm, to help the flyer. But it was no use. The storm got thicker and thicker.

Flying east from Cherokee, Allen couldn't find a single beacon. He flew above most of the storm, at about 14,000 feet. He realized the predicament he was in, and was ready to come down the moment he saw any sort of a

light. But he couldn't locate any of the emergency fields, or even be sure that he was still on his route. Reaching what he thought should be the vicinity of Laramie, he circled to find the town. Suddenly, directly underneath the plane, he saw the street lights—about a mile below him, perfectly clear! He put the plane into a straight dive, holding the lights right over his radiator cap. The hole in the storm was only a tiny one. While he was still diving straight down, it filled again. The lights disappeared. He had seen them for not more than ten seconds in all. He pulled up and started to climb to the top of the storm once more. He could not risk diving on down, for if he missed the lights by even a block or so he would crash without warning into the ground.

But now he was in the middle of the storm. It was the first time he had been caught completely blind since the year before. His altimeter showed 10,000 feet. Even while he was reading the figures, his plane went off balance and fell.

Let me explain here a little about what happens when a plane side-slips, or loses a sustaining air-speed, and falls. Every pilot, of course, knows about spins, but few people outside the aviation group, I find, understand quite what the term means.

The nose of the plane, with the motor, is much heavier than the tail. That is why the wings, at the center of balance, are located so far forward. When the wings no longer hold a plane up—because it is not going fast enough or is tipped too far sideways—it starts to drop and turn. Usually, by the time it has fallen fifty feet or so, the heavy nose of the ship, falling fastest, is pointed toward the ground. At the same time the turning motion (because a plane almost never noses-over straight ahead into a smooth dive) starts the tail surfaces swinging around and around in a circle. This constitutes a "tail-spin"—the ship diving nose-down towards the earth in a spiral, turning around and

around as it does so. A small pursuit plane may whirl as rapidly as one complete turn a second. Larger ships spin more slowly. A "flat spin" occurs when the tail of a plane, because of defective design or faulty loading, is too heavy. Then the tail, falling almost as rapidly as the nose of the ship, swings around faster and faster until the whole plane is spinning in the air like the falling seed-pod of a maple tree, with the pilot jammed helplessly against the side of his cockpit.

Some ships are so designed that they will go into a spin readily, spin slowly, and come out easily. Some will not spin at all. The old De Haviland model that was used by the air-mail would spin readily; the Douglas would rarely spin. Most of the larger transports, trimotors and such, will not spin.

In clear weather, with plenty of altitude, a good pilot can usually level out a falling plane, whether it is spinning or not, with ease and dispatch. But in an opaque fog it is not so simple.

Eddie Allen's Douglas, as it fell, started to spin. As had been the case the year before, he became panicky. But this time he was ready for it; his mind went on working.

"Ten thousand feet," he told himself. "That means about 3,000 above the ground at Laramie. I can fight the ship for 2,000 feet, and still have time for my parachute to open. If I'm not levelled off at 8,000, I'll jump."

That gave him nearly a quarter of a minute. Because of the air resistance, a modern plane rarely falls as fast as it can fly, 150 feet or so a second. He set all his controls at neutral. The plane levelled out. His turn indicator still showed a turn, so he stopped it. He felt elated. It was so easy! He wanted to laugh. Flying by compass, he pointed the ship north. That was not so easy; there were too many other instruments to watch. Presently, very cautiously, he started to climb. By the time he had climbed back a thousand feet he was pointing east. Another thousand and

he was headed south. He couldn't do everything else and keep the plane on a compass course too. But what of it? He was climbing! At least to temporary safety. Holding himself rigid, he kept every movement cautious and controlled. Presently he came out once more on top of the storm. He could see the stars again. The altimeter showed 13,500 feet. He could go wherever he wanted!

Then he made what he now says was another mistake. Over-confident, because of having brought the plane safely up through the storm, he decided to go on east over the Sherman mountains and try for Cheyenne, instead of at once turning back toward the west, where there would be more chance of getting beyond the storm for a safe descent.

At Cheyenne, or at the place where he thought Cheyenne should be, he couldn't find anything. There was no sign of an opening in the storm. It was nine o'clock. He had left Cherokee at six, with gasoline enough to last, with care, six hours. It was half gone. He could fly for three hours more. He decided to keep on east and try for Sydney, Nebraska—or wherever he should reach the edge of the storm.

That was mistake Number Four. With three hours' gas, he still had more chance of getting west of the storm than east of it. Nearly all storms in that area move from west to east. The trouble was that flying west would be taking his load of mail in the wrong direction. Flying east he would be continually taking it nearer its destination. The fact influenced his judgment.

He flew east for an hour. The storm got worse. To clear it he had to climb to 15,000 feet, which was as high as he could go with the load of mail he was pulling. Finally he turned around. There seemed to be no use in going still farther east. For four hours, flying a mile and a half a minute through the night from Cherokee, he had seen no light except for that one astonishing glimpse of Laramie directly beneath

him. He would fly west until his gas gave out. If by that time he had not found a clear spot, he could jump and trust to his parachute, or take a chance on crashing with his plane.

As he turned, the storm rose still higher. A wisp of cloud swung towards him—higher than he could go. It coated the whole plane with ice. The additional weight dropped him down into the storm. He could no longer get above 14,000 feet—then 13,000—then 12,000. Again, as over Laramie, he was forced to fly completely blind. At 12,000 feet the ice melted about as fast as it formed, and the plane held its own. His air-speed indicator, however, refused to work. Funnel and tube were clogged with ice. He found himself flying blind, in an unstable plane, without his air-speed indicator. It seemed hopeless.

The word "unstable" requires explanation. A "stable" plane, or one with "automatic stability," is one that if the pilot lets go the controls will practically fly itself. An "unstable" plane has to be held level by the pilot. The reason all planes are not designed with automatic stability is that this quality sometimes makes them less manageable, so that they are harder to handle, and consequently more dangerous, in any emergency that requires quick banking or other change of direction.

They tell of a recent experience of one of the pilots on the Varney line, flying mail up into the Northwest. Caught almost blind (there was a little more light above than below, which helped) in a heavy snowstorm, he let his plane, which was comparatively stable, handle itself. Presently he felt a slight bump, unlike that of an air-pocket. Then another. His plane was bumping along on a level prairie, landing itself. He reached over and cut his switch. The plane stopped, and he waited until the storm blew past.

Equally uncanny is the case of the famous "Death Patrol" that many airmen heard of during the War. When a two-seater fighting plane landed in Bel-

gium, neither pilot nor machine-gunner made a move to leave the cockpits. The first to reach the airplane found both men cold and rigid. They had been dead for hours. Both had been shot in a battle above the clouds, far to the south in France; the plane had flown on until the motor ran out of gas, then, as chance would have it, landed without cracking up on a flat field.

But Allen's Douglas plane lacked this automatic stability. Flying absolutely blind, without his air-speed indicator, he reverted to war-time practice and "flew by the bubble," watching a tiny level at the side of the cockpit to keep his plane even, fore and aft, and watching the small level on his instrument board to keep the wings level, right and left. Every motion that he made had to be slow, cautious, and slight. The strain was so great that he was unable to hold his compass course to the west. In spite of all he could do, the nose of his plane would gradually swing around until it was headed north, and—still with every motion held in strictest check—he had to fight it back each time until he was pointing west again.

For nearly two hours he flew that way. His nerves were at the breaking point. Then, with his gasoline nearly gone, he ran into a black area where there were no clouds below him. It was almost midnight. He had been continuously over cloud, or in cloud, for six hours. All that time he had been compelled to fly by compass or by the stars, by dead reckoning, by guesswork.

He dropped a parachute flare, and circled beneath it as it slowly descended. He didn't know whether he was over mountain or valley. The light showed him a rocky mountain-side, snow-covered, very rough, and unfamiliar.

"So I knew I was off my course," he said simply, in giving me the account.

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked, "that you'd recognize any patch of ground between Salt Lake City and Cheyenne, lit up at midnight by a flare?"

"Why, I think so," he answered.

"Of course, I don't know the country as well as some of the boys who've been flying over it longer, but I think I'd recognize anything on my route." And he went on to tell me some of the characteristics by which he could tell the country around Cheyenne, Sherman Hill, Medicine Bow, the Granddaddy range, the Wasatch mountains.

"And how far from your route do you think you'd be able to recognize a piece of hillside that way?"

"Oh, within maybe thirty miles. That's why, seeing this side of a mountain, I knew I was a good way off my course. The plane had kept heading around to the north on me, while I was flying blind, so I decided I was up around Laramie Peak, about forty miles north of my route."

I checked up on that point afterwards. The mountain-side undoubtedly *was* that of Laramie Peak, as Allen's later course showed. Also, I found men willing to lay odds that Jack Knight, for example, flying between Cheyenne and Omaha, after four or five hours above the clouds, would be able to recognize almost any fence-corner or flat farmland in all western Nebraska.

The flare went out. Allen decided to fly south until he got to his course or his gas gave out. He would keep under the storm. He would crash his plane if necessary—throwing one wing down to crumple and take the first shock—rather than risk losing contact with the ground again. He turned on one of his landing-lights and came on down, lower and lower. Presently he could see the ground. It had levelled out. He was not more than twenty-five or thirty feet above it. Snow started falling again, and he had to fly still lower. The light from his wing-tip made a fast-traveling spot on the ground, a little ahead of, and just below, the wing. Suddenly the spot ran over a dark object. It was a lone steer, and the light ran over it from tail to head, so Allen knew he was flying down-wind. The ground seemed to be covered with sagebrush. The spot of

light traveled so fast he couldn't be sure.

Then, while he was flying hardly ten feet above the brush, one of his gas tanks went dry. He had tried to keep the gas in both wing-tanks about even. He switched to the other wing. Five minutes more and that went dry, too, and in the thick snow, before he could switch to the emergency tank, he nearly crashed.

With careful flying, he had eighteen minutes of gas left. A few minutes later he caught a point of light. Merely a flash, through the snow. He held his breath as he counted. Ten seconds, and it came again. It was one of the airway beacons! He could hardly believe his luck. He had seen no solitary light since that one glimpse of Laramie, nearly four hours before. Ten minutes later he was down on the emergency field at Medicine Bow, with five minutes of gas left in his tank.

The old caretaker at the field didn't hear him land, in the blizzard that was roaring outside. As Eddie entered the warm little room he was answering the telephone.

"No," he was telling Cheyenne, where all the lights were still shining helplessly up into the storm, "haven't seen anything of him here. Guess he's a goner."

Well, that about ends the account, leaving only the further interpretation, or final application, which in old parchment days was often called the Moral. As I see it, this lies in the significant part that skill and judgment and personality, the human element, play and must always play in flying. For those who expect to travel by air—as, sooner or later, most of us shall—that is very important. No safety device will, or ever can, take its place any more than, or as much as, has been the case with sailing ships, or railroads, or steamship lines. Roaring at high speed across the skies, in continual contest with cloud and storm as well as with the force of gravity, safety depends on the knowledge and observation and experience, on the intelligence and caution, of the seasoned pilot.



WHY IS MODERN YOUTH CYNICAL?

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

ANY person who visits the universities of the Western World is likely to be struck by the fact that the intelligent young of the present day are cynical to a far greater extent than was the case formerly. This is not true of Russia, India, China, or Japan. I believe it is not the case in Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and Poland, nor by any means universally in Germany; but it certainly is a notable characteristic of intelligent youth in England, France, and the United States. Joseph Wood Krutch, in his book *The Modern Temper*, finds a number of general reasons for this state of affairs. I think, however, that his inquiry derives its material too exclusively from English-speaking countries and, therefore, fails to utilize all the material required for a sound induction. To understand why youth is cynical in the West we must also understand why it is not cynical in the East.

Young men in Russia are not cynical because they accept, on the whole, the Communist philosophy, and they have a great country full of natural resources, ready to be exploited by the help of intelligence. The young have, therefore, a career before them which they feel to be worth while. You do not have to consider the ends of life when in the course of creating Utopia you are laying a pipe-line, building a railway, or teaching peasants to use Ford tractors simultaneously on a four-mile front. Consequently the Russian youth are happy, vigorous, and filled with ardent beliefs.

In India the fundamental belief of the earnest young is in the wickedness of

England: from this premise, as from the existence of Descartes, it is possible to deduce a whole philosophy. From the fact that England is Christian, it follows that Hinduism or Mohammedanism, as the case may be, is the only true religion. From the fact that England is capitalistic and industrial, it follows, according to the temperament of the logician concerned, either that everybody ought to spin with a spinning wheel, or that protective duties ought to be imposed to develop native industrialism and capitalism as the only weapons with which to combat those of the British. From the fact that the British hold India by physical force, it follows that only moral force is admirable. The persecution of nationalist activities in India is just sufficient to make them heroic, and not sufficient to make them seem futile. In this way the Anglo-Indians save the intelligent youth of India from the blight of cynicism.

In China hatred of England also plays its part, but a much smaller part than in India because the English have never conquered the country. The Chinese youth combine patriotism with a genuine enthusiasm for occidentalism, in the kind of way that was common in Japan fifty years ago. They want the Chinese people to be enlightened, free, and prosperous; and they have their work cut out to produce this result. Their ideals are, on the whole, those of the 19th century, which in China have not yet begun to seem antiquated. Cynicism in China was associated with the officials of the Imperial regime and survived among the warring militarists who have distracted

the country since 1911, but it has no place in the mentality of the modern intellectuals.

In Japan the outlook of young intellectuals is not unlike that which prevailed on the Continent of Europe between 1815 and 1848. The watchwords of Liberalism are still potent: parliamentary government, liberty of the subject, free thought and free speech. The struggle for these against traditional feudalism and autocracy is quite sufficient to keep young men busy and enthusiastic.

To the sophisticated youth of the West all this ardor seems a trifle crude. He is firmly persuaded that, having studied everything impartially, he has seen through everything and found that there is "nothing left remarkable beneath the visiting moon." There are, of course, plenty of reasons for this in the teachings of the old. I do not think these reasons go to the root of the matter, for in other circumstances the young react against the teaching of the old and achieve a gospel of their own. If the occidental youth of the present day react only by cynicism, there must be some special reason for this circumstance. Not only are the young unable to believe what they are told, but they seem also unable to believe anything else. This is a peculiar state of affairs, which deserves investigation. Let us first take some of the old ideals one by one and see why they no longer inspire the old loyalties. We may enumerate among such ideals: religion, country, progress, beauty, truth. What is wrong with these in the eyes of the young?

II

Religion. The trouble here is partly intellectual, partly social. For intellectual reasons few able men have now the same intensity of religious belief as was possible for, say, St. Thomas Aquinas. The God of most moderns is a little vague, and apt to degenerate into a Life Force or a "power not ourselves

that makes for righteousness." Even believers are concerned much more with the effects of religion in this world than with that other world which they profess to believe in; they are not nearly so sure that this world was created for the glory of God as they are that God is a useful hypothesis for improving this world. By subordinating God to the needs of this sublunary life, they cast suspicion upon the genuineness of their faith. They seem to think that God, like the Sabbath, was made for man. There are also sociological reasons for not accepting the churches as the basis of a modern idealism. The churches, through their endowments, have become bound up with the defense of property. Moreover, they are connected with an oppressive ethic, which condemns many pleasures that to the young appear harmless and inflicts many torments that to the skeptical appear unnecessarily cruel. I have known earnest young men who accepted whole-heartedly the teaching of Christ; they found themselves in opposition to official Christianity, outcasts and victims of persecution, quite as much as if they had been militant atheists.

Country. Patriotism has been in many times and places a passionate belief to which the best minds could give full assent. It was so in England in the time of Shakespeare, in Germany in the time of Fichte, in Italy in the time of Mazzini. It is so still in Poland, China, and Outer Mongolia. In the Western nations it is still immensely powerful: it controls politics, public expenditure, military preparations, and so on. But the intelligent youth are unable to accept it as an adequate ideal; they perceive that it is all very well for oppressed nations, but that as soon as an oppressed nation achieves its freedom, the nationalism which was formerly heroic becomes oppressive. The Poles, who had the sympathy of idealists ever since Maria Teresa "wept but took," have used their freedom to organize pogroms. The Irish, upon whom the

British had inflicted civilization for eight hundred years, have used their freedom to pass laws preventing the publication of any good books. The spectacle of the Poles murdering Jews and the Irish murdering literature makes nationalism seem a somewhat inadequate ideal even for a small nation. But when it comes to a powerful nation, the argument is even stronger. The Treaty of Versailles was not very encouraging to those who had had the luck not to be killed in defending the ideals which their rulers betrayed. Those who during the War averred that they were combating militarism became at its conclusion the leading militarists in their respective countries. Such facts have made it obvious to all intelligent young men that patriotism is the chief curse of our age and will bring civilization to an end if it cannot be mitigated.

Progress. This is a 19th-century ideal which has too much Babbitt about it for the sophisticated youth. Measurable progress is necessarily in unimportant things, such as the number of motor cars made, or the number of peanuts consumed. The really important things are not measurable and are, therefore, not suitable for the methods of the booster. Moreover, many modern inventions tend to make people silly. I might instance the radio, the talkies, and poison gas. Shakespeare measured the excellence of an age by its style in poetry (see Sonnet XXXII), but this mode of measurement is out of date.

Beauty. There is something that sounds old-fashioned about beauty, though it is hard to say why. A modern painter would be indignant if he were accused of seeking beauty. Most artists nowadays appear to be inspired by some kind of rage against the world, so that they wish rather to give significant pain than to afford serene satisfaction. Moreover, many kinds of beauty, as Mr. Krutch has pointed out, require that a man should take himself more seriously than is possible for an intelli-

gent modern. A prominent citizen of a small city state, such as Athens or Florence, could without difficulty feel himself important. The earth was the center of the universe, man was the purpose of creation, his own city showed man at his best, and he himself was among the best in his own city. In such circumstances Æschylus or Dante could take his own joys or sorrows seriously. He could feel that the emotions of the individual matter, and that tragic occurrences deserve to be celebrated in immortal verse. But the modern man, when misfortune assails him, is conscious of himself as a unit in a statistical total; the past and the future stretch before him in a dreary procession of trivial defeats. Man himself appears as a somewhat ridiculous strutting animal, shouting and fussing during a brief interlude between infinite silences. Is man "no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal?" says King Lear, and the idea drives him to madness because it is unfamiliar. But to the modern man the idea is familiar and drives him only to triviality.

Truth. In old days truth was absolute, eternal, and superhuman. Myself when young accepted this view and devoted a misspent youth to the search for truth. But a whole host of enemies have arisen to slay truth: pragmatism, behaviorism, psychologism, relativity-physics. Galileo and the Inquisition disagreed as to whether the earth went round the sun or the sun went round the earth. Both agreed in thinking that there was a great difference between these two opinions. The point on which they agreed was the one on which they were both mistaken: the difference is only one of words. In old days it was possible to worship truth; indeed, the sincerity of the worship was demonstrated by the practice of human sacrifice. But it is difficult to worship a merely human and relative truth. The law of gravitation, according to Edington, is only a convenient convention of measurement. It is not truer than

other views, any more than the metric system is truer than feet and yards.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night
God said "Let Newton be" and measurement was facilitated.

This sentiment seems lacking in sublimity. When Spinoza believed anything, he considered that he was enjoying the intellectual love of God. The modern man believes either with Marx that he is swayed by economic motives, or with Freud that some sexual motive underlies his belief in the exponential theorem or the distribution of fauna in the Red Sea. In neither case can he enjoy Spinoza's exaltation.

III

So far we have been considering modern cynicism in a rationalistic manner, as something that has intellectual causes. Belief, however, as modern psychologists are never weary of telling us, is seldom determined by rational motives, and the same is true of disbelief, though skeptics often overlook this fact. The causes of any widespread skepticism are likely to be sociological rather than intellectual. The main cause always is comfort without power. The holders of power are not cynical, since they are able to enforce their ideals. Victims of oppression are not cynical, since they are filled with hate; and hate, like any other strong passion, brings with it a train of attendant beliefs. Until the advent of education, democracy, and mass production, intellectuals had everywhere a considerable influence upon the march of affairs, which was by no means diminished if their heads were cut off. The modern intellectual finds himself in a quite different situation. It is by no means difficult for him to obtain a fat job and a good income provided he is willing to sell his services to the stupid rich, either as propagandist or as court jester. The effect of mass production and elementary education is that stupidity is more firmly entrenched than

at any other time since the rise of civilization. When the Tzarist Government killed Lenin's brother, it did not turn him into a cynic, since hatred inspired a lifelong activity in which he was finally successful. But in the more solid countries of the West there is seldom such potent cause for hatred, or such opportunity for spectacular revenge. The work of the intellectuals is ordered and paid for by governments or rich men whose aims probably seem absurd, if not pernicious, to the intellectuals concerned. But a dash of cynicism enables them to adjust their consciences to the situation. There are, it is true, some activities in which wholly admirable work is desired by the powers that be; the chief of these is science, and the next is public architecture in America. But if a man's education has been literary, as is still too often the case, he finds himself at the age of twenty-two with a considerable skill that he cannot exercise in any manner that appears important to himself. Men of science are not cynical even in the West, because they can exercise their best brains with the full approval of the community; but in this they are exceptionally fortunate among modern intellectuals.

If this diagnosis is right, modern cynicism cannot be cured merely by preaching, or by putting better ideals before the young than those that their pastors and masters fish out from the rusty armory of outworn superstitions. The cure will come only when intellectuals can find a career that embodies their creative impulses. I do not see any prescription except the old one advocated by Disraeli: "Educate our masters." But it will have to be a more real education than is commonly given at the present day to either proletarians or plutocrats, and it will have to be an education taking some account of real cultural values and not only of the utilitarian desire to produce so many goods that nobody has time to enjoy them. A man is not allowed to practice medicine unless he knows something of

the human body; but a financier is allowed to operate freely without any knowledge at all of the multifarious effects of his activities, with the sole exception of the effect upon his bank account. How pleasant a world would be in which no man was allowed to operate on the Stock Exchange unless he could pass an examination in economics and Greek poetry, and in which politicians were obliged to have a competent knowledge of history and modern novels. Imagine a magnate confronted with the question: "If you were to make a corner in wheat, what effect would this have upon German poetry?" Causation in the modern world is more complex and remote in its ramifications than it ever was before, owing to the in-

crease of large organizations, but those who control these organizations are ignorant men who do not know the hundredth part of the consequences of their actions. Rabelais published his book anonymously for fear of losing his university post. A modern Rabelais would never write the book, because he would be aware that his anonymity would be penetrated by the perfected methods of publicity. The rulers of the world have always been stupid, but have not in the past been so powerful as they are now. It is, therefore, more important than it used to be to find some way of securing that they shall be intelligent. Is this problem insoluble? I do not think so, but I should be the last to maintain that it is easy.





RHAPSODY IN MAUVE

A STORY

BY LETITIA PRESTON RANDALL

SUNDAY morning was just like any other morning to Marian Johnson, with the exception that it did not include shopping in town. She lay on the davenport in the living room reading *Safari* and dreaming of some tall and ardent man with whom she would some day go to Africa and lead such an adventurous life. Not that she wanted to shoot wild animals, or even photograph them; but a man who could do all those things would be a wonderful companion, and she would look very stunning in clothes appropriate for the jungle. But Marian resolved never to stay for two years, as the other Mrs. Johnson had. Two years was such a long time to be away from New York, and besides a permanent wave lasted only six months.

No man like Martin Johnson had ever come into her life. Only Fred. But some day a man like that would come, and then Fred would just have to suffer. "You can't fight a thing like that," she thought.

Marian held out her slender white arms and tried her lovely hands in various poses. Beautiful, beautiful arms and hands. For that matter, quite unusually beautiful shoulders. Marian regarded the slim length of leg sheathed in clinging flesh-colored underwear and sheer stockings. It was almost overwhelming to realize that she possessed so much physical beauty. It seemed too bad that it should be wasted on one man.

Marian had never been noble enough, or sufficiently bad, to give herself en-

tirely to any other man, but she had scorched herself beautifully any number of times and was always involved in the delightful intricacy of a secret love affair. There was always one man madly in love with her, and frequently several. It was Fred's fault, however, Marian justified herself. She knew that he had several times been seriously interested in other women. Marian always knew when, and it was only during these times that she showed any interest in him. While she did not care for Fred with any degree of passion, she did not want any other woman to have him. It was never difficult for Marian to win Fred back, and it was rather nice to feel that she had this power.

Fred had grown old-looking and fat and yet he was only a few years older than Marian. But Marian felt that she had not changed. She was forty-three, but admitted only thirty-seven. Six years meant very little to her. As a matter of fact, Fred didn't even know Marian's age. He had once, but she had lied about it so long that he had forgotten. It was now a secret that lay between Marian and God, and Marian was often sorry that even God knew.

How on earth she had ever thought Fred Johnson fascinating—and she had thought so once—she couldn't understand. Now his name annoyed her as much as other things. Mrs. Fred Johnson. It was so terribly commonplace. It was a name that did not look well on a visiting card or in the society columns of the local paper. Mrs. Fred-

erick Walter Johnson. That was very little better. If the Johnson only had a *t* in it. Mrs. Frederick Walter Johnston. At once it was lifted out of mediocrity and became almost distinguished. How the little things counted in life. It was like drawing all the various quiet colors in a room together with a jade-green vase or a vivid bit of tapestry. Think of a simple little letter of the alphabet making all that difference.

Marian knew by heart all the maxims of interior decorating. She knew the different periods and had other ways of telling a Sheraton table than by the legs. It was most amazing. She created rages in Curtis Manor Hills, the suburb in which she lived. It was Marian who laughed at ash trays fastened to the arms of chairs; and in a day a number of them disappeared from otherwise comfortable homes. It was Marian who flung a mandarin coat in careful disorder across the back of her davenport and caused an unprecedented run on the local gift shop for them. Hers was a luminous blue and made an admirable foil for her dark beauty as she lay there on the davenport.

She knew, for she had studied interior decorating, that pictures should be hung on a level with your eyes when standing. She knew the distance small pictures should be from larger ones, and how many inches the pictures should be from tables and tables from chairs. She knew where to put vases, and why. Indeed, there was very little that Marian did not know about interior decorating, and few things in life that she could not measure to see if they belonged where they were.

She had long ago learned all there was to know about Fred, and now he seemed an incredibly dull man, boring her to the point of distraction. That was why she became interested in other men, she thought. There had been a time when she had wanted to know Fred's every thought. If he were a long time silent she would ask, "What you thinking about?"

Surprised, Fred would say, "Nothing, dear."

"But it must have been something."

"Truly, it was nothing."

Marian's curiosity was piqued by the fact that Fred was quite evidently embarrassed. Her desire grew. It was now necessary for her to know what it was he was thinking about, and so she nagged him into telling, pouting and sitting on his lap until this was accomplished.

"I was just wishing that I looked distinguished in a dinner coat."

There was something terrible about his chagrin, and how he hoped she would say, "And you *do*, Fred. Nicer than any man I know. You're awfully distinguished looking."

But Marian only laughed. She got up from Fred's lap and went back to her own chair, satisfied now, triumphant.

Yes, she knew all there was to know about Fred, she thought. Other women might find him interesting, but she did not. Was it possible that there was an electric spark between Fred and other women, a bright something which was suddenly struck into being at the first meeting? Marian had so often felt this herself with other men; but on looking at Fred, she doubted if he ever possessed that divine something able to call forth the answering spark. To her he was only a fat man whose stomach rumbled and who told his dreams.

She realized that he could play no real part in her life. He had never told her that her eyes were oriental, that she was all mystery and stillness and passion. But Dick Fulton had.

Marian was so accustomed to adulation that it was some time before she became aware of the depth of Dick's feeling for her. It was not a surprise, as no man's adoration was ever a surprise to her. It was the night she came back from the club dance in Dick's roadster, while Mollie rode with Fred, that things reached a decided climax. This friendly exchange of husbands and wives was one

of their little jokes. Each man thought his own wife above suspicion but his neighbor's willing. Each woman hoped her husband was, but doubted it.

Dick closed the door of the car, after he had put Marian in, and when he touched the wheel his hand was trembling in a most adolescent manner. He leaned towards Marian.

"Marian—you're so beautiful."

One by one the other cars honked away, veering from one side of the road to the other in degrees controlled by the amount of cocktails the drivers had drunk.

Marian was in green with copper beads, waist long. She had on her long topaz earrings. She was like an Egyptian goddess. Marian thought so too.

They were the last ones to leave the club grounds. The attendants were closing windows and sweeping up broken glass. Dick put his hand over Marian's. He was startled by its coolness, and the topaz in her ring was sharp and as cold as ice. His own hand was moist. A shudder ran through him, but Marian was unmoved. Dick was just like all men, a little awkward at first.

"You're the sort of woman who was born to be loved. You're like a princess—"

Marian stirred. This was more like it.

Dick found his arms had stopped trembling now and he put them about her, strongly. His lips were on hers. Marian's arms went about his neck. Her eyes were no longer remote and cool, but burning brightly. She was sorry she had worn her long beads and hoped they would not break in the car. She must remember not to wear them again until this affair with Dick was over.

The next morning Dick sent her tall red roses. Fred always sent pink, when he sent any, which he so rarely did now. Dick wrote on the card, "These are for you. These are you."

At dinner Fred said, "Bless my soul, old girl, you had to buy yourself some roses again. I should send them oftener. Why don't you remind me?"

Poor old Fred was so dumb and he had no soul, thought Marian.

That morning she had buried her face in the fragrance of the roses and was young again. She looked in her mirror and decided that she was rather like a slender red rose. Last time Morton Davis had sent her orchids he said she was like one. "My rare girl" he called her. Marian regarded herself carefully. No, a red rose was more appropriate.

But Marian was soon bored with Dick. All men were exactly alike, she found, except for the color of their hair and eyes. She found that after a short time they were all more interested in her body than in the rareness of her personality. Of course she could not blame them, but it was so untidy and dangerous and required constant care to keep things on a safe basis. She enjoyed watching men desire her, but she could never give herself. She was too fastidious, and far too wise.

But Marian juggled men very successfully. She always sent them away feeling they had known one good woman at least. Now she must get rid of Dick. The last time she had been with him alone he had been positively barbaric.

"Dick, dearest," she said, being very tense and worried, "this can't go on. We love each other too much."

"I know," Dick said forlornly. "It's too wonderful to last."

"There's Mollie—and Fred. We must think of them."

"Marian, you're so good."

Marian said, "Hold me close, Dick, and say good-by. I'll never forget you—never—never. I've never known any man like you, Dick."

"Marian—Marian—you're so wonderful."

There was real anguish in his voice, but in Marian's there was only a great relief.

That was the way she liked to have them go. That was the way they usually went. There had been one exception when Tom Craig told her that she

was worse than any streetwalker to lead men on and then give them worse than nothing. "You're what I call a bad woman," he had said, and it had been dreadful. She was glad when Tom's business had taken him to another city. But usually they left feeling that Marian was a good woman. They remembered her for a long time afterwards.

Marian lay there on the davenport thinking about Dick and missing him. She never held men until they grew tired. It was far better to miss them. She wondered what man would now enter her life to fill in those endless, uninteresting days until the day when she would have her big moment. Some day she would meet a man who would carry her away to Africa, who would carry her away whether she wanted to go or not. But she would want to go. Marian knew that.

Soon Fred would come back from church and into the living room and be cheerful and affectionate. Jolly and fat. How Marian detested jolly, fat men. She liked lean men with compelling eyes, dark and adoring. She hoped she wouldn't have to spend all Sunday afternoon with him. Perhaps she could get up a game of contract. Marian was an exceptionally good player. She had an actual contempt for women who played bridge badly. She reasoned that that was something anyone could learn and when a woman didn't want to it was just sheer laziness and that's all. It was certainly a great social asset. Even money didn't count in their little suburb when you could play a good game of bridge. It was a great deal more important than having a detached house or a foreign car or being in the New York social register.

Bridge made Marian think of her nails and she glanced at them appraisingly. She buffed them on her bare arm. Nice nails. A little too pointed and pink, but men liked them that way. "Rose petals" one man had called them. That settled it as far as Marian was concerned. Other styles might come and

go, but Marian would always have pointed nails, provocatively pink.

She heard Fred come in the front door and knew that he would, as always, knock against the hall table and say "Excuse me, sir." It was one of his jokes, and she knew that he always expected to hear her laugh, and of course she never did.

"Well, lady bug," Fred said, as he leaned over to kiss her. "How are you and all the family?"

Fred had such silly names for her and said such stupid things. She couldn't begin to remember how many times he had said just that. "How are you and all the family?" or "How are you and the children, ma'am?" He was forever talking about children anyway, but Marian had never wanted any. It was inconceivable that life should go on and on and on—with Fred.

"Darn good sermon this morning," Fred said conversationally, but Marian made no response. He went on, hopefully. "That man Elton is all right. I like him. You might ask him in for dinner some evening. You know—entertain the preacher idea. How about it?"

"Fred, how can you be so ridiculous?"

Fred turned to go upstairs.

"Well, it was just a suggestion, Mrs. Johnson. He's a regular guy and they say he's a knockout with the ladies."

A minister? There was something interesting about the idea.

"All right then, ask him," Marian said, hoping her voice showed the right amount of annoyed acquiescence.

In her varied career Marian had never come in close contact with a minister. Years ago, yes, but ministers, like figures, had changed since then. At least Marian hoped so. It would be dreadful if something gaunt and spiritual turned up. Still, Fred had said he was a knockout with the ladies.

Fred took it as a matter of course. One would have thought having the minister to dinner was a frequent occurrence. "I'll call him up to-day,"

he said. "Would Tuesday be all right for you?"

At first Tuesday had seemed too soon to get in the right frame of mind or to plan just the right setting; but afterwards Marian could hardly wait. She wished, violently, that she had said Monday. It seemed impossible to wait so long for an adventure promising something different from any other she had ever had. Marian knew enough about ministers and frustrations to know that, properly directed, such an affair would be tremendously interesting. Furthermore, a minister wouldn't tell anything. It made things so safe. It never entered Marian's head to invite him for any purpose other than that of conquest. She could never think of men impersonally; they were creatures to awaken, and she was never happy unless she had completely captivated them.

Monday morning she arranged the living room. She put all the substantial books she could find on the tables and took from the bookshelves all those she liked best. The minister must not think her shallow. Marian had bought a good many sets of books to fill up her shelves and in bindings to match her rugs and draperies. They made a most imposing showing. It was too bad she had had to put away that limp-leather edition of Kipling. Books about the jungle might awaken his primitive instincts. Still, even to help matters along, Marian could not have red books in a room with a copper rug. It was too jarring on her nerves. She was glad she had all of Conrad in that lovely deep-sea blue. It made quite a nice pool of color in an otherwise gloomy corner. Candles everywhere, she thought. There was something mysterious and stirring about candles. Other people might find their dim glow peaceful but it exhilarated Marian. It awakened her soul, she often said.

Now Marian's every thought centered about Tuesday evening. Once some remnant of her youthful regard for

ministers and for the church made her pause and wonder why she would deliberately plan this affair.

"Am I bad?" she wondered, but she concluded that she was not. "No, I'm not like other women. I'm full of life and the love of adventure. I have the right to express myself. I'm like Cleopatra, like Sarah Bernhardt and Isadora Duncan, like the great lovers of all ages. It was born in me. I simply can't fight a great force like that. Women like me fire men to action."

Then she began to think about Fred and, bitterly, that her marriage to him had been a gigantic mistake. Perhaps Doctor Elton would be her fate. Perhaps they would go together to the jungle. He would be a missionary and she his inspiration. But before she got off the boat, where she had been the only woman and the center of an adoring group of young scientists and writers, Annie clumsily interrupted her to find out the menu for dinner.

Marian planned a hearty dinner, for all men, however spiritual, liked to eat and ministers were always poorly fed. Her dinners were always built around what men liked. She never had food with a low-caloric value to please her women guests. Marian preferred to have frank compliments from well-fed men. Hearty, roast-beef-rare compliments.

"Gosh, Marian, you certainly know how to feed people. I haven't had such a dinner in years."

It was a great satisfaction to Marian to know that when she invited men to dinner they wanted to come. "You bet your life!" When she and Fred were alone she had dainty salads and things that appealed to her æsthetic sense and kept her without an ounce too much flesh. Fred never complained no matter what she had.

So Marian planned bean soup and steak for Doctor Elton, and other substantial foods. For dessert she would have something chocolate. All men liked chocolate. It was a safe dessert to have.

That evening Marian wore white. All white was so virginal. In the dining room she would throw a scarlet scarf about her shoulders. The virgin and the flame, or something like that, she thought. But when she first greeted Doctor Elton she would be all in white and would try to be coming down the stairs as he entered the door. She would wear pearls and no rings.

In the living room she would not be able to use her flame-colored scarf because of the rug. That copper rug had been a dreadful mistake. It kept Marian from wearing red in her own home, and red was such an exciting color.

But there in the candle light in her chaste dress she would make a lovely picture.

"No cocktails Tuesday, Fred," Marian said just before dinner was announced on Monday evening.

"Well I should hope not! What do you think I am?" Fred was indignant. "Besides, I don't think we should have cocktails every night before dinner anyway."

"I don't either," Marian agreed. She wanted to get in the proper mood for Tuesday. Immediately, though, she wished she hadn't said that. "It must have been my Better Self," she thought. She wanted a drink desperately.

Doctor Elton was tall and dark, and when he spoke his voice was low and vibrant. Marian kept thinking, "What a pity. What a pity!" It seemed such a dreadful waste of physical perfection. Most any man could be a minister. Ministers could be anæmic or bow-legged and still have beautiful souls. It was simply unbelievable that anyone as good-looking as Doctor Elton should be one. Marian decided that he should have been a doctor. She wondered if he were too old to begin the study.

Fred was most affable and tried to tell incidents of his boyhood. When Fred had been to church or felt spiritually uplifted for any reason he always became reminiscent. Sometimes cocktails affected him the same way.

"Well, Doctor Elton, that reminds

me of the time I wore my first derby to church. It had a green lining and when the boys saw that they . . ."

But Marian interrupted.

"Tell me, Doctor Elton," she said. "Do you find the world growing worse?"

Doctor Elton met this hardy perennial as if it had been a rare and beautiful thought. He had never seen anyone so lovely as Mrs. Johnson. She was like some exotic flower.

"Frankly, I don't," he said. "I feel that all this flare-up will pass away and the next generation will revert to our old standards. I have great faith in the human race."

"Things do change. I remember when I was a boy a girl who smoked cigarettes was considered . . ."

But Fred was ignored.

"I think you are right," Marian agreed, and she said it in such a way that Doctor Elton was in a warm glow. "It is such a relief to talk to someone who knows. I get so bored with this inane life we lead here in Curtis Manor Hills. I often long for some difficult work to do, something that would take me out of myself."

Fred said, "I feel like that, too. I'll tell you people an interesting experience I had once. My mother . . ." But no one heard him, and his voice drifted into silence.

Marian went on, "You know I often wonder what sort of minister's wife I should have made"; but, really, until that moment, such a thought had never entered her head.

"Wonderful! Wonderful! You'd be an ideal helpmate," said Doctor Elton, and meant it.

His own wife, now in the hospital with the fourth little Elton, whom he had not mentioned or even thought of until that moment, did not have such provocative curves as Mrs. Johnson. She did not have such smooth white shoulders or slender white hands that were tipped with little flames. His wife was stringy and had liver spots, and she sniffled when she ate soup.

With a wife like this glorious creature before him he could do wonders. Already she was a new inspiration. Already she had awakened in him thoughts and ambitions he had not had for years.

Later, in the living room in the mellow light, they sat on the davenport and talked. Fred made several attempts to enter the conversation, but Marian paid no attention to him, and Doctor Elton only smiled in an indulgent, pastoral way. Finally he started tinkering with the radio. Under cover of the music, "An Hour of Old-Fashioned Gems," Marian's conversation grew more personal. Fred's foot was tapping the floor in time to "Listen to the Mocking Bird." He wanted to tell them that the first girl he ever had used to play that with variations, but he knew they wouldn't care.

Marian said, "I'd love to see you often, Doctor Elton. You know I have no one to talk to. I'm not a woman who gives her confidence to everyone, but I know you would understand the real me. I need someone to help me. I . . ." Her voice broke helplessly.

For the briefest part of a second Doctor Elton put his hand over hers lying there so near, so very near his own.

"There, there," he said, "we will help each other, for I feel that you understand me, too." His voice was growing slightly hoarse.

Perhaps everything would have been all right if Marguerite Kelvin hadn't told her about her brother who was a writer. "You must meet him, Marian. He's really wonderful. He's spent two years in the South Sea Islands among the natives, and his book is all about them."

That started Marian thinking, and the way Doctor Elton ate olives decided the matter. It had been such a strain living up to his expectations. She wanted to smoke, to have cocktails instead of tea when he came in the afternoons, but he thought her so different

from other women. She had never even dared to kiss him. It was all most exhausting.

Really, that night at dinner when she noticed him eating olives in such a depraved way she was quite relieved. It gave her a definite reason for breaking away. They were particularly large olives, and he ate them as if they had been apples. When he had nibbled the last bite possible, and of this he made quite sure, he put the seed in his mouth and it rattled against his teeth.

Who, thought Marian, could love a man who eats olives that way?

The next time they were alone in the afternoon she said, "You know, I am growing so desperately fond of you that I can't see you again."

Doctor Elton half rose from his chair. "No! No!" He was genuinely grieved at her decision. His whole attitude towards life had been different since he had met Mrs. Johnson. Not only were his sermons more inspiring, but he himself had felt uplifted.

Marian patted the place beside her on the davenport. "Come," she said, and Doctor Elton came, though his knees were trembling.

"I wonder if you *know* how much you have begun to mean in my life?" Marian said, convincing herself that she was now being noble.

Doctor Elton cleared his throat. He wanted desperately to speak, but no words came.

Marian went on, "Once in a woman's life she is privileged to meet a man like you. But we have met too late. I am married and you are married, and this cannot go on. I love you too much."

"You are noble—noble," said Doctor Elton. It was at this point in the conversation that men always said something like this.

"Kiss me before you go, and pray for me," Marian said.

Doctor Elton drew her towards him, and his lips met hers, lingered there, and kissed her as ardently as twenty years of suppression would permit. His kiss,

thought Marian, was exactly like the way he ate olives.

It was best this way. After all, ministers were too narrow. One must live broadly. A writer would understand her better. A writer must know all emotions, and someone like Marguerite's brother who had lived in the South Seas would understand her warm nature and would not censure her. She would inspire his greatest novel. Of course Fred would miss her. He would probably go into a decline and die of grief, but in love one must be ruthless.

She stirred in Doctor Elton's ecclesiastical arms, and he ceased nibbling at her lips.

"You must go, my very dear," she said, and was happy that she had remembered to say something so exquisitely poetic.

He stumbled down the three steps to the street and went back to his wife with the liver spots, to his four children, and jello desserts.

He had known one really noble woman. Marian watched him go. "He has made me a better woman," she said to herself.

When he was out of sight she went to the telephone. There was still time to have Marguerite and her brother over for cocktails. She inhaled a cigarette. Now she felt free.

At the telephone she waited for Marguerite to answer.

The South Sea Islands. It was a barbaric and beautiful place. Warm, exotic nights . . . What a pity she was not a blonde. She would be so utterly distinctive amid so much dark beauty. But, in comparison to the natives, her skin would be quite white and alluring.

Marguerite could come. Her brother was terribly bored, she said.

Marian went upstairs to change to a red dress. Red was savage and stimulating. They could have the cocktails in the sun room.





RELIGION IN RUSSIA

BY PHILIP S. BERNSTEIN

THE causes of the recent sudden blaze of indignation against religious persecution in Russia are difficult to ascertain. For there is nothing fundamentally new in the Russian government's present attitude or recent acts affecting religion. The separation of church from state, the secularization of education, the confiscation of religious buildings, the arrest of priests and rabbis, the dissemination of atheistic propaganda are as old as the Revolution itself.

Perhaps it was the recent laws denying juridical rights to religious associations, and the establishment of the five-day week, imposing serious obstacles to the observance of Sundays and holy days, which impelled Pope Pius XI to declare, as he called for the protest of the entire Christian world: "We are deeply moved as the horrible and sacrilegious wickedness against God and the Russian people is repeated in a more aggravated way each day." Perhaps, as the *New York Times* correspondent suggests, the apparent success of the Russian industrialization and collectivization plans, with their challenge and threat to Western agriculture and industry, have tended to create that atmosphere of apprehension in which protests easily arise. Be that as it may, it is important to bear in mind that no major change in Soviet policy toward religion was responsible for the recent outburst of feeling throughout the Western world. What are the facts with regard to this policy, and what is the real status of religion in Russia?

The Russian people may worship as they choose. The famous decree of

January 23rd, 1918, safeguarding the observance of religious customs, is still the law of the land. The writer participated recently in Christian, Moslem, and Jewish religious services in the cities of Leningrad, Moscow, Kharkov, Kiev, and Odessa, as well as in villages and towns in the South of Russia.

It is true that churches, synagogues, and mosques have been converted to secular uses. But always a sufficient number of these religious institutions have been left open to accommodate all who wish to worship. A government official, speaking of the large Kiev church which was being made over into a club theater, said that the diminishing membership of the church, unable to bear any longer the heavy burden of upkeep, had requested it. The government had granted the request, he said, on these established principles:

(1) The building was needed for other purposes.

(2) The attendance at its religious services was decreasing.

(3) There were more than enough churches for all who cared to pray.

Before the Revolution Russia was heavily "over-churched." The fact that some 3,500 religious institutions out of a total of 50,000 have been converted is not in itself serious enough to justify the charge of religious persecution, nor is it the crux of the religious difficulty.

The serious problem in Russia is not the closing of the churches, but the fact that they are empty. On a Sunday morning so few people attend the religious services in the great Moscow cathedral, once the center of Tzardom's

pomp and glory, that they meet not in the main auditorium, but in a small room adjoining the balcony. Sabbath after Sabbath this writer worshipped in Jewish synagogues, and found but a handful of sad, old men. We are witnessing the collapse of formal religion in Russia.

Why? The Communists have devised the most devastating attack. They are too shrewd to deny the right to worship; for they know that such persecution would only serve to strengthen and intensify the devotion of the faithful. They have been destroying the future of religion in Russia by forbidding the formal religious instruction of children before the age of eighteen. Not only is it illegal to guide children intelligently into the religious experience, but the government, which controls all the agencies of education and propaganda, uses them to make the children anti-religious. The curriculum of every school, elementary and advanced, provides for the teaching of atheism. From their earliest years children are told that participating in a religious service is an act of treachery to the Revolution. The press, the radio, the cinema, the theater, the bulletin board, are all utilized to warn young people that religion is a delusion and God a cosmic scarecrow, set up by rulers and bourgeoisie to frighten the masses into subjection. Membership in the Communist party, the ambition of all young school children, is denied to those who profess any religious affiliation.

The Society of the Godless, approved and partially supported by the government, is using every means to turn the Russians from their religion. Although religion may not receive a hearing in the schools, this Society, organized to propagate unbelief, is permitted to send lecturers to the children, to set up its posters in the class rooms, and to distribute its printed propaganda. One day a meeting of young people was held in Minsk to celebrate the anniversary of the liberation of White Russia from Polish dominion. Toward the close of

the program an official of the Atheist Society rose and proposed that the meeting record its approval of the activities of the Society, and avow its opposition to religion. Without a dissenting voice or vote, the resolution was passed.

Consequently, very few young people take advantage of the opportunity of religious instruction when they reach the age of eighteen. Of the hundreds of young men and women whom this writer met, not one had availed himself of the privilege. In fact, the youth are, if possible, even fiercer enemies of the old religions than the present Communist leaders. It is they who publicly mock all religious observances; it is they who have demanded most insistently the conversion of religious buildings into clubs, and who have persecuted relentlessly religious leaders and employees.

Priests, rabbis, beadles, and all who derive their income from religious institutions are denied the privileges of citizenship. Higher rents are demanded of them than is demanded of workers, and in the crowded cities they are frequently evicted from their dwellings. Their children are discriminated against in the schools and when in search of employment. The elderly beadle of the large Choral synagogue in Moscow tearfully related that his children were begging him to resign from his post and to take up "useful work." One of them had been denied admittance to the University, and the other could not secure employment, because their father was a "parasite."

The government controls the presses, and while it permits the Society of the Godless to flood the country with its clever atheistic propaganda, it strictly forbids the publication of any literature, religious or secular, which is opposed not only to the practical aims but to the materialistic philosophy of the Revolution. Before publication, all religious writings must receive the approval of a hostile censorship. So there is very little religious literature, and most of it is of poor quality. Most pre-revolution-

any religious books have been removed from the libraries, or have been made inaccessible. Until 1926 permission was not granted for the reprinting of the Bible. In that year, with government consent, a mere twenty-five thousand (fewer, one is told, than the number used for cigarette papers in the city of Moscow alone) were printed from plates furnished by the American Bible Society.

The increasingly apparent result of this shrewd, concentrated attack is the utter collapse of religion in Russia. Any careful observer of Russian youth knows that the children are lost to formal religion. The fact that in 1929 alone, 1,370 churches were closed, as compared with a total of 2,000 during the eleven preceding years, is a portent of the future. It is true that some of the liberal sects, like the Baptists, the Evangelicans, the Tolstoians, have recently increased their memberships. But one must keep in mind not only that these new members have been recruited chiefly from among middle-aged peasants in the rural districts, where new ideas penetrate slowly, but that for every member they gain, at least ten are lost to the orthodox church, and that each year witnesses the conversion of millions of potential Christians, Moslems, and Jews to atheistic, materialistic Communism. Within thirty years, save as there may be some violent change in the government's policy, formal religion, this writer predicts, will be dead in Russia.

Two famous shrines recently were destroyed in Moscow. In the circumstances attendant on their destruction, were to be found symbol and proof of the passing of religion in Russia. From a window in the Grand Hotel, one could see the handsome church built by Alexander I to commemorate a military victory. Its roof was green; its onion-shaped domes were gold. Alexander had deliberately erected the building in such a way that it projected into the street. All who wished to pass it by, either on the sidewalk or on the street, were obliged to walk or drive around it.

The Moscow Soviet now maintained that the church impeded traffic, and was responsible for several accidents. So it happened that on a Sunday morning, as though in deliberate defiance of the religious tradition, when the church bells were calling the faithful to worship, workmen could be seen in the domes and on the roof of the church, tearing it down. The church was in the way! Down went the church!

The lovely chapel of the Iberian Virgin had stood at the entrance of the Red Square since 1669. In this little shrine with its dark-blue star-spangled roof, Ivan the Terrible begged heaven's forgiveness after murdering his son. Here, too, Alexander I prayed for divine help when the armies of Napoleon were approaching Moscow. No Tzar has ever visited the Kremlin without first making his devotions in the chapel of the Iberian Virgin. But the chapel, alas, had become a nuisance, "the haunt of unclean beggars." Standing between the two narrow arched gateways of the Iverski entrance to the Red Square, it seems to have obstructed the swift passage of traffic. Early one cool summer's morning the chapel was demolished. Twenty years ago this would have shaken Moscow to its foundations. In July, 1929, the police were compelled to lead away only an old peasant woman, who crossed herself and shrieked. The past was dead! Let it be buried!

II

The bitter antagonism of the Communists to religion is responsible for this situation. The history of the Russian orthodox church in the past two centuries must be examined in order to understand this fierce, unrelenting hatred, which animates the Communists, whose numbers include, especially among the youth, some of the finest and most idealistic people in Russia.

Until the reign of Peter the Great the Russian church was separate from the state. It was autonomous and inde-

pendent. That powerful ruler, however, after a series of conflicts with the church authorities, finally succeeded in bringing the church under his power, and in making himself virtually the head of Russia's religion. From that time on the orthodox church was the handmaid of the ruler, and in the course of time, prostituted its functions and its activities to the service of its master, the state.

It taught the people in the first place that they must obey absolutely and unquestioningly the dictates of the Tzar; it taught them that the highest virtues were obedience, contentment, submission. It glorified poverty and encouraged the people to live in the most abject misery, promising them compensation in heaven. Perhaps the worst of its sins was that it looked on secular education as an evil, and forbade the great Russian masses the right to an education. It was largely responsible for the fact that eighty-five per cent of the Russian people were illiterate, actually could not read or write. It opposed the establishment of universities, and was absolutely antagonistic to scientific effort, whether in the schools or in agriculture. The Russian church was probably most responsible for the medieval methods by which, in the twentieth century, the Russian peasant continued to cultivate the soil. This is not difficult to understand when we remember that the peasant was taught by the church that progress and success could be achieved not by his own efforts, but only by praying to the ikons and saints of the church. In his book, *The Russian Land*, Albert Rhys Williams tells us precisely how the priest helped the Russian peasant to grow successful crops:

In order to protect the crops, the Russian villagers organized a religious procession around the fields, in the course of which the priest calls in a loud voice to the enemies of the people:

"Worms and grasshoppers!
Mice and rats!
Ants, moles and reptiles!
Flies and horseflies and hornets!

And all flying things that wreak
Destruction . . .

I forbid you in the name of the Saviour come on earth to suffer for men. I forbid you in the name of the all-seeing cherubim and seraphim, who fly around the heavenly throne. I forbid you in the name of the angels and the millions of heavenly spirits standing in the glory of God. I forbid you to touch any tree, fruitful or unfruitful, or leaf or plant or flower. I forbid you to bring any woe upon the fields of these people."

The church was criminally responsible for most of the outrages perpetrated on the Jews, because it taught the Russian masses to hate this people, who were responsible, it believed, for the death of Jesus, and who continued to reject him through the centuries. In fact, many of the pogroms were actually instigated by the priests, and frequently the pogrommists would fall upon a Jewish community with the priests at their head, and with the name of their Saviour on their lips.

Perhaps the most significant reason for the Communists' attitude toward religion, however, is the position taken by the church with reference to the Revolution. It taught its communicants that Revolution was a sin, and that all who listened to the wicked Revolutionaries would be doomed to eternal perdition. Revolutionists were cursed in the church. In fact, and perhaps this is the most shameful of all, the sacred institution of the Confessional was used for spying purposes.

When the Revolution finally came in 1917, the church opposed it and denounced the Revolutionary leaders as agents of the devil. It called on all good Christians to take up arms in defense of the Tzar and in defense of the old order, which he represented. "The only salvation of the Russian people is a wise, orthodox, Russian Tzar."

It opposed with special bitterness and fierceness the Bolsheviki after the successful November Revolution. In his first public message issued on January 19, 1918, the Patriarch revealed unmistakably his attitude:

"That which you do (the separation of church from state and the secularization of education and marriage) is not only a cruel deed; it is verily a Satanic deed, for which you are condemned to hell-fire in the future life and to awful curses by future generations in the present life. . . .

"We conjure all you faithful children of the orthodox church not to enter in any kind of association with these monsters of the human race; 'put away from yourselves that wicked person.' (Cor. 5-13)"

During the Civil War the church, which was the only important institution of the old order still intact, became the rallying center of the counter-revolutionary forces. Churches and monasteries were used as forts and arsenals; generals and spies were permitted to masquerade as priests. When Russia was in the throes of famine, the church, which was the wealthiest existing institution, refused to permit any of its vast treasures to be used for the purpose of alleviating distress.

This was religion as the Russian Communists knew it. The church was reactionary. It was the tool of those in power, and opposed almost every effort to better the condition of the people. It sanctioned and blessed injustice, oppression, and ignorance. The church was the most determined foe of revolution.

It is useless to tell a Russian Communist that there is a difference between religions. To him they all seem to be cut from the same pernicious pattern. He simply cannot believe that intelligent scientists or radicals in Western countries are genuinely religious. He is quite certain that these men are hypocrites, who have some ulterior motive for pretending to faith.

III

Nor is any discussion of religion in Russia complete without some consideration of the religious values created by the Revolution. Many Communists, it is true, deny the presence of any reli-

gious element in the Revolution. When one of them was asked if he thought Bolshevism was a religion, he turned to the questioner and said, "By what right do you use the term 'religion' for your modern social idealism, when to the mass of mankind throughout history, religion has been and is something so very different? By what right do you shift the word 'God' to cover everything that you may think good, when 'God' has definitely meant throughout the ages so many things that are bad?"

And yet there are leaders who are firmly convinced of the religious nature of Communism. One of the most enlightened men in Russia, Lunacharsky, former Director of Public Education, said in the name of Social Democracy, "Yes, I am a new and mighty religious force, and carry within me a religion which will absorb and replace all others, and raise religion to a higher power."

Certainly the Revolution is attempting to satisfy the human needs usually associated with religion. It is supplying a definite attitude toward life and the universe—scientific materialism. A code of ethics directed toward the prevention of human exploitation is enunciated, calling for the sternest disciplines. The effort is being made to awaken in the coarse peasant and the drab worker a sense of beauty. It was Trotsky who said at the funeral of Yessinin, the distracted poet, who had taken his life, "Ultimately, our Revolution will win for man not only the right to bread, but the right to poetry as well." The important human experiences, birth, marriage, death, are being marked by colorful Communist ceremonies, replacing the religious observances of the old faiths. The Workers' Club is now caring for the needs of man's social nature, formerly satisfied by the church.

Whether these values are definitely religious may perhaps be questioned, but certainly there is something decidedly spiritual in the Communist's veritable passion for a better world order. He is genuinely a missionary prepared to live

or to suffer and even to die for the propagation of the faith. Here is the translation of a legend, copied from a large red banner in a public building in Moscow: "We work for a Revolution that shall encircle the world, until capitalism in every land is destroyed, and the dictatorship of the proletariat has established the workers in control of all nations." The Communist has the earnestness, the exaltation, the sense of consecration, as well as the self-righteousness and the intolerance of the missionary. One young man of sixteen calmly informed a group of Americans that the future of the world rested with the Russian youth. Another, whose father, after years of struggle, had managed to prepare in America a home for his family and to send steamship tickets to his wife and sons, wrote, "Not for all the fathers in the world would I leave our Holy Russia for your bourgeois America."

No attempt has been made to deify Lenin; yet his words have become Holy Writ, and his personality is in a real sense an object of worship. In every public institution, whether it be kindergarten, schoolroom, club, library, museum, there is a Lenin room or a Lenin corner, in which are large pictures or statues of the leader. Some contain relics, an old cap of his or perhaps a pencil that he used. On the walls are pictures of him in various stages of his career, and statements about him, and in large type some of his own important statements and challenges. Day in and day out people come to these rooms, as they come by the millions to his tomb, in just the same way that many people visit a church or a shrine, to meditate, to contemplate, to draw strength from and to commune with the spirit or the personality of which these physical things are the symbolic representation.

IV

In view of the freedom to worship and the right of parents to speak of religion to their own children, it is hardly fair to

claim that the Soviet government has deprived its religiously minded subjects of fundamental human rights. Nor is it wise to lift the question into the realm of international politics. Not only would the invoking of political power give the Communist leaders the opportunity, which they eagerly grasp, of denouncing another conspiracy of "Capitalist nations" against Russia; not only would it make the already precarious situation of the religious leaders more difficult, by seeming to align them definitely with the forces of counter-revolution; but it would be contrary to the sound American principle, laid down by Thomas Jefferson, then Secretary of State in Washington's cabinet, "We certainly cannot deny to other nations that principle wherein our government is founded, that every nation has the right to govern itself internally under what form it pleases."

Americans must not forget the decision of the Tennessee Legislature, forbidding the teaching of evolution in the schools of that state. What if the Russian government were to refuse to have political relationships with this country because of the persecution of that phase of the Communist's *Weltanschauung*?

Yet, although political power should not be mobilized, an informed public opinion may and should protest against the persecution of religious leaders and the denial of the right to religious education. This should be done despite the reported condemnation of such action, on the part of the acknowledged spokesmen of the Russian church and synagogue. Their words cannot be understood unless one keeps in mind that these men who have been able to read only Communist newspapers during the past twelve years (for the State which controls the press permits the printing of no others) are by this time convinced that, as in pre-revolutionary Russia the Church was the servant of the Tzar, so in the Western nations religion is the tool of capitalism. It must also be understood that these men may not

speaking the truth not only because anything discrediting the Government would not pass the censor, but because they are afraid—not so much for themselves, as for their people and their institutions. Only one who has talked with these priests and rabbis knows the extent of their fear of the G.P.U., the dreaded secret police. At least fifty religious leaders were at various times invited to visit the writer at his hotel. Not one accepted the invitation. Not one dared to be seen entering the abode of a foreigner. Of course such men do not speak the full truth when they issue statements for the foreign press.

Whenever the writer succeeded in gaining the confidence of religious leaders, he was asked to carry the message of their suffering to America, and to urge the American people to protest. They were certain that the protest would be heeded, for they knew that, next to the success of the Revolution, the Communists desire nothing more than American recognition. Protests are of value for, despite its fanatical single-mindedness, the Russian government has, as they say, "its ear to the ground," and does desire, where possible, friendly relations with other nations. It is likely, however, that only those protests will be given serious consideration which are extended in the spirit of friendly criticism, which are based on a scrupulous regard for the facts, and which are definitely dissociated from any political purpose.

The situation in Russia suggests a

challenge and a warning to the world's religions. They must bestir themselves in the interests of a better human life. Where men are oppressed or denied justice religion must not excuse or explain or apologize or palliate. It must welcome all truth and not shut out the light. Wherever religion has, as in Russia, sanctioned injustice, blessed war and oppression, encouraged ignorance and superstition, it has lost its sway over the souls of men. There is a statement over the meeting-place in the Red Square of the Second Moscow Soviet which reads, "Revolution is a whirlwind, sweeping aside all that stands in its way." The march of the race toward progress, whether it take the form of violent revolution, or come in the peaceful, evolutionary way, will pass religion by where religion is on the side of darkness. Where religion is a herald of light and hope, it contributes to that progress and is perhaps the most powerful influence in lifting men to the better life.

To this writer, himself a teacher of organized religion, there is something darkly fascinating about a nation's attempt to abolish God. Will they succeed? Will they really prove that we believe in God only because we have been taught to believe in God, that man is not fundamentally religious? Or, once their immediate wants are satisfied, will they find deeper needs which bread cannot satisfy, or scientific materialism explain; will they learn, as this writer anticipates, that man cannot live without God?



FISHERMAN'S LUCK

BY BRENDAN LEE

YOU have heard from the wise that there is no room for any kind of luck in a world which houses both natural law and divine providence. Attend now while a simpleton tells you how pleasant is fisherman's luck, and all about it and about.

Most theories, you know, are based on the assumption that two trout or two salmon, being of the same species, are as alike as two peas in a pod. This new science of fishes, like that of ornithologists who apply it to bluebirds or bustards, is what makes us put a blind eye to the telescope of observation. Let the peas be our professors: put two of them under a powerful glass, and, lo! they instruct you that in form, in coloration, and in a geographical distribution of ridges and valleys they are as unlike as two dogs, for example, or two worlds. And you know, without a glass, that your well-bred dog is very different from the mannerless mutt which your neighbor keeps for some obscure reason; which is precisely what he thinks about his dog and your dog.

Even so do trout differ among themselves when you see them with your eyes rather than with your prejudice. I have caught them above the Square Forks of the Saevogle where they are so sooty-black that no red spots are visible, and in Sourdnahunk Stream (spell it as you like) where their spots gleam like rubies in a setting of silvery green. From the same pool you may take one white-fleshed trout and another that is pink as a salmon. Here they prefer a fly, and there a worm; but yonder a grasshopper is good on the surface or

a cricket on the bottom. Try now a cricket on the surface or a grasshopper on the bottom, and you wonder why the fish stop biting.

In temper—or shall we say temperament—trout are quite as various as in form or coloration, one being as rough-neckish as a black bass, and another as dainty as a grayling. Moreover, every fish has his moods, some of which make one almost forget that he is cold-blooded. More than once I have watched a big trout and many times a big salmon playing, apparently, with every pretty little thing the river brought down to him; everything, that is, except my fly. To a fragment of colored leaf or grass or flower petal he would rise gracefully, take the plaything into his mouth, and *blow* it back six or eight inches against the current. Up it would shoot, releasing tiny bubbles like a shower of pearls, and sometimes he would catch and blow it again. What the propulsive force is which enables a creature without lungs thus to drive a leaf against a strong run of water is left for some idle-minded scientist to discover.

More in the fisherman's line is the fact that at any hour a fish may be either "on the feed" or keeping a fast, and that he is more hungry after feeding than after fasting. While wintering, a trout is rather notional about what he eats, which is little or nothing; he is then like a bear that comes out of his hibernaculum after five months of sleep and goes looking for tender tips of the first green grass. Later, when he has eaten more freely, a trout becomes omnivorous, and there are times when no

amount of food can satisfy his appetite.

For example, on a northern river I have watched what happened when a game warden released a thousand or more hand-reared salmon fry into the shallows, and went away thinking he had stocked the river for another year. There was no sign of life when the cans were emptied; but when bewildered fry began to flicker about the new place, up from their hidden dens came small trout to take the strangers in. The greedy little beggars would eat till salmon tails stuck out of their mouths, then spew out what they had swallowed and begin all over again.

For years past our state governments have been stocking trout streams in the same foolish way; and still we wonder why the fishing is no better. But I digress.

Every day or week, or every other day or week, fish have long hours for sleeping, though it seems odd to apply the word "sleep" to creatures that never close their eyes, because they cannot. Always in our fishing there is the light to consider; also the wind, the weather, the barometer, the condition of the water, and other such factors which are happily beyond our control. In one light your fine leader looks like a hangman's rope; and only a fish knows what absurdity your fly looks like. Ten minutes later, or twenty, your leader may not be seen against the changed sky, and your fly appears as a fat nymph coming up to try its new wings. Like all other natural creatures, fish are apt to feed eagerly before a storm; on a rapidly falling barometer they seek their dens; and as naturally, when the barometer rises, they go forth again to see the world. A surprising thing, which you discover when a blanket of ice covers the lake, is that fish under fifty feet of water are still sensitive to every change of wind or air pressure. And of course you know, when water temperature rises above 65° F., that neither trout nor salmon will be in a receptive mood.

What has all this to do with luck, you ask? Everything! When you find or rather fall upon the right place at the right time; when light and barometer and water conditions are as they should be, and when the fish have turned from a fasting to a feasting mood—why, that is sheer luck, believe me. I know by deprivation, as it were, because I so seldom have it. The everlasting fascination of fishing is that such heavenly luck is not like the rain, which falleth alike upon those who have and those who lack umbrellas. No, it picks one out of many for its favors, and is as apt to smile upon the beginner or the duffer as upon the oldest or wisest fisherman.

Just to show you how wonderfully it works, once in the springtime I discovered a shallow spot in the very middle of a bay of Moosehead Lake. So small it is, and so unexpected where the water all round is eighteen feet deep, that it seems artificial, an abandoned pier perhaps; or it may be a rock pile dropped by a glacier during the ice age, before I was old enough to go fishing. While crossing this bay to a favorite fishing ground, a gull (a bird that can never hold his tongue when he finds a good thing) called my attention to some minnows, which told me by their erratic behavior that big fish were troubling them. Anchoring the canoe at a good distance, I sent my best lures to the promising spot, both surface flies and streamers. Not a rise did I get in two hours of casting; but an occasional minnow still spoke of something that troubled him from below when I paddled off, thinking, "Well, another day!"

On my favorite shoal I found a small boy stillfishing; while his mentor, an old guide, was soaking up the sunshine, too sleepy even to smoke. His father, having overeaten in obedience to an outdoor appetite, was having a bilious day in camp; and the little fellow evidently thought it an excellent time to fish as he liked. His rod was a cheap "steel" affliction, his line an old hand-me-down, and his bait a can of worms which he had

dug surreptitiously, knowing that his sire had some high-and-mighty notion that any lure but a fly is disgraceful. He was "all boy," you see, as natural and lovable as a setter pup. Why any man should want to make him over into our Adamic image and likeness is beyond me.

Following approved custom, which decrees that a stranger may ask anything of a guide, who is used to foolish questions, I first hailed a figure that drowed in the stern of the canoe under an old hat, "Hey, guide, has that sport of yours had any luck?" At his headshake I addressed the boy, "Son, old scout, I know where there's a big one feeding, and he doesn't want my fly. How would you like to catch him?"

A smile like a glad sunrise spread to his ears as he came back, "Try me, Mister, I've been fly fishing 'most a week, and this is my only chance." Whereupon I told him how to find the tiny shoal by keeping his eye open for a piece of my handkerchief. It looked as guileless as any other flotsam; but I had made sure by a bit of silk line and a sinker that it would stay where one wanted it.

I was casting again, with somewhat better prospects, when from the distant bay rose a yell, shrill and exultant as a Pawnee war-whoop. There was the boy, doubled up, chin to knees, with difficulty holding a rod that was twitching violently. Later came another war-whoop, and another. That evening, as I awaited the supper call, the little fellow came running to my cabin with a string of three trout that dragged their tails on the ground. The largest weighed five and a quarter pounds, the best squaretail caught that season. "And I lost a whopper; he broke my rig," said the boy, with such mingled joy and regret as one remembers forever. The guide told afterwards that the little fellow had hooked a landlocked salmon which was much too much for poor tackle in unskilled hands; after a single jump he broke the rotted line by a rush and ended the day's fishing.

Now gather all the living actors together—the big trout, the minnows, the garrulous gull, the Columbus of a new shoal, the bilious man, the wholesome boy, the unwilling worm—and converge them with their discordant wills to one harmonious focus, precisely attuned to the place and the minute and the trout's taste; and deny fisherman's luck if you can. Don't tell me that every dog has his day. He who goes fishing learns that there are never so many days as there are dogs.

II

Sourdnahunk Stream, which was mentioned a moment ago, suggests a rare bit of trout lore. While tenting in the wild valley one summer, long ago, I met an odd little man who was "keeping" a supply camp. A lumber crew had left provision for another winter's operations, and every pound of food was precious where transportation was fearfully difficult. Because a solitary man is apt to "go queer" in the woods, two keepers are always employed; but the second man had gone home, saying he was sick. "He was no good anyway—scared to death of bears," the little man told me. He went on to explain that often at night a bear or two would break into the supply camp, only a few rods from his cabin. His only weapon was a little pocket rifle, which to a black bear in the dark was about as dangerous as a pea-shooter.

When I crossed the trail of this genius he was fishing the stream with a battered old fly rod. In his other hand was a huge bucket, half full of water, in which was a two-pound trout. "And what are you doing with him?" I asked, wondering why any man in his senses should burden himself with forty pounds of water while fishing. "Oh, I'm keeping him with a few more to take to my friends in Bangor when I go down river," he answered, as carelessly as if keeping trout were as simple a matter as keeping chickens.

To me it was rather mysterious; so I

chummed with the old fellow, and acquired merit in his eyes by mentioning a simple way to keep bears out of a supply camp. "You don't have to watch, and no bear that tries it will ever come back," I assured him. In gratitude for the "tip" he invited me to eat with him, and proved an excellent cook; but this was to appear later. What took all the tuck out of me was his action on reaching camp. After lugging a trout five miles in a bucket of water, without a word he dumped his catch into the river again. At that I stopped short, thinking, "Lord save us! this bird has gone queer as a coot. I am to dine with a lunatic who may take me for a trout and, with his eye on the axe, ask whether I prefer to be netted or gaffed, and whether he will fry me in fat or broil me on a split stick."

The old fellow's grin was reassuring as he beckoned me to come and look. In a pool under the alders, where a rill from a cold spring entered, were thirty-odd trout, all large, but no net or screen of any kind to prevent them from going back where they had been caught. "They stay because they want to," he told me confidently. "Some of them have been there a month, and I haven't lost one yet. They like that cold water."

It seemed incredible but was nevertheless true, as I learned by going back after a few days. There lay the trout, lazily "fanning" their tails, almost covering the sandy bottom of the pool, with nothing but their own wills to keep them in the cool prison. On leaving the second time, near the end of August, I offered the old fellow a hint, which he took good-naturedly, as men do who have no intention of following good advice:

"If you expect your friends to eat any of those fish," I ventured, "you should dress and dry them before the second week in September. Trout always leave their summer haunts at that time, or a bit earlier or later. Where they go before seeking the spawning beds, I have never found out; but at the first touch of

spawning fever they are bound to wander. Don't trust them a minute after their fins begin to color."

Two weeks passed before I again met the old gaffer, heading down the trail with his pocket rifle on a stillhunt for partridges. At my instant inquiry about the trout, a look of gloom spread over his leathery face.

"That bear scheme is all right," he said irrelevantly. "Makes me laugh when a bear hits it with his paw and runs as if the devil was after him. Wish I had taken your trout tip, too. This morning I went to net one for breakfast and— Well, you can go look. They're all gone."

III

The "sleeping" habit of fish came to me in a picturesque way while fishing a grand salmon pool on the Mirimichi. Such a "pool," by the way, is not what the name might imply, being a run of heavy water or even a rush of jumping water. Below it, very often, is a deep and still reach or a big eddy; but it is idle to cast a fly there because salmon seldom rest and never rise in quiet water. The whole river was then "free"; now it is leased to a club. The salmon are still there; but—Ichabod! the glory of the wild has departed.

With one companion I had poled up and run down the river, and in six weeks we had seen no other human being than ourselves. Now on our way out, we had stopped to enjoy a lazy week in camp, and perchance to smoke a few salmon for friends who always ask, "Did you *catch* anything?" and who seldom believe unless they see. On reaching the big pool, about midday, I climbed a tree to be rid of surface lights, and counted a full score of salmon, each with his nose behind a stone where a back-eddy held him in the stiff current with but little effort of his own. A beautiful sight they were, with bluish backs and translucent sides that seemed to melt away even as one looked at them. Having carefully located the big ones, I cast

flies to them all afternoon, and all next day, and the next, without a solitary rise. The water being very clear and the weather sultry, every salmon was taking a long siesta before continuing his journey up-river. After trying every method known to us, including building a fire with a birch-bark reflector and casting across the path of light, we settled down to wait for some change of water or weather that might make the salmon change their mood.

Returning to camp one afternoon, after trout-fishing a cold brook, we saw a pirogue, or log canoe, drawn up on the bank. Above it two men were building a brush lean-to, at a distance from our tent but facing in such a way that an inmate could see what we were doing. "Poachers," said my friend at a glance. Being a native, he could read the signs. For two days they idled, pretending to be busy but doing nothing. On the second evening I watched through my field glass and saw them eat a bit of dry bread. Scant supper for two hungry men! The limp provision bag told mutely of its emptiness when they threw it aside. When their campfire was alight I strolled over, cracking brush as fair warning. One man was big every way, from his good-natured face down to his number-twelve larrigans. The other, small by comparison, was lean and wiry, with keen eyes that met me squarely.

"You fellows have come up here to spear salmon," I said to them, as from a book. "It's against the province law, you know; but a law which permits one who can afford expensive tackle to catch as many salmon as he likes for sport and forbids a poor man to spear a salmon for his family seems rather sumptuary here in this wilderness. There's a good run of fish in the pool. I'll let you try your luck on one condition."

The big man smoked on without a word or motion. The little man turned a surprised head, as if Balaam's ass were again speaking.

"I'm not asking how ye know so

much about our business or what business it is of yours," he gave back, a burr of Scotch in his voice; "but I have some natural curiosity to hear your condeedtion."

"Simply this, that you take me with you. I have heard that salmon spearing, as you do it here, is immensely skilful, and I would like once to see it done."

"So ye could tell the warden as an eyewitness, no doot," said the little man. His voice was cold, but there was the ghost of a question in it.

"Sorry you've made a mistake, boys, but no harm done. We are staying two more days, and have plenty to eat. If you run out of grub—"

Before one could finish the offer, which was imperative in the wilderness, the big man was on his feet. "Take you, sir, and thank you kindly," he smiled. "We brought only two meals, thinking to try the pool and go home next morning. You've damn' near starved us with your fly fishing. Come on, Sandy."

At the word they were off into the woods behind the lean-to. In a few minutes they came out with a spear, a basket of woven wire, and two bags of chips that had been cut from a pitch-filled pine stump. While they made ready the fire basket I examined the crude spear—a bit of blunt iron driven into the end of a spruce pole between jaws of seasoned maple. The iron would stun a fish by a blow on the backbone; the elastic jaws would slip over his body, and hold long enough for a side-heave, and come free by a single jerk. There must be no catch, no instant of delay—not while a man stood in a careening canoe in fast water. And the thrust must hit fair on a salmon's thick shoulders; if struck farther back, the iron would miss his spine, and his tapering body would slip out of the jaws unharmed.

Darkness was fully come, the velvet darkness of a cloudy night, when we boarded the pirogue. A more cranky craft was never invented. It was simply

a pine log hollowed out, long, narrow, low-sided, with a bottom so round that any shift of weight or sudden motion would turn it over in a twinkling. On the river, only the rock-waves showed white as they broke and released their hidden light; all else was black as the pit. Sandy, a marvelous canoeman, stood in the stern with a pole. Jim, the big man, stood in the bow with his spear; in front of him the fire basket, suspended from an iron rod, flamed and smoked like a volcano. Between them I sat low amidships, making myself "dead weight" the better to sway with every lurch of the pirogue. When a man is poling a canoe, in dangerous water especially, his passenger must be lifeless as a sack of potatoes, and on no account place a hand on the gunwales.

Of the spearing—as we labored up or shot down the rushing torrent, flames leaping ahead, shadows jumping back—I shall not speak here, though I vividly remember it as such an exhibition of skill and nerve and superb canoemanship as I shall not see again. Startled birds flicked out of the night with wild cries, hovered an instant in the firelight, and vanished in gross darkness. Jim alone could see what lay just ahead; a touch of his reversed spear would turn us from a white-capped rock into a sluice of clear water. In the stern, Sandy must learn by the feel of his feet what every poleman must every moment know—that his canoe sits fair in the current. If the bow swerves aside on the way up, or the stern on the way down, the push of the river is too strong for any man; the canoe whirls broadside to the current with a motion that makes one dizzy. If she touches an obstruction or is checked in that swift turn, over she goes on the instant, upsetting toward the up-stream side. Then, if you don't know the law of safety, any canoeman will yell it out, "Cling to canoe!" With rapids just below, a swimmer has no chance.

Occasionally, as we careened dangerously to avoid a rock, a booming voice would call, "Steady, Sandy!" The

pirogue would halt, trembling like a living thing. Under the fire Jim would poise his spear, lunge down where I saw only dancing reflections, and with the same motion hurl a convulsive thing back where no passenger should be sitting. Not being able to dodge, I must take the fish where he happened to hit me. When five salmon were threshing about my legs, and I was holding a twenty-eight pounder in my lap lest he flop over the low side, I called, "Enough, boys!" Well content, they eased the pirogue ashore. Generously they offered me a third of the catch, which was refused, and they were on their way home at sunrise. "Send for us whenever you want another lesson in rale fishin'," said Sandy with a wink when we shook hands at parting.

Somehow, I still think of those two poachers—who together could not have spared cash enough to buy my salmon tackle, but who had made their own gear because they loved the thrill of spearing as we fly-fishermen love our lesser art—as among the finest sportsmen I have ever met. No doubt I deserve a skinning for such heresy, and shall get it; but even so, in any field one must doff his hat to a better man when one meets him.

I mention this night spearing for the reason that it gave me, most unexpectedly, a few hours of such fly-fishing as one dreams of. The fish were mightily stirred up, probably for the first time since entering the river from the sea. Driven from their resting beds, most of them found refuge in a smaller pool above; and when they came back they were wide awake. At my first good cast next morning, two salmon rose to the fly so eagerly that both missed, and came again—the same salmon that for days past had ignored my every offering. A few of the smaller fish remained in the upper pool, and these also were as keen for the fly as salmon commonly are when first they settle in a new place.

Since then, when I have found a pool where trout or salmon refuse to rise, I have sometimes (but not always)

changed their indisposition by treating them as scum o' the earth. Throwing rocks may serve, if you throw enough; a more effective method is to cut a sapling, leaving a brush at the top, and broom every fish out of the pool. In an hour or two they will steal back to a place they like, never fear; then if you return as warily as they return, you may have good fishing. Whether they rise now because excitement has made them hungry, as it makes us when it is over and gone, only a trout or a salmon might tell. And that reminds me . . .

IV

When you go north for the spring fishing, one of your standing invitations is to join the group around the fire at night and tune-in to the talk of other fishermen. To miss that is to eat your strawberries without cream, and with no friendly face across the table. What a happy lot they still are, as Walton found them two centuries ago, all boys at heart, not an expert among them. Arguments they have, endlessly, with earth-wide theories or heaven-scaling imagination; yet theirs is perhaps the only keen argument you will ever hear that never grows controversial or dogmatic but is always kindly, human, and receptive. If ardent prohibitionists would only go fishing and for once listen to friendly men—well, you never can tell. Perhaps they might even learn that temperance is a cardinal virtue, and that any dog-my-cats method of persuasion . . . But again I digress; we were speaking, if I remember correctly, of the very interesting questions debated by fishermen.

Soon or late the talk always turns to the right color for trout flies, and someone is bound to say, "What's the use of all these different flies? The books tell us that fish are color-blind."

At that I am wide awake, like a trout coming back to his pool, having a bit of evidence that seems real rather than bookish. It came to me while fishing some Newfoundland rivers, so far "back

of beyond" that they were the virgin waters for which every fisherman is longing. Because salmon flies are an expensive luxury, being mostly tied with rare feathers in their natural color, I had thought by way of preparation, Why spend money needlessly, since one can get practically the same effect by using dyes? Taking this as a happy inspiration, I ordered a few dozen salmon flies from an expert dresser of trout flies, giving him samples of "the real thing" with directions to copy the colors. He did so, very well, and I went north with a portly fly book.

To my eye the imitation Black Dose or Fairy or Popham looked like the original so far as colors were concerned. The only apparent difference was that the natural feathers had a sheen that no dye can give. In her living color, as in the bloom on a grape or a woman's cheek, nature will not be counterfeited; but it seemed beyond possibility that a fish could distinguish between natural and artificial tints when a tiny fly swept over him in rushing water.

Yes, we found plenty of salmon, so many that, for the first time in my life, I could fish as much as I liked when the fish were ready to play their part. On other trips I have had to quit when I landed enough for the table, since I find no sport in catching a thing only to let it go. As for salmon, you may not bring them to net and release them, as many fishermen net and release trout with (as a rule) little or no harm to the fish. A salmon fights to his last ounce of strength, his tremendous rushing and jumping in quick water exhaust him beyond the limit, and commonly he dies if you turn him loose. On this trip, happily, the skipper and the cook of our little schooner had brought salt, and such fish as I did not want were thankfully preserved for winter food.

The astonishing thing, which made me "guess again," was that salmon seemed to know the difference between the natural and the dyed feathers even in heavy water. Several times, when they

were taking an ordinary salmon fly, I would change to another of the same size and pattern but with wings, hackle, and tag of dyed feathers; and they would stop rising as if I had blown a police whistle. After a time of vain casting I would switch back to the natural feathers, and up the salmon would come again. The one marked exception to this rule was a Silver Doctor, which had the same body of silver tinsel as the real fly. A few salmon took this imitation; but it is probable that they were attracted by the shining body, and that the multi-colored wings were in their eyes, as in mine, a confused blurr when they massed together in the water.

The present scientific theory, based upon numerous experiments with tanks, cameras, artificial lights, and such, is that fish are color-blind and distinguish only different shades of black and white. If that be so, I rise to ask, How then does a salmon instantly distinguish between the yellow which nature gives to the golden pheasant and a dyed yellow of the same shade? But don't take this objection too seriously, I beg you. Scientists will probably ignore it, as coming from a poor fish.

V

To another question, which is often debated to a negative end, I must give contradictory answers. While fishing in Mountain Pond one day, thunder began to bellow; and small trout, which had been rising freely, stopped all at once, as human talk or motion ceases when the air quivers to a lion's roar. That pond is high among the hills; clouds were very low that day, and when thunder heads massed and blacked, the friend who was paddling me said, "Let's get under our canoe quick, or we'll get a soaking." As we raced for shore my fly rod was thoughtlessly held straight up. The slender tip picked a strong charge of electricity from a cloud, and my arm was paralyzed by a blow which knocked the rod overboard.

So I say, with the vast majority, that

trout do not rise in a thunder storm. As a minority of one, let me add that it is good medicine in a thunder storm to keep your rod down, especially if you are out in the open. As old Gran'pere puts it, in Drummond's ballad of "Johnnie's First Moose":

Doesn't matter w'at you're chasin',
Doesn't matter w'at you're facin',
Only watch de t'ing you're doin';
If you don't—bah gosh, you're ruin!
And steady, Johnnie, steady!
Kip your head down low.

Having said that much, one is bound as an honest angler to record a very different conclusion, which came to me on the Restigouche, a glorious salmon river that is always leased at a high price. Sad to say, I was not one of the elect. Outside of well-known salmon pools, however, trout fishing was then free; and a trout fisherman who is unprepared for the unexpected where the water may erupt a big salmon is over-looking a bet. So it happened, when my canoe brought me down to a swirling pool below a brook that comes in from the northwest, that I used a six-ounce rod, my heaviest, and tied a Silver Doctor to a well-tested leader. If a salmon were foolish enough to take that plain trout fly—why, nobody could blame me for his mistake. And did not, because no unfriendly eyes were there to see, when I played a fourteen-pounder and "beached" him without net or gaff. He would be counted a little one on that noble river.

Next afternoon, while casting for sea-trout that were not rising, a rumble of thunder said, as always it says, "Get to cover!" Up-stream a squall was gathering force; no, two squalls, one over each valley. They were coming down fast against the breeze; they would meet where the waters joined, just above; and I had waded far out in the river to reach a trouty-looking eddy. As I turned back to shore—carefully, trying every step, being nearly up to my hips in strong water, and the bottom was slippery—a flood of rain swept down the

smaller valley, and in thirty seconds I was drenched, as wet above as below. Then down the other valley whooped another squall, so strong that I must bend toward it to keep my balance. With it at a furious clip came big hailstones, millions of them, with the sting of buckshot. They pelted me on the shoulders, where a wet shirt drew tight over the skin; while with one free arm I shielded an exposed neck. Never have I taken such a licking or felt so helpless. Take it I must; the only choice was to take it on my back or stand and get it in the face.

Suddenly a little tug, tug, tug called attention to my fly, which had drifted away downstream. A trout was worrying it; but I dared not strike, being in no condition of mind or body to play a fish in that turmoil, which might turn serious if I lost footing. It is dangerous to swim in fast water that swirls and eddies. Turning away from the storm I reeled in slowly, only to stop when another fish worried the fly, and another. No foolish little fellows, but lusty big sea-trout! As an experiment, to forget my castigation from on high I began to switch-cast, tossing the fly here or there; and wherever it touched the water for an instant a trout boiled up to it. All the while thunder bellowed to crack one's ears, and the whole surface of the river looked like multitudinous collar buttons that leaped up to the lash of the hail.

Why do or don't trout rise in a thunder storm? Is color a factor when they take a Brown Palmer and ignore a Red Hackle? On a river that has never before been rod-fished (one has tried such, in Labrador) why do trout rise to a fly

and salmon refuse to rise? Why, when you have vainly cast the same fly for an hour or more over a pool where fish are lurking, will they suddenly take it as if nothing could better please them?

To these and all such questions of deep interest to fishermen one must answer, "Honestly, I don't know." Any explanation of their taste or mood or action is, for me, much like a reason given by a newly-wed man at Niagara Falls. I was contemplating the vast uproar, alone in the evening twilight, when a young couple approached; and though they were silent they proclaimed "Honeymoon!" above the thunder of the falls. When we grew acquainted, as friendly strangers will, I made bold to say, "I wonder why people come here on their wedding trip."

The man looked at me as if I were another dumb one. "Well," he said, as if settling it, "why not? Niagara takes the jump, and so do we."

Just so trout. They do, so they do, or they don't, so they don't, in obedience to some mood or impulse which is beyond our ken. That is why I think that luck is still, as ever it was, the chief element in fishing, yet do not believe that there is any room for luck in a reasonable world. Inconsistency, you say? On the contrary, perfect harmony! A fisherman is lucky just to be a fisherman. He takes a holiday and finds life good, while others hasten to be a long time dead. Sometimes he catches fish; frequently he catches pleasure; always he catches serenity or peace or good will or happy memories. Thus without seeking he gathers the only kind of riches which a man can carry with him into heaven.



TWO CHILDHOODS

BY JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

A MAN'S life bifurcates when he begins to have children: first there is his own childhood, then, like a two or more pronged fork, there follow his adulthood and the childhood of his children. The nature of the one prong is just as much an extension of his earlier years as is the nature of the other. In 1904 I was seven years old, and in 1925 my older son was seven; it seemed to me that, just as in 1904 a new stage in my personal existence began, so in 1925 another new stage, existing side by side with an adult stage of my very own, and as much my own as that, was beginning. Of course I could not tell where this collateral experience would lead save that the general direction lay farther and farther away from me—the “me” of more orthodox nomenclature—until it would finally lead out of sight; but I did know that there were certain experiences which I remembered as having occurred to the “me” who was seven in 1904 and that these experiences must not be allowed to happen to the “me” who was seven in 1925.

I must not give the impression, however, that I regard my children as mere extensions of my own personality; far from this, I like to feel how little I really know about them in many directions. Parents who tell you that they know all that goes on in their children's minds because they are such good friends with them are fools, liars, or hypocrites; and probably all three. It is a delight to watch the being whom one has seen in a period when stupid though necessary physical functions seemed the sum total of its personality becoming daily more

inscrutable and more independent. But then the “me” who was seven in 1904 seems almost as independent when I think of him; he is not a dead self, but a friend with whom I have had many conversations, hoping to gain from them a clue which would help me to talk to my son.

But first let me explain why I use, as if it were a critical moment, the age of seven. Why was it an astonishing adventure of the imagination when I realized that I actually had a child who had ceased to be from nought to seven years old and had begun to be from seven to fourteen?

In the first place, when I was very young somebody told me that every cell in the human body is destroyed and renovated in the course of seven years, so that not a vestige of one's body seven years ago remains to-day. This vague biological generalization became not merely an article of faith to me but an important motif in the emotional pattern of my life. It came to my rescue from time to time and actually was the only thing which made life seem worth living at certain moments of stress. Thus when I was thirteen years old there was a little girl six months my senior whom I kissed one evening behind the front door; and for some time after I went about feeling that when I grew up I must marry her to make an honest woman of her; six months later, I discovered that another boy had also, by force I was glad to know, kissed this girl, and that night I lay on my bed saying to myself, “In seven years there will be not one cell of Theresa left; she'll all be new; I

must wait until she is twenty-one, and then I shall be able to feel happy again." On another occasion as a result of mass bullying I had been hurt and soiled; the little savages—the "regular boys" of an orthodox English preparatory school—had spat on me and worse; and once again I wanted seven years of time to dissolve the cells of my unhappy body and bring new and clean ones in their place. My whole body had become for the time being an offense to me and I could not see how to cleanse it short of this septennial annihilation.

But there is a less mystical reason than this: it was at seven that my own childhood was severed in twain. At that age I left South Africa, where I had been born, and was brought home to England *to be educated*. I have never revisited my native land, so that those first seven years remain to me an island of memories separated by a broad ocean from the continent of subsequent events. I can know with certainty that such and such emotions and experiences happened before I was seven if I see them against an African background: it is as if my emotional ontogeny, recapitulating the phylogeny of the human race, at seven left the sea and became a land experience, so complete is the break between the two existences. And so when I suddenly awoke to the fact that I had a son past his seven years' birthday it was almost as remarkable an event as having him born at all. He had entered into his second period, the period which for me had not been as happy as I could have wished. And I began to bother about the perfect school, which would solve his problem and mine.

II

It was then that I first suspected a fact of which I am now quite certain—that the quest which most of us modern parents are busily making for the ideal school is a quest without a real end; and that, in a sense, it has more to do with our own needs than with those of our

children. Once upon a time the inadequacy of human life this side of the horizon led men beyond the horizon in search of an Earthly Paradise, where rivers of life and wine flowed between trees laden with apples of gold. We have learned now that such Gardens of the Hesperides are dreams, compensating the dreamers for the sorrows and inadequacies which are so large a part of reality.

Just such another dream is the Perfect School; a dream place wherein we live again—in our children's childhood—our own childhood free from all those things which were irksome, sad, or cruel in it. And if we are not very careful, our children suffer. Every modern parent who in disgust with orthodox methods of education allows his children to go to a more or less experimental school ought to go into seclusion for five minutes every day and ask himself these questions: "Is my child being made to suffer for my childhood? Shall I be upbraided twenty years hence for exposing him to precisely the opposite vices to those which injured my young days? Are my new ideas about education really ideas or only blind revolts or recoils from what hurt me?" In many cases it seems only too possible that modern parents are seeking vicarious compensation for their own sufferings, real or imagined, rather than thinking first of their children; and that some modern schools frequented by pasty-faced and messy children are the product not of reason but of rationalization. In short, for good and for evil alike, the nature of the children's childhood, it seems, must depend upon the childhood of the parent, so that all parents should be on their guard against the dangers which arise from the working of this universal law.

Freud and the Jesuits are agreed that the first seven years of childhood make or mar a man and, therefore, we should all of us concentrate upon a good start for our children during those years at least. But the trouble is nobody knows the first thing about the nature of a good

start. Of course no intelligent parent can be taken in for a moment by all the talk about nursery schools and kindergartens; these may be good or they may be bad, but there is no scientific manner of judging either way. The complicated process of modern life requires that parents should have places to park their offspring as early and as often as possible, and this is at least a partial justification of these institutions. Furthermore, most parents are fools about their children for the same reason as they are fools about other people, because they have not sufficient imagination to realize the existence in this world of individuals with needs different from their own; and this inadequacy of family life may make contact with other adults less dangerous than contact with the parents. But this is as far as we can with decency go; to pretend that we have discovered a better way of educating is mere superstition. We have invented ways of safeguarding our children from our own inadequacies, but we have no shred of evidence that they will grow up any less inadequate than we. For example, the first step in proving that Mr. Bertrand Russell's remarkable school is an advance in education will be if his son proves to be a more brilliant and a better man than his father, or better still if all the children turn out better than their parents; and even then the proof will not be rigorous. For all we know, exceptional brilliance is like a beautifully colored gall on an oak leaf, a reaction to a poison; it may be that a repressed and distorted childhood produces the best sublimations; and then the proof of a good education will be absence of abnormal talent in the product.

Nor does it help that every person who makes an experiment in education starts out afresh with a dogma or two, and practically no attempt to find out what has really been done elsewhere, and that nobody tells us of his mistakes or of his gradual compromise and withdrawal from an untenable position.

In short, unless parents are going to drug themselves with reliance on insecure

educational doctrines, they must face my main thesis that the childhood of their children is the product of their own childhood modified only by the use of an occasional burst of common sense. For my own part, I am prepared to confess as much and to see in it the reason why I wanted the first seven years of my children's lives to resemble mine, and the next seven to be as different as possible; for I was happy from nought to seven and miserable from seven to fourteen. I am not suggesting that it is a reasonable position for any parent to take up, but I do suggest that it is a more honest one than some.

III

What then was this seven years of childhood which became the inevitable pattern for my son's childhood? In the last years of the dying century my father and mother, immediately after their marriage, left England and went to South Africa. They settled in the half-tamed bush country of Zululand, where my father, a clergyman six foot three in height, kept a frontier school for children of at least five races, disagreed with his fellows of the cloth, learned to despise missionaries of every sort, read Huxley and Tolstoi, and cultivated his garden in the spirit of Voltaire. What possible future there was for such a man we can never know, for three years later he was to die.

He had overworked in a London slum, read all night instead of sleeping, induced chills by swimming in rough seas for miles round the Isle of Wight, and generally undermined his colossal frame; and when he first reached Zululand was already nursing tuberculosis bacilli. The doctor gave him one hope—to trek up-country in a covered wagon across the veldt. So we started off with a span of donkeys, the four of us, my dying father, my mother, myself aged two, and an infant younger still. The baby died on the veldt, and my father carried him nine miles in his arms to the nearest

graveyard, and then we moved on. Only last year, by the way, I read in the papers how some Zulus, infuriated by white mishandling, had desecrated that particular graveyard and torn up all the graves.

Then came the Boer War; we could go no farther. My father, a Tolstoian pacifist, lay dying in a military hospital listening to the guns of Ladysmith; and then my mother and I were left alone. I was three years old; my father had taught me how to place a chess board, and the last I remember of him was a disagreement over a game of cards; and then he became a myth in my life, a myth more powerful than almost any living human being I have ever met since. It is not that I have a "fixation" or other devastating psychoanalytic nightmare, but that now, thirty years after, thinking of him produces precisely the same detached inebriation as listening to a string quartet. I have already lived too long for any son of mine to have a like feeling for me!

For four years everybody was too busy to worry much about me, or at least to interfere with me. Such things as heat, trees, thunder storms, and the sight of miles of brown, burnt grassland are my most vivid memories; and the nearest approach to a nursery school that I suffered was a quarter of an hour a day at a little green desk where I learned to read and write when my mother was not too busy to find me. And usually she was too busy: for she had flouted her English class conventions and, instead of going home to take her place and mine in the Forsyte Saga of suburban London, she started a toy shop and did dressmaking in a small town in Natal. She had one fixed idea and almost no other—that she must be independent of her people's charity so as to save me from the sort of education they would want to impose. So there we have it again: my childhood was fixed by her childhood and my father's and, because of the pain and futility of theirs, I was saved for freedom and independence under a hot African sun.

It is not likely that the American reader can comprehend what this declaration of independence on my mother's part involved or the extent to which it was bound to deflect the normal course of my development; because no American has drunk in the English class conventions with his mother's milk; nor born within his unconscious the ancestral specters lurking in ours. As I write I can see the venerable form of my maternal grandfather, a worthy churchman who, at a pinch, would have sat in the same pew as a man who had to do with a shop, but would never dream of acknowledging him in the street; and who spoke of non-episcopalians as "wretched dissenters" as others speak of Bolsheviks or Jacobins. By the age of thirty he had reached the position of chief clerk in a city firm, and out of that position he had to be forcibly retired more than fifty years later when he was eighty-three. He was a genial old gentleman, as I remember him, and I have nothing against him; indeed, his long white beard into which egg and coffee invariably descended at breakfast time was the only help I ever had in my attempts to visualize the first person of the Trinity. Probably he regarded it as a personal grievance that my father had not been content to take a refined lady out to Africa but had died there into the bargain and left her stranded. As for his wife, my grandmother, in 1896 she decided that the best way to make other people suffer for her rheumatism would be to refuse to get out of bed and, being iron-willed, she persisted in being bed-ridden until her death in 1915. She lived up five flights of stairs and used to ring her electric bell from time to time so as to be sure that the servants would come from the basement "if she really needed them." When my parents married she was much annoyed at the way in which conventional ceremony in the matter of clothes, gifts, and useless paraphernalia was eliminated, and finally when told of a new accession to the general scheme of economy she said

bitterly, "Well, all I can say is, that each day this seems to me to be getting less and less of a wedding and more and more of a marriage!" To some the meaning of these words will be obscure, to others they will epitomize the Victorian Age. But we must not linger over grandparents; we shall not look upon their like again, and I owe most of what I have to my mother's struggle against their incredibly powerful spirit, a spirit which grimly led my generation on to August, 1914.

Did this struggle simply give me the remoteness of a not over-civilized corner of the world? It gave me silence and solitude, absence of supervision, freedom without cruelty and, above all, the absence of a conventional herd with standardized reactions to come between me and my thoughts and feelings. It was a rough life too, and my body was always bleeding from stones and thorns, and bruised from the gentle kicks of adults who wanted me to leave them alone; but never once was I aware that people existed whose pleasure came from hurting other human beings. I was to learn that only when I came back to England to be educated.

One day, or indeed one bewildering, amazing minute taught me this necessary truth; it "converted" me as completely as whatever it was that turned Saul into St. Paul.

I can remember the excitement of my going to school for the first time. It was a frosty morning in late September when all the grass was white and the mist obscured the tops of the horse chestnut trees outside the school. I arrived one hour too early and waited in a room alone for the other boys, wondering what they would be like, longing for the new thrill of lessons to begin. In later months and years I was to creep up to the school gates as the last bell tolled, taking cover behind trees and hedges, so as to avoid being ambushed by a crowd of boys, whose object it was to knock me down and fill my mouth with mud, partly because I did not like it,

and partly to extract from me the answers to lessons which they had not done. The change moreover came quickly.

The first Saturday of term my grandfather came down from London to visit us; we walked down the long High Street in the dusk, my mother and I, to see him to his train; he gave me a shilling to spend in exactly the way which would give me most pleasure. No shilling spent on a serious book ever taught anyone as much as this one was to teach me. On the way home from the railway station we stopped at a toy shop and I bought an iron hoop and a hoop-stick with a hooked end, and I remember regretting that it was too late in the day to learn how to bowl the hoop before bedtime came; so I had to fall asleep thinking of how to-morrow was very far away and somewhere in the house a hoop, which ought to be racing along the road, was standing still.

On Sunday afternoon we went as always for a walk together, and only then did the chance come to master this new art: at first I was always picking it out of the hedgerow or watching it sink lopsidedly to rest yards ahead in the very middle of the road. We learn to skate in summer and to swim in winter, and that night in sleep I learned to bowl my hoop. Proudly on Monday morning did I go to school and, turning into the playground where the other boys were kicking a football about, I trundled it along with something approaching mastery and certainly a little hope that I should acquire merit by reason of my talent. What was my astonishment when upon their first sight of me, every one of the seventy boys, more or less, stopped kicking the football and gathered round me with howls of derision. As I flushed scarlet, pushes sent me this way and that, and in a flash I realized that I was a little boy who was doing an unheard of thing, bringing a hoop to school, a hoop which only a guttersnipe who went to a free school ought to play with. Very rapidly my mind began to work; first, they

must not take my hoop from me, then, I must not cry, then the realization that they were enjoying themselves because I was unhappy, and then a feeling of the irony of it all, a white-bearded old man who with all kindness had given me a shilling and had caused this. He must never know, nor must my mother; nobody must know. I had learned in a second, among other things, the difference between solitude in Africa and loneliness in England.

The jeering continued until the school bell rang; but, once only, another voice broke in with, "Oh shut up, you fellows, after all he's only a kid." The speaker was probably thirteen years old, nearly twice as old as I and, therefore, an adult; and the idea that an adult should find an excuse for me helped me to feel that I was not altogether damned. I have forgotten the name of everybody on that day except one name, and the only reason why I have never written to remind its owner of the episode is a fear lest if I made the necessary inquiries I should find that he had been killed in the War.

IV

If this were an autobiography, instead of a reverie over two childhoods and the way in which one boy of seven influences another, even though the first happens to be the father and the second his son, I would be able to show what a number of things in my life were irrevocably predestined because of a shilling hoop. Because of it I was to run round another street, whenever I could, if I saw a group of small boys coming—a terror which lasted into adult life and has only begun to be broken by my discovering that my own children, though they are ten years and nine years old, seem to like me and to have no wish to jeer if I meet them in the road. From that day I found myself forced to wear a scarlet letter, and all my ideas and feelings were treated by my schoolfellows as if they were bastards. But this is not as relevant to our subject as that, owing to what I learned in that

moment, my children have never gone to an English preparatory school. Had I been one of the jeerers or the sturdy individual who stood out against the jeering, matters might very well have been different.

Of course the episode was only the beginning, and some people would probably say that it was a necessary shattering of a fool's paradise. I am quite prepared to admit that ten years of being bullied, of being plagued by the mass mind of regular boys taught me some lessons; but the very admission goes to prove that the time has gone by when parents will plunge their children into hell simply cause it may be said with plausibility that they themselves were refined by the hell of their childhood. That indeed is the significant thing—we parents of to-day are determined to spare the rod even though this may spoil the child. Sparing the rod is the important thing with us and, starting from a determination to spare it, we look with an almost pathetic faith to the verbalisms of "scientific pedagogy," hoping that they will show us a way of sparing the rod without spoiling the child. So far there is no proof at all that our faith is justified.

And yet we cannot overestimate the importance of this change; for it amounts in practice to the giving up of the dogma that children should be "licked into shape." Pliny centuries ago informed the learned world that bear cubs came into the world as shapeless masses of jelly, and that the mother bear settled down to the task of licking these masses until her tongue had shaped the limbs into their due proportions. Human beings, always true to form, never looked at a new-born bear cub but continued to read Pliny, so that even in Shakespeare's day people believed in the jelly which was licked into shape. Finally some Bolshevik had the indecency to upset authority and describe bear cubs as his eyes had seen them. Meanwhile a phrase had become embedded into the language to describe

an orthodox educational idea: children needed to be "licked into shape," and schools were the place to do it.

It must have been very unpleasant for the parents. My mother, for example, who slaved day and night to clothe and feed me, must have known when I was miserable, but she believed that it had to be. My dying father had said that his education had been ruined by his being shifted about from school to school and had begged her not to make the same mistake with me. Once more childhood of father fixed the childhood of son, and I had to be kept in the school in which I had started. I think it was certainly a good thing in the long run, but it must have hurt my mother at the time.

In these days we are not willing to pay the price because we no longer believe that anything is worth the price of unhappiness; "licking into shape" has ceased to be part of our educational philosophy. But are our children any happier? There must be times when the modern parent, after taking a good deal of trouble to ward off the more obvious forms of childhood sorrows, wonders whether children are not after all congenital martyrs. Thus one day at the dinner table one of my boys, aged five at the time, said suddenly, "You know God is the soul of the world." The statement coming unexpectedly produced a smile, more of surprise than anything else; at once he turned white, burst into tears, and said, "It isn't true; *nothing* I say is true"; and it was hard to console him. The *welt-schmerz* of the modern child sometimes defies all adult efforts to control. Childhood and sadness cannot always exist apart.

Indeed, I doubt if we can reduce the sorrows of childhood very much, but at least we have been a little bit more successful in increasing the joys. I can remember countless pleasures during my African days, most of them experienced alone: I can still feel the joy of long, hot afternoons spent in cutting up leaves into

little pieces and drying them as I had seen done in the tea plantations; in playing soldiers with my army of discarded cotton reels collected from my mother's workroom—they were so much more amenable to discipline than the ridiculous tin soldiers bought in boxes, which could only keep in one position; cotton reels were in any position you cared to imagine; in watching wild animals, ants, vultures, spiders, bats, and so on; in making clay cows with the help of the Zulu girls. I had no pleasures such as these when I went to school; for even though cricket and football were good fun, they did not smack distinctively of the pleasures of the imagination. Gradually all my emotions went into one thing: I schemed to hurry home as fast as I was able in order to sit down on a particular chair, shut my eyes, put my hand out to the left where the bookshelves were, and grab and read whatever came to my hand. The only saying preserved from my childhood is that when just before he began to die my father asked me to fetch him a book, I replied, "Which one, *Degeneration* or the *Origin of Species*?" From seven to fourteen I read my father's books, preserved when everything else had been sold and brought home to England. It was his copy of Max Nordau's nonsense and Darwin's sense that I read in snatches after hurrying home from school. But even so, South African pleasures were no more. I am determined that they shall linger on far longer in my children's childhood than they did in mine.

V

I confess I am a little puzzled where it is all leading us at present. Certainly the children have their "South African" pleasures still, they spend days devising how to shoot the neck of a bottle at ten yards with blank cartridges and how to invent a target which will collect spent shot so that they may be used again. I am particularly pleased at

these activities, for when my Tolstoian father died leaving me an orphan at three, and became a "myth" overshadowing my whole emotional life, there were probably laid the seeds of my own pacifism—though when attacked on the subject I base it naturally enough solely on the use of my reason—and no pacifist's children could ever be more armed to the teeth than mine, a fact which I take rightly or wrongly as evidence that I am letting them lead their own lives!

It is not so much the pleasures that cause me doubts; it is the endless criticism which falls from their lips and seems so reasonable. Certainly, for example, they are not submitted to the lack of individuality which was a feature of my education; indeed, there are twenty-five children and seventeen adults to teach them. Are they pleased that the staff is adequate? Not a bit of it. "What we need if we are ever going to learn anything," says one of them, "is fewer grownups and more children." And I believe he is right. Certainly, again, everything is done to stimulate their interests; indeed, I sometimes think that modern education consists in boycotting all work and putting the hobbies into the curriculum instead. So apparently thinks my son. "It's impossible to learn anything here; there are so many other things to do that you don't even get time to want to learn." And again I believe he is right. Curiously enough, just as I ran home as fast as I could from an orthodox school so as to read books, my older son runs home from a "new" school as fast as he can so as to read books. In my case they tried to dull my intellectual pleasures by making me learn by heart all the capes and bays on the west and south of Ireland and calling it geography; in his case there is a tendency to "high hat" the intellect altogether and substitute a number of rather silly handicrafts for any reasonable form of head work; but in neither case does it make much difference, at the age of ten we both lay or lie on our

stomachs in our homes to read the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Meanwhile, in contrast to myself or his older brother, the younger child at the age of nine has organized a club among the village children to "do for the village what Mr. Hoover is doing for America"; and in case you do not know what that may be, the club is specifically "to put down bullying and encourage football." There you have the man of action who goes through life without too many problems for happiness.

In other words, it seems as if whatever the school some children are happy and others less so. I do not think that the older son is happier or less happy than I was; but I am perfectly certain that the younger one is happier than either. And from this I gather among other things that my grandchildren, by my younger son, will go to much the same sort of school as that in which he finds himself, whereas my grandchildren by my older son will go to a school full of discipline, rewards and punishments, fixed subjects, orthodox curriculums, and everything else that is different from his father's experience. And I only hope, without great conviction, that their father will not be writing, twenty years hence, a complaint against his upbringing.

What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? Surely that we modern parents will do well to regard the education of our children as a matter of emotional experience rather than as a thing to be logically determined. That does not mean that we must not think; thought is needed for nothing so much as for affairs of the heart and feelings; it means, however, that if we are to make a success of education, it will be as artists in the art of life, and not as scientists practicing applied sociology. A great deal of modern education is a confession of emotional inadequacy: we make ourselves believe in "experts" because we are afraid of a difficult human problem. And yet you might as well hand over a love affair to an expert as this other equally personal relationship.



GERMAN WOMEN IN POLITICS

SOME PARALLELS FOR THEIR AMERICAN SISTERS

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

IT WAS at the Conference of the International Suffrage Alliance held at the Sorbonne in Paris, some three years ago, that I caught my first glimpse of the German women as active and powerful political factors. It was then, too, that I was bound to contrast the magnitude of their accomplishment with the small part American women have played in our political life. Over a period of three years in which I have had occasion to learn more about them, I see them, under conditions and in circumstances demanding astute convictions and complete valor, as a direct indictment of our own women who, in pre-suffrage days, strewed the floor of their arena with flamboyant prophecies of the millennium that would come with their right to vote and to govern.

They came, these German women, from a country pinched by hunger and defeat and revolution. They came as under a cloud into an enemy land, where prejudice, and even hatred, were likely to be their welcome. They came with their heads held high, their eyes blind to all but their purpose, their banners proclaiming to the women of twenty-six nations what women can do when they are put to the test.

And from the moment of their entrance they furnished a comparison by which the tactics and the technic of our own women were to suffer. Whereas the American delegation of twelve actual representatives and twelve alternates was picked from the members of but one of our national women's organizations,

nearly all from the leisure class, the German delegation was made up of women from all political parties and from all walks of life. They were lawyers, physicians, social welfare workers, doctors of political economy, of letters and of science, teachers, members of the Reichstag, and women who, working with their hands, had come to know the problems of the poor and the oppressed.

While the chief concern of our American women was the exclusion from the conference of a delegation from another of our national organizations, the common cause of the women of Germany was the bettering of conditions for the men and women and children of their own country and of the world, and the exhortation to all women to pledge themselves to work for international understanding and accord.

The American delegation had its way. And for but one reason. The women of the other countries felt they could not afford to antagonize a group to which they must look for the larger part of the money necessary to carry out the program of the Alliance. But they shook their heads, many of them, in derision or disdain, at the whispering campaign which had been an implement of the American victory.

Our complete eclipse—and I might also say our collapse; for the bubble of our superiority was well-pricked—occurred the last evening of the conference when women members of the various national parliaments were asked to speak.

One by one they arose, and without interpreters, for they all had at least a fair knowledge of French. One by one they spoke with conviction and with a precise knowledge of their policies and of the work they had done and hoped to do in their legislative halls.

Nearly at the end, Frau Gertrude Baumer, Deputy in the Reichstag, came to her feet. The Amphitheater of the Sorbonne was packed from floor to roof with an audience for the greater part French. A few timid and scattered clappings of the hand were her only greeting.

This little dark-eyed, sleek-haired woman, simply but tastefully gowned, looked about her, bowed gracefully, and in perfect and beautiful French began to speak.

Before the end of her first paragraph the whole house was on its feet, shouting its applause. On and on she went unfolding her idea of woman's purpose in politics, a purpose magnificent in its scope, penetrating in its vision, determined in its ideals. When she had finished, the audience was moved to an uncontrolled emotion. Frenchmen were kissing one another and calling out their commendation. Women were weeping. It was ten minutes before the voice of the Chairman could be heard calling the meeting to order. The French papers the next day published the speech in full, many of them commenting upon it editorially and declaring that seldom nowadays did the walls of the Sorbonne echo to words of "such sound logic, deep insight, sincere purpose, and inspiring ideals." One editorial writer acclaimed her as a shepherd leading her flock by still waters. Frau Baumer's speech was the great moment of the Conference.

The next speaker was an American—not a Representative in Congress, as we had but three women members at that time and none was present—but a lone woman from a state legislature. As she arose to loud and prolonged applause, the audience moved forward in their seats, murmuring expectantly. She was

pretty and well-groomed and gentle in appearance. As she made her bow silence reigned. In timid English she spoke—this when, as I have said, all of the other women, even those from Iceland and from China, had spoken in French. She said nothing because she had nothing to say. She was there, she explained, in all humility, as she had accomplished so little, but she did want the women of the other nations to know how pleasant and amenable the men legislators with whom she worked had been in their attitude towards her. That was all.

As she sat down there was a slight and desultory clapping of hands. A wave of disappointment went through the hall. Behind me were two French women and a man. They snickered. At my side a group of Americans whispered noisily, "So that was all we could do—we American women to whom the women of the entire world looked for example as well as counsel!" It would be funny if it were not so indicative—so chafing to our pride. If they had chosen a woman from the organization which they had excluded and which had a number of accomplished and articulate women the audience might have heard something.

It was an anti-climax in no way to be laid at the speaker's door, but one rather which set squarely up to all American women the many things which they have to learn before they can claim anything like an equal status with the politically-minded women of other countries. It declared that we do not know how to pick leaders or spokesmen. It showed ineptness and unaccustomedness. It betrayed a definite weakness in our ranks which marked us as neophytes in a game where we had been flaunted as experts.

II

This Conference stood me in good stead. For later when I went to Germany I was not entirely unprepared for what I was to learn of the political achievement of its women.

They have a power which is by no means second to that of men. They are fulfilling all the promises which the women of other countries made when they pleaded for the vote and have as yet failed to keep. They have made Germany a better world to live in. They are determined that she shall maintain peace and order within her borders as well as outside of them. They stand firmly together as women, a bulwark of unity, against all attempts at chicanery or charlatanism in government or politics. Their men acknowledge their power and dare not try to thwart it. What they have done is a story well worth the telling. It is one which the women of all countries should be glad to hear. It is one which men may well heed.

Before the War no woman was so completely under the domination of her man as the German woman. A kindly domination in some respects, it was none the less abortive of any independence, social or economic, to which women as individuals are entitled. With the exception of the lower classes, where women have always worked in the fields or factories or have gone out as domestics, it was rare for a German woman, unless she were a widow, to work outside of her own home. *Küche, Kinder und Kirche* was the legend on her banner. Man was master in his household. Woman was his handmaid—a condition she accepted as the natural order of things, placing herself at all times a subservient if loving worshipper at his feet. No sacrifice was too great for her to make for him. And this extended to the denial of whatever individual desires and aims she might possess which could in any way conflict with his wishes.

There were, however, a few women who had, unconsciously perhaps, been preparing for a day when this old order would be changed. As intellectuals—and in Germany the intellect is honored even if it happens to have been bestowed upon woman—they were admitted to the universities and permitted the

same educational opportunities as men. Graduates from such universities as those of Heidelberg, of Leipsic, of Berlin, in economics, philosophy, political economy, and letters, their contacts had widened their horizons, affording them a sure knowledge of the intricate questions of history and politics. Except for a few who went in for social work, or who taught as subordinates under men, they had no chance to exercise their intellects.

When the War came, like the women of all warring nations, they became an economic and industrial factor, taking the places of the men who had gone to the front. There was no end to the suffering and sacrifice they were willing to endure and did endure. When revolt took hold of the people, the women's voices were heard in the shouting. When the end came with defeat, disorder, and revolution, a new woman had arisen in Germany—one who demanded suffrage and equal rights with men.

At the National Assembly at Weimar, when the republican constitution was framed, the Socialists were in power. The men, realizing that the women were tired of imperialism and of war, and thinking that they would naturally favor socialism, voluntarily and without much persuasion granted them an unequivocal equality. According to the clause which defined their status, they were to vote exactly on the same terms as men, and there would be neither political nor legal discrimination against them.

It was then that the new order of German women came to the front. They were wise women. They did not organize themselves into groups attacking the methods of men, nor promising to change the world by some peculiar power which Providence had for some reason or other denied to men. Neither did they align themselves against the parties. They joined them, each woman according to her own convictions. Once inside the parties they went to work, and they have kept on working, not for party first, according to old ideas, but for Ger-

many and the general good first and party afterwards. This was a blow to the men of the Left Wing who had thought that women, over-tired, would grasp eagerly at new implements of persuasion. They did not realize that patterns repeat themselves and that one so deeply impressed as that of conservatism upon the German woman's consciousness is not easily eradicated. When the first great upheaval was over and the German Republic began to act, the majority of women, no matter what their parties, leaned towards progressivism as opposed to radicalism. They did not wish their country to break up into small factions, each one warring against the other. They wanted peace and rest. Above all, they wanted an economic stability which would protect the home and not disintegrate it, and they have stood firmly against any movement or measure which threatened their desire.

Upon joining the parties they automatically became by force of numbers a factor to consider. The men, seeing this, quite as automatically nominated them in considerable number for the Reichstag. To-day there are twenty-seven sitting as deputies in its halls. Happily the women most interested in politics are those fitted by education, experience, and intellect for political careers, and they are elected because they have the character and ability to carry the vote.

These women meet together to discuss all proposed legislation. They study all conditions thoroughly and, irrespective of party, they come to an agreement on the subject by which they stand together, even against their party leaders. To the woman deputy who betrays them they are ruthless. There was such a one who failed to stand by her part. Hers was the one dissenting feminine vote on a question involving the welfare of a large group of women workers. For the remainder of her term she was completely ostracized by the other women members. When election-time came

they worked as a unit and brought about her defeat.

As the German constitution provides against all discriminations, women are on all the committees—even those of Finance and Foreign Relations. Because of their ability to carry a point, they have a real voice in German affairs.

When I was told that it was the women of Germany who elected Von Hindenburg to the Presidency, it seemed a great deal to say. I was assured by every man with whom I talked—Germans who were for and against Von Hindenburg, and Americans residing in Berlin—that the statement was correct. The women were weary of the constant changes. They were worried about the growth and threat of Communism. They feared that Germany might go as Russia had gone. They knew that the people needed a strong and courageous man to guide them. A number of the women deputies met in council and pledged themselves to work and fight for Von Hindenburg, because they felt that he had accepted the overthrow of the monarchy with dignity and had worked quietly and persistently for the good of his people in the hard days that had followed. To them he represented authority—the iron, dominant intellect which was Germany's great need. They worked hard, these women. In many instances they defied and heckled the men of their own parties, holding up caucuses until they got their way. They wrote for newspapers, wrote and distributed brochures, spoke on street corners. When the vote was counted, although it showed that just as many men as women voted for Von Hindenburg, it also implied that thousands upon thousands of women belonging to parties opposed to him had voted for him.

At a luncheon given for me by the Foreign Ministry I met several of the women who are doing such big things for Germany. Through several courses the conversation was confined to generalities. Suddenly, with the appearance of desert, a little man who sat across from me,

a confirmed royalist and still bristling at the unpleasant aftermath of the War, grew rancid in his mood, launching into a tirade against the Allied Nations, the occupation of border territory, reparations, and the return of Alsace to France. "In the next war Germany shall have her day," he sputtered. The men at the table frowned him down. The women assaulted him in a chorus of vigorous German. One of them, a natural leader, brought a determined fist down upon the table. "We shall have no more war, Baron," she declared, "the women of Germany will not permit it. Do you hear me? We shall have no more war." He heard her, and was completely subdued during the rest of the meal.

III

Later, when I came to know these women better, I learned that their ability to face an issue unflinchingly, without evasion or a weak persuasion, is one of the virtues of their success.

There is Frau Mende, a graduate in history and French from the University of Berlin, and for many years a teacher in the schools of Germany and in those of the Balkan States. Before the War she had taken an active interest in politics, although women then had no voting power. After the revolution she aided Stresemann in founding the People's Party. At the Constitutional Assembly, held at Weimar in 1919, she was the only woman on her party's committee. There was in the Assembly a man who had held a high position under the monarchy and who was violently opposed to the admission of women.

"I can't see," he declared to Frau Mende, "what use women can be in a Constitutional Assembly."

Frau Mende smiled and gave a quick reply, "I can't see what use a minister of the old regime will be. Let us wait and see."

"He did see," said Frau Mende to me. "When Franz Ebert was mentioned for the Presidency, the committee of the

People's Party met to consider a candidate, as both it and the Nationalists were opposed to him. We had under consideration a man of high standing. I knew he would poll only such votes as our own electors could give him. So I held out against his nomination, suggesting that, since we could not elect a man of our own, it would be best to support Ebert. He was popular and could be depended upon to hold his 'head.'

"The chairman grew very ironic because one woman was holding up the decision. Nevertheless, I managed to do so until the afternoon when two very important members of the party, who had not been with us in the morning, declared themselves of the same opinion as I. We carried the day.

"Of course this got around and a few days later I met the man who was so much against women in politics. I said to him, 'Ah, Graf. You asked me what use women were in committees and in assemblies. I told you to wait and see. You have waited and now you see.'"

Frau Mende is on the Foreign Relations Committee, the Housing Committee, and several of those committees which have to do with child welfare. She is also working to bring about a change in the divorce laws of Germany.

"Our divorce laws are very difficult," she explained to me. "It sometimes takes years and years for a divorce to be granted. This means great hardships to both men and women, particularly because of the War, when young people married under the stress of swift emotions, to find later that they were utterly incompatible. There are so many cases in which, because they could not be divorced, couples have separated and have formed new relationships outside the law, which have done much to increase illegitimate children. Now we shall change the laws.

"Naturally we have met with opposition, especially from the Centrum Party, so I went to see Herr Marx, who was Chancellor, explaining the situation to him. He refused his support, telling

me that people should be taught self-control.

"That is all very well in theory," I replied, "but not in practice. You cannot defeat human nature. If we do not change the laws we must learn to be tolerant of wild marriages." (The German description of marriages without benefit of clergy.)

Despite the opposition of so powerful an influence, the proposed divorce law has had its committee hearings through several sessions of the Reichstag and is recommended for passage at the next one. "We shall not be put off," said Frau Mende. "We shall keep at it if it takes ten years."

I asked Frau Mende how far she thought women would go in politics.

"We shall have more and more power," she answered with emphasis. "Only we must remain reasonable. We must not work so much as women opposed to men, but as the right kind of women working with the right kind of men for the good of all. We must get real political knowledge. Our horizon must grow ever wider and wider. We must refuse on all occasions to consider self or party interests before the interests of the people and the nation as a whole."

Everywhere one goes in Germany one hears of Dr. Marie Elisabeth Lueders. "She has as much power as any man in Germany," was the way in which a man in high political position described her to me. "She has more than most men, because of her dynamic intellect and personality," was another important man's estimate of her.

There is something titanic about Frau Lueders. Tall, straight, strong-limbed, and without an ounce of superfluous flesh, she might be happily modeled to represent a woman triumphant. Her head is set high on her fine shoulders. Her profile is delicately and yet powerfully chiseled. Her blue eyes are as keen and as swift as lightning. Her mouth, mobile and yet firm, turns up with an indisputable sense of humor. Although she must be beyond forty, she is

unlined except for two deep furrows across her broad white brow. From the University of Berlin she bears with high honors the title of Doctor of Political Economy.

She has introduced more laws and seen them through to victory than many men in the Reichstag. It was she who led the fight for married women workers, when it was determined, because of the excessive unemployment in Germany, to pass a law excluding them from the civil service. She proved by argument that such a law was against the constitution which especially provided that there should be neither political nor legal discrimination against women.

"What is going to happen," she asked, "to many of these married women who for years have been working in the government, who have no other means of livelihood, whose husbands are too enfeebled by war or too lacking in ability to care properly for their families? Do you seek to pass a law barring men whose wives are earning money from government employment? Why this unconstitutional discrimination?"

It looked for a while as if the women's opposition would carry. No doubt it would have, had it not been for a reasonable compromise effected by them. "Very well," they said, with Frau Lueders in the lead, "recognizing the unemployment crisis, we will give in, but we demand that the women turned out of work because of this law shall receive adequate indemnity."

A bill was introduced by Frau Lueders, which gave to the women either a pension until such time as they would be allowed to return to work or a lump sum which would tide them over until they could find other occupations. This measure caused a storm among certain groups in the Reichstag. The Minister of Finance called upon Frau Lueders and asked her to withdraw it. When she refused he exclaimed, "If it is accepted I shall go out."

"That is too bad," replied Frau Lueders, "but after all there are many

men perfectly capable of taking your place."

The bill was accepted, became a law, and the Finance Minister did go out. "A better one came in," Frau Lueders told me with a laugh.

Another bill, introduced by Doctor Lueders, and worked for by most of the women deputies, was a modification of the birth-control laws condemning any doctor or person proven guilty of giving contraceptive advice or any such aid to a long term in prison and complete deprivation of citizenship rights. The penalty was applicable also to the women so aided. While it was impossible to revoke the law entirely, it was modified, after loud denunciation, so that the penalty was left to the judge, who must now render a decree according to the economic and physical condition of the mothers and fathers.

After the Armistice, because mothers could not nurse their infants or afford to buy milk for them, the infant mortality in Germany increased with alarming rapidity. The result of this is the Mothers' Milk Law, introduced by Frau Lueders at the instance of the women deputies. It provides the money for the required amount of milk for babies of poor mothers. Nursing mothers are given the allowance to buy milk for themselves so that their babies shall have adequate nourishment. "It has done much to decrease the mortality rate and to raise the standard of health among the babies of the poor," Doctor Lueders told me. "In order to get the allowance the mothers must take their babies to a clinic twice a week where the babies are given the best of medical examinations, and the mothers advice."

A law under consideration which is to be taken up at the present session is the illegitimacy act which provides that the proven father of the child born out of wedlock shall educate and support such a child.

Margaretta Behm was another forthright and exemplary member of the

Reichstag. It was she who rallied to the support of the women who took in work at home and introduced and mothered a law which included them in the workers' insurance act. Known as the Lex Behm (the Behm Law), it was passed only after months of hard work to overcome bitter prejudices.

And there is Frau Ulrika Scheidel. I write of her to indicate the enormous capacity of the German women for hard work. A graduate of the Lyceum in Berlin, she is the principal of a Girl's High School there, one of the first to be given this position in Germany. "There are six of us now," she laughed, "but, oh! what emotion among the men teachers when we were appointed."

When the Reichstag is in session Frau Scheidel arises at six o'clock, makes her plans for the day, goes through her mail, answers her letters, confers with her subordinates, gives two lessons in higher mathematics, and is at the Reichstag by ten o'clock. At the noon recess she has a quick luncheon, gives another lesson in higher mathematics, and is in her seat when the Reichstag reassembles in the afternoon. It is no uncommon occurrence, because of the many problems vexing Germany at this time, for the parliament to remain in session until midnight or thereafter. Frau Scheidel is there so long as there is work to be done or a vote to be taken. I asked her how she was able to keep up.

She replied, "I could not do it without my Anna." (Anna is her maid.) "She takes charge of my entire life. She cooks, cleans, markets, plans my menus, sees that my clothes are in good order, makes the appointments for my dressmaker and sees that they are kept, caters and arranges for whatever entertaining I must do, keeps expenditures within my budget, and takes care of my calendar for me."

When I remarked that I did not see how she could get one maid to do all of this, she responded, "Ah! But she's doing it for Germany. She thinks I have a mission to perform and is proud

to consecrate herself to what she considers a sacred trust."

It is not so much what these women are and what they have done that brings them credit, as the long odds against which they had to fight to be what they are and to do what they are doing. For the majority of men in Germany did not take kindly to the political equality of women. Many of them are fair enough to admit that the women have acquitted themselves admirably and that they are an established force for good.

Ex-Chancellor Marx told me that he had "come to see that the women were of valuable aid in government"—a subtle but tacit admission that he had not always thought so.

Others are not so willing to set aside their antagonisms. A cabinet officer spent a futile half-hour trying to convince me that women could accomplish just as much if they stayed at home and influenced their men by personal persuasion. "Look how wise the Spanish women are," he exclaimed. "They exercise more power over the policies of their country than any other women. And they do it by staying home and counseling their men." I could not refrain from replying that if Spain, in so far as progress and prosperity and method of government are concerned, is the result of the Spanish woman's wisdom, then Germany should thank her own women for their bit of folly.

IV

Now I do not maintain that our American women have been a complete failure. Women's organizations, such as the National League of Women Voters, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and the National Woman's Party, by skilled lobbying have been effective in establishing better property rights for women and more equitable and equitable laws regarding the joint guardianship of children in several states. They have been in-

strumental in improving in a few of the states marriage and divorce laws and in raising the age of consent. It was through their perseverance that the Infancy and Maternity Act known as the Sheppard-Towner law was passed in 1921. Through them it may be restored. The granting of equal citizenship rights and the choice of domicile is due to their efforts. The Child Labor Law, as it was passed in Congress, was their project, although they have as yet been unable to bring about its ratification by the states.

But as a real power in the nation's politics they are a cipher. Those who have affiliated themselves with the parties have been content to sit in the back row, accepting those bones from the political table which the men throw them as a sop. They have had neither voice nor action in party platforms. They have followed the men leaders as sheep to the slaughter of pre-suffrage promises and ideals. Among those who have been nominated by their parties and elected to office are a number who were even opposed to suffrage. Of the seven women at present in the House of Representatives, four were chosen to fill the vacancies left by their husbands. With one exception—the Rogers bill which carried an appropriation for the care of disabled veterans, introduced and fostered by Congresswoman Edith Nourse Rogers—they have done nothing which the most mediocre man might not have done.

I have, on occasion, talked with several of these women, and I found them timid in expressing themselves. One whom I interviewed declared herself in favor of certain legislative measures but refused to go on record for them, explaining that in the event of her having to vote against them through party loyalty, she would then be criticized for changing her mind. Another, in outlining her opposition to prohibition, was stopped in the middle of the interview by a solicitous woman secretary. "I don't think," said the secre-

tary, "that it is wise to say that. It will hurt you either with the public or with the drys in the party." The Congresswoman listened to her, and obtained a promise from me not to mention the issue in the interview.

We find nothing like this in the German woman in politics. She has valor—a hard valor that has come from having to stand up against her men and against life. She has known national hardship which bred in her that fervent passion without which any cause is doomed to failure. We American women are soft. Since pioneer days we have not had to fight for our sustenance. Where our personal desires are concerned our men have been as marshmallows in our hands. When, therefore, we have to encounter outside the home men who have become hard through having to wrest their way from a hard world we have not the inner stamina to defy them. What we need are leaders—women like Anna Howard Shaw, Susan B. Anthony, Carrie Chapman Catt, Mary Garrett Hay, Jane Addams, Alice Stone Blackwell, Alice Paul—women who have taken a cause as their own, and have had the passion and the fortitude to fight for it unto victory. These qualities the German women possess in high degree.

Whenever I think of them there comes to mind a woman I saw one Sunday morning sixty miles or so north of Berlin. She came sailing toward me down the long, straight road which cut like a white and vivid river across the country-

side. She was old—a full seventy, I should say. Upright she sat upon her bicycle, her sea-blue skirts swirling in the wind. Only a lily in its first bloom could have rivaled the whiteness of her stiffly starched apron. Only a saintly Carmelite could have matched the austerity of her weather-beaten face, the skin of which was drawn like parchment over the wide cheekbones. Her eyes were like glowing coals. Her mouth was set in a fine, thin line. Her head was held high. From it floated the heavy black veil drawn over a comb which marks the costume of the women of Lubenau. Strapped to the handle of her bicycle, was a large black prayer-book. Behind her, in rhythm with the steady, measured tread of her pedals, rode in succession, like a series of steps, her eldest son, his wife, her younger sons, and a sequence of grandchildren. All were as erect, as intent in purpose, as clean and as stiffly starched as she, and with their prayer-books strapped as securely and as significantly to the handles of their bicycles. An epic figure she was, leading her fold to worship at a church ten miles distant. Riding along between the high, dark forest on one side and the gentle sweep of green, tilled fields on the other, she was a fair symbol of the woman triumphant—the woman who rides undaunted along the relentless road of duty—the German woman whose clear head is helping to carry her people above the adverse winds of national dilemma.



CAN WE EXTEND THE LIFE SPAN?

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

MAN has always sought to lengthen his days. Because life is the most desired thing in the world, an unrelenting urge has spurred the perennial quest for the Fountain of Youth. Every land and every area has had its Ponce de Leon. To-day, more urgently than ever, the quest goes on. The Metchnikoffs, the Steinachs, and countless others of less scientific repute are engaged in the old occupation—attempting to rejuvenate the aged and to prolong our days. All sorts of schemes and programs have sprung up in answer to the universal longing. But no one has as yet solved the riddle. In this essay, however, we shall not engage in a theoretical discussion but consider the problem of longevity as it presents itself to the scientist who, measure in hand, deals only with ascertained facts. Recent researches have uncovered much information on the structural make-up of man and on the influence that environment exerts on his life cycle. We shall summarize this new knowledge and attempt to answer such practical questions as, what is the present duration of life? How has it changed from time to time and from place to place? What possibility does the future offer for extending it beyond the present limit?

In considering the duration of human life there has been much confusion, because the popular mind has not usually made sharp distinctions between two very different aspects of the problem. The first relates to the vitality of the community as a whole—to the duration of life to be expected by the individual when considered as a member of society

and in relationship to the social organization of which he forms a part. Most people have this idea in mind when they say that under modern conditions man lives longer than he did in the past. But this is a purely statistical concept. It concerns the “average” man and reflects the ability of a large group of people to overcome the natural difficulties of survival. It has nothing to do with personal idiosyncrasies or with inherited tendencies on the part of individuals to live long or short terms. Whereas the first concept concerns the community, the second concerns the capacity for longevity of the best endowed of its most fortunate individuals. The first is ordinarily called the average after-life-time or the “expectation of life”; the second, “the span of life.” These two concepts, although interrelated, are really very different. We shall consider each in turn, and attempt to show the future possibilities for adding to the expectation of life on the one hand and to the life span on the other.

II

In order to measure the average duration of life whether in the past, in the present, or in the future, it is necessary to devise a yardstick by means of which we can chart the course of events. Halley, the great English astronomer, developed such a measure in the latter half of the seventeenth century. He studied the facts of population in the town of Breslau in Silesia, and on the basis of the figures constructed what has since been called a “Life Table.” He found out how

many years would be lived by the total group of persons from the day of their birth until all had passed away. From the facts presented he was able to conclude that about the year 1690 the average after-lifetime, or as we say, the "expectation of life," was thirty-three and a half years. This means that an infant born in Breslau had an even chance of surviving to that age. Some would die in infancy, others would live to a ripe old age, but the average for all would be thirty-three and a half years. This was the first of a series of life tables, which followed, at first intermittently, but recently in rapid succession. As our statistics have become more trustworthy, and the facts of birth and death are better recorded, our life tables also have improved in accuracy and value.

A life table, as now constructed, shows exactly what happens to a group of 100,000 people who are assumed to be born on a given day and who are followed year by year throughout their lives until all have died. Such a table gives us the total number of years of life which these 100,000 people have lived and shows us at a glance the average duration of life of each individual in the group. A life table which we have recently constructed, for example, shows that 100,000 people born and living under present conditions of mortality would live a total of 5,910,000 years; in other words, that the expectation of life at birth of the average individual is one hundred thousandth part of the total, or 59.10 years. We need not here go into all the complicated mathematical calculations which are necessary in order to arrive at this simple conclusion. The method is well known to statisticians and mathematicians and is used by them daily for all sorts of purposes, not only in our own country, but all over the civilized world. As a result we are now able to compare the expectation of life at birth and at various ages of life for people in lands where records of birth and death are kept.

It is unfortunate that we do not know

with any accuracy what the conditions of longevity were during ancient times. We can only piece together bits of evidence which modern research has uncovered. Pearson and Macdonell have very ingeniously constructed partial tables for conditions of life under the Roman Empire. Guided by the ages at death of a group of mummies, Pearson has estimated that the expectation of life among these Egyptians, at the beginning of the Christian era, was about 30 years, or about 5 years less than that of the people of Europe at the end of the 17th century. It is likely, however, that these mummies represented a group of important people, and for that reason their expectation was probably greater than for the populace in general, whose bodies would hardly have been preserved with such care. The common people, we know, were subjected to the greatest hardships and one would, therefore, look for an expectation of life considerably less than Pearson's figures. This assumption is substantiated by the findings of Macdonell for a more mixed group of citizens living in Rome during the first three centuries of the Empire. He estimated the expectation at birth at a little over 20 years. Conditions of life in ancient times were clearly very bad. It was only after the period of middle life was past that the expectations of the ancients began to look at all attractive. The curves prepared by the investigators indicate that those who survived to old age were more vigorous and that, on the average, they lived a little longer than persons of like age to-day.

III

But it is better to consider what has happened since the day of Halley, with information more adequate and reliable. A life table based on the vital statistics of Northampton (England) in the middle of the 18th century shows an expectation of life of about 30 years. The first life tables made in America, covering certain communities in New

Hampshire and Massachusetts at the beginning of the 18th century, give an expectation of life around 35 years. By the middle of the last century, the expectation of life in Massachusetts was just over 40 years. This is very similar to the figures for England and Wales and to those for the Scandinavian countries. A series of official tables followed showing successive gains in life expectation from decade to decade, slow at first, but steadily gathering momentum during the last years of the period under consideration. These advances were contemporaneous with the development of the new public health program and the sanitary regulations which began to be enforced about this date. By 1890 the expectation of life in Massachusetts had increased to about 44 years, or a gain of 4 years in approximately 50 years. In sharp contrast has been the really striking addition to the expectation of life, totaling over 14 years since 1890. What is true of Massachusetts, applies to the United States as a whole, where between the years 1900 and 1927 there has been an extension of 9 years; so that now, as we have said, the expectation of life is about 59 years, being a little less than that figure for males and a little more for females.

In Europe, conditions are, in general, much the same as here, since the conditions of life are very similar. Denmark has the best standing as is shown by the fact that its men may expect to live a little over 60 years and its women about 62 years. In England and Germany the figures are about 56 years for men and about 60 years for women; for France, they are about seven or eight years less, as the death rate is somewhat higher. It is interesting to note, however, that the country which leads the world in the average lifetime of its people is not in either Europe or America, but in far-away New Zealand, where at the beginning of this decade, a male child at birth could look forward to 63 years of life and a female to over 65 years. In Australia the expectation of life is two or three

years less, but is, nevertheless, higher than that of any country in either America or Europe. At the other end of the scale stands India, where the expectation of life reaches the amazingly low figure of 22 years for males and 23 years for females, a figure about equal to that of the people of Rome under the Empire.

IV

These seemingly dull figures carry significant and wide-reaching implications. Let us, for example, translate into terms of human welfare the differences in longevity prevailing in New Zealand, on the one hand, and in India, on the other. A child born in New Zealand has a most excellent chance of passing through all the hazards of childhood, reaching maturity, and living to the end of a well-rounded life span. This means that there is every likelihood of the individual returning to the community the outlay in money and in other less tangible assets which have been lavished in bringing him up to the years of productivity. These conditions of life are conducive to economic prosperity and engender an attitude of cheerfulness and of hope. Much energy is released for the cultivation of the arts and the enjoyment of leisure. It is no wonder, then, that we find in this corner of the world an emotionally well-balanced people who have carried the experiment in democracy and civilization to its highest development. In India, on the other hand, much of the energy of the people is expended in mere procreation. The children born are ushered into a world where depression and misery await them. Large numbers are cut down soon after birth. Further decimation occurs year by year throughout childhood, and only a relatively small fraction of those born at a given time survive to the point of productivity when they can repay the community what it has cost to bring them into the world. A ghastly pall of sickness and of death hangs menacingly over the whole people. The contrast

between India and New Zealand presents a striking illustration of how civilization is advanced by eliminating pestilence and protecting infants and youths from the hazards of a cruel nature.

The favorable situation in New Zealand, Australia, in the United States, and in the advanced countries of Europe did not result from mere chance. The improvement in the expectation of life during the past seventy or eighty years is the result of an elaborate and painstaking effort to better the living standards of the common people. A veritable revolution has taken place in making available new facilities and comforts that the average man may now enjoy. The development of industry has, for one thing, improved the economic status of the working population. The discoveries and applications of sanitary science have resulted in the installation of safe water supplies, the adequate removal of sewage and filth, and the more intelligent planning and organization of our rapidly growing cities to which large numbers are attracted by improved opportunities of life and work. Possibly the most important single factor in the changed situation grew out of the series of discoveries made by Pasteur and his followers. These laboratory experiments when carried to a logical conclusion resulted in the germ theory of disease, and their application to the practice of medicine provided an effective weapon against infection. One by one, these discoveries have ended the pestilences which made life dismal for our grandfathers. Smallpox, typhoid fever, malaria, and yellow fever no longer take their heavy annual toll. Over large areas of the world these diseases are almost unknown, thanks to the public health program which has utilized the discoveries of bacteriology and sanitary science. Diphtheria and the other diseases of childhood are rapidly coming under control. And even tuberculosis, once the dread scourge of cities and a leader of the forces of death, has lost so much of its virulence that we now actually speak of the day

when it will become a medical curiosity very much as smallpox and plague now are in the advanced countries of the world. It is a striking characteristic of modern life that, with the exception of a few diseases like influenza and the common cold, we have become virtual masters of the acute infections. That is the reason why the expectation of life has been increased by 50 per cent in the last three generations.

But it is a chastening thought that, substantial as these gains are, they have been confined to the early years of life. The pasteurization and proper safeguarding of the milk supply have practically prevented infantile diarrhoea, thus curtailing infant mortality. In the last quarter of a century the infant death rate has been reduced from 17 to 7 per cent, or considerably more than one-half. This change alone has added about two years to the expectation of life, because obviously a child saved in infancy may have 50 or 60 years of life before it. And so the prevention of the other communicable diseases, such as measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, and diphtheria has lengthened the expectation; while the reduction of typhoid fever, and especially of tuberculosis, has likewise saved the lives of hundreds of thousands of young people. The infections which have proved the easiest to control have been primarily concentrated in the first half of life. However, when we examine the series of life tables covering the 80- or 90-year period of modern scientific procedure, we find unfortunately that there has been a gain of but little more than a year on the average for those who have reached the age of 40. Since 1880, there has been hardly any progress at all. In Massachusetts, for example, the expectation of life at age 40 has actually declined somewhat since 1880. Much the same picture is presented by the Registration States of the United States during this century.

These losses simply reflect the fact that there has been no improvement in

mortality at the later ages of life. Only at one moment was there some hope that conditions might be changing for the better. The 1920 mortality figures for middle life and old age showed a slight improvement over those of 1910; so for a while this gave encouragement to those engaged in the life-conservation campaign who hoped that the tide had turned. But later events have demonstrated only too clearly that the apparent improvement in 1920 had been due to purely fortuitous circumstances. The death rates of 1920 at the older ages were abnormally low as a result of the ravages of the influenza epidemic a few years before. Undoubtedly what had happened was that many older people in precarious health had fallen victims to influenza and its sequelæ instead of succumbing a few years later to some degenerative disease. In any case, every year since 1920 has shown a slight but continuous rise in mortality for those at the older ages of life. This, of course, means a declining average after-lifetime. Half a year of expectation has been lost to those at age 40 during the short interval since 1920.

It would appear, then, that for the moment we have arrived at an impasse so far as adding to the expectation of life of Americans is concerned. The average after-lifetime at birth is now about 59 years. At age 1, it is $61\frac{1}{2}$ years, and this figure has not changed since 1920. It is, of course, possible that this situation represents only a temporary check. The indications are, however, that if there is a renewal of life-saving activity, it is much more likely to affect the beginning and early years than to increase the expectation after the half-century mark is reached. What, then, is the outlook for the future? What do modern medicine and scientific public health programs hold out as an attainable goal?

Obviously, progress depends upon our readiness to utilize the information we have and to organize the community to prevent mortality as far as possible.

Much remains to be done in spite of all the achievements of the past. Seven per cent of our babies still die before they are a year old. Although we know how to prevent diphtheria completely, almost 9,000 deaths from this disease occur each year in the United States. Typhoid fever still afflicts our rural areas; there are even now over 95,000 deaths annually from tuberculosis. Piecing together all the accepted facts regarding life conservation, I drew up a hypothetical life table a few years ago which represented the maximum expectation of life, assuming that mortality could be reduced to the very limit of present-day knowledge. This would mean cutting the mortality rate for the first fifty years of life to about one-half its present figure. After that age some slight reductions in mortality would tend to delay the onset of old age. But no saving appears likely after age sixty. Our hypothetical life table forecasts an expectation of life of about 65 years at birth. In other words, on the basis of our present knowledge, we should be able to add six years to the life expectancy of the average individual. It is, of course, conceivable that an important discovery regarding the cause of cancer, its control and treatment, and the perfection of our treatment of the pneumonias might add an additional few years; but that still lies in the future. To be liberal, three score and ten years would seem to bound the community's average capacity to live. This is the best answer that scientific research to-day gives to our first question—What is the upper limit of the expectation of life?

V

Turning now to a consideration of our second problem, namely, the length of the life span, let us see what changes have taken place in the individual's capacity to survive. What has happened in the interval during which the expectation of life has increased? Has the ability of man to live longer changed?

Are there now a larger number of centenarians? And finally, what is the likelihood of an extension of the life span in the future?

Relatively few people live to extreme old age. The last Census enumerated only 613,144 persons who had passed their eightieth birthday, out of a total of 105 million. This was under six-tenths of one per cent of the population in 1920. Centenarians are and have always been extremely scarce. There were only slightly more than 4,000 people in the United States in the last Census who claimed to have attained that age. But it is significant that of this number almost 3,000 were colored; close to 2,000 colored women said they were 100 years old or over. Although colored females form only five per cent of the total population, they give the country half its centenarians! On its face, such a situation is highly improbable, and while we are not questioning the honesty of those who make the claim, we strongly suspect that in the great majority of cases they are mistaken as to the exact number of years they have lived. Many of the old colored people are illiterate, and nearly all of them lack authentic records giving the date of their birth. In fact, we find that wherever records are absent centenarians rise up and flourish. Turkey and the Balkans have long been a happy hunting ground for centenarians, in spite of the fact that conditions of life are very hard and public health standards are exceedingly low. The claims to extreme old age are nearly always appealing fictions.

A number of critics have carefully studied the records of a few notorious individuals who at different times were supposed to have lived for an extraordinarily long term of years. The most careful investigations were those of T. E. Young, a former president of the British Actuarial Society, who has written an extremely interesting book, *On Centenarians*. He studied many of the isolated cases of extreme old age and the records of the entire mortality ex-

perience of the Life Assurance and Annuity Societies of Great Britain and the annuity experience of the National Debt Office, which gave him a group of about a million individuals. In this large number, he found exactly thirty persons who lived 100 years or more. The longest record was of a man who lived 110 years and 321 days. In many cases, Young found a confusion of identity, whereby two persons of the same name were counted as one individual. For example, the Countess of Desmond, one of the historic illustrations of longevity, is said to have lived 130 years, because as it later turned out, two persons of the same name (one of whom lived to be 100 years and the other, her mother, died at age 30) were mixed up and their lives combined in subsequent records. Granted that a few individuals do pass the century mark, there is apparently no authentic information that anyone ever attained an age much greater than 110 years. In my opinion, authentic centenarians are so few in America that they can be counted on the fingers of one's two hands.

VI

So far as we can piece together the picture of ancient times, we are confronted with a very similar situation. While proportionately fewer individuals arrived at old age than do now, there was apparently no great difficulty for a few sturdy souls to enjoy a life span as long as our own. The biblical Methuselahs are undoubtedly only mythical. On the other hand, an examination of the ages at death of a group of leading historical characters of antiquity shows that many did arrive at a ripe old age. Isocrates lived to be 98, Sophocles 89, and Plato apparently died at 80. The average age at death of a large group of prominent Greeks, who graced the classic period, was about 70 years. They did not live so long in Rome, because of the common Roman habit of killing off their leaders or driving them to suicide. But Livy the historian

lived to be 76 and Juvenal 80. The average age at death of a group of prominent Romans was only 53 years, and no centenarians appeared on the horizon. It is unfortunate that no exact information exists as to the ages at death of the Egyptian Pharaohs; although some were known to live to a ripe old age, none passed the century mark. The words of the Psalmist, "The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength but labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off and we fly away," were based on keen and accurate observation and are as true to-day as they were then. For the great majority of people, the practical limit to the life span is 80 years; for only six out of one thousand reach or pass this goal. As far as available evidence goes, there has been no change in potential longevity throughout the entire period of human history.

The future remains in the lap of the gods. A few scholars like Professor Irving Fisher of Yale and Dr. Eugene Lyman Fisk of the Life Extension Institute believe that it is distinctly possible to increase the length of human life. These men are especially optimistic about the life-conservation campaign which is being developed rapidly in all civilized nations. Though actuaries have consistently regarded one hundred years as the limit of the life span, Fisher thinks that it will be possible for many to live well beyond the century mark. He stresses three ways by which this may be accomplished: the advancement of the eugenics movement, the intensive development of the public health program, and the improvement resulting from better personal hygiene. The last he considers especially promising because faulty habits of living now all too often curtail life. Again and again, he stresses the value of the periodic health examination as a weapon of defense in the campaign against the degenerative diseases. Such examinations will discover impairments when there is yet time to correct these defects

and thus avert chronic disease. He stresses the findings of modern biologists that cells and tissues are potentially immortal and denies that natural death is due inherently to physiological processes. In short, the life span could be materially prolonged by removing deleterious influences, and especially infection (provided, of course, that high standards of public and private hygiene were enforced).

We believe that Fisher and his followers are altogether too optimistic. Little evidence, if any, exists that the eugenic movement is able to add materially to our life span, because unfortunately we know all too little about heredity. The gains accruing from a public health program, as we have already shown, are clearly in the direction of curtailing mortality in the early ages only. There is no recently discovered technic that gives us any appreciable power to combat the hazards of middle life and of old age. The improvement in personal hygiene does hold out some promise, and the growing popularity of periodic health examinations is leading to beneficial results. But we have not yet learned how to check the processes of degeneration. To-day, ever larger numbers of people are dying of heart disease, cancer, cerebral hemorrhage, arterial diseases, Bright's disease, and diabetes. Together, these so-called degenerative diseases account for 66 per cent of the entire mortality after the age of 70, as compared with 52 per cent twenty years ago. This is in a sense inevitable, for people must die. If children and young folks no longer fall victims to the diseases characteristic of early years, they must in the end succumb to the illnesses typical of old age. It is, therefore, not surprising that in spite of increasing knowledge and improving medical practice, the mortality from heart disease, from cancer, and from diabetes is constantly rising. Even where a definite specific has been discovered, such as insulin, its effectiveness seems to be limited to the younger ages,

for after middle life the trend of the death rate from diabetes is distinctly upwards. We seem, in fact, to be confronted at the older ages with the gradual breakdown of the human organism. Apparently the human body, like the machine in industry, has a fairly definite working life and each year of activity produces a certain amount of depreciation. Consequently we see little hope of any improvement until we find out more about the causes of senescence. Perhaps medical research in the future will give us a new point of departure, but this also remains veiled in mystery.

VII

There is much talk, at present, about rejuvenation, and some doctors are making extravagant claims from the transplantation of glands, from operative procedures, or from x-ray stimulation. No convincing proof has yet been advanced substantiating these claims. Few of these experimenters inspire much confidence, and there is so much confusion in their results that no definite statement concerning them can be made at present. It is altogether improbable that any single glandular substance can ever materially postpone the aging process. Though the subject is obviously full of interest, one cannot escape the feeling that the basic scientific work underlying a rational theory of rejuvenation still remains to be done.

Perhaps the most promising activity at the present time is the quiet scientific work being done by those who are studying the effects of the internal secretions upon growth and development. We know, for example, that the deficiency of the thyroid gland arrests the development of a child so that he does not advance beyond a mental age of three or four years, and that the administration of glandular extract may restore normal development in such cases. This fact has led some keen investigators to believe that it may be possible in like man-

ner to isolate glandular substances which, when utilized, would bring about a state of chemical equilibrium in the body. If one could hold the organism stationary at the most favorable point of the life cycle when evolution has reached its highest functional efficiency and before degeneration sets in, it might be possible to prevent, or at any rate to postpone, the chemical modifications that are characteristic of regression or of aging. Certainly this seems like a more plausible procedure than that of Steinach who concentrates attention on the sex glands and expects, by stimulating them, to restore lost vigor and youth to an aged individual. But all of these attempts are based on the theory that old age and death are pathological phenomena and can be staved off or at least postponed by learning the secrets of metabolism and of the function of the internal secretions.

It is only fair to say, however, that the majority of workers regard the whole subject of rejuvenation with great skepticism and look upon senescence and death as a natural physiological process, normal and inevitable, no matter what new facts may be discovered through the isolation and application of glandular extracts. When all has been said and done about personal hygiene, periodic health examinations, and rejuvenation, we are still confronted with the stern fact that apparently no way is yet in sight to keep the heart functioning beyond a rather distinctly fixed number of years. The senescent heart is the crux of the whole matter. Like the wonderful one-horse shay, the human mechanism, even when it survives to hale and hearty old age, is apt suddenly to go to pieces and break down all at once, because the heart quietly stops functioning. Examples of this are legion. We marvel at the strength and vigor of a Stephen Smith, of a Choate, of a Clemenceau, and of the others who arrive at a ripe old age with mental faculties unimpaired and with a sound and forward-looking outlook on life. But a

slight indisposition comes, and within a few days their story is ended. Human life has a biological limit which, apparently, we cannot alter, and at its very center lies our inability to keep the heart from growing old and wearing out.

But after all, is it not vain to complain that we cannot extend indefinitely the term of our life? Within the space of a century, or even the more practicable period of eighty years, cannot man attain the fulfillment of every reasonable ambition? Instead of harassing our minds with a futile desire for added years at the dusk of life, should we not rather in a spirit of peace and submission face facts as they really are? A period of old age free from the pain and hardships of early years, serene and calm in the possession of one's mental faculties, is most beautiful, but it should be enjoyed in the untroubled realization that the final scene in the drama of life will

necessarily be brief. The unwarranted sacrifice of infants and young children, of youths and of adults in their prime is an unpardonable social waste; to control and check it calls for the employment of every device within our power. And it is our hope that an ever greater proportion of people will be enabled to utilize all their productive years, arrive at the threshold of old age, and even live well beyond into the fullness of years. But at the same time, nothing is to be gained by loading down the rising generation with a staggering burden of helpless old age. The social welfare does not demand the indefinite continuance of the profitless and often senile existence of those who have completed their work. Perhaps, after all, it is well arranged that nature is inexorable and will not permit our life span to be extended. The old order changes and gives way to the new.

WIND HORSES

BY CARL SANDBURG

ROOTS, go deep: wrap your coils, fasten your knots,
 Fix a loop far under, a four-in-hand far under.
 The wind drives wild horses, gnashers, plungers:
 Go deep, roots.
 Hold your four-in-hand knots against all wild horses.

The Lion's Mouth



THE POLICEMAN'S PROPHECY

BY LORD DUNSANY

“GOING by a cross-road at that pace,” said the policeman to my taxi-driver; “and when I held my hand up. You’ll kill yourself and everybody else.”

The rebuke stuck in my mind until I began to wonder what would happen if he did; and what it would be like when he had done it.

No doubt the motor buses and private cars would help him; and then the traffic would begin to slow down; one day it would stop. And at once the brambles and convolvulus on each side of every road would get to know of it, and their tendrils would slip out softly on some still evening and begin to scout over the tar. But in London, where the forces of nature seem so weak and few, what would happen there? Why, the very window-boxes would know of it. Small tendrils would stray over sills and peer about, to welcome the weeds that would soon creep up from below. The seed of the plane trees would go abroad in their season and sweep along pavements like dust, till they found the homes that they sought in cracks and in crannies; and the winged seed of the limes traveling farther than anyone guesses would find hard lodging at first, but would rustle a little farther with every breeze till they also came to their rest in soil however scanty.

The news of the work of that taxi-

driver would spread to flies, as rapidly as the swiftest winds could carry it; and not only would they come from incredible distances to settle down upon London in one rejoicing cloud, but billions would be born for this very occasion; and in all our empty cathedrals, in all our trafficless streets, their hum would be the first anthem to announce the passing of man. It seems to me that an important duty would fall on the flies, to tidy up after the taxi-driver, and to make the Thames Valley habitable for whatever forms of life were coming there next.

Birds would follow the flies and of course kill millions, but could never check their rejoicing. The air would be full of swallows all through summer, and the swifts sailing above them; the little dun-colored fly-catcher would perch on abandoned walls, and leap up to catch his prey, and return again to his perch; and the predatory birds in far woods would immediately know of the sport, and would come swooping in to prey on the lesser hunters.

The abandoned food of London would become a patrimony for more rats than there are in the whole of the Thames Valley, and they would increase until their numbers were worthy of that opportunity. The cats would never check them; and though there might be cats that would think the houses of men were now their own, curling up cosily in soft chairs in the best rooms, they would learn soon that there dwelt in each house a vast population that cared little enough for them and their dainty airs.

And what new alliance would the dog make when his old master was gone? Would he oust the jackal and serve the lion? In Africa perhaps. But what

would he do in London? He would be lonely at first. And then he would form into packs running wild through parks and through squares, in at doors and out of windows, hunting down streets become populous with all manner of things except man. And some trace, though I can't think what, of us and our customs would still be felt in his packs; for it is always so when something great has gone; there remains a trace of it amongst lesser folk for century after century. What sport those packs would have, free to follow forever that instinct that they had learned for a whole geological era, yet touched now and then by the memory of a friendship which, though it had only started a little before history, might yet be poignant enough.

And all the while the little weeds would be growing; every wind would do their work, every shower soften their beds for them; and great far-traveling gales would come in from the hills, bringing flowers new to London. It would probably not be long before the traces of man's supremacy began to grow indistinct, the outlines of all his work in steel or stone being blurred by weeds till they grew as vague as old footprints. And at that weedy touch a certain angular look, a certain feeling of hardness, would be all gone from the houses, so that all the wild things would know at a glance they could enter and be at rest. What kind of habitation will they make for those that are other than we? Some know them already, the cat, the mouse, and the spider; the jackdaw too has known the chimneys of man. Will these be our heirs when the work of the taxi-driver is finished? Or will others oust them?

And another question one cannot help asking: will the world be the worse for the change? We cannot answer that; we are too much absorbed by our point of view to be able to say if the greenery of grass and moss and ivy, tenanted by all manner of creatures, molested no longer by us, will be a better or worse habitation than our pavements trodden

by men. That green will rise like a tide, bringing with it forgetfulness, and drowning a little deeper with every leaf of the buttercup, and every downy clock of the dandelion, the fear and remembrance of man.

What a noise we made! But it will all be forgotten. What a mess we made with our hoardings, what a glare in the sky! But a few clean winds will tidy the hoardings up, and the sky above London will return to its stars, as a patient from fever to health.

And who will remember, when all these things are forgotten? Who will remember at all? Who will look at the soft green mounds and recall man's angular houses and remember that we were here? The dog. The dog will remember. On some night when he is not hunting, some dog may stray from his pack; and in a clearing of young woods of lime, growing dense by the banks of Thames, may suddenly see his old enemy the full moon rising huge over weed-covered houses. At once he will lift his head, and cry out to warn man. Not a voice will answer him, not a harsh ungrateful cry, which he never resented of old, for he never asked for man's gratitude: it used to be enough to warn him and guard him without looking for recompense. And now not a voice would come, except perhaps from a dog far off in the marshes passing the warning on, and the quiet mutter of geese. And suddenly he will remember, then, man has not been seen for years. He'll be sorry, at that, and think of all we've done, so far as he can understand it, and will think of our motives and praise them: not the motives we knew (even historians, likely as not, miss them), but those divine purposes, mysterious, almost inscrutable, that he guessed at and credited to us and humbly revered. Don't let us be too greatly elated at that reverence that may outlast us, for it will not come so much from our own deserts as from the depths of the fathomless loyalty that is in the heart of the dog. The mouse will remember houses, the cat

will remember soft rugs, the jackdaw for many a year will remember chimneys; but the dog will remember man.

And what an odd memory it will be, that memory lingering on in the marshes and woods of the Thames, a memory of something that once was here, so wise, so powerful and so far-seeing that it could alter the face of the earth, and yet so blind that it could not see by starlight, so deaf that a footfall coming up from behind could not be heard till too late, and quite unable even to smell at all. One who never even knew who his enemies were; never guessed the plotting of wild things, the disloyalty of cats, nor the enmity of the full moon. And in the end the face of the earth, for all that man had done to it, went back in spite of him to its old, old way. And here were the cats and the rats, the foxes and the full moon, all quietly triumphant over the end of that mysterious figure that was so much mightier, wiser, and kinder than they. And just when a thought arises too deep for tears, that watchful dog by the marshes under the moon will turn to another thought more swiftly than we can turn—for I know the ways of the dog—and will raise a hind leg to scratch at his neck with a sudden vigor. Ah, yes, that flea will interest him more than man. We must be content with whatever memory we can get when we are gone. When nature is busy everywhere hiding our work away, belfry and factory alike dumb under cascades of clematis, it will be something to have even that much memory, even though it come briefly and rarely on nights of a full moon.

And, after all, that policeman may have exaggerated, though he spoke so deliberately and calmly and seemed so sure, and though I myself have long thought on similar lines, and have not at all supposed that machines were for ever. I had always thought that machines in the end would overthrow machines, the bombing plane and the pullman canceling out, and that nature at last would return; so that when I suddenly heard the policeman's prophecy, and saw his

confident bearing, I did not doubt at first that what he predicted was true. But after reflection, and in the policeman's absence, it seems there may well be a chance that the taxi-driver may kill himself before he has time to kill everybody, and that he may be buried by folk of our race, who only dimly and rarely guess with what he had threatened us all. What will they write on his tombstone? I can think of no more fitting inscription, if after all we survive him, than those words so often uttered over the dead in London: The Driver Was Exonerated From All Blame.



THE ROAD TO PERDITION

*Not to Say the Highway of Cosmic
Amelioration*

BY FRANKLIN P. ADAMS

When Grandma's winters were a score,
She had her virtues; but her faults
And sins came from the schottische or
The waltz.

For Grandpa and his chums were churls,
And Chivalry was a thing to flout;
The boys were bad; and what were girls
About?

And when my bloomed mother rode
A safety bicycle in style,
My Grandma said the current mode
Was vile.

And Virtue sank beyond recall;
Depravity could no deeper go.
The bicycle was the source of all
Our woe.

And plumbless was my father's grief
When the nickel novel was my book.
I'd grow to nothing but a thief
And crook.

Came motor cars and radios
To make existence more complex,
And life was parties, cocktails, shows,
And Sex.

The clothesless girl, the Blues Review,
The tabloid age of wild unthrift;
Our boys and girls—ah, whither do
They drift?

Speeding the primrose path to hell,
Gone are the Family and the Home!
Ill fares the land . . . All nations fell
Like Rome!

Age, drop thine old chastising arm!
Hop to it, eager maidenhood!
I know that nothing does much harm
Or good.



THE WEEK-END COMPLEX

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

ONE of the most brilliant chapters of my forthcoming opus on the *Psychology of Marriage* will be that on the Week-End Complex. This complex, though it takes strikingly different forms in husband and wife, is the cause of so many altercations in otherwise happy households that I feel it my duty as a psychologist—or practically a psychologist—to set the facts before the public.

An interesting case in point was that of Mr. B., a New York business man who lived with his wife and two children in a Long Island suburb. I was called in after Mr. B., a man of usually equable temper, had injured his wife by throwing a tack-hammer at her. None of the ordinary complexes seemed to explain this unfortunate incident. Mr. B., thirty-eight years old, was doing well in his business, was well regarded by his neighbors, had no illicit love-affairs, had not sucked his thumb in infancy, and according to universal testimony lived in the most complete amity with his wife during the week. Mrs. B., thirty-four years old, was by all accounts a dutiful wife and mother, without a sign of

Œdipus, Narcissus, Telemachus, or Gladiolus complexes. It was not until I noted the time when the incident took place and recalled what Mr. B.'s weapon had been, that I hit upon a clue. He had struck Mrs. B. at 3.15 Saturday afternoon, and—as I have previously stated—with a tack-hammer.

A psychologist learns to think quickly, and I asked Mr. B. what he was doing with a tack-hammer on Saturday afternoon. "Why weren't you out on the golf links?" I asked, taking care to put the question just as if it did not probe to the depths of his unconscious.

"That's just it," said Mr. B. violently. "That's just what I asked my wife." And he began to talk. Realizing that I had before me an acute case of Week-End Complex, I whipped out my notebook and set down the following tragic story.

Every week, said Mr. B., he worked like a slave at the office, and looked forward to an interval of freedom on Saturday and Sunday. As the family breadwinner he thought he was entitled to it. His idea of the sort of week-end which was his due was somewhat as follows:

Saturday afternoon, golf or tennis.

Saturday evening, a big party.

Sunday morning, breakfast at 9.30, followed by golf till 1.30.

Sunday afternoon, lunch at 2, followed by dozing and meditation in a position close to the horizontal.

Sunday evening, a small party.

Mrs. B., however, according to Mr. B., had a different idea of what was his due. He said that it was something like this:

Saturday afternoon.

2.30-4. Put up the screen door or take it down, put up the storm window or take it down, clean the furnace, mow the lawn, or rake the lawn, according to season. Mr. B. remarked in passing that it appears always to be the season for something.

4-4.15. Taxi service for Mrs. B.'s visiting relatives.

4.15-5. Wash car, put chains on car, take chains off car, clean garage, or do something about that pile of brush back of the house that's been there for weeks.

5-6.30. Duties in the cellar. There's always something to be done in the cellar—something to be cleaned or cut up into pieces or taken away. Or if it isn't in the cellar, it's in the attic. When are you going to go through that bundle of old papers and things in the steamer trunk in the attic, and decide whether to throw them away? And how about driving over to the service station to get that tire they've been mending? And what are you going to do about that gutter that drips? It's probably stuffed with leaves. Hadn't you better get a ladder and go up and see?

6.30-7. What is technically known as a romp with the kiddies—which takes the form of extended pickaback riding on a back painfully weakened by previous labors.

Evening.

Dinner with wife's relatives, and further taxi duty.

Sunday morning.

After breakfast, write letters (how long is it since you've written to your Aunt Agatha?), pay bills, balance check book, do something about that pile of stuff that's accumulated on the desk, and why isn't this a good time to answer that invitation to the club dinner? And I wish you'd clean out that closet of yours, and decide about the old brown suit—do you want to keep it, or is it to be thrown away? Put it on and see how it looks. And all that stuff on your bureau—please make up your mind about it. Are those woolen socks worth mending? The driveway needs raking, too.

11. To church.

12.30-1.30. A nice walk with the children. (Mr. B. finds that all the children in the whole neighborhood want to come along, and that he must act as leader for a troop of some dimen-

sions, all of whom want to examine and take home with them all pieces of rusty iron found by the roadside, climb all sizable trees, and leap into all piles of hay or snow, according to season. Average speed, one-half mile per hour.)

Sunday afternoon.

1.30-2.15. Lunch.

2.15-2.30. Taxi service for wife's relatives.

2.30-4.30. Plant garden with wife—the two of them “working together, renewing themselves by contact with the soil.” Mr. B. says that's the theory but the practice is somewhat different. Mr. B. gets out the spades and things. Mrs. B. comes out and says she'll be ready in a moment and won't he start in over there by the wall? He does. He makes contact with the soil. He keeps on making contact with it. It does not renew him—it renews the crick in the back that he got yesterday mowing the lawn. At 3 o'clock Mrs. B. calls to him and says she was delayed by some telephoning but she'll be right out. Mr. B. makes contact with a submerged ledge and seven roots that apparently lead to New Jersey. Two lady callers arrive, and he laughs hollowly at the thought that Mrs. B. was going to be right out. At 4 o'clock he sneaks upstairs for a bath after his afternoon of planting the garden with his wife.

At this point the psychologist asked if this was all for the day, and Mr. B. broke down and sobbed. The psychologist, therefore, left him and interviewed Mrs. B.

Mrs. B. stated that the foregoing was a preposterous and misleading exaggeration. She, too, worked all through the week, and *her* work went right on through the week end. Did Mr. B. think she was a slave that she should do everything about the house and he nothing? A husband ought to take some interest in his house and grounds and in his children. But she was very moderate in her requests to Mr. B.; all she had asked

him to do last Saturday was to put up those glass shelves in the bathroom. They'd been lying there waiting to be put up for weeks. He seemed to expect the shelves to put themselves up. He seemed to expect the garden to plant itself. As a matter of fact he didn't pay any attention to the garden anyhow unless she asked him about it. If he did something about it himself he would take some pride in it. And after all, wasn't it his garden as well as hers? Mr. B. was all right all the rest of the week, but he went into a sulk when she suggested his doing even the littlest things on Saturdays and Sundays.

A psychologist like myself had only to have a picture like this set before him to realize that the difficulty was that Mr. and Mrs. B. had different ideas as to how he should spend his week-end.

I knew at once that the source of these Week-End Complexes lay far back in the respective childhoods of Mr. and Mrs. B. In infancy they had been conditioned to look at week-ends differently. Mr. B. had been conditioned in such a way that a mashie gave him pleasurable reflexes and a tack-hammer was associated with grief and pain. Mrs. B., on the other hand, had probably had "Everybody Works But Father" sung to her by her nurse, and had associated tack-hammers with merit.

"Is there no hope, then?" asked Mr. and Mrs. B. sadly.

"None," said I. I told them that even if I prescribed thirty-six holes of golf every week-end for Mr. B. and the employment of a special man-of-all-work for the week-end use of Mrs. B., this would be no cure. Mr. B. would play his golf with a sense of guilt hanging over him; his mashie shots would be ruined by a conviction that he should be using a tack-hammer. And Mrs. B.

would get no real satisfaction out of seeing a mere man-of-all-work do his duty. "Your early conditioning," said I, "would be too much for you. You are doomed—but wait! How old are your children?"

I was told that the boy was nine; the girl, five.

"Splendid!" I cried. "Science will solve our problem after all. The boy is still a little young for putting up the storm window, but he can begin very nicely on washing the car and mowing the lawn. Tell him at once that if he is *very* good this week he may possibly be allowed to wash the car. You, Mr. B., must express rapture at the very thought of such a privilege. You must slap your knee and shout, 'Think of it, Junior, you can wash the car! Well, well, well, what a time you'll have! With a real hose!' Work him gradually into privilege after privilege; that's the way to condition him. Your daughter, on the other hand, must be fed on bed-time stories about the Fairy Prince who spent his week-ends playing golf and won the Fairy Princess by getting an 83, which would have been a 79 if his Ugly Aunt hadn't got him all tired by telling him to put the screen doors up. Pretty soon you will have done your part in ridding the next generation of Week-End Complexes. And meanwhile, Mr. B., you may find that Junior has learned to do all your week-end work for you."

The smile that broke over the distracted face of Mr. B. is among a psychologist's happiest memories.

It is three years now since I treated Mr. and Mrs. B. The other day I returned to the house and found Junior mowing the lawn. Mr. B., I was told, was out on the golf links. They were a happy family once more—even on week-ends.

Such are the conquests of science.



Editor's Easy Chair



HAS RELIGION GONE TO GRASS?

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

A NUMBER of gifted and highly instructed gentlemen discuss religion nowadays in the public prints (and quite profusely in this magazine) whose knowledge of it seems to be a result of reading. We have heard of closet naturalists who did not keep a dog, a cat, an aquarium, a monkey, or hens, or cultivate gardens, but studied natural history in books. So these gentlemen who discuss contemporary religion seem to get their knowledge of it exclusively from literary research.

Up near the top of the list are George Santayana and Walter Lippmann, both able and discerning persons, admirable students and good writers, Mr. Lippmann, indeed, being so good that even an ordinary reader can usually understand him. In a recent exchange between them in the *Saturday Review of Literature* Mr. Lippmann seemed to have the advantage of Mr. Santayana in that you could understand, or thought you could, what he was driving at. But perhaps that was not an advantage, and perhaps Mr. Santayana really does better by leaving us in the air.

However, these accomplished gentlemen seem to agree that religion is going or has gone to the bowwows, and that the regulation of human conduct must find some other basis. The natural reply of ordinary minds to them both is that neither of them seems ever to have got religion. It is extinct for them, of course, until they get it, just as it is for everybody else; but if once they got it

they might perhaps realize that it is still a going force in human affairs.

It seems that Harold Begbie has died. As it happened, the news of his departure did not get to the *Easy Chair* until months after it took place. He died on the 8th of October last year. He was interesting as a religious writer and seemed to know more about the subject, and what was really going on, than Mr. Santayana, Mr. Lippmann, or even Mr. Elmer Davis and Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes. Possibly, his advantage over these other gentlemen was that he had actually domesticated some religion and kept it in the house and lived by it. He may best be remembered as the author of *The Mirrors of Downing Street* and a succession of biographical books of that sort; but he wrote much else, including one very remarkable book—*Twice-Born Men*—which tells about complete changes of character and deportment that had come to notice in connection with the work of the Salvation Army in England.

The big job of religion is to change the will and make people want to live better than they did before, and to help them to understand in what better living consists. What religion seems to do where it works well is to provide a new background for the mind; and this in many cases is urgently needed. The thing that ails the criminals whose exploits we read of day after day in the newspapers is that the backgrounds of their minds are not right. If religion can out-

fit them in this particular, the job is worth doing, and the agency that can do it is worth notice.

THESE gentlemen who think that religion has gone to grass seem, as a rule, not to get along with what is called the supernatural side of it. But these cases of changed characters seem to belong to that side of it. That was the side which Dwight Moody worked on. That is the side which every notable evangelist has worked on from St. Paul to Wesley, Whitfield, Finney, and scores of others. The great asset of religion is this power to change character which seems to belong to what is thought to be its supernatural side. It certainly belongs to psychology; and as psychology is more studied than it used to be and might be defined as the science of the soul, there is a fair prospect that we shall yet get useful light on religion from contemporary research.

One finds in print a record of a conversation between Roger Babson, the business statistician, and Charles Steinmetz, the electrician who lately died. Babson asked Steinmetz what line of research would see the greatest development within the next fifty years. Steinmetz did not say what might have been expected—that the development would be in some line of electrical application. He said he thought the greatest discovery would be made along spiritual lines. "Here is a force," he said, "which history clearly teaches has been the greatest power in the development of men and history. Yet we have merely been playing with it and have never seriously studied it as we have the physical forces. Some day people will learn that material things do not bring happiness and are of little use in making men and women creative and powerful. Then the scientists of the world will turn their laboratories over to the study of God and prayer and the spiritual forces which as yet have hardly been scratched. When this day comes the world will see more advancement in one

generation than it has in the past four."

The vitality of religion does not depend upon whether the Almighty wrote the Ten Commandments on stone for Moses, nor whether the whale swallowed Jonah, nor whether the story of Genesis about creation can be reconciled to Darwin, nor even about the Virgin Birth or the understanding of the word "atonement," nor whether the keys of Heaven were entrusted to St. Peter, nor whether St. Paul was a true interpreter of his Master. Various opinions on all these matters are consistent with a continuing value in religion. But what really matters is its power. If it has lost its punch—if it cannot make over human characters, if it is no longer the inspiration of great labors, then to be sure it may be a washout, as Santayana and Lippmann would have us think. But the people who know whether religion can still do these things which it has been used to do are not so much the research students as the people who see and study and understand what is going on under their eyes.

Begbie always seemed to be such a person. He might be right; he might be wrong. He was far from infallible. But at least he was not blind, and he wrote what he saw to the best of his understanding. He was always a seeker, and other seekers kept in touch with him and he with them. One of his books, *Stained Glass Windows*, was about bishops and other conspicuous lights in religion in England. He searched to discover whether they were, as we say in the vernacular, really "on the job" of making true religion visible, and some of his estimates of conspicuous ecclesiastics were not flattering. He must have known that prodigious character, W. T. Stead, for when Stead went down with the *Titanic* in 1912, Begbie was forty-one years old and in the full tide of his activities as seeker, writer, and journalist.

Religion cannot live by architecture and decoration and bookkeeping; nor yet by prohibitions and rules of conduct, and legislation. It cannot live even by

oratory unless the orator has something effectual to put across and can convey it. It must live by spirit; by something more to come through its speakers than is in themselves. And it must be judged by its fruits.

People will not be apt to believe in the power of the Christian religion unless they believe in the environment that it presupposes. The very pith of it is what we call the belief in immortality, that is, that we go on from this life into another and that that other life is always more or less about us, and available to draw upon for purposes of conduct and understanding. There is a good deal doing nowadays to reinvigorate and extend that belief, and so to reinvigorate religion.

THE great fight on religion in Russia is extremely interesting. I presume that a distinction can be made between religion and the organization of it. There is a story that The Adversary, being informed by one of his heelers that there was something going strong on earth which was contrary to his interests, replied cheerfully: "Never mind, we'll organize it!" This implied that organization, which is a practical matter, was not helpful to the spiritual prosperity of what was organized. This suspicion is widely entertained and makes for hope at least that even if the Soviets should be able to destroy the organization of the Christian religion in Russia—which is to say the Russian Church—there would still be a lot of religion left in that country and no impossibility of its continuing to do its work.

The old Russian Church was a reactionary, Jew-baiting organization, and a strong supporter of the Tzars' government. The Tzars, latterly, were apt to be a good deal better than their governments, but that hardly could be said of the Russian Church under the headship of such persons as Pobiedonostzeff. Tolstoi saw its failure and broke with it. What is left of it as an organization seems at the present to be subject to the

Soviets, which is not an encouraging thought.

The Soviet revolt against religion is connected with its economic policies. The present government wants to communize not only industrial but agricultural Russia; and in dealing with the peasants it has a job of extreme difficulty in which it thinks it finds the old religion arrayed among its opponents. The Soviets are not in the least squeamish about the use of force; the Russians never have been. Soviet Russia will kill, exile, and punish, even by torture, to any extent it thinks expedient. Much of that seems to be going on now. It is hard to say how much, because the truth about Russia is so difficult to obtain; but that the Russian people can be persuaded or constrained by education or by force of any kind to forsake the Christian religion must seem likely only to persons who think that religion has lost its power.

THE Soviets are in trouble with their farmers. The United States to some extent is in the same predicament. Our farmers are getting pretty grumpy. They see, or think they see, everybody getting rich except themselves. Governor Roosevelt lately made a speech in favor of country life. There has been a tide away from the farms for the last two or three generations. He believes it will turn back.

Maybe it will. The obstacle most considered is the difficulty farmers now have of making a reasonably good living. With that they begin to think the tariff is concerned. Some of them think they would be better off if most people were more nearly in their case—that is, if most people were poorer—if the wages of everybody, mechanics, farm hands, union labor of all kinds, were leveled down to something nearer the farm standard. Possibly they would be happier if that should happen, as would various other groups in the community, but the prevailing sentiment is that it would be a good deal better to maintain the

present standard of wages and living and contrive that the competent farmers should have more than that everybody else should have less.

Would the farmers be better off if our present sixty-cent dollars had their purchasing power increased to one hundred cents? If dollars got scarce enough their purchasing power might so increase, and possibly something like that will come about from the inadequacy of the gold supply to meet the trading needs of our present world. But that is a far-off and speculative remedy. Austin, a farmer in the Genesee Valley, used to feel that the prime requisite of being a farmer was to like the life. He did not find farming especially profitable, though in his time, a generation ago, it was relatively better than it is now because there had not been such an enormous increase in the profits of other callings. But he liked the life and stuck to farms, though it is true he had a very comfortable income derived from other sources.

A great deal has been done to make farm life likable. Telephones, electricity and, especially, roads and motor cars have done an immense deal for country life in fairly civilized districts. Farm life is not so great a solitude as it used to be, and hospitals within motor distance make it less precarious. Good roads make about as much difference to country life as good arteries do to the human body. They make circulation practicable and comfortable.

But even in the country modern improvements—telephones, electric light, roads, and motor cars, not to mention modern plumbing—all cost something and imply an income that will sustain monthly payments; and besides that, they are all included in the scope of that famous observation, "Man cannot live by bread alone." That remark probably includes even the radio. Farmers, as a rule, do not starve. Their clothes may get ragged, but they can and ordinarily do produce food. They can subsist, if they must, with little cash, and for that reason are not likely to die out. But

that does not seem to be enough. Their minds need to be fed a little and their souls a good deal, and it is doubtful whether in this last particular their needs are as well met as they were two or three generations ago.

What the country may need more than changes in the tariff or appropriations for farm relief is the incursion of up-to-date first-class settlers from town with enough money to give them leisure to do something besides plow and reap. Farmers need more good thinkers such as make other industries profitable. The best thinkers and the more ambitious and able young people are constantly being drawn away from the farms to the cities. The road back to the farm needs to have more travel on it. And that brings it to mind that the farms do more than provide food for the country. One would like to see them provide wine also, but even that would not be all. They are the great nurseries of the American population. They not only raise grass and grain and pigs and chickens, but they are of vast consequence in their function of raising men and women. If the farms run down, that is bad; but if the farming people run down, which is a natural consequence of the other, that is much worse. If the forests are cut off and the soil they grew on is destroyed by forest fires, as is happening all the time, we know the consequences of this will pinch posterity, and so will the consequences of degeneration of farm life if that goes on. The greatest problem of all is how to raise high-grade human beings. When that gets the attention it deserves and the share of brains and public revenue that it is worth, it will mean better days for all workers whose living comes out of the ground.

And religion, if it sustains a great reinforcement, as seems likely to happen, will help country life; for in the country even more than in the town, people have need to live a good deal in their imaginations, which is one way of saying that they need to cultivate their spiritual side.



Personal and Otherwise



FROM Theodore Roosevelt's Harvard days until his death, *Owen Wister* was one of his most intimate friends. During the past year Mr. Wister has been writing what many of his admirers have long hoped he would write: a book on Roosevelt, not a formal biography but a record of friendship. We are privileged to present this month a part of this record: the account of those fateful years when Roosevelt broke with his successor and his party. Next month we shall publish Mr. Wister's recollections of Roosevelt in war-time, closing with the story of their last meeting at Sagamore Hill in 1918. A host of readers know Mr. Wister as the author of that American classic, *The Virginian*, and of *Lin McLean*, *Lady Baltimore*, *The Seven Ages of Washington*, *The Pentecost of Calamity*, and other memorable books.

Roark Bradford's first HARPER story, "Child of God" (an account of a young negro's arrival in Heaven, told as he would have imagined it), won the O. Henry Prize for the best American short story of 1927. Since then Mr. Bradford has written two books of Bible stories told after the manner of the darkies of his native New Orleans: *Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun* and *Ol' King David an' the Philistine Boys*. The former, incidentally, suggested the finest play of the present New York season, Marc Connelly's "The Green Pastures."

Everyone wants to see the farmers of the country prosper; but if the Hoover Administration's ambitious plan for Farm Relief is not going to bring about this result, then the sooner we realize it the better. *Joseph Stagg Lawrence*, who expresses grave concern over the Farm Board's program, is a former Princeton instructor who is now devoting his time to economic research and writing; he is the author of *Stabilization of Prices* and of *Wall Street and Washington*.

Lee Foster Hartman is an infrequent contributor to HARPER's, yet as associate editor he has a hand in the shaping of every issue.

Katharine Fullerton Gerould, author of *Vain Oblations* and many other volumes of fiction and essays, may always be counted upon to start a lively discussion. She has written articles for us on subjects ranging from prize-fighting to culture; her latest appearance in the Magazine was with a South Sea story, "The Centipede," which came out last August. Mrs. Gerould lives in Princeton, where her husband, Gordon Hall Gerould, is professor of English at the University.

Myron M. Stearns is a free-lance writer who has been connected with the motion-picture business and has written widely on the movies, on aviation, and on other topics, both over his own signature and that of John Amid. During the past year or two he has done much traveling by air and has studied the exploits of the air-mail pilots, of which Eddie Allen's two flights in bad weather over the Rockies are among the most thrilling.

Bertrand Russell is so well known to HARPER readers as man of science, philosopher, and champion of radical opinions, that we need only mention the titles of two of his most recent books: *Education and the Good Life* and *Marriage and Morals*.

A Virginian by birth, *Letitia Preston Randall* (Mrs. William C. Randall) now lives in a Long Island suburb of New York. Last August she made the amiable Fred Johnson the central character of a HARPER story called "Jolly Boy"; this month she turns the spotlight on his wife.

As the Western world reverberates with protests against the Soviet Government's campaign against religion, *Philip S. Bernstein*, rabbi of Rochester's liberal Jewish synagogue, sets forth impartially the facts of a situation

much clouded by propaganda and counter-propaganda. During a recent two months' visit to Russia, Rabbi Bernstein studied the religious problem closely; he conferred not only with priests and rabbis but with government officials, with the heads of the Society of the Godless, with the editors of the *Atheist Magazine*, and with people on the street and peasants in the village where he stayed for a time. Rabbi Bernstein is a contributor to the *Nation*, the *Menorah Journal*, the *American Hebrew*, etc.

Though he lives not far from New York and spends much of his time in historical research (witness two HARPER articles on the Puritans), *Brendan Lee* makes for the northern woods when the ice goes out of the rivers and the trout begin to bite. A year ago we encouraged spring fever among fishermen by printing his essay on "Making Trout Medicine."

Last month *John Langdon-Davies*, the young British author of *The New Age of Faith* and *A Short History of Women*, who is now working on a book to be entitled *Man and His Universe*, contributed an article called "Education: Savage and Civilized." This month he looks at the same topic from a more personal point of view, and incidentally tells us something of his own early history.

American women have always looked upon German women as less advanced than themselves; what will they say to *Genevieve Parkhurst's* article? Mrs. Parkhurst is a former member of the staff of the *Pictorial Review*. She has written widely on feminist subjects, and has recently made an extended tour of Europe, studying the status of women in politics.

As statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, *Louis I. Dublin* has at his disposal a great mass of facts concerning longevity. On these he has based a number of HARPER articles and his book, *Health and Wealth*.

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The one and only poet of this issue is *Carl Sandburg*, who has fortified the reputation which his verse has brought him by writing one of the finest of all Lincoln books, *Abraham Lincoln, The Prairie Years*.

In the Lion's Mouth appear *Franklin P. Adams*, the wise and witty F.P.A. of the New York *World's* "Conning Tower"; *Lord Dunsany*, the Irish playwright; and *Frederick Lewis Allen* of the editorial staff of HARPER'S.

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Albert Besnard, whose etching is reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, is one of the most distinguished of contemporary French artists. A winner of the Prix de Rome as far back as 1874, he has made a name for himself not only as an etcher but as a portrait painter and mural painter, and has been President of the Ecole des Beaux Arts. He is a member of the French Academy.

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Etymological Item. Mr. Howard McLellan of the New York *Evening World* carries the word "racket" farther back even than the works of Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. Gunther, it will be recalled, claimed that "racket" was first used in its present sense some years ago in the Chicago underworld, and in our March issue Mr. J. Willets Outerbridge corrected him by showing that it was used by a character in *The Wrecker* exactly as Scarface Al Capone would use it to-day. But it goes back still farther than that, testifies Mr. McLellan:

The word is the natural child of crooked politics. It was first used in its present significance just after the Civil War and its place of nativity was New York City. It meant then what it means now—an occupation which produces easy money.

It first came into being as the "dollar chowder racket" and its parents were Tammany Hall district leaders. One purchased a ticket for one dollar and this entitled the holder to attend a chowder feast at one of the outdoor picnic places near New York City. The proceeds were supposed to go to the poor in the leader's district. The chowder and accompanying refreshments as well as transportation and the use of the picnic place were donated through the leader's efforts. You got all the chowder and beer you could eat and drink and you went away quite satisfied.

But there was no evidence that the proceeds ever went to the poor. A few dollars may have gone that way but the main portion of the income went to building up the district leader's power and to fighting election day battles.

Later (about 1870) the "dollar beer racket" grew out of the chowder parties. No chowder was served, but the brewers gave without stint to the cause and for a dollar one got all the beer one could carry; and in the salubrious condition which followed, contributors of a dollar had no desire to inquire what happened to their money. It was a good "racket" for the leader, and in so far as the ticket-buyer was concerned, he had no kick coming. He got his money's worth.

Even to-day, balls, dances, receptions, banquets, and other affairs sponsored by Tammany leaders and all other political leaders are known as "rackets." Their announced purpose, as of old, is charity.

In the underworld, the word "racket" has been in use twenty years at least. It was used among the yeggs of the Northwest and the Far West at least a fifth of a century ago.

It is interesting to note that it was borrowed from crooked politics. Whether this is sufficient evidence to indicate an alliance between crooked politics and the underworld I do not care to say. Possibly it doesn't make any difference. Evidence of that union is to be found elsewhere in abundance.

To-day, of course, anything that yields easy money is a "racket."

We now confidently expect to be assured by someone else that the word really goes back to Chaucer.

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Mr. G. Orrett Whitney of Hamilton, Bermuda, points out some minor errors in Mr. Tunis's "Bermuda and the American Idea."

Our Governor, although a general in the army, is not Governor-General, but merely Governor. Our Chief Justice may be a stout member of the British bar, but he is not Lord Chief Justice, a title reserved for the Lord Chief Justice of England. And although it is correct to address our Bishop, as "my Lord," he is never referred to as the Lord Bishop, but just, the Bishop.

Again, no Bermudian in his right mind would under any circumstances call himself an Englishman. This is not because he dislikes Englishmen, but for the simple reason that he is not an Englishman any more than he is a Canadian or an Australian. He is British and proud of it, he is Bermudian and also proud of that.

Mr. Whitney adds that there *are* such things as telephone directories in Bermuda, but—

I can readily believe that Mr. Tunis never saw them, for although occasionally printed, they

usually reach subscribers about the time they are out-of-date. However, Central is most obliging. She generally knows the daily habits of subscribers and not infrequently when the party you require does not answer, she is able to offer such helpful suggestions as, "I think he's gone to St. George's for the day," or, "She's likely to be at her mother's this afternoon; shall I try to get her there?"

As for the general theme of Mr. Tunis's article, Mr. Whitney "whole-heartedly concurs" and believes that many other Bermudians will re-echo Mr. Tunis's sentiments.

The spectacle of an island with an area of less than twenty square miles striving for the superlative in bigness and up-to-dateness is ridiculous when it is not tragic, and to an outsider must recall the fable of the bull and the ambitious frog. Our go-getters have yet to discover that there is a loveliness in littleness and an attractiveness in simplicity worth far more, even in the ultimate cash return, than our present strident efforts to emulate a sort of combination Newport and Coney Island.

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The Reverend Earle V. Pierce, pastor of the Lake Harriet Baptist Church in Minneapolis, not only terminates his subscription but breaks a record in so doing. We have had various epithets flung at us in our time, but Mr. Pierce is the first man who ever called the Magazine a cancer. We print his letter out of sheer astonishment:

I am in receipt of your circular letter addressed to your six-months readers, asking if I will not continue as a subscriber to the Magazine.

I think I will continue in my purpose to cease the subscription and buy at the newsstand such magazines as I want. There is much in your Magazine which is very offensive to me and I believe socially destructive. In the first number which I received in the fall, the first article that my eye fell upon was that artistic uncleanness of the detailed description of four girls bathing. It seems to me we are going to the world and the flesh and thus to the devil rapidly enough without our highest priced magazines helping it on. That was but a part of the manifest apotheosis of nakedness which is becoming one of the dominant elements of our barbarity, as it was of Greece and Rome, before they were chucked into their grave for a decent covering.

Then along came an article the next month by a very erudite Englishman in regard to the social

problems. With one wave of his hand he sets aside very smugly religion as being no longer a basis of morality. That is one of the dominant notes of the day and of your Magazine apparently.

Then comes in last month's issue the bolshevik article on "The Dear Old Constitution." I think I would rather get my atheism and bolshevism directly from some such magazine as the *New Republic*. On your forecast page the thing that you offer as so attractive is "Mary Borden, that wise and witty woman of the world," who writes a "Defense of French Morals." The Magazine simply reeks with paganism, that paganism which will yet pervert American society and prepare us for the judgment of God which is hastening on.

I doubtless will buy a HARPER'S MAGAZINE occasionally as I feel it necessary to keep in touch with the trend, but the study of a cancer is not pleasant and is taken up only as a duty.

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It is good to be reminded that other readers enjoy the Magazine from cover to cover. Here is a special tribute to the travel advertisements:

With a sigh of regret I have just laid down the most recent copy of HARPER'S. The articles, the fiction—both are splendid, but these are not the things over which I have been poring with such absorbed interest. No, I have spent the evening reading the alluring travel advertisements in the last section of the Magazine.

Japan. Hawaii. Bermuda. Southern France. Spain. Names to conjure with, and names with which a young school teacher and his wife may weave a web of romance. My husband and I have never been outside the United States; my husband teaches in the metropolitan district of the East where salaries are high, but living expenses are higher. We have never been able to afford a car,

so that even little week-end jaunts into the country are impossible. We have been no farther south than Maryland, no farther west than Pennsylvania, and no farther north than New York. In all probability we shall never be passengers on ships that sail the seven seas.

Still—we cannot complain. At least we can sit cozily in our three-room apartment and make wonderful plans. It costs nothing to plan. While HARPER'S continues to publish idylls of far-away lands, we will read eagerly every single word thereof, and thank whatever gods there be for the travel advertisements in the back of HARPER'S MAGAZINE!

Very truly yours,

A. M. G.

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With the present issue—Number 960, as you will note if you glance at the backbone of the Magazine—we bring to a close our eightieth year. Another month and we shall definitely be octogenarians: for it was in June, 1850, that Harper & Brothers brought out Volume I, Number 1 of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

We face the impending birthday with gaiety, realizing that the dismal pronouncements about longevity printed elsewhere in this issue do not apply to magazines. The infant mortality among them is terrific, and few attain to an age such as ours; but no statistician can prove that a magazine which lives to be eighty may not continue to be one hundred and sixty. At any rate, we can say what few octogenarians can: we are growing, and our circulation is virtually twice as good as it was when we were seventy-five.

BUTLINGAME
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